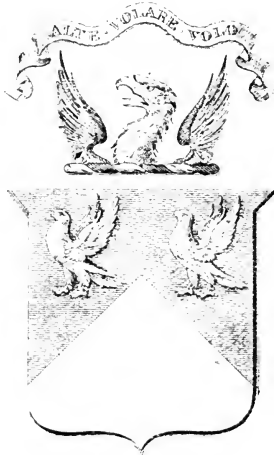


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Field Marshal
Sir Neville Bowles Chamberlain
G. C. B. G. C. S. I.

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California

Life of Field-Marshal
Sir Neville Chamberlain
G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

BY

G. W. FORREST, C.I.E.

AUTHOR OF 'HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY,' ETC., ETC.

William Blackwood and Sons
Edinburgh and London
1909

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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

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P R E F A C E.

To give the tale of Neville Chamberlain's life is to trace the military history of our Indian Empire during a period of forty-four years compact of the most important events. On the 26th of May 1837 he landed at Madras a cadet in the Bengal Army, and he sailed from Madras in February 1881, after having held for five years the command of the Army of the Presidency of Fort George. He was a lad of nineteen when he first made his mark as a daring leader of cavalry in the First Afghan War, which constitutes one of the most memorable episodes in the history of British dominion in India. The letters and diaries of Neville Chamberlain, written during that campaign, are full of stirring adventures and vivid descriptions of the principal operations. To preserve continuity and method, to elucidate the events, and to impart breadth of interest, I have made use of the contemporary literature, which is both varied and abundant. The story of the First Afghan War, as told in the narratives of the men who did the fighting, will, I trust, remove many false impressions. It is often supposed to be a mere tale of disaster. The storming of Ghuznee and the heroic defence of Jellalabad are achievements as truly heroic as any that stand recorded in the annals of war. No army

✓ perished in Afghanistan as is so often stated, but a weak brigade was destroyed. Cabul was easily retaken, and the guilty city received its due punishment. Pollock and Nott taught the Afghans that England is powerful to avenge as well as to protect.

Neville Chamberlain was present at the short Gwalior campaign, and gives an account of the battle of Maharajpore (29th December 1843); but as it is impossible for any single witness to give a complete and correct account of the combination of scenes which a battle presents, the writer has illustrated his personal narrative from other sources.

Neville Chamberlain was on leave in England when the First Sikh War was fought, but he took part in all the engagements of the Second Sikh War. His regiment was at the first action fought (22nd November 1848) on the Chenab. That day fell Will Havelock, of the 12th Dragoons, at the head of his wild charge, and Cureton, the best cavalry soldier in the army. On December 2nd Lord Gough, anxious to ascertain the strength of the enemy's position on the other side of the river, called for a volunteer to swim across the stream and reconnoitre. If the enemy had not evacuated their position death awaited him. Neville Chamberlain instantly volunteered, and, collecting some troopers of the 9th Lancers, he swam across, and on reaching the opposite bank he waved his cap as a signal that the entrenchments by the river-bank had been abandoned. On his return he found Lord Gough awaiting him, and the gallant old chief called him "the bravest of the brave." During the battle of Chillianwalla (January 13, 1849) both Neville and Crawford Chamberlain helped to rally some of the fugitives when Pennycuik's Brigade were driven back and the English cavalry thrown into confusion. The disaster to the cavalry at Chillianwalla was not due, as it was commonly supposed

at the time, to "the misconduct of the 14th Dragoons," but to a traitor in the ranks of the native cavalry calling out "Threes About!" The repulse of Pennycuick's Brigade was due to some of the native regiments firing in the air. The 24th fought like heroes. There is now no impropriety in stating that the confidential records of the day show that a traitorous and mutinous spirit had begun to display itself in the Bengal Army. Lord Gough could not trust the loyalty of the sepoy. This is the key to the strategy. He had to attack to keep his native troops from deserting him. But he was too noble-minded to proclaim the canker of disloyalty which had begun to destroy the Bengal Army—an army which he commanded. At that time there was a widespread Hindu conspiracy against the English. Dhuleep Singh's mother had sent emissaries to inflame the religious passions of the native troops by informing them of the riots which had taken place at Lahore, owing to the killing of a cow by a European soldier. Many of the sepoys regarded the Sikhs as fighting for the faith, for the Sikhs are (what we are too apt to forget) a sect, if an unorthodox sect, of the Hindus. It was the valour of the British soldier at Chillianwalla which prevented what might have been a greater disaster than the Mutiny. Lord Gough himself said that Gujerat was won at Chillianwalla. Neville Chamberlain and his brother Crawford were present at that last crowning victory, and their services were mentioned in despatches. A large number of their letters, describing the actions, were unfortunately lost, and this account of the campaign has therefore been based on the official despatches and contemporary literature. It has had the great advantage of being revised by Mr R. S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford, whose biography of Lord Gough has a high title to be regarded as a classic.

In 1852 Neville Chamberlain proceeded on sick leave to the

Cape. The letters written by him during his long tour in the Transvaal convey the fresh and bright impressions of the moment, and so afford us a faithful picture of the country as it was sixty years ago. The frank and unconscious way he describes his dangerous adventures when shooting lions will recommend these letters to the taste of the sportsman.

The story of the siege of Delhi is now a familiar tale. The letters of Neville Chamberlain, written during that siege, are of the greatest interest and utility. They differ in some important respects from any other narrative. They also reveal for the first time the vital importance of the services which Neville Chamberlain, though wounded, rendered his country. In order to appropriate this important material I had to tell again briefly the story of the great siege, and in doing so I have borrowed from my 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' on the old principle that a man may once say a thing as he would have it said; he cannot say it twice.

The accounts of Sir Neville Chamberlain's many successful campaigns on the Frontier are drawn from his own official reports, his private letters to his sister at home, and contemporary narratives. I have derived special assistance from 'A Record of the Expeditions against the North-Western Frontier Tribes,' compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Paget and Lieutenant A. H. Mason.

Neville Chamberlain, who made the Frontier Force an efficient instrument of war, was a stern disciplinarian, swift to punish the wrongdoer. But his success as a Warden of the Marches was also due to other qualities. His profound human sympathies taught him to understand the feelings of wild warriors who come in contact with civilisation, and that among them are many men who are open to kindness and respond to courteous respect for their customs and prejudices.

My aim has been not to lay before the public a series of

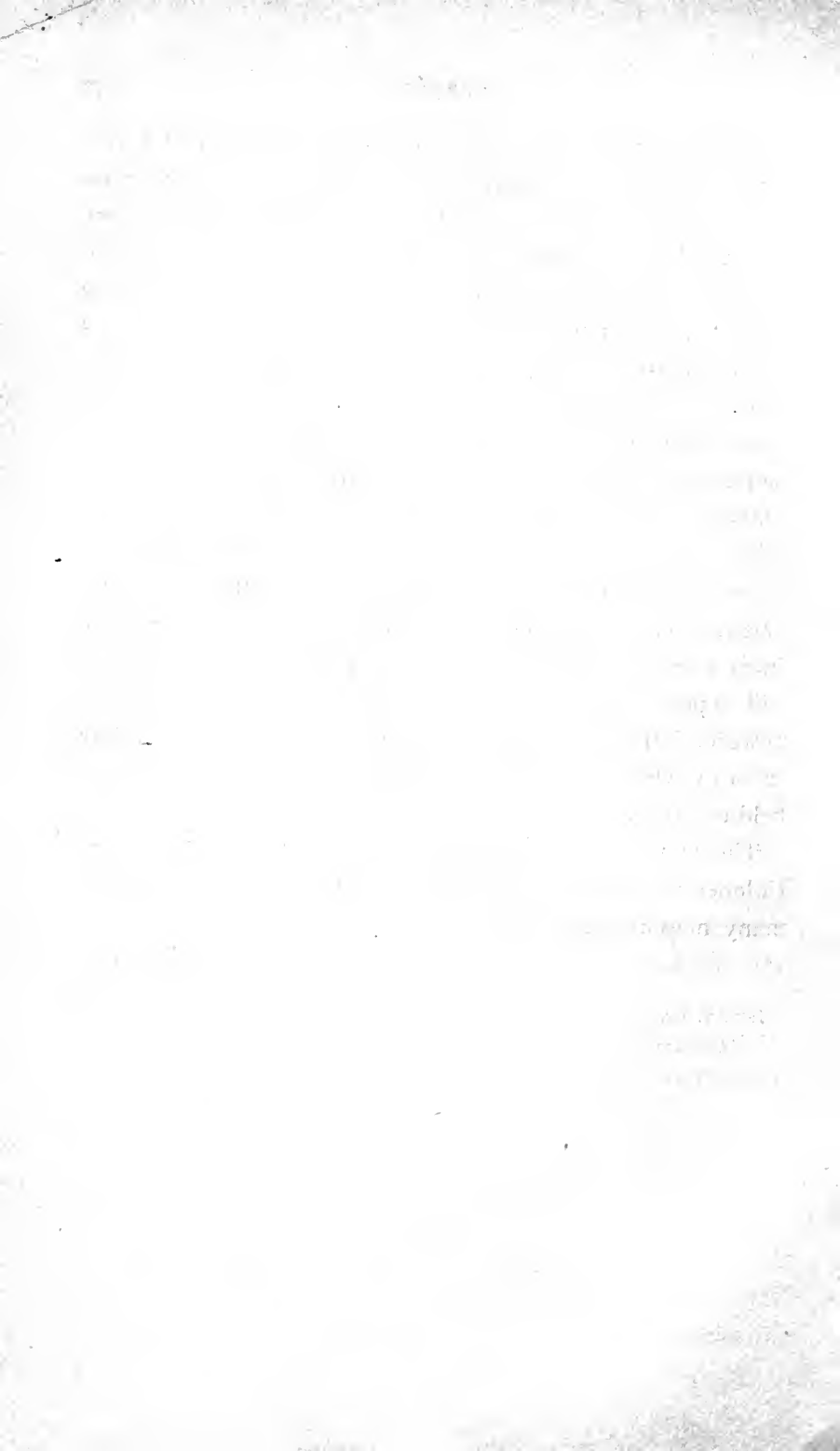
private correspondence, connected by a thin thread of narrative, but to write a biography in the strict sense of the term. I have selected from a mass of journals and letters those papers which illustrate the course of events over which Neville Chamberlain had a considerable influence: his many gallant exploits; his skill as a military captain; his singular charm and power. I think no relevant paper has been omitted. I have avoided raking up the ashes of old controversies. The fierce judgment of the moment is often succeeded by a juster and more catholic criticism. No detailed history of his later years will be found in these pages. It would have expanded this volume into two, and it would have been the record of a country gentleman who lived and wrought for the good of his neighbours. It is, after all, the long and splendid career in India of this brave, gentle, resolute, and noble soldier which will appeal to his countrymen, and I trust the story of it, however imperfectly told, will do good service in reminding them by what thoughts and actions an empire is made and held together.

The materials for the biography were entrusted to me by Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., who has offered many helpful suggestions.

G. W. FORREST.

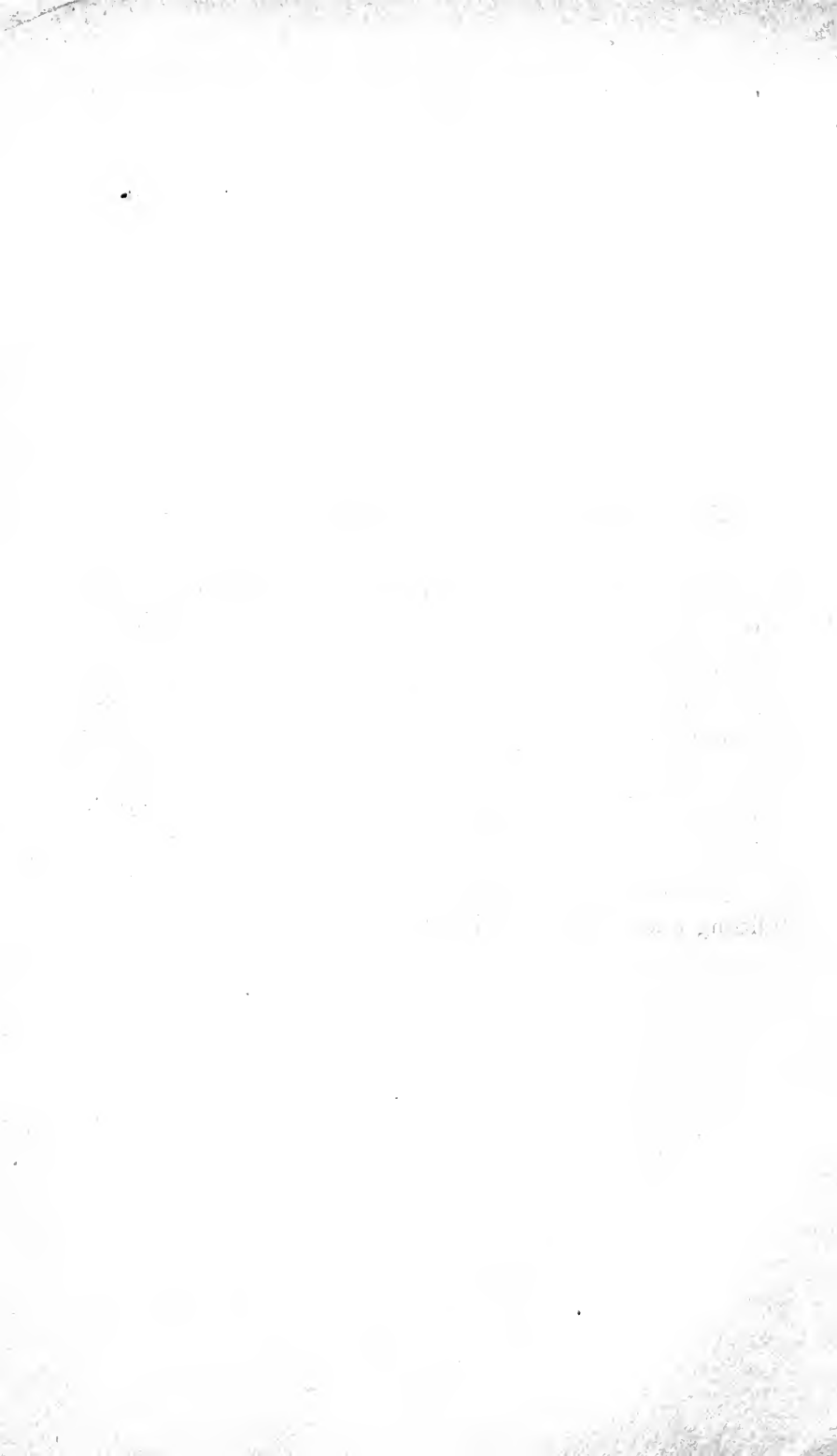
IFFLEY, OXON.,

May 1909.



THE SPELLING OF WORDS AND NAMES.

No alteration has been made in the spelling of words and names in the passages quoted, and in order to maintain uniformity the orthography of the writers of the time has been adopted in the text as far as possible. Complete uniformity is neither desirable nor practicable. As Sir Henry Yule, one of the most eminent of modern Indian scholars, says in the Introduction to his Glossary, "It is difficult . . . in a book for popular use to adhere to one system in this matter without the assumption of an ill-fitting and repulsive pedantry."



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LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Childhood—Education—Woolwich—Commission in Bengal Army—Voyage to India—Arrival at Madras—Arrival at Calcutta—Appointed to the 55th Regiment—Voyage up the Ganges—Lucknow—Selected for service in Afghanistan.

THE lives of two of the most splendid officers and gallant gentlemen who ever graced the roll of the army that won for us an Empire, have been sketched with homely simplicity by a sister's hand.¹ It is this record—not meant for publication nor prepared for purposes of vanity or contention, but written with love—which shall be our guide in telling the rich and varied story of the elder of these warriors. We begin our journey at Rio de Janeiro, where Neville Bowles Chamberlain was born in 1820. His father was Consul-General for South America, and *chargé d'affaires*, and, for the good service he rendered the State in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Brazil, had been created a Baronet. He is described as a sad and stern man, of great ability and wide interests. Sir Henry Chamberlain was twice married. By

¹ For some years before her death in 1899, at the age of eighty-three, Miss Harriet Chamberlain devoted much labour and time to collating and copying, for the information of her family, a vast number of letters and documents which referred to the career of her two brothers, Neville and Crawford Chamberlain. The sketch was mainly constructed from these papers.

his first wife he had a son, Henry, who succeeded him as second Baronet, and a daughter, Eliza, who married the Hon. Charles Bridgeman, second son of the Earl of Bradford. His second wife was Anne Eugenia, the daughter of Mr William Morgan, whose grandfather had been disowned and disinherited owing to his having joined the Church of Rome, and deserting Wales, had settled in the rich vale of Evesham. William Morgan took to wife a Dane, of his new creed, and, without making too much of race, it is easy to trace the influence of Viking blood in the veins of Neville Chamberlain, who was the second son of the tale of eight—five sons and three daughters—born of his father's second marriage. Neville was only two years of age when his father and mother returned to Rio de Janeiro after a short leave of absence, and he with his two brothers, William and Crawford, and his sister Harriet, was left in charge to their grandmother, a lady of the old school. "When we entered her presence we had to bow and kiss her hand." At this time Neville was so delicate that he could hardly stand, but he soon grew up to be a sharp, quick, and resolute lad. A characteristic anecdote is told of these early years: One summer, when he was barely five years old, the children were sent to a farmhouse in the country. "Several burglaries took place in the neighbourhood, and our house was attempted and the watch-dog poisoned. Great was the consternation in the nursery when bed-time came the following evening, and Neville was missing. At last he was found patrolling the garden, all alone in the dark, in search of the thieves, fully persuaded he was a match for any number of them."

In 1826 the mother returned to England, being shortly afterwards joined by her husband, and the children went to live with their parents. But the father's days of rest and domestic happiness in an English home—the fond dream of every exile—were not destined to be of long duration. At this time Portugal was the cardinal factor in England's foreign policy. Dom Pedro and his brother Dom Miguel

were striving for the throne, and the situation with respect to Portugal was moreover complicated by the state of Brazil. It was necessary to send some diplomatist of high rank to Lisbon, and Sir Henry Chamberlain, who was well acquainted with South America, and had shown a remarkable capacity for understanding public business, was selected for the mission. But, as he and his family were about to embark for Lisbon, his health gave cause for grave anxiety, and after a very brief illness, his courageous spirit passed tranquilly away on the 31st of July 1829.

The widow was left with eight children—the eldest only fourteen—to fight the battle of life on straitened means. She was a woman gentle and affectionate, but strong in doing and suffering, and to her children she was a tender and watchful mother. Soon after the death of her husband, Lady Chamberlain went abroad in order that her two elder sons, William and Neville, who had determined to be a sailor and a soldier respectively, should learn French, for she considered a stock of that universal language would be useful to them in their several wandering professions.

In 1831 William joined his first ship, the *Dublin*—Captain, John, Lord Townshend—stationed in the Pacific; and Neville was sent to a private tutor in London, but, bent on being a soldier, he ran away to enlist: “This was an hereditary propensity, our grandfather having done the same as a boy, and had narrowly escaped being shipped off to the West Indies when he was captured as a runaway schoolboy. Neville’s escapade came to the same ignominious end. He was then removed to a school at Shooter’s Hill, and Crawford with him.”

Crawford was the fifth child, and throughout their lives, however sundered they might be, the two brothers continued closely knit together. Their letters bear witness to their fervid and affectionate devotion, and as a revelation of the characters of their writers are of considerable interest. The five words from the “*Faerie Queene*” which the biographer of the Napiers has so happily chosen for the motto of his

work: "Fierce warres and faithful loves," apply to Neville and Crawford Chamberlain. They were fighters—ever combative over their views and theories—and their prejudices were invincible, but they were singularly tender and loving. They loved their friends even better than they hated their foes.

In the year 1833 Neville Chamberlain quitted the school at Shooter's Hill for Woolwich—having been nominated to a cadetship by Lord Beresford, formerly Master-General of Ordnance, an old friend of his father. It was intended that he should join the Engineers, but the boy's bent was rather towards muscular than intellectual exercise. His mother and sister on returning from the Continent went to see him. "We found him in the infirmary with erysipelas in the head—the result of a fight—and we heard that he had spent a great deal of his probationary year fighting! The school he had been at before, at Shooter's Hill, was an unfortunate choice in his case; being so near Woolwich, the cadets and schoolboys used in those days to have constant encounters, so that when Neville went to the Academy he had to pay off old scores." As it was extremely improbable that he would pass the final examination, the future Field-Marshal was removed from Woolwich. "He came home under surveillance, for he was in a most rebellious humour—threatening to join the Spanish Legion, a body of troops about to leave England for Spain under Sir De Lacy Evans."

It is, as Ruskin says, the most fiery and headstrong of our youth, often the most gifted and generous, who are brought into noble life by a service which at once summons and directs the energies. Neville Chamberlain was born to be a soldier. He was but a lad of fifteen years of age when he returned home from Woolwich in disgrace. Wayward, wilful, and impatient of all restraint, it was a mother's tender guidance which first brought out of the fiery material its full value and power. His love for her became rooted in the inmost deeps of his being, and guided

him through his whole career of labour and glory. He became not less resolute, but acquired the sovereign power of self-control, and grew grave and thoughtful beyond his years—yet his desire to be a soldier never slackened, and his determination to win honour and glory never wavered. His father's oldest friend, Sir Henry Fane, being appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, suggested the idea of a military career in the East. Sir Henry Chamberlain had also numbered among his friends Mr Buckle, a Director of the East India Company, whose eldest son had been his private secretary; it was he who gave to Neville the desired appointment in the Company's Bengal army.

In February 1837, a short time after he had completed his seventeenth year, Neville Chamberlain embarked for India on board the ship *George*. On the 7th of March the vessel was off the coast of Africa, and the letter he wrote to his mother recalls to memory the life on board ship in bygone days. "We have a cow, a calf, fifty sheep, thirty-nine pigs, seventy dozen poultry, thirty turkeys, and forty geese. I can fancy myself in a farmyard sometimes, and often think of Crawford and Tom when the cocks crow and the guinea-fowl cry 'come back!' The food is excellent, and champagne twice a-week. Tell Harriet that I never exceed three glasses of wine at dinner." He sees "plenty of flying-fish and dolphins and sharks, but they are very cunning. They are on the look-out for albatross. The ladies quote 'The Ancient Mariner,' and the subalterns say 'they think that old fellow Coleridge an awful bore.'" So the days rolled on, and after a voyage of little more than three months, on the 26th of May, the *George* anchored in Madras Roads. At that place young Neville was received by the fine veteran soldier General Doveton. It is difficult to realise that the military career of Doveton, and the military career of Neville Chamberlain, who died but a few years ago, covered the whole period of the rise of British dominion in India.

Doveton served all through the three campaigns of Lord

Cornwallis. He was with General Harris when the stormy career of Tippoo came to a close in the gateway at Seringapatam. When a captain, commanding the 1st Light Madras Army, he had specially distinguished himself in the stern chase through dense jungles and over swollen rivers after the famous Mahratta bandit, Dhundia Waugh, and was specially thanked in General Orders by Colonel Arthur Wellesley. When the Marquis of Hastings determined to complete the Imperial policy of Wellesley, and make the British authority supreme throughout the continent, General Doveton, who commanded the Hyderabad Contingent, did yeoman service in crushing the marauding bands of Pindarrees who devastated Central India. He made a rapid and daring march to relieve the Residency at Nagpore which had been attacked by a host of fanatical Arabs, and his storming of the city and palace was a brilliant feat of arms. For his many services he was rewarded with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath.

General Doveton had retired from active service when Neville Chamberlain, the young subaltern who thirty years later was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, was his guest. In a letter to his sister Neville conveys his boyish impressions of Madras. It is the first of the letters which throughout his life in India he wrote to his family at home. The early ones sparkle with the joyousness of youth, all are full of affection, and his love for those at home grows brighter and brighter as year follows year and the time of separation grows longer. He informs his sisters that he had been to a ball at the Governor's, given on the King's birthday: "I cannot say much for the beauty of the ladies here," a judgment which he had sound reason for altering when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency. Till the day of his death Neville Chamberlain was a constant and chivalrous admirer of the fair sex. He enjoyed the hospitality of the Madras Club, which all who have had the same privilege know "is a very good one." Few men have anchored in the Madras Roads

without attempting to describe one of the brightest and most striking prospects that can be conceived, the dark green rough sea studded with boats of every size, manned with crews more quaint than the crafts themselves. Neville Chamberlain, like every voyager before and after him, sent home an account of the catamaran. "The catamarans are also wonderful. They are nothing more than thick pieces of wood pointed at both ends, two men manage them kneeling with little flat oars, and they come out a great way to sea with fruits and letters for the ships." The description is however not so graphic as the entry in the log-book of one of the early voyagers to India. "This morning, 6 A.M., saw distinctly two black devils playing at single-stick. We watched the infernal imps above an hour, when they were lost in the distance. Surely this doth portend a great tempest."

On the 5th of June 1837 Neville Chamberlain sailed from Madras, and, the run being fast, the ship six days later entered the Hooghly. "I was much pleased," he writes to his mother, "with the beauty of the river, but it was late at night when I reached Calcutta." The next morning he went to stay with his Uncle George, and his aunt, and romped with the baby, which "looks, like all the children here, as if she had been whitewashed." During the day he made a trip to Barrackpore, "a large military station about sixteen miles from Calcutta, on the river Hooghly. There are always seven regiments here, and all unposted ensigns come here to do duty with some one of the regiments." Neville Chamberlain was temporarily posted to the 9th Regiment, but got leave to return to Calcutta, and for the next two months his uncle's house was his home. The lad's letters record how at five in the morning he was out with Uncle George's greyhounds to course the jackals—how the day was passed in studying the vernacular with a moonshee, and when the sun set, and the sea-breeze began to blow, they went out, "a large party, riding." He had brought out letters of introduction "to

the highest people," and he enjoyed that welcome and that generous hospitality which has always been characteristic of India. Lord Auckland, "a man without shining qualities or showy accomplishments, austere and almost forbidding in his manner, silent and reserved in society, unpretending in public and private life," was Governor-General, and his sisters, the Misses Eden, did the honours of Government House. Society at Calcutta was not then so cosmopolitan as it now is, and India was much farther from Europe, and the toilers found fewer interests outside their work. The Hon. Emily Eden remarks, "The gentlemen always talk about Vizier Ali, or Lord Cornwallis, and the ladies don't talk at all," and she does not know which trait she prefers. Neville Chamberlain dined at Government House, and Lord Auckland "told me that if I studied the languages, in two years he would give me a staff appointment." He was also present at a state ball in the steamy month of August, and his description brings home the change that has been wrought in Calcutta society during the past seventy years:—

"I was at one ball at Government House given in honour of the king's birthday. It was better than that at Madras, but it is no fun dancing here. I danced once, and was obliged to take refuge in the verandah for the rest of the evening. The ladies here are fit for nothing. They are carried up and down stairs in a chair, and are generally smothered in powder and look like millers' wives. Most women after they have been in the country any length of time look like old hags; when they have been here two years their colour goes and then they begin to fall off—but some just come out are very pretty. They dress very well. The prettiest woman in the place is the wife of a lieutenant, but I do not envy him. I pity him or any of his standing with a wife. I hope to be posted very soon. I am going to do duty with the 55th, Peter Luard's regiment, which will be a great advantage to me, as he takes great care of his money and is a capital manager and will show me the way to make my pay keep me. He has written several times to beg me to come to his regiment, and as Uncle Tom and all are of the same opinion I had better go. It will be pleasant to have a relation in the same regiment in case of need or sickness. I hope I shall agree with him, and I will try on my part to do so. Colonel Beresford recommends the 55th for me, as he has a nephew in it, and it is a gentlemanly regiment, which is not the case with all, &c., &c.

NEVILLE."

In November Neville Chamberlain joined the 12th Regiment at Barrackpore. His military duties naturally occupied the chief part of his time, but he continued to study the native languages. Three months later he writes to his mother that he had been posted to the 55th Regiment at Lucknow. "I am setting off in a fortnight, in boats. It will be a very tedious journey, as I am going by myself, and the whole way against the stream, which is very strong." He bought some books, as "I intend to read and study hard," and also a gun, for 400 rupees. "I hope you do not think me extravagant, but to be without a gun in India is as bad as to be without your head."

On the 15th of February Neville Chamberlain reached Rajmahal, where the hills—beautiful, blue, and woody—rise from the flat surface of Bengal as out of the sea. It was among these hills that Cleveland first tried the effect of conciliation and justice on wild and warlike tribes—a noble policy continued by John Jacob, Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, and John Nicholson in the northern marches, and the young subaltern who was proceeding up the Ganges to join his first regiment lived to win a high place among the illustrious band. At Rajmahal he found the 55th Regiment. The day he joined he heard that his brother Crawford had declined a nomination to Haileybury—the magnificent Imperial College which the East India Company had founded for the training of their civil servants—in order to enter their military service. "You cannot tell how happy I was," Neville writes, "hearing that Crawford's appointment was changed, though it has made the difference of his being a poor man instead of a rich one. I am so selfish as to be glad, as I hope we may belong to the same regiment. Oh, how happy I shall be if we can but be together; we should be able to talk of sweet home, and it would in a measure take off being so far away."

From Dinapore, then a great military station, he writes "a correct account of all my movements since I left Calcutta."

“I started on the 30th January. I had three boats—one budgerow in which I lived (it is like a floating house, containing two rooms high enough to stand up in comfortably, with venetians all round), a cooking boat, and a day boat: these are very ugly, with thatched roofs. You are dragged up by men, a rope being fastened to the mast. You start at five and stop at six in the evening. The same men pull all day, without stopping for eating, against a most tremendous stream. It is very tedious, as you do not go more than eight or ten miles a-day. I do not think the river is pretty. *Some* people say it is like the Rhine! but I cannot judge, not having had the pleasure of seeing it. (*Quel dommage!*) I had good shooting of all description. I was not able to kill any alligators, though I saw some tremendous ones, as much as 24 ft. long. I daresay *you* will think it very foolish, but I used to have a swim every morning. I went out in the hills of Rajmahal shooting in grass 12 ft. high, where it abounds with tigers and leopards, but did not see any, though we came on a place where a cow had been killed lately; all the bones were broken but it was not quite eaten, and there was a tremendous smell like that of a menagerie at a country fair. We saw some wild hogs, but the grass was so thick I could not get a shot at them.”

The first letter from Lucknow is dated June 3, 1838. He informs his sister that Crawford had arrived at Calcutta on the 25th of March, but their parcel containing a ring did not reach him till the 11th of May. “When Crawford joins this corps I shall be happy, and we shall be able to save a good deal of our pay. You asked me how much I weighed and measured. I am 5 ft. 10¾ in. in height, and 11 st. 4 lbs. in weight, and I do not think my phiz has much altered.”

He gives an account of daily incidents and impressions in his letters to his mother. Every tenth night he was on picquet duty, and had to visit all the guards round cantonments—upwards of five miles. “It is a disagreeable duty, as this country is nothing but ravines and sand-banks, and there are quantities of wells, and as you are not allowed to take a light, you do not know where they are till you tumble down them. Lieut. Ramsay of the 10th fell down one the other day and cut his throat tremendously.” Lucknow was at this time the most polished and splendid Court

in India, and the young subaltern gives his eldest sister an account of a dinner at the palace.

“LUCKNOW, *July 8th*, 1838.

“MY DEAR ANNE,—I again sit down to tell you how I am getting on, and all the news of the place. Since writing to my mother I have dined at the royal palace, and as I am sure you would like to know how everything is conducted at the palace of an Eastern king, I will tell you to the best of my remembrance. The dinner was given in honour of the king's accession to the throne (Thursday, 28th June). But I must tell you he is a very old man and never shows himself. The heir apparent takes his place and is treated just as if he were on the throne. All the officers on the station were asked, but some did not like to go owing to the great heat of the weather, and being obliged to be buttoned up in full dress, which I can assure you is no joke with the thermometer at 96° in the open air and much more where so many lights were burning. Elephants were provided for those who required them; of course those who had carriages or buggys preferred them to riding on an elephant at the rate of three miles an hour, but as I had none I went on an elephant with Horne the Adjutant. We got to the palace at 8 o'clock, and after going through several arches and courts we dismounted, no person being allowed to enter the precincts but on foot; the rest of the way was lined with the King's Bodyguard. We went through several more archways until we came to the palace. In the centre is a tank with three beautiful *jets d'eau* lighted round with thousands of variegated coloured lamps, the effect of which is, as you may imagine, very pretty. The place put me in mind of the *Palais Royal*, only it was of a different style of architecture. On the right, and on each side, are steps leading to the state rooms, the hall of audience, the reception room, and several other smaller ones. The reception room is ornamented with carved wood, with festoons projecting from the walls from which native chandeliers hang of coloured lamps, which gives to the room a very pretty colour. On the ceiling are painted nautches, &c., and one side of this room is a raised platform under beautifully carved and painted arches, where, while we dined, the nautch girls played and sang. Opposite, another platform, exactly the same, was occupied by the King's Band, and in the middle a third for jugglers, tumblers, and jesters to amuse the company.

“At 8 o'clock the Prime Minister goes to fetch the Resident in a gilt tonjon, attended by 200 or 300 men carrying torches, besides cavalry and infantry. The Resident comes to meet him at the door, when the P.M. tells him the king begs his company at the palace. The Resident gets into another tonjon and they return together in

state. The Resident rides through the gate, where we and every one else dismounted. He is then taken by the P.M. and introduced to the king, who puts his arms round his neck and kisses him (*à la crapaud*), when the rest of the company come in and make their salaam without however saying anything without being spoken to. The Resident then sits on the right of the king, and the Brigadier commanding British troops in Oude on his left, the rest of the company round the room on ottomans. The dresses of the royal family are *magnificent*. They wear cloth of gold with golden crowns on their heads. The handles of their scimitars set in diamonds and rubies, as likewise their scabbards and clasps of their sword belts; nothing but precious stones! The heir apparent had a little green plume fastened into his turban by a diamond an inch square. I believe no money could buy it. When dinner was announced the heir was pushed off his chair by half-a-dozen of the royal family (although able to walk as well as myself), three noblemen carried his sword, he took hold of the Resident's arm and walked to the entertaining-room where dinner was laid. I should say more correctly he was carried there, for his legs hardly touched the ground the whole time. About 100 people sat down to dinner. The heir apparent being in the centre, with the Resident on the right, the Brigadier on the left, the royal family to the right and left, and all the other visitors on the other side of the table. The dinner was good and the service beautiful. The centre ornament of solid gold is said to have cost twenty lacs of rupees (£200,000). While we were at dinner the nautch girls' band, jugglers, &c., took it by turns to play. After dinner the Resident and European officers drank the king's and royal families' health, when the heir got up and was again carried in the same state, having hold of the Resident's arm. We now adjourned to another part of the palace where the throne is (a most splendid one); passing through several state apartments we came on a large verandah overlooking the river where seats were placed for us to view the fireworks and the nautch girls dancing in boats covered with cloth. After some time the heir was again taken back to the Audience Hall where we departed, each coming up and making a bow, when he put a tinsel silver chain on our necks and sprinkled us with otto of roses. Thus ended the party, with which I was very much pleased, &c., &c., &c.

NEVILLE."

The time had now come when the routine of garrison duty in the neighbourhood of an Oriental Court was to be exchanged for the dangers and privations of war, in a country of rugged mountains, against a savage and fanatic foe. Neville Chamberlain's first experience of cam-

paigning was to be in a field where disaster overtook our arms, but many gleams of valour were not wanting. On the 16th of September 1838, the young subaltern of eighteen wrote to his mother :—

“You will be surprised to hear that I have been removed from the 55th and posted to the 16th Regiment at Delhi, which is going on the campaign supposed to be against Cabul. You may suppose how astonished I was at this change, of which I was not in the least aware till I saw myself removed and ordered to join as soon as possible. I am very glad of it, as I now hope to begin my profession with seeing active service. I suppose the Commander-in-Chief did it for the purpose of giving me an opportunity of distinguishing myself, and I assure you that no opportunity shall pass without my doing my utmost to profit by it. I am as much delighted at Crawford’s good luck as my own. He has been posted to the 28th Regiment, which is one of the corps going on the campaign. We may be in different brigades, but at all events we shall meet at Kurnaul, the place of *rendezvous*.”

CHAPTER II.

Dost Mahomed's letter of congratulation to Lord Auckland—Lord Auckland's reply—Alexander Burnes' mission to Cabul—Proposed alliance with Dost Mahomed—Persian expedition against Herat—Failure of Burnes' Mission—Excitement in British India—Lord Auckland resolves to restore Shah Shooja—The Tripartite Treaty—The Governor-General publishes a manifesto—Assembly of the Bengal troops at Ferozepore—Arrival of Neville and Crawford Chamberlain—Festivities—Reviews—Resignation of Sir Henry Fane—Bengal division advances from Ferozepore—Arrival at Bhawalpore, December 29, 1838—Bridging the Indus—Surrender of Bukkur—Description by Crawford Chamberlain—Shah Shooja reviews the troops—Neville Chamberlain's portrait of him—Passage of the Bolan Pass—Arrival at Quetta—Sir John Keane assumes command of the army—Advance of the force—Nature of the country between Quetta and Candahar—The Khojak chain surmounted—Arrival at Candahar—The Shah's entry into the city—His installation—Nature of his reception—The English at Candahar—Letter from Neville Chamberlain.

It was in the spring of 1836, when the Shah of Persia, urged by Russia, was planning a campaign against Herat, the chief frontier city of Western Afghanistan and the gate towards which all great routes from Central Asia into India converge, that Dost Mahomed, who had made himself Ameer or Commander of Cabul, sent a letter of congratulation to Lord Auckland on his assumption of the office of Governor-General. "The field of my hopes," he wrote, "which had before been chilled by the cold blast of wintry times, has by the happy tidings of your lordship's arrival become the envy of the garden of paradise." To recover Peshawur was the great ambition of Dost Mahomed's life, and he reminded his lordship of "the conduct of the reckless and misguided Sikhs and their breach of treaty."

“Communicate to me whatever may suggest itself to your wisdom for the settlement of the affairs of this country, that it may serve as a rule for my guidance. I hope,” the Ameer added in true Oriental fashion, “that your lordship will consider me and my country as your own.” It was a friendly letter from a sovereign who had good ground for complaint against the Indian Government. Shah Shooja, the grandson of Ahmed Shah Abdale,¹ who in the middle of the eighteenth century, at the time when the English were founding their Indian Empire, had created the Afghan kingdom, was living as a pensioner of the British Government at Loodianah, then our frontier military post on the Sutlej. He had in 1819 made a vain attempt to recover his throne. In 1833 Lord William Bentinck had granted an advance of pension to Shah Shooja when he was about to invade Sind and advance on Afghanistan. It was a grave error. It led Dost Mahomed and the Candahar chief to regard with supreme suspicion the good faith of the British Government, and to look for an alliance with Persia. Dost Mahomed outside Candahar routed Shah Shooja, who, lacking the greatest virtue which an Afghan possesses—courage, fled from the fight. In the meantime, Runjeet Singh, who had welded the Punjab into a strong military despotism, occupied the Afghan province of Peshawur. In reply to Dost Mahomed’s remark about the conduct of the Sikhs in seizing Peshawur, Lord Auckland wrote: “You are aware that it is not the practice of the British Government to

¹ The Abdalees, pure blood Afghans, are split into a number of khels or clans, of whom the Populzye are supposed to have the bluest blood. Ahmed Khan belonged to the Sadduzye branch of the Populzye clan, a branch regarded with a sort of religious veneration by the tribe. The other important branch of the clan are the Barukzyes. When Ahmed Khan was elected Shah or King of Candahar his greatest subject was the chief of the Barukzyes, whose descendants became hereditary ministers. Elphinstone states that from some superstitious motive Ahmed Shah changed the name of his tribe from Abdalee to Durranee, but the name may have had a still earlier origin. The empire which he built up (1747-1773), extending from Herat to Cabul and from Balkh to Sind, is known in history as the Durranee Empire and his dynasty as the Durranee Shahs. Dost Mahomed was the son of a powerful Barukzye minister, and his dynasty is known as the Barukzye dynasty, and his successors are the Ameers or Commanders of Cabul.

interfere with the affairs of other independent states." He also suggested that he was about "deputing some gentleman" to talk over commercial matters with the Ameer. Alexander Burnes, the young Bombay officer, who had won so much renown by his adventures through Central Asia, was selected to conduct a commercial mission to "the countries bordering on the Indus." He was a fine linguist, a good topographer, and endowed with the love of the spirit of research; but he was too ambitious to be the head of a mere commercial mission, and too sanguine and credulous to be a good political envoy. On the 26th of November 1836, Burnes, accompanied by Lieutenant Leech of the Bombay Engineers, and Lieutenant Wood of the Indian Navy, sailed from Bombay, and reached Sind after a voyage of seventeen days. In one of the most delightful books of travel ever published, Burnes gives us an account of his sail up the Indus through lands then unexplored. On the 20th of September 1837, two months before the Persian army began the siege of Herat, Burnes entered Cabul, and was received with great pomp and splendour by a great body of Afghan cavalry, led by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan. "He did me the honour," wrote Burnes, "to place me on the same elephant on which he himself rode, and conducted me to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial." Burnes had visited Cabul in his travels, and already been a guest of Dost Mahomed. The next day the British envoy, or head of the Commercial Mission, as it was euphoniously called in the official documents, had an interview with Dost Mahomed, and delivered to him his credentials from the Governor-General. His reception of them was all that could be desired. "I informed him that I had brought with me as presents to his Highness some of the rarities of Europe; he promptly replied that we ourselves were the rarities, the sight of which best pleased him." Dost Mahomed attempted to obtain from Burnes an assurance that the British Government would aid him in procuring the restoration of Peshawur. But Runjeet

Singh had a good title to Peshawur, and the British Government of India could neither persuade nor force him to hand it over to the Afghans. Dost Mahomed then turned to the Russians, from whom he hoped to gain greater advantages than from the English alliance. On April 26, 1838, Burnes quitted Cabul, and the Russian envoy who had arrived there remained an honoured guest. It was now absolutely necessary to check the aggressive measures of Persia and Russia, which had been made more formidable by Dost Mahomed's negotiations with Russia. A due regard for the security of British India, to say nothing of the internal tranquillity of the continent, made it indispensable that we should re-establish our influence in Afghanistan.

When Lord Auckland took his seat as Governor-General the continent of India and the border states were, after a long era of peace, in a state of unrest. Nepal and Burma now threatened invasion. The Mahratta powers, who were at the head of considerable states, had submitted to our victorious arms, but they looked forward to the day when they would regain their international independence. The preaching of the Wahabi fanatic Syed Ahmed Khan in 1820-21 had aroused the fanaticism of the Moslem community. Not a generation had passed since we became masters of Delhi, and the Mahomedans of Upper India, hearing of the movements that were taking place beyond the Afghan border, looked forward to a Mahomedan invasion which would deliver them from the yoke of the infidel.¹ Lord Auckland was told by the Government at home, "That the time had arrived at which it would be right to interfere decidedly in the affairs of Afghanistan." Lord Auckland determined to re-establish the Sadduzye dynasty at Cabul, and to maintain the independence of Herat as a separate state. Burnes, Lord, and others who had visited Afghanistan, assured him that Shah Shooja, a representative of

¹ After the Mutiny it was discovered that for more than fifty years prayers had been daily uttered in the mosques for the restoration of the power of the Moghuls.

the legitimate line of descent, would be welcomed by a powerful party in Cabul, to whom the rule of the Barukzye Ameer was odious. They forgot that any ruler placed on the throne by British bayonets could not be popular with turbulent and brave tribes. And Lord Auckland had no means of knowing that Shah Shooja was the most incapable and feeble of men. The restoration of the exiled monarch having been resolved upon, the Governor-General proceeded to conclude, with the approbation of the English Ministry, a tripartite treaty between the British Government, Runjeet Singh, and Shah Shooja.

On September 10, 1838, Lord Auckland issued directions for the formation of an army in Afghanistan. On October 18 the Governor-General published a Manifesto, assigning the cause which led the Government of India to resolve on the fall of Dost Mahomed Khan and the restoration of Shah Shooja. "It would have been much more effective," wrote Lord Auckland, "if I had not had the fear of Downing Street before my eyes." There was no mention of Russia, though the action of Russia on Persia was one of the main causes of the war. The Proclamation concludes as follows:—

"His Majesty Shah Soojah will enter Affghanistan surrounded by his own troops, and will be supported against foreign interference and factious opposition by a British Army. The Governor-General confidently hopes that the Shah will be speedily replaced on his throne by his own subjects and adherents, and when once he shall be secured in power, and the independence and integrity of Affghanistan established, the British Army will be withdrawn. The Governor-General has been led to these measures by the duty which is imposed upon him of providing for the security of the possessions of the British Crown, but he rejoices that in the discharge of that duty he will be enabled to assist in restoring the union and prosperity of the Affghan people."

How the British army marched into Afghanistan, the hardships it endured, the battles it fought, are related in the letters of Neville and Crawford Chamberlain. The story of the First Afghan Campaign is a tale of disaster, but of disaster illuminated by many noble acts of valour.

Ten days after the issue of the Proclamation Neville Chamberlain arrived at Allygurh, the military station near Agra. In the year 1837 famine, the greatest of all the calamities which visit and waylay the life of man, affected the Upper Provinces. It was like all great famines, the culminating distress that closed a series of bad seasons. Of the desolation caused by it, Neville Chamberlain was an eye-witness.

"The sights one continually sees are very shocking," he writes to his brother, "men, women, and children in every stage of hunger, living skeletons, and dead and dying by the roadside. I cannot tell you the great misery. If they go to a native for relief they are beaten and sent away. Large sums have been collected by all the Europeans in India, and the Company has given up the revenue for this year, but it requires millions to feed them."

At the great military station of Kurnal, the trysting-place of the men of the artillery and infantry, Neville Chamberlain's long-looked-for wish came to pass. He wrote to his sister: "I have old Squaretoes sitting by my side. I arrived here the 27th September, and Crawford came out to meet me; he has grown so much that I did not know him till he called out."

The lad adds: "Crawford is just the same as ever: we talk of sweet home, and our conversation generally begins with 'Don't you remember?' and ends with a hearty laugh. I have a very nice tent, which is plenty big enough for two, and if Crawford can get into this regiment we live together."

Crawford, who was beloved of all men, was a special favourite of Sir Henry Fane, with whom he used to spend his holiday when his family was abroad, and the Commander-in-Chief had him attached to the 16th N.I. Thus the great desire of the two brothers was realised.

"My regiment is in 1st Brigade 1st Division," writes Neville Chamberlain, "under Sir Willoughby Cotton." He adds, "the corps seems a very fine one; there is a band and mess: it has now fifteen officers present. We have lots of parade. Yesterday Sir Willoughby Cotton inspected us and gave great praise. To-morrow Col. Sale of

the 13th Light Infantry inspects us. He has command of the 1st Brigade, which is composed of 16th N.I., H.M. 13th, and 48th N.I. I am in the Grenadier company, but shall get exchanged into the Light company, as they are used in all skirmishes, and see most service."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 8th of November the bugles of the first brigade were heard, and the columns were put in motion by moonlight into the cross-roads which conducted from the level around to the tracks over sandy plain, long grass and jungle, "which was cut and turned down to form a road for our troops." The march of the columns was through the Company's Sutlej States, and the country is described as very desolate, "no cultivation seen except near the villages, which are twelve or sixteen miles apart." On the morning of the 26th the leading column, as it paused in the darkness for a few minutes, felt the breeze blow with unusual freshness. "We were approaching the waters of the Ghara; we passed by the glimmering light of daybreak through the walled town of Ferozepore, the ditch of which had been deepened, and its defences improved by our engineers, and in the plains a few hundred yards beyond found the lines of a vast encampment already traced out, on which we took our places."¹

By November 25 in that vast encampment was assembled a force of 14,000 of all arms. It would have been a strong force but for one grave defect. It had only four European regiments—viz., the 13th, the Buffs, and the 16th Lancers, and the Bengal European Regiment. The Shah's Contingent was also at Ferozepore. It was stated in the Governor-General's proclamation "that his Majesty Shah Shuja-ool-Moolk will enter Afghanistan surrounded by his own troops," and in order to give effect to this statement a contingent, amounting to 6000 men of all arms, natives of the British provinces of India, was raised. The "Shah's Contingent," as it was euphoniously called by the British Government, was commanded by British officers, equipped

¹ 'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan in 1838-39.' By Captain Henry Have-lock, 13th Regiment (Light Infantry).

from the British magazines, and paid for by the Indian treasury. Thus he was to enter Afghanistan "surrounded by his own troops." The chief force provided for the Afghanistan expedition, styled "The Army of the Indus," after the style of Napoleon's bulletins, consisted not only of the two Bengal divisions but also a Bombay division, amounting to 5000 men of all arms, under the command of Sir John Keane, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army, a veteran of Peninsular fame. On the 30th of November the Bombay division had all landed on the coast of Sind. "No preparation whatever had been made by the Ameers of Sind either for carriage of the troops or for provisioning them."¹

The day Neville Chamberlain arrived at Ferozepore he went with his regiment to the Governor-General's camp, which was about four miles from the bank of the river, to form a street for Runjeet's envoy. "The object of his visit was to appoint a day for the meeting that was to take place between Runjeet and Lord Auckland. He came on elephants with his staff, all richly dressed in silk embroidered in gold and silver, the elephants beautifully trapped with gilt howdahs and cloth worked in gold and silver—in fact, it was a very gorgeous sight."

The meeting took place two days later. It was even a more gallant show. As the salute announcing the approach of the Maharaja was heard, Lord Auckland, habited in a blue coat embroidered with gold, and wearing the ribbon of the Bath,—Sir Henry Fane in the uniform of a general-officer, covered with orders, "the tallest and most stately person in the whole procession of both nations,"—and the united staffs in uniform, mounted their elephants. The gigantic animals, goaded by their drivers, moved with a simultaneous rush to the front:—

"Forward to meet them came on a noisy and disorderly, though gorgeous, rabble of Sikh horse and footmen, shouting out the titles

¹ Captain Outram's Narrative. He was an extra A.D.C. to Sir John Keane.

of their great Sirdar, some habited in glittering brocade, some in busuntee or bright spring yellow dresses, which command so much respect in the Punjab, some wearing chain armour. But behind these clamorous foot and cavaliers were the elephants of the Lord of Lahore, and seated in the foremost was an old man in an advanced stage of *decrepitude*, clothed in faded crimson, his head wrapped up in folds of cloth of the same colour. His single eye still lighted up with the fire of enterprise, his grey hair and beard, and countenance of calm design, assured the spectators that this could be no other than the old 'Lion of the Punjab.'"¹

The Governor-General, rising up in his howdah, approaches that of Runjeet, returns his *salaam*, embraces him, and, taking him by the arm and supporting his tottering frame, places him by his side on his own elephant. The elephant which bore the two rulers makes its way through the crowd towards the entrance of the Durbar tent, and the two processions of elephants rush simultaneously after them. So great was the throng, so violent the press, that many of the attendant Sikhs, knowing that treachery was no novelty in such receptions in Indian history, "began to blow their matches and grasp their weapons with an air of mingled distrust and ferocity." The Lion of the Punjab, a decrepit old man, entered the Durbar tent supported on one side by the Governor-General, on the other by the Commander-in-Chief, and, after some grave matters of state had been discussed by the two rulers, and presents exchanged, the historic Durbar came to a close. Neville Chamberlain writes: "The Governor-General gave him two very nice guns (8-pounders) with which he seemed very pleased, besides which he gave him twenty horses, an elephant beautifully trapped, a picture of the Queen, and several small things, such as pistols, guns, swords, watches, jewels," &c.

A strange incident occurred with regard to the "two very nice guns" which Henry Havelock describes:—

"In a retired part of the suite of tents were placed two very handsome well-cast howitzers, intended as complimentary gifts to the Sikh

¹ 'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan in 1838-39.' By Captain Henry Havelock, 13th Regiment (Light Infantry).

ruler. These he came forth from the council tent, supported by Sir Henry Fane, to see. The light in the recesses of these spacious pavilions was glimmering and crepuscular, and the aged Maharajah, heedless of the shells, which were piled in pyramids below, was stepping up towards the muzzles of the guns, when his feet tripped amidst the spherical missiles, and in a moment he lay prostrate on his face at full length on the floor in front of the cannon. The kind and prompt exertions of Sir Henry replaced him instantaneously on his legs, but the spectacle of the Lord of the Punjab, extended in involuntary obeisance before the mouths of British artillery, was regarded by the Sikhs as a picture of fearful omen."

The next day the Governor-General returned the visit of the Maharaja, who had pitched on the other side of the river his imposing array of tents and pavilions of crimson cashmere shawl-cloth. Across the stream a bridge of boats had been established. The procession of the Governor-General reached the ford, "and the elephants did not hesitate, one after the other, to venture on the planks, which trembled beneath their ponderous pressure." On the right bank the Lancers, as the *élite* of the British cavalry, were drawn up on either side, and beyond them, in extended and glittering line, helmeted, and habited in long dress of yellow, were seen the horsemen of the Punjab. The Maharaja advanced to meet his guest, and taking him into his howdah the procession proceeded until it reached the lofty portal of a gay pavilion of crimson and gold. In that royal tent the rulers had another long conversation, and after the due formalities had been observed the British troops returned to the Governor-General's camp. Besides pageants and feasts there were brilliant exhibitions of mimic war. On one day Sir Henry Fane, in the presence of the Maharaja and of the Governor-General, attacked with the British force, not falling short of 10,000 men of all arms, an imaginary force. Runjeet Singh, who was well acquainted with our tactics, watched with deep interest every movement, and was greatly struck with the bearing of the British soldier. His own review, or as Havelock calls it, "Potsdam parade," was a more modest show, as his main army was watching his northern frontier.

“He displayed seven battalions of regular infantry and four regiments of cavalry, with as many troops of horse artillery in the intervals between brigades and half-brigades. His foot were formed three deep, and manœuvred as instructed by their French officers, carrying their arms with a bent elbow and beating distinctly with the foot the slower time of their shorter-paced quick march, as might have been seen at a review in the Champ de Mars, whilst their bands and drums and fifes assembled in the centre of battalions guided and gave animation to each change of position.”

In the evening the waters of the Sutlej were bright with myriads of floating lights, and there was a display of fireworks on a scale of Eastern magnificence. The next day Runjeet Singh left for Lahore, and Lord Auckland followed on a complimentary visit to the Sikh capital. It was the last great week in the lives of two principal actors in that splendid and imposing scene.

On the 4th of December the following notification, dated Ferozepore, 30th November 1836, in the Secret Department, by the Governor-General of India, was published by H.E. the Commander-in-Chief in India:—

“The retreat of the Persian army from before *Herat* having been officially announced to the Government, as notified to the public on the 8th instant,¹ the circumstances no longer exist which induced the Right Honourable the Governor-General to solicit a continuance of the services of H.E. the Commander-in-Chief with a view to his conducting military operations to the west of the Indus.”

The Proclamation had stated that the main objects for which the Army of the Indus had been assembled were the restoration of Shah Shooja to the throne of Afghanistan, and the succour or recapture of Herat, if the place should have fallen to the Persians. When the Government heard of the raising of the siege, they determined to reduce by a division the strength of the expeditionary force, and to make certain changes of importance in its disposition. Sir Henry Fane, who had brooked with impatience the crude military ideas of men who, ignorant of the very rudiments

¹ The Shah raised the siege on the 9th of September 1838. It was known to the Government of India about the 22nd of October.

of war, had been entrusted by the Governor-General with arrangements for which they were incompetent, relinquished the command of the expedition.¹ Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton was appointed to command the detachment of the Bengal army, and the second division of infantry was to remain at Ferozepore, also occupying Loodianah.

“Sir Henry Fane has given up the command of this army,” says Neville Chamberlain, “and everybody regrets, as we shall not find any one so capable as he is to lead us; he is to come with us as far as Shikarpore, and then goes home *viâ* Bombay. Only three brigades of infantry are going instead of five, and all the cavalry and part of the artillery. I only hope we shall have plenty to do, or it will be very disgusting to go all that way for nothing. We heard to-day that Dost Mahomed is waiting our arrival at Candahar with 60,000 men, and says we shall not put Shah Soojah on the throne. I only hope it is true, as then there will be some chance of one’s distinguishing oneself.”

And right well did the lad avail himself of every opportunity of distinguishing himself.

On the 10th of December the Bengal Contingent, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, consisting of about 14,000 men, with 38,000 camp-followers and 30,000 camels, set forth from Ferozepore. Shah Shooja’s force, consisting of 6000 men, mainly raw levies, had preceded them by a few days. These two forces were to effect a junction with the Bombay division, separated from them by a distance of 780 miles of march. The plan of the campaign had been founded on crude political schemes, with a disregard of sound military principles. The route chosen for the invasion of Afghanistan was by the left bank of the Sutlej to its junction with the Indus, down to the left bank of the Indus to the crossing point at Roree, where the Bengal Contingent was to meet the Bombay Contingent. Thence the Army of the Indus was to proceed across the desert to

¹ In a letter to ‘The Times,’ signed H. Fane, it was stated that the Commander-in-Chief resigned because he was disgusted with the intermeddling of officials in military matters.

Dadur, through the Bolan Pass to Quetta, and from thence through the Khojak Pass to Candahar, and from thence 387 miles to Herat. It was a circuitous route, but yet the best adapted to the end in view—an early appearance before Herat. But when the siege of Herat was raised, Cabul became the main objective, and the more direct route to Cabul was across the Punjab and up the passes from Peshawur. But the Governor-General knew that the wary Runjeet Singh would never agree to a British army marching through his kingdom. He hated the whole business, but he consented to allow Shah Shooja's eldest son to advance through the Punjab direct upon Cabul with a force of about 4800 men under British officers, and he also consented to support him with a contingent of 6000 men.

After leaving Ferozepore the base of our operations lay in Sind, depending on the forbearance of the wild rulers of that state. The Duke of Wellington, who confessed "that I don't admire the policy of the settlement of Afghanistan, as far as I know anything about the matter," stated at length in a memorandum and note his opinion regarding the plan of operations for the conduct of the war. Admirably clear and simple, the memorandum lays down permanent principles, to ignore which must lead to failure and disaster. He held that an operation should be carried on "by march along the river and not by embarkation."

With the Sutlej on their right and the great western desert on their left, the Bengal force made its way through the territories of our ally, the Nawab of Bhawalpore. "We have had a very pleasant march as yet," writes Neville Chamberlain, on Christmas Day, 1838, "the weather being very fine and pretty cold for India. The road we have come through has been cut through the jungle, and when we halt it is nothing but fire on both sides, which looks very well at night-time." The column kept up a communication with Sir Henry Fane, who was proceeding

down the river in his boats, and with the fleet carrying the sick and hospital stores. As the force approached Bhawalpore it exchanged the tamarisk jungle for hillocks of sand and clumps of date-trees, "which peculiarly belong to the vast tract of sterility, which may be regarded as a second line of defence to Western India, the Indus being the first." The halcyon days of the expedition were about to close. On the 29th of December the headquarters of the army reached Bhawalpore, and found that Sir Henry Fane and his suite had already arrived at the capital. "This is a large town," says Neville Chamberlain, "the houses chiefly built with mud; the whole town surrounded by a thick mud wall, but it would not stand against an enemy for a moment. When the Bhawalpore chief first heard of our coming through his territory he declared he would oppose us, but at the sight of our red coats he was all submission."

As Bhawal Khan, the old chief, had only 4000 infantry and a few horsemen, he was wise not to oppose the invading host. "He was in former days a mighty hunter; but now, if his pursuits are not highly intellectual, they are at least pacific, harmless, and rational. Mechanics are his chief delight, and watchmaking is the particular branch of useful industry which he most liberally patronises." On the 30th of December the Commander-in-Chief held a Durbar at which the chief attended. "Sir Henry praised the Khan's fidelity to the British Government," to which he did not owe the slightest allegiance, and "his hospitable reception of the army in his dominions," which he had never invited. Bhawal Khan "good-humouredly underrated his past assistance, and made only very general promises for the future." The next day Sir Henry Fane accompanied by his officers returned the visit of state at the Khan's mansion in the city. Bhawal Khan was more social than he had been the preceding day, and the conversation turning on sport, "the Khan pointed out two of his warriors who had often encountered and killed tigers

in single combat with no weapon than the sword." He added, however, that "he had of late years entirely interdicted such hazardous conflicts, as he did not wish, for the sake of a vainglorious boast, to endanger the lives of his subjects."

On the morning of the 1st of January 1839 the Bengal force was again put in motion, and fourteen days later it entered the Sind territory. The day preceding, Alexander Burnes, who was now a colonel and a Knight Commander of the Bath, arrived in camp. He had been engaged for several months in arranging supplies for the army and conducting negotiations with the Ameers. By the existing treaty with them it was stipulated that the navigation of the Indus should be opened to merchant vessels, but the passage of vessels of war, or military stores, was expressly prohibited, but the Indus was now the principal line of communication, for the British army and the Ameers were informed that they might as well hope to dam up the Indus at Bukkur as to stop the approach of the British army. On the 24th of January 1839 the headquarters reached Roree, raised on limestone crags in the bend of the little gulf, formed by the Indus being impeded by the sandy isles on which the stronghold of Bukkur is built. It "would be washed over by the river, but that from this bed basis suddenly arises a singular superstructure of hard limestone in which little masses of agate flint are thickly and deeply bedded. The isle is in length 800 yards, and in breadth varies from 150 to 100. The whole area is covered by the *enceinte* and buildings of the fortress, which reaches down to the water's edge. This intervening land divides the river into two channels, the northern of which does not exceed 90 yards, whilst the southern branch spreads with a whirling course towards the town of Roree to the width of 450."

When the force reached Roree "the smaller arm had already been securely bridged by nineteen boats lashed together, and the Engineers were labouring incessantly in connecting seventy-five more to restrain and subdue the

waters of the main stream." The Ameer of Khyrpore, Meer Rustum, had signed a treaty containing a separate article conceding the occupation of Bukkur during the war. But he refused to yield possession till the Governor-General had ratified it. On the 26th of January the document arrived, duly signed, and was handed over to Meer Rustum. He still hesitated, but a review of the British troops at which he attended convinced the aged chief that resistance was hopeless and delay dangerous. On the morning of the 29th of January the keys of the fortress were handed over to Burnes. A wing of the 35th N.I. and the flank companies of the 16th N.I. were embarked in boats and rowed with loud shouts by the Sindian boatmen to the walls of the fortress and the lofty portal. To the last grave doubts were entertained whether it would be quietly surrendered, and two bags of gunpowder, sufficient to blow in the great gateway, were put on board. On reaching the island the troops landed, and formed close to the gateway, which was opened by the keys, and "the sepoy toiled up the winding access to the main rampart, crowned it, waved their caps and arms, and planted the British ensign by the side of that of Meer Rustum on one of the towers." Crawford Chamberlain writes:—

"The Ameer of Khyrpore made the island of Bukkur over to us for the sum (they say) of £10,000, but when troops were sent (among whom were Neville and myself) to garrison it they refused to give it up. Upon which we were told to 'prime and load' and prepare for a storm. As we were landing on the eastern side of the island, intending to do wonders, the defenders! as they called themselves, took the opportunity to go out by a private door on the opposite side, consequently neither Neville nor I distinguished ourselves enough to be made C.B.'s or baronets! We have given up the idea of ever going to Hydrabad or of leaving to our heirs £10,000, which as junior ensigns we fully expected to get if we forced those walls. But those Ameer seem after all rather wiser than we took them for, preferring half a loaf to none at all. At one time we thought nothing but a good storm and breach would bring them to their senses, because knowing themselves to be the most powerful men in Beloochistan they determined to try if they could not lick us too, but they have found out their mistake, deeply to their

sorrow. The *Wellesley*, 74, Sir P. Maitland, bringing up reinforcements from Bombay, was fired at by a small fort at the mouth of the Indus, when immediately the *Wellesley* opened a broadside on her and levelled the fort to the ground. It was supposed there were some thousand people in it, who must all have been killed."

On the morning of the 30th Sir Willoughby Cotton, with 5600 men, marched southwards by the left bank of the Indus upon Hyderabad. The Ameers of Hyderabad had refused to accede to the severe terms of the British Government, and Sir John Keane, who was marching on their capital from the south, had requested him to cooperate with the Bombay division. The Bengal troops moved on full of joy at the prospect of a hard fight and of a rich prize. Hyderabad was known to contain the accumulated wealth of the most powerful as well as the most affluent of the Ameers, "amounting in specie, jewels, and other valuables, and ingots of gold, to eight crores of Indian rupees well told, or not less than eight millions sterling." A sore disappointment, however, awaited them. On the 7th of February a despatch was received from Sir John Keane ordering them to halt. The Ameers had submitted to the terms of the proffered treaty. Two days later Cotton received further instructions, ordering him to counter-march his force, and the Bengal column made its way up the mighty river till it reached the head of the great bridge.

"The prows and sterns of the boats which formed the means of transit lay firm and immovable amidst the vexed and whirling currents of the stream. Strings of loaded camels were moving with stately tread across the scarcely yielding planks, and each horseman of our party dismounting and handing over his steed to the care of the attendant *syce*¹ (who led his charge carefully on, holding him by the snaffle), walked forward, first to the sandy platform of the fort, and then by the smaller bridge up to the right bank of the river."

On the 20th of February the headquarters reached Shikarpore, "a large town, and contains a very fine bazaar, with all kinds of European goods in it. It is the best I have seen in India." The following evening the force was

¹ *Syce* = groom.

“reviewed by Shah Sujah, who was very much astonished at the steady way we marched and manœuvred. He inspected all the other brigades, and now he has no fear of licking the usurper.” But the portrait drawn of him by Neville Chamberlain, which corresponds with a water-colour sketch done at this time, shows that the feeble creature we were putting on the throne would never be capable of licking the hardy and gallant Dost Mahomed.

“Shah Sujah is an old man, about sixty years of age. His beard reached to his waist, and it is naturally white, but to make himself look younger he dyes it black. He goes about in a sort of tonjon carried by twelve men, and attended by horsemen, running footmen, elephants, horses, and a hundred sepoys; in fact, just in the same state as the Indian princes. He has a force of his own (under officers of our service), of about five thousand men, who are his body-guard, and when we have set him on the throne this force will remain in Cabul to keep him on it. It is a splendid service, and I only wish you may hear of my belonging to it in the course of a few years.”

Two days after the troops had been manœuvred before the delighted Shah, Cotton again put his force in motion. The distance from Shikarpore to Dadur, the gateway of the Bolan, is 171 miles, and it was accomplished by the Bengal column in sixteen marches. The hardships endured and the difficulties encountered are described by Crawford Chamberlain in a letter from “Camp Dadur, entrance of the Bolan Pass, dated 14th March 1839.

“Other shade is not to be found here, as we are in a desert. If you have a map of Central Asia you will see it marked as ‘a salt marsh’ fifty miles north of Shikarpore. The other night we started at ten o’clock to get on a march of twenty-six miles; we marched at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, halting five minutes in every hour. Not a tree or shrub or blade of grass could be seen through the light the moon afforded us. It was all sand, not a bird exists on this plain, nor a village, not even a jackal—for we passed camels in a putrid state, and if there had been jackals they would have been sure to have found them out. Our camels have had nothing to eat for several days, forty-five died in one night from hunger and the length of the marches (which is quite unavoidable); as there are no wells, and we can only carry some days’ supply of

water, the sheep, camels, and elephants have had none for two days, and are not likely to get it for a third and perhaps a fourth day, as it is preferable that they should die to the soldiers."

Two days after this letter was written Cotton resumed his march and entered the Bolan Pass. A railway has now conquered this stupendous defile, and it is difficult to lead the memory back to the time when our troops marched day after day over a stony and winding road, and the Beloochee freebooters carried off baggage and cattle, and murdered the stragglers. The unburied dead were left rotting on the road. "Among them were two women," says an eye-witness; "one had fallen, fearfully cut by the death-wound that had destroyed her. She lay, poor creature! on the edge of the water, and her long black hair was floating in the ripples of the clear stream." Seven days did it take Cotton's troops to thread the Bolan Pass, fifty-nine miles in length, and scale a mountain range 5300 feet above the sea. On the 22nd of March they began to traverse "the Dusht-i-bee-doulut,¹ Unhappy desert," devoid of dwellings, without trees, without grass, "and shut in on every side by mountains, bleak and solemn, on the top of the highest of which were long streaks of snow." On the 27th of March, after traversing the plain for three or four miles, they saw clumps of trees and orchards, and with delight recognised the mulberry, the plum, the apricot, and the peach. "The peach- and the almond-trees were in blossom." At Quetta, "a most miserable mud town, with a small castle on a mound, on which there was a small gun on a rickety carriage," the column halted, according to the command of Sir John Keane, for further orders. For eleven days the force remained at Quetta, consuming their rapidly decreasing supplies. The sepoy was put on half rations, an allow-

¹ "Dasht-i-bī-daulat," the plain without wealth. "The native term for these wide but not barren sandy spaces (which are a marked feature throughout Afghanistan and Baluchistan) is 'dasht.'"—"India," by Colonel Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich, K.C.M.G., p. 58.

ance barely sufficient to support him from starvation, and the camp follower, on a quarter ration, had to seek food at the peril of his life. On the 6th of April Sir John Keane marched in with his escort, and assumed command in person of the Army of the Indus. Seeing that the men and horses of his force were on the verge of starvation, Keane determined to push forward at once to Candahar. On the 7th the Bengal column resumed its march. The Khojak Chain, which separates the Quetta plateau from the lower plain on which Candahar stands, was surmounted by the patient endurance and toil of the British soldier and the sepoy, "who vied with the Europeans in activity and zeal." Up and down "laborious acclivities and declivities a battery of 9-pounders, with its carriages, had to be dragged by dint of manual labour where neither horses nor camels could for a moment have kept their footing if harnessed to their accustomed draught." On the evening of the 15th the pass was cleared, and the troops encamped at Chummun,¹ now the farthest terminus of our railway to the north, and found that Shah Shooja with his contingent had pitched his tents near it. Here Keane waited until his part of artillery was clear of the defile. On the 21st he continued his advance, and after a march of two miles the force halted near a mud village, walled and bastioned, but supplying neither grain nor any other means of subsistence. The only water to be had was brackish. The next day the column, after pushing across the level immediately before them, came to a slight rise, and then a pass about five miles in length—a complete desert. Over a stony road they pressed forward, and "found, after a march exceeding ten miles, in a deep valley a considerable line of Khareez wells, some corn-fields, and, above all, one stunted tree." When the cavalry came up their brigadier, dreading the deficiency of water, obtained the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief to prolong his march to the river Doore. After passing over ten miles, the stream was reached. "The

¹ Now spelt Chaman, the terminus of the Quetta-Chaman railway.

moment the horses saw the water, they made a sudden rush into the river as if mad; both men and horses drank till they nearly burst themselves. Officers declare that their tongues cleaved to the roofs of their mouths. The water was very brackish, which induced them to drink the more." That day the cavalry lost fifty-eight horses. On the 23rd the headquarters were fixed on the banks of the river, and two days later the troops encamped at the village of Khooshab, nine miles from Candahar. They had not long taken up their ground when they heard "the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, and perceived the smoke of both ascending amidst the trees on the plains to the northward—peaceful intimations, though in a warlike form, that Shah Shooja had entered his capital." On the 26th the headquarters alone moved on to Candahar. The next morning, before dawn had broken, the troops pushed forward, and as daylight broke they saw before them, "seated in an open plain of corn-fields and meadows, intersected by water-courses, the object of so many desires and expectations—a mass of buildings, worthy of the title of city, surrounded by a quadrangular wall of curtain and bastion thirty miles in length." To reach that goal the Bengal column had made a march, through deserts and over mountains, of a thousand miles. On the 4th of May the Bombay column also reached Candahar.

The following day a General Order was issued laying down the ceremonial to be observed "On the occasion of his Majesty Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk taking possession of his throne and receiving the homage of his people of Candahar." On the 8th of May, at dawn, the whole Army of the Indus was drawn up in line in front of the city. A throne and splendid canopy had been erected in the midst of an extensive plain, not far from the battlefield from whence, five years before, he had fled. At sunrise the guns announced the departure of Shah Shooja from his palace. As he rode down the line "there was a *general salute*, and the colours were lowered as is the case of

crowned heads. On his ascending the throne a salvo was discharged from 101 pieces of artillery." The Commander-in-Chief and the British Envoy and European and native officers in Shah Shooja's service presented nuzzers, but he did not receive the homage of his subjects. The English officers in their uniforms of scarlet and gold were on his left, "and some half a dozen shabby-looking, dirty, ill-dressed Afghan followers on his right."¹ Hardly 100 Afghans came out from Candahar to see the pageant, and among them murmurs were heard against the infidels who had invaded their land. By the installation of Shah Shooja the first offices of the expedition had been accomplished, but the march to the eastern capital remained to be done. For two long and dreary months the Army of the Indus had to remain, owing to the want of provisions, inactive, encamped under the walls of Candahar. There was nothing to break the monotony of camp life. No sight-seeing, no sport, for, as Neville Chamberlain writes to his mother, "You cannot now leave camp a mile without going in a body and well armed, or else run the chance of being killed." He describes how two young officers returning from a fishing excursion along the banks of the Urghundab had been attacked by a party of assassins and one of them cruelly murdered.

"An officer of the 16th Lancers has been cut to pieces since our arrival at Candahar. The circumstances are as follows: He (Lieut. Inverarity) with several other officers made a party to go out a few miles to amuse themselves fishing and shooting. Most of them returned by five in the evening, but Inverarity and a friend (Willmer) stopped later than the rest, and about nightfall started on their way back to camp. Within five miles of this place Willmer told Inverarity to go on slowly, as he had to take a stone out of his horse's foot, and would catch him up directly. When Inverarity had ridden about a quarter of a mile, and was going through a narrow pass in the rock, he was struck a severe cut over the wrist, which went clean through the bone, leaving his hand hanging by the skin; at the same time another cut

¹ 'Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sind and Kaubool in 1838-39,' by Richard Hartley Kennedy, M.D., i. 263.

him behind — the sword going through into his stomach ; he tumbled from his horse, when seven or eight men came and cut him over his head. When they supposed him to be dead, they took him and threw him into a pit near the side of the road. Willmer soon followed, and called out to Inverarity, but, receiving no answer, supposed he had gone on ; but when he came to the narrow pass, he saw a robber standing in the middle of it (the moon was just rising), and approaching, he saw several others who all rushed on him with their swords. He had nothing but a cherry stick in his hand, with which, however, he defended himself, being a very good swordsman, but as there was no chance of doing anything, he took to his heels and they after him, but, as he was a very active man, he beat them. On going back to the place with some of the king's troops, he found the robbers had all bolted, and he found the body of his friend, who, strange to say, was not dead. He told him the whole story and asked for water, but before the water could be brought he was dead.

“I suppose the robbers never will be found, and this will give you an idea of the state the country is in. It is the profession of every man to cut his neighbour's throat. Almost every man is mounted, and they think nothing of going fifty or sixty miles a day on the same horse. Thank my dear Mother for the box of *articles* she has been so kind as to send to us, all of which are most acceptable, but I am afraid it will be a long time before we ever see them, which I am very sorry for, as both Crawford's and my stock of clothes, &c., are wearing out fast, and if we remain out much longer we shall be obliged to go about with our backs bare ! &c., &c., &c.

NEVILLE.”

CHAPTER III.

Advance upon Cabul, June 27, 1839—The valley of the Turnuk—Arrival at Ghuznee, July 31, 1839—A gallant deed—Ghuznee stormed—Blowing the Cabul gateway open by bags of gunpowder—Colonel Dennie and Brigadier Sale lead the forlorn hope—Neville Chamberlain's description of the terrible strife—Advance from Ghuznee—Flight of Dost Mahomed—Shah Shooja enters Cabul, August 7, 1839—Neville and Crawford Chamberlain on duty at Ghuznee—Christmas at Cabul—Winter of 1840 at Ghuznee—Letter from Cabul, July 1840—Dr Lord's forward policy—Dost Mahomed escapes from Bokhara—He advances towards the Bameean Pass—Defeated by Colonel Dennie, he makes his way into the Kohistan country—Sale captures the fort of Tootundurrah—Storming of Julgah—Battle of Purwan—Defection of 2nd Bengal Cavalry—Surrender of Dost Mahomed—Course of events in Beloochistan—General Nott reoccupies Kelat—Murder of Lieutenant Loveday—The 15th N.I. leaves Ghuznee—Meets John Nicholson, and they become fast friends—Description of Nicholson—Defeat of the Ghilzyes—Arrival of the 16th N.I. at Candahar—Reduction by Macnaghten of the subsidies to the chiefs—Rise of the Ghilzyes—Macnaghten determines to send a small force to subdue them—George Broadfoot—General Elphinstone—Monteith attacked by the enemy—His relief by Sale—Death of Edward King—The outbreak at Cabul—Murder of Burnes—News reaches Candahar—Maclaren's brigade starts for Cabul—Murder of Lieutenants Golding and Pattison—The battle of Urghundab—Neville Chamberlain wounded.

ON the 27th of June the army recommenced its march to Cabul, "expecting to reach that place without firing a shot." They made their advance up the valley of the Turnuk, with its temperate climate, and on the 4th of July they reached Kelat-i-Ghilzye, the main hold of the tribes whose forts and towers are scattered over the hills and valleys around it. In the famous fort of the Ghilzyes they were greatly disappointed. "It is at this day nothing

more than a tabular mound such as abound in this district, on which the artificial *frustrum* of a cone has been thrown up by way of citadel." The Ghilzyes had boasted of their determination to defend their ancestral hills, vales, and fortresses, but during the march through their country only one serious skirmish took place, "and in that the hardy Ghoorkas, diminutive in size but of fiery energy, beat off and pursued the Ghilzyes with some loss to the latter." On the 14th of July the camp was pitched on the plain of Mookoor, or Mookloor, "the most inviting spot which we have occupied since we quitted Roree on the now distant Indus. The springs of the Turnuk gush out of the earth in four or more little fountains, close to a poplar tree of gigantic girth, at the foot of a majestic range of wild crags of primitive formation and on the edge of an extensive plain and greensward." The Commander-in-Chief, after a day's rest, advanced with the 1st Brigade. On the 20th of July he fixed his headquarters at a spot about twelve miles from the far-famed fortress of Ghuznee. Neville Chamberlain and some other officers "went up to the top of a mountain, from whence we could see the fort quite plainly." "The same morning a nephew of the Dost came into camp to join Shah Shooja with about thirty horse. He had escaped during the previous night, and he told us that it was the intention of the elder of Dost Mahomed's sons to attack us that night with three thousand men, so accordingly the tents were struck, and the whole army slept in their ranks ready to jump into their places in case of attack; but I suppose they thought better of it, as they never came." The nephew was the traitor Abdool Rusheed, who informed the Chief Engineer that all the gateways had been blocked up by masonry except the Cabul gateway.

At the break of day (21st July) the army struck its camp and commenced its advance towards Ghuznee. "We marched in three columns," says Neville Chamberlain. "On the right, the cavalry (four regiments); in the main road

—in the centre, the artillery (in all thirty-four pieces); and on the left, the infantry (four European and three native regiments), making a very pretty little force, and I assure you the sight was very pretty as we marched through a beautiful valley about five miles in breadth, richly cultivated, with a river running in the centre, and surrounded on all sides by mountains three thousand feet higher than the plain—which plain is 7500 feet above the level of the sea.” Abdool Rusheed and Sir Alexander Burnes rode at the head of the columns. The British Envoy was certain there would be no resistance, but the Afghan would offer no decided opinion as to the intentions of his countrymen. Soon there was an end to all doubt. When the grey walls and lofty citadel came in full view, parties of horsemen were seen guarding the approach to the extensive gardens enclosed with high walls which surrounded the fort. Then was heard “‘pop, pop!’” which was the firing at Sir J. Keane and staff who had gone ahead to survey the place.” As the heads of the columns approached within gunshot they were saluted by the enemy’s large guns, “but they did not do much damage, most of the shot going over our heads.” The leading brigade was ordered to clear the gardens of the skirmishers. This was speedily done. One garden inside an outwork which enfiladed the river at its foot remained to be cleared. The Afghans were loath to abandon so important a post. The light companies of the 16th and 48th N.I. were sent to drive them out. “As the company I have command of,” writes Neville Chamberlain, “had nothing to do, I went with the light company.” In that garden he did a gallant deed. The story is best told in the lad’s own modest words:—

“All round the fort, within 180 yards of the walls, are fruit gardens, through which we went to get as near as possible and still leave a garden-wall between us and them to be protected a little from their fire, otherwise none of us could have escaped, the walls being thirty and forty feet high, and their matchlocks carry twice as far and as strong as our muskets. Our two companies were ranged along a wall three feet high, from whence we com-

menced firing at the men on the walls and at a little outwork in advance of the fort. If I had had a good, heavy, long double-barrel rifle I should have brought lots of them over. When they found our muskets were no match for their matchlocks, they began jumping atop of the walls, waving their flags, hurraing, and giving us all manner of abuse; some of them came down from the fort to try and drive us from the gardens, but they paid dearly for their boldness, as most of them got shot. At one time they got behind a little wall in front of us, about thirty yards off, and it was quite laughable to see the way we dodged one another to get a good shot, as when either party showed a head there were twenty shots at it, and we were not able to drive them away as they were protected by their own guns. I can assure you it was sharp work, as the balls came 'whiz, whiz' every moment over our heads. There was a man in the outwork who used to jump on the top of the wall and wave a green flag; whenever he showed himself ten or twelve muskets were fired at him. I was watching for him to show, to try my luck, when I saw him coming, and said to Captain Graves who commanded the light company, 'Here he comes!' Graves immediately showed himself above the wall telling the men to fire, when a ball struck him on the collar-bone, which it smashed, and glided down into the lungs. I was firing at our friend with the green flag and did not see the ball strike, but the sepoy cried out that he was hit. I immediately went to him and persuaded him to let me help him from the gardens to the regiment. We were now obliged to expose ourselves to the fire of the whole of the city walls, and seeing he was wounded they commenced shouting and firing, and whilst I was assisting him over a bank, another shot struck him in the back of the waist and went out at the top of the thigh-bone, carrying away his sword-belt. This disabled him from walking, so I laid him in a ditch where they could not touch him, and went for a dooley, but on arriving at the place I had left the regiment I found it had gone into camp, operations for that day being over. I got a dooley among one of the troops of H.A., and brought Graves safe away into camp."

When Neville Chamberlain again reached his regiment he was sent with his company to a garden about half a mile away in order "to keep the fellows from annoying us." About four o'clock they were recalled from the garden and rejoined the regiment—as the army was now ordered to march from the southern side of the place, and, circling round Ghuznee, to encamp to the north on the Cabul road. Keane had determined to make an attempt to blow open the Cabul gates and then carry the place by a *coup-de-main*. The

traitor's information had been confirmed. Captain Thomson, the chief engineer, a man of surpassing talent and nerve, had during his reconnaissance got, at considerable risk, as near to the gate as he could undiscovered, and seeing some people come out at dusk he was satisfied that there must be a gate or wicket by which an entrance was to be obtained. The road up to the gate was evidently clear, and the bridge over the ditch was unbroken. On his return, Captain Thomson reported to the Commander-in-Chief, "that if he decided on the immediate attack on *Ghuznee*, the *only* feasible mode of attack, and the only one which held out a prospect of success, was a dash at the *Cabul gateway*—blowing the gate open by bags of powder."¹ Keane had left, owing to want of transport, his battering train at Candahar, and he therefore lacked the means to reduce Ghuznee by any ordinary process of siege. The great height of the parapet above the plain (60 or 70 feet) and the wet ditch were insurmountable obstacles to an attack merely by mining or escalading. The immediate capture of Ghuznee was necessary in order to replenish his supplies. He could not mask the place and advance, because he had at the utmost three days' provisions. He therefore accepted Thomson's bold plan of attack. The following order was issued: G.O. "The troops will change ground this afternoon, the first trumpet to sound at three; and the *assembly* at four o'clock to sound from headquarters." Neville Chamberlain writes—

"We commenced our march at five and got to our ground at 10 P.M., having had to cross several streams, and ascended a very steep mountain, being obliged to make a large circuit to keep out of range from the fort. I do not think I shall ever forget that night of Sunday 21st July: none of us had a thing up; I had had no regular breakfast, and none of us had any dinner. The night was bitter cold, and I had not my cloak or anything to keep me warm, and, as ill-luck would have it, only a thin jacket dyed red and a white pair of trousers. The only way to keep ourselves warm was to lie close together, and in that way we passed the night. All

¹ Report of the Chief Engineer.

night the people in the fort kept firing their large guns, but I cannot say what at, as we were out of gunshot except from *Long Tom*, a large 82-pounder; they also kept burning blue lights which were answered from the hills in our rear, and as we were expecting to be attacked we had to stand to our arms from 8 o'clock until daylight, at which time our tents began to arrive. At sunrise (the 22nd) the people in the fort commenced shouting out "Hossain! Hossain!" which is the name of one of their prophets;¹ little did they think that when the sun rose again that the place would be ours. I and some other officers walked up a hill from which you can see into the town, and from which it is commanded by artillery. Sir J. Keane and staff rode up and reconnoitred through their glasses.² About 12 o'clock the whole of the mountains on our right were crowded with horsemen. The alarm was sounded, and in the course of a few minutes the whole army was under arms. Our cavalry went after them and drove them to the top of the mountain. Had infantry been sent to their assistance they must all have been killed, whereas they only lost fifty or sixty, and twenty taken prisoners whose heads were cut off on their arrival in camp.³ I believe Sir J. Keane's reason for not sending any infantry was on account of not wishing to lose any men before storming the fort as our force was so small."

During the skirmish with the fanatic bands, a remarkable shot was fired from an ornamental brass 48-pounder gun mounted in the citadel, to which the Afghans had given the designation of the *Zabar-Zan* or hard hitter. "About 3 o'clock," says Neville Chamberlain, "the great gun was fired into the Lancer's camp, the ball *en route* taking off a troop horse's leg, broke a cavalry trooper's leg (who died from the contusion), went through a camel's body, and into

¹ "Hossain! Hossain!—Ya Hasan! Ya Hosain! the wailings of the Mahomedans as they beat their breasts in the procession of the Moharram, the period of fasting and public mourning observed in commemoration of the death of Hassan and of his brother Hosain, the sons of Ali and the grandsons of the Prophet."—Gibbon's 'Roman Empire,' vi. 280.

² See 'A Narrative of the March and Operations of the Army of the Indus,' by Major W. Hough, p. 172.

³ Havelock writes: "The captive Ghazees when brought before their sovereign are said to have openly avowed their intention of putting him to death. They conducted themselves with treasonable insolence in his presence, and one of them, drawing a dagger concealed about his person, stabbed a *peeshkhedmut*, or attendant, in the durbar tent before his arm could be arrested. The most audacious of them, after repeated warnings to desist from these traitorous invectives, were carried out and beheaded by the royal executioners."—'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan,' by Captain Henry Havelock, ii. 68, 69 see also 'Kennedy's Narrative,' ii. 39; 'Kaye's History,' i. 445.

a palkee, where it stopped without doing any more injury." That evening orders "for the attack of Ghuznee" were issued. Whilst Neville Chamberlain was dining at mess his company and three others were sent down towards the fort to remain under shelter of a tomb until the sappers arrived to make embrasures for the guns.

"At twelve, when the sappers came, we were sent to clear the gardens of any who might be in them and repel anybody who might attack the working parties, and when the gardens were cleared, we were to take up our position under the walls of the fort. The enemy had taken a lesson from our first day's amusement, for we found they had cut down the garden walls; however they left the fragments, and by putting one piece atop of another they formed a little shelter. My company were the first to get to the ground, and I made the men set to work, and the shelter was very acceptable, as the noise of making up the wall put them on the alert, and they began firing at our party, which they could distinguish by the moon shining on the muskets and breastplates. In the course of a few moments I was joined by the other three companies, which took up their ground to my right. We were placed about a hundred yards in front of the foremost battery, so as to protect them from any sally from the fort."

At 3 o'clock the guns from the false attack which had been placed to the south of the fort opened fire, and the explosion party stepped forward to its duty. Captain Peat of the Bombay Engineers was in command; Henry Marion Durand,¹ a young lieutenant of Bengal Engineers, had begged that to him should be entrusted the hazardous operation of placing the powder and firing the train. In dead silence Durand and the sapper advanced to within 150 yards of the works. Then came a challenge from the walls, a shot, and a shout. The party were discovered. At the moment a stream of musketry fire came from the battlements and blue lights lit up the approach of the gate. It was a position of supreme peril, for if the enemy fired from the low outer works which swept the bridge at half pistol shot, no man could have crossed it. On they went. Fire from the battlements, not a shot from the lower works, and the bridge was safely crossed. Captain Peat with a small party of the 13th took

¹ Sir Henry Marion Durand, K.C.S.I., C.B.

post at the sally-port to repel any rush of swordsmen. Durand advanced, and close to the massive portals the Madras native sappers piled the bags containing 900 pounds¹ of powder. Durand and Sergeant Robertson laid the hose and a port-fire attached to it along the foot of the scarp to a sally-port into which they stepped. The port-fire would not light, and Durand was some time blowing at the slow-match and port-fire, before the later caught and blazed. But it went out. Durand and the Sergeant lit it again, and after watching it burn steadily for some moments they retired to the sally-port. The enemy, expecting a general escalade, had manned the wide circumference of the walls, and sent forth from the ramparts volleys of musketry. The British batteries opened their fire. The skirmishers in the garden engaged in a brisk fusillade. Louder and louder grew the rattle of musketry. Then suddenly a column of flame and smoke rose above the Cabul gate, and a dull heavy sound was heard by the head of the waiting column drawn up on the road. The powder had exploded, shattered the massive gate in pieces, and brought down into the passage below masses of masonry and fractured beams. The forlorn hope, under Colonel Dennie, and the reserve, under Brigadier Sale,² eagerly awaited the bugle signal to advance from Peat's covering party. The fire from the ramparts swept them. No signal was heard. The bugler had been shot through the head. Peat, a cool brave soldier, who had been thrown to the ground and stunned by the explosion, returned to the column and stated that the entrance was blocked. Sale ordered the retreat to be sounded. Above the sighing of the boisterous wind and the rattle of musketry,

¹ Havelock states "nine hundred pounds of powder in twelve large bags." Durand, in 'The First Afghan War,' states "three hundred pounds of powder."

² "The first of these (the advance column) was composed of the light companies of the Queen's, the 17th, and the Bengal European regiment, and of Captain Vigor's company of the 13th Light Infantry. It was led by Colonel Dennie. The second body, under the immediate command of Brigadier Sale, was made up of the remainder of the Queen's and Bengal Europeans.—'Narrative of the War in Afghanistan,' by Captain Henry Havelock, ii. 73."

Durand heard the bugler's signal of retreat. He had with a keener observation seen that no failure had taken place, and, unable himself by illness and an accident to run, sent the good tidings by a brother officer. The bugle lifted its gallant note and the stormers under the fiery Dennie rushed forward and entered the gateway, which was about one hundred and fifty feet long, and about twenty feet wide. About half-way it turned to the right, and it was impossible to see through the whole distance. In that passage twenty feet wide there was a mortal tussle between sword and bayonet. Gradually the forlorn hope pushed its way onward to the turning, and then "its commanders and their leading files beheld over the heads of their infuriated opponents a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place." Dennie had been told to occupy the ramparts right and left of the gateway, but his men pushed forward into the town. "The enemy from the ramparts rushed down and attacked the rear of the storming party on both flanks, wounding three officers and thirty men. A body of Afghan swordsmen also dashed against the head of the main column under Brigadier Sale, which was advancing in close support of the stormers—dashed against it and actually tumbled it back." The sudden panic lasted for a moment. The rear, "ignorant of what was taking place in the jaws of the gateway," pushed eagerly onwards, and after a fierce fighting, man to man, with bayonets, with swords, the few brave Afghans were driven back, and the column passed through the gateway. A terrible strife, a fearful carnage, took place before the city was won, but Neville Chamberlain must tell the story:—

"Directly afterwards, the advance party formed by the light companies of the four European regiments rushed in, followed by the storming column, composed of H.M. 2nd Bengal European Regiment, 17th and 13th and the 16th, 35th and 48th native regiments. They were met at the gate gallantly by the enemy, who struck up the bayonets with their shields, and used their swords

to great effect, killing and wounding many. But their attempts to drive us back proved unsuccessful, but I am ashamed to say . . . cried, 'Back, back!' the retreat being sounded, and the two advance regiments went to the right-about face; however, the panic lasted only for a moment; they formed again, charged, and gained the place. After the citadel was taken and the ramparts cleared (which our regiment did), the people were so desperate that they took to their houses, blocking up the doors, and firing from the roofs and windows, making each house a fort, and fighting till they died, as no quarter was given to any man who fought.

"By about 3 P.M. the firing ceased. Eight o'clock next morning all the troops except our regiment and the 35th were taken out of the fort, and as no one was allowed to take anything with them, you may fancy the collection of things at the gate, such as swords, guns, pistols, wearing apparel of all descriptions, silks, tobacco, raisins, grain of all sorts, all thrown down and being trampled upon, as well as the bodies of those who had been killed at the gate; and to add to the confusion, there were 1500 horses which, directly the town was taken, had been cut loose from their stalls, and they were now turned loose and were like mad, galloping about all over the place, and fighting with each other like bull-dogs. I cannot describe the scene it was, and in fact it was quite dangerous to walk in the streets; for a time all discipline was lost, the soldiers breaking into the houses to look for plunder, and in this way many were killed, by going down the streets of the lower end of the town, far away from their comrades. I shall not try to describe the cruelties and actions I saw committed that day, as I am sure it would only disgust you with mankind; but I am happy to say very few women and children were killed, and that was a wonder, as when any person was heard moving in a room, ten or twelve muskets were fired into it immediately, and thus many an innocent person was killed. After mercy was proclaimed, all the people who were left came out of their houses and delivered up their arms, most of them being set at liberty, but the chiefs confined. Dost Mahomed's son, Prince Hyder Khan, commander of Ghuznee, was taken prisoner by Captain Taylor, who found him in a small room with six other men. He was taken into camp and treated by our envoy with great respect. He is now in confinement, and most likely will be sent to Bombay to pass the remainder of his days. He is twenty-two years of age. An immense man, and would weigh three of me.

"On the morning of the 24th the work of burying the dead commenced, which was done in three large pits. It took two whole days, as some bodies were not found till they became putrid. I cannot describe to you the desolation of the place—not a soul

to be seen, the doors of the houses broken, and the houses gutted of everything. We buried upwards of two hundred horses, which had been shot the first day (some of them worth a thousand rupees), besides cattle of all description."

Thus fell Ghuznee, the strongest fortress of Afghanistan. Afghan troopers riding in hot haste over hill and dale carried the news to Dost Mahomed at Cabul. He at once summoned a council of war, and discovered he could not depend on the loyalty of his chiefs. He, however, determined to make a grand effort to check the advance of the Feringees. At the head of an army of 13,000 men and thirty guns he set forth from the capital, and after a march of twenty-five miles he took up a position at Urgundeh, on the Ghuznee road. It had the advantage, in case of defeat, of commanding the shortest route to Bameean. Dost Mahomed's suspicions were confirmed. There was treachery in his camp, and some of his soldiers were plotting to deliver him up to Shah Shooja, and many of his followers were deserting every day. He made one frantic effort to preserve their loyalty. Koran in hand, he rode among them, and he begged them by that sacred volume not to desert the true faith or transfer their allegiance to a ruler who had filled the land with infidels. "You have eaten my salt," he said, "these thirteen years. Since it is plain that you have resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour in requital for that long period of maintenance and kindness. Enable me to die with honour. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan, whilst he executes one charge against the cavalry of those Feringee dogs! In that onset he will fall; then go, and make your own terms with Shah Shooja." But the bold words were spoken in vain. On the evening of August 2nd, Dost Mahomed, accompanied by his family and escorted by about 3000 troops who still remained faithful to him, took the road to Bameean. The next day the news of the flight of Dost Mahomed reached the Commander-in-Chief, who, having left Ghuznee on the 30th of July, had halted at Sheekabad, twenty miles from Urgundeh, to close up his

columns before attacking the enemy. Captain Outram, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, "one of the most resolute, intelligent, and active officers in the army,"¹ offered to head a pursuing party, to consist of some British officers as volunteers, some cavalry, and some Afghan horse. Outram pursued the royal fugitive along tortuous channels and over lofty passes, but Dost Mahomed made good his escape across the Oxus. On the 7th of August Shah Shooja again entered Cabul. "He rode a handsome white Cabulee charger, decorated with equipments mounted with gold in the Asiatic fashion. He wore the jewelled coronet of velvet, in which he always appeared in person, and an *ulkhalek* of dark cloth, ornamented on the arms and breast with a profusion of precious stones, whilst his waist was encircled with a broad and cumbrous girdle of gold, in which glittered rubies and emeralds not a few." Accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, brilliant in scarlet and gold, escorted by British troops, he made his way through the narrow streets to the palace of his ancestors in the Bala Hissar. A dense crowd filled the streets, but—

"No man cried, 'God save him';
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home."

When Keane marched from Ghuznee he left behind him all the sick and wounded who could not be removed without risk, and as a garrison a detachment of artillery, the 16th Regiment of Native Infantry, and 200 horsemen in the service of Shah Shooja. "For the first week after the place was taken, not a soul was to be seen," says Neville Chamberlain, "but now the houses are filled again, and the bazaar affords everything. We have lots to do, as four days out

¹ So wrote Henry Havelock in his history, published in 1840. On the 15th of September 1857 Major-General Sir James Outram issued his famous order:—

"The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of the brilliant deeds of arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity—as Chief Commissioner of Oudh—tendering his military service to General Havelock as a volunteer."

of the week we are on duty." It was a small garrison to hold so important a fortress, surrounded on all sides by a fanatical foe. The Durranees were ripe for revolt, and the Ghilzyes were notoriously disaffected because they could not brook losing the control over the highways between Candahar, Cabul, and Jellalabad. Colonel Herring, who with the 37th Regiment was escorting treasure from Candahar, was barbarously butchered between Cabul and Ghuznee when strolling unarmed to a short distance from his camp. Captain Outram was sent with a party of horse to punish his murderers. On the 17th of September Neville Chamberlain writes:—

"This morning a dispatch arrived from Captain Outram, who is thirty miles off, requesting a wing of our corps may be sent to his assistance, as he had taken up some men on suspicion of their being Col. Herring's murderers. Four of our companies left at 5 o'clock, but unhappy *I* am not of the party, but Crawford is. After settling things there, they go across country to Kelat-Gilzee to accompany the political agent, so God knows when they come back again, but it is expected not before six weeks, and perhaps they may go to Candahar to pass the winter. Our garrison now is a very weak one, we cannot muster 500 men fit for duty."

A General Order, published at Cabul on the 29th of September, informs us that Major MacLaren commanding 16th N.I., after a march of fifty miles in little more than twenty-four hours, joined Captain Outram at Kooloogo on the morning of the 18th, and assumed command of the troops. On the 21st at midnight Major MacLaren marched to punish the Khajuck tribe of plunderers who were implicated in the murder of Herring. At daylight he found the enemy strongly posted at the foot of a range of mountains of bare rocks, and immediately made his disposition to attack them. After a few shots had been fired the enemy retired up the heights, believing them to be wholly inaccessible, as they were both steep and rugged.

"The marauders, therefore," says Crawford Chamberlain, "confident in the advantage of their post, opened a fire from their matchlocks, fixed, as is the Affghan and Beloochee custom, on rests, whilst

their chiefs, waving their swords, dared the Hindostanees to advance. As the grenadiers of the 16th moved directly against their enemy, the light company and another passed to their right, so as to prevent the escape of the bandits along the range of hills. Officers and soldiers experienced much difficulty in scaling rocks of so precipitous a character; but notwithstanding their vantage ground, their steadied aim and noisy vaunts, the brigands were speedily and utterly defeated. Many were killed, and the rest of the party, 120 in number, some of whom were wounded, were all made prisoners."

The four companies of the 16th N.I. returned to Ghuznee, and in October Neville writes home: "Crawford and I are making ourselves comfortable for the winter by laying in wood and making our three rooms air-tight. We amuse ourselves by taking long rides into the valleys of an afternoon, and return home at sunset. There is also some sport to be had in the way of shooting—viz., quail and ducks, but the latter are very shy."

A month after Shah Shooja had been replaced on his throne by British bayonets, his eldest son, Shahzada Timour Shah, accompanied by Colonel Wade, whose force had penetrated the Khyber passes, entered Cabul. The Army of the Indus had now done their work, and it has been urged that it could have then been withdrawn with the honour and fame of entire success. But, as Lord Auckland recorded in a minute written a fortnight after the entrance of Shah Shooja, "to leave him without the support of a British army would be followed by his expulsion, which would reflect disgrace on Government and become a source of danger." No man was more anxious to withdraw the troops than the Governor-General, for two substantial reasons: the cost of the expedition had already become a strain on the finances of India, and owing to the death of Runjeet Singh the Punjab had fallen into a condition which might at any moment demand the presence of our troops. Lord Auckland informed the envoy that he considered that besides the regular army of Shah Shooja and his Afghan force a strong brigade would be sufficient to hold Afghanistan. Macnaghten, however, urged with success that instead

of a strong brigade the Bengal division of the army was required to maintain order. Two days after Outram set forth to punish the murderers of Colonel Herring, the Bombay column commenced its march to India.

A month after the Bombay column left Cabul Sir John Keane with the 16th Lancers, two regiments of native horse, and a large part of the horse-artillery, rode from the Citadel to return to India by the Khyber route. As Shah Shooja was to spend the winter at Jellalabad, a brigade of infantry and the 2nd Light Cavalry with three guns were to be encamped around that city. Candahar was to be held by native regiments, and the 16th N.I. remained at Ghuznee. The 13th Light Infantry and a corps of native infantry garrisoned the Bala Hissar. Sir Willoughby Cotton was appointed to the command in chief of the troops in Afghanistan. General Sale was to command in Jellalabad, and General Nott, a thorough soldier, brave, straightforward, and energetic, in Candahar. At the last moment Sir Willoughby Cotton accompanied Sir John Keane in order to act as Provincial Commander-in-Chief in Bengal until a successor to Sir Henry Fane as Commander-in-Chief in India was appointed. Two small posts of observation were to be established on the main route across the lofty mountain-range of the Hindu Kush—the one at Charekar and the other at Bameean. Thus the army of occupation was not only reduced in number, but what remained, instead of being concentrated in one or two important strategic places, was scattered in small bodies over a vast extent of country.¹ As a temporary measure it was directed that the troops in Western Afghanistan should report to General Nott, and those around Cabul to Brigadier Sale.

After a long and fatiguing march from India the first winter at Cabul was a pleasant rest to the English officers and soldiers of the Army of the Indus. The weather was

¹ Brigadier Roberts, the father of Lord Roberts, who was in chief command of Shah Shooja's regular force, and knew the temper of the people, wrote to the envoy and to the Governor-General that it was madness to post small detachments of troops in isolated fortresses.

extremely cold, but they could be abroad every day and all day; "and it was amusing to see the English soldiers in their sheepskin dress, pelting each other with snowballs, or sliding on the ice as in their own land; while the officers, who had made themselves skates after a pattern, were enjoying themselves after their fashion, wrapped in furs which lords and ladies would have envied at home." Neville and Crawford spent Christmas week at Cabul, and "how this came to pass," and how he amused himself, is told in a letter written to his mother from Fort Ghuznee, 1st January 1840:—

"On the 15th of last month Crawford and I and an officer of the Shah's force started from here on a visit to a man of the name of Nicholson who was living at Logar as political agent. Logar is about half-way between this and Cabul, about fifty miles from here. We started in the morning, intending to reach Nicholson's the same evening, but as ill-luck would have it the morning broke with a dull heavy sky. Notwithstanding all these evil omens, having had a good breakfast, we left at ten o'clock accompanied by three horsemen as a guard, being ourselves armed cap-à-pied with swords, guns, and pistols, leaving our few traps to follow us, they also being guarded against the robbers. We had not proceeded far before the snow began to fall, and we had to ride the whole day with the snow falling fast in our faces. We found the road with great difficulty, but notwithstanding all our misfortunes we reached a small fort amongst the hills (called Abdurra) just about sunset, and we were obliged to pass the night there as we could not procure a guide to show us over the pass of the Huzzareh range of hills (mountains I might say, as they are some 3000 feet high), and the pass is a very dangerous one to go through, as it only admits of one animal at a time in many places. You must not suppose that by the word fort I mean any fine place: the common forts in this country are buildings 100 yards square, a bastion at each corner, and the walls from 20 to 30 feet high and 4 to 6 feet thick, according to the owner's wealth. There are no such things as villages like in England, for no person dare build a house outside one of these forts, or in the course of a very short time he would be robbed of everything and stand the chance of losing his life.

"After a little trouble we managed to get shelter for ourselves and horses. The people in the fort appeared very poor, but after a short time they gave us a large dish of rice from which we made a very hearty dinner and then we went to sleep, but our sleep was not very sound, as a donkey and some sheep and goats were occupants of the same room as ourselves, and poor Dobbin had a bad cough which

was as troublesome to us as to himself as he kept us awake a long time. The sheep and goats were much better companions, as the only noise they made was from chumping their grass and occasionally giving us a *ba!*—to let us know they were there. You may suppose we were not sorry when daylight appeared, and after eating some bread and meat we started, riding to the top of the pass in the clouds! But as we reached the summit the scene was sublime, the mist had cleared, and we looked down into a lovely valley surrounded by mountains 6000 or 7000 feet high. We arrived at Logar at about twelve o'clock. We found Nicholson very happy at having caught Meta Moossa, one of the archest rebels in the country. Reports were brought in by the natives that Meta Moossa's men were gathering to come down to the rescue and to attack Nicholson, and as the road to Ghuznee was unsafe he requested us to accompany him into Cabul. The morning of the 17th, at eleven o'clock, we accordingly set out, and arrived at Cabul at two o'clock the following day.

"I am not at all sorry to profit by this opportunity of seeing a place of which I had heard so much. As you have read Sir Alexander Burnes' work, my description of the place would be superfluous. I was much struck with the small size of the women; they are certainly the smallest I have seen, none of them being more than five feet, and it is very extraordinary, as the men are particularly large fine men, mostly six feet. Their dress is very neat, and they are closely veiled but so that they can see everything while they remain invisible, and that is hardly fair, as I see no reason why ladies should look at gentlemen and they not look again. Their slippers are curiosities, generally of green leather, and it would puzzle many a London beauty to put them on, they are so delicately small. While we were at Cabul we lived with a Mr Sinclair (a Highlander), Lieutenant of H.M. 13th Light Infantry. He is a great friend of ours, and if you should ever meet him in England pray take great notice of him. He is most gentlemanlike and a favourite with every one, and to add to his accomplishments he plays beautifully on the bagpipes! On Christmas Day all the officers of the garrison of Cabul (including Sir A. Burnes, Crawford, and myself) sat down to dinner with the 13th. We had a very merry party, though we had nothing to drink but brandy and gin, but that to the Army of the Indus is a luxury. For myself it does not signify, as I never touch wine or spirits unless at a strange mess, when I am obliged to do so out of compliment. When Sir A. Burnes' health was drunk he got up and said: 'This day two years I was eating my Christmas dinner in this very room, but instead of being the guest of a British regiment I was entertaining a Russian agent, and little did I think I should hear the health of our Queen drunk by British officers in the palace of Dost Mahomed in the space of two short years!'

“About 2 o'clock in the morning we took up the mess-tables and commenced dancing reels, Sinclair standing on the table, dressed in the Highland costume, playing the bagpipes for us; so you see altogether we had rather a merry party. During our stay at Cabul we dined and breakfasted with Sir A. Burnes: he was extremely civil to us. He is liked by every one, as there is no political humbug in him like in most persons in that employ. On the 28th we breakfasted with him, and started from his house about one o'clock *en route* for Ghuznee. The first day we only rode twenty miles, putting up for the night in a fort in the Maidan Valley. We passed the place where Dost Mahomed had his guns and army in position. The next day we rode into Ghuznee, about seventy miles! On our road we met Sir A. Burnes' brother (political agent here) going to Cabul. We asked him if he thought we could get into Ghuznee that night. He said, 'Oh no!' but on the principle that faint heart never won fair lady we pushed on, and got in by half-past ten at night, passing through the Pass Shushgao;¹ as good luck would have it we met no robbers, which was fortunate, as we only had one horseman with us, the rest not being able to keep up, and our traps did not come in till the following evening. You may suppose both we and our horses were well tired.”

During the winter of 1840, at Ghuznee, Neville Chamberlain, even in the pressure and tumult of garrison life in a hostile country, found time to study Persian, which he learnt to speak with fluency. But he had to abandon having a teacher, because he could not afford to pay him. The characters of the two lads, Neville and Crawford, whose impulses for pleasure were strong as those which urged them to battle, were moulded by the hard life of poverty. They had nothing but their pay as ensigns. Prices were fabulously high: a quire of paper cost twelve shillings. In after years their family heard of the straits to which they were often put, but they never asked for money, and avoided debt. At one time, it is true, their commanding officer came to their rescue and lent them a small sum, which Neville repaid with “blood-money” after he was wounded. The winter passed on without any noteworthy incident. In

¹ In Hough we have, “Ghuznee to Shushgao 13¾ miles (30th July 1839). At 8 miles passed through a defile about 200 or 300 yards broad with low hills on each side.” Havelock states, “They climbed in ascending to Shushgao or ‘the six cows,’ a pass which must have elevated them at least 1500 feet above the lofty level of Ghuznee.”

April 1840 Shah Shooja and the envoy returned from Jellalabad to Cabul. He had objected to the occupation of the Bala Hissar by our troops, and on his return he again renewed his objections to the British occupying a position which would keep Cabul subject to their efficient control. In an evil hour for himself and his country's arms Macnaghten gave up the barracks constructed in the Bala Hissar to the Shah as accommodation for his harem and evacuated the fort. The troops were now quartered in cantonments built on the plain north of Cabul. No worse position could have been chosen. About it were gardens with strong walls, and it was commanded by high ground, and by Afghan forts which were neither demolished nor destroyed. As the summer advanced grave disturbances arose in many directions. The Ghilzye chiefs determined to strike another blow for freedom, and rising in arms they cut off all communications between Cabul and Candahar. On the 16th of May Captain Anderson, with a regiment of foot, four guns, and 300 horse, encountered some 3000 of them. The wild highlanders swept down upon the guns through showers of grape, and were met by the bayonets of the sepoy. Again and again they returned to the charge, and then they suddenly retired, leaving 200 dead on the field. The Beloochee tribes were also up in arms. Quetta was besieged, and the fortress of Kelat was captured by them. The chief which the political officers had placed on the throne abdicated, and Nusseer Khan, the son of the gallant Mehrab Khan, who had been slain in a hopeless struggle with our troops, was installed in his place. Lieutenant Loveday, the political officer, was carried off prisoner.

The smouldering discontent had not burst into flames in Eastern Afghanistan, and Macnaghten clung to the belief that the country was settling down under the rule of Shah Shooja. The wives of the officers had joined their husbands, and Cabul had become a military cantonment full of life and amusement. Writing to his sister on the 25th July 1840, Neville Chamberlain tells her that he and Balderston

the adjutant of the 16th are "in this pretty place," and "wishing to enjoy a little recreation after being shut up in Ghuznee for the last twelve months, they had applied for leave and obtained it."

"We left Ghuznee the afternoon of the 5th, and arrived here on the morning of the 7th, having a very pleasant journey. We are living with a Captain Taylor, who commands a corps of *Jan Baz* (literally Sporters of Life), the yeomanry of the country,—a very fine body of men and very well mounted. We are living in tents in a beautiful large orchard, and are surrounded by Taylor's men, who look very picturesque in their striped tents pitched about under the trees, and the chiefs surrounded by their followers. The first few days I spent in calling on the ladies and big-wigs, and making the customary military bows. There have been races which went off very well, Balderston's horse winning two races. I, as a matter of course, did not bet, having nothing to bet, but I have been rather fortunate in drawing a prize in the lottery. The best races were for the envoy's purse, 2500 rupees, and for a pair of shawls given by the Shah, 2000 rupees. I have dined with the envoy, who was very civil to me, and I have no doubt he would give me an appointment, but Sir W. Cotton will not allow any officer to leave the corps. On the 23rd July (the anniversary of the storming of Ghuznee) we had a grand party, ninety persons sitting down to dinner: it went off remarkably well, and we did not break up till 2 A.M. I never heard such a noise in my life, and the hurrahs were deafening—in fact, I am only just recovering from my endeavours to add to it. The healths were numerous, and some of the speeches very good, particularly Sir A. Burnes' and General Sale's. Sir Alexander is a general favourite, and very justly so, as he is the most unaffected, gentlemanlike, pleasant, amusing man I have ever had the good fortune to meet. The last overland brought the distressing news of Sir Henry Fane's death. He stopped too long in India, and the climate broke down his constitution. No man *has gone to his grave with more* honour or respect, and the whole of the Indian Army allow that there never was so just a Commander-in-Chief as him; this must be very gratifying to his relations and friends. Crawford and myself have lost a good patron, but I am not so selfish as to allow that thought to influence my regret for his death or increase it. I suppose you have all gone into mourning,—a soldier's mourning is but little outward show, but such as it is we have put it on.

"The whole of Dost Mahomed's family have come and thrown themselves on the protection of the British. They have all gone down to Ghuznee—200 women, besides four sons and several male attendants. The newspaper accounts of the failure of the Russian

expedition to Khiva is perfectly true; accounts have been received from Abbot, who is at Khiva, saying that the whole of the heavy stores of the Russian army were brought in in triumph. Abbot, whilst endeavouring to reach the Russian frontier, was attacked by robbers, and lost four of his fingers in the affray, but succeeded in reaching the Russian outposts and in going on to St Petersburg to endeavour to make some treaty with the emperor for the Khan of Khiva, and had no doubt of success. A few days ago Quetta was attacked by the Belooches; after some hard fighting they retired. We lost twenty or thirty, and Bosanquet of our corps was wounded by a sword-cut, so they must have come to close quarters. During the scrimmage the ladies were put into the magazine as being the only safe place, and which proves that ladies have nothing to do in a hostile country; for my part I think a man must be very selfish who could possibly think of having his wife with him to run the chance of falling into the hands of such savages. Lieutenant Clark (who was with me at Woolwich) has been with a party of eighty sepoys and forty horse cut to pieces by Belooches, only a few of the horse escaping. He had a convoy of 500 camels to escort through the hills; half-way he determined to halt, contrary to the advice of the guide; the men set about cooking when the Belooches came on to the attack. Clark put his convoy snug, and at the head of his men went to meet the enemy, but after firing away a long time his ammunition failed. The Belooches, perceiving the fire slackened, guessed the cause, and making a simultaneous rush closed with Clark's party. He had been wounded, and was weak from loss of blood; however, before *he was killed he cut down three men with his own hand*, and a young soldier he had as his orderly did the same, but an immense man grappled with him and threw him, and whilst he was on the ground another man cut his throat. Of course when the natives lost their officer it was *sauve qui peut*, but few escaped. Three hundred Belooches' bodies were found, so that while their ammunition lasted our party was not idle. Their force amounted to 3000, ours to 120. I am happy to say Crawford has his promotion. He has been rather lucky.

"July 26.—We start to-day for Ghuznee."

On the 3rd of July the brother of Dost Mahomed reached Bameean, and placed, as Neville Chamberlain mentions in his letter, the Dost's wives and children in the hands of the British—a splendid compliment to the honour of the British race. The surrender of his family did not have any effect on the discontent produced by the aggressive policy of the Political Officer at Bameean. Dr Lord, the Political Agent, had accompanied Burnes in his commercial

mission to Cabul, and he had won the friendship of Dost Mahomed and other chiefs by his skill as a surgeon. In 1837 he penetrated into Tartary through the Hindoo Kush to attend the brother of the Emir of Kundooz, who was threatened with blindness. He was an intrepid traveller and a man of considerable ability, but he was lacking in tact and judgment. The detachment at Bameean was small, consisting of the Shah's Goorkha infantry and some irregular details, and the 4th troop, 3rd Brigade of Horse Artillery under Lieutenant Murray. But Lord had not been long there when he used it for his forward policy, and occupied the chief fort of the valley of Syghan, which is nearly parallel to that of Bameean, but separated from it by lofty mountains. Beyond Syghan is Kooloom, to which Dost Mahomed fled when he crossed the borders of Afghanistan. Dost Mahomed now represented to the Khan of Bokhara, "The Commander of the Faithful," the danger which threatened the countries of the Oxus from the advance of the infidel. The Khan, under the promise of supplying him with troops and money to resist the invaders, persuaded Dost Mohamed to visit the capital. On his arrival at Bokhara he threw him into captivity. When summer came Lord made another step in advance. On the 29th of June the Shah's Goorkha regiment occupied the small fort of Bajgah, which is situated at the mouth of the glen of Kamond, which stretches northward from Syghan. In July Dost Mahomed effected his escape. "Many romantic incidents are told about this flight from Bokhara. The horse on which the Ameer fled fell exhausted by the wayside. So he transferred himself to a caravan which he chanced to overtake, and escaped detection only by dyeing his beard with ink." On arriving at Kooloom he was warmly welcomed by its ruler, who was prepared to render him every assistance to drive back the invader. The tribesmen flocked around his standard, and early in September he advanced towards the Bameean Pass at the head of 6000 men. When reminded

that his family was in the power of his foes, Dost Mahomed replied: "I have no family; I have buried my wives and children."

Lord, on hearing the news of Dost Mahomed's advance, ordered the troops at Bajgah and Syghan to fall back to Bameean. The retirement was attended with shocking disorder, and an Afghan regiment plundered their officers and behaved in the most mutinous manner. When Macnaghten heard that the troops had retired to Bameean, and that the Afghan levies could not be trusted, he sent the gallant Dennie with a sepoy regiment to reinforce them. On the 14th, after desperate forced marches across the mountain, Dennie arrived at Bameean just in time to disarm the corps of mutineers. Two days after his arrival he learnt that bodies of the enemy's cavalry were entering the valleys, and was told that it was only the advanced party of the enemy. He went out to meet them with 300 sabres, 500 bayonets, and a gun and howitzer, under Lieutenant M'Kenzie. Great was his surprise when, pushing back their scouts, he had advanced two or three miles from the camp, to find himself in front of a large force—an irregular mass of Usbeg horse and foot, under Dost Mahomed and the Wallee of Kooloom. A supreme moment. "To have sent back for reinforcements would have caused delay," says Dennie in his despatch,¹ "and given confidence to the enemy. It would have checked the forward feeling that animated the party with me and gave assurance of success."² The enemy held a chain of forts reaching to the mouth of the defile by which they had entered, and at each of them they attempted to make a stand with their main body, their wings crowning the heights on either side of the valley. "In dislodging them from the latter," wrote Dennie, "I am sorry to say the Goorkhas suffered, but they did their work well and have won great credit with all. The

¹ To Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B., commanding in Afghanistan, from W. H. Dennie, Brigadier, dated Bameean, 18th September 1840.

² Two historians of the First Afghan War have altered the word "forward" into "proud," but Dennie wrote "forward" and it is the better word.

practice of Lieutenant M'Kenzie was beautiful, and his two pieces have earned all the grain and provender they consumed last winter. After three or four volleys, seeing our steady and rapid advance, they lost heart, and fled in a great mass to the gorge of the pass. I then let slip all our cavalry at them." They followed the fugitives about four miles up the defile, cutting down many of them and scattering them in all directions. "The Dost and his son, Mahomed Ufzil Khan, and the Wallee," says Dennie, "owed their escape to the fleetness of their horses."

Dost Mahomed made his way into the Kohistan country to the north of Cabul, where he had every reason to hope for cordial support. The sulkiness of the Kohistanee chiefs had been turned into fury by the exactions of the Shah's revenue collectors. It became known through intercepted letters that they were plotting his overthrow, and a force under Burnes and Sale was sent in the end of September to chastise them. The fort of Tootundurrah was taken almost without loss, but Edward Conolly of the 6th Cavalry, who had joined as a volunteer, was shot through the head in advancing on the village. "Never did a nobler or a kinder spirit inhabit a human frame." Sale next attacked the fort of Julgah, and Neville Chamberlain, in a letter (24th November 1840) to his brother, gives the best contemporary account that has come to light of the gallant but unsuccessful attempt to storm it:—

"You have heard of the defeat of Dost Mahomed at Bameean. Since then a force under the command of General Sale was dispatched to the Kohistan (a district to the north of Cabul, and one of the most fertile in Asia) to bring into subjection some of the refractory chiefs who had refused to acknowledge or pay tribute to Shah Shuja. They commenced by attacking three forts, which were taken after an assault of an hour and a half with the loss of an officer (Lieutenant E. Conolly), who was shot through the heart, and some few men of H.M. 13th L.I. and 37th B.N.I. A few days after the force marched against another fort, at which they arrived at noon; some 9-pounders were immediately placed in battery and commenced breaching. At 3 o'clock General Sale, thinking the breach practicable, ordered the storming party to advance, which they did, but on arriv-

ing, instead of finding it practicable they sunk into the loose earth, and the broken wall which they were to have climbed was six feet above them, and there was only room to admit of one man passing in at a time. The enemy had reserved their fire for the storming party, and by all accounts they did well, for the breach was assaulted three different times, and at last the retreat was sounded and our troops returned, leaving several European and native soldiers dead and dying on the breach. The sergeant-major of the 13th was shot whilst cheering on the men; his brother (also a sergeant in the same corps), on hearing of his death, rushed on like a madman, endeavouring to get into the fort to avenge him, and on the recall of the party he was carried off by force. It only proves that every ball has its billet, as though this man did everything in his power to get shot, still he came out without a scratch. When his brother was buried he threw himself into his grave with him, and he was obliged to be held down while it was filled up. At this same fort an officer of the 37th was mounting a scaling ladder when a soldier who was above him was shot dead, and in falling brought him also to the ground. A havildar seeing his officer lying on the ground fancied he was wounded and ran to pick him up, whilst in the act he was shot through the head and fell atop of the officer, who however managed to disengage himself of his load and escaped unhurt. The fort was evacuated during the night and the bodies of the wounded fetched into camp. What a horrible state of mind they must have been in all the time as they lay unable to move and expecting the fellows from inside to come and cut them to pieces every minute! The failure in taking this fort is to be attributed to the general being so *headstrong*, and instead of consulting his engineer and artillery officers acting entirely on his own judgment. Dost Mahomed went into Kohistan, and all the inhabitants immediately rose in his favour,—so much for the popular king Lord Auckland placed on the throne.”

The place was evacuated next day, and Julgah was levelled with the ground. For three weeks Sale marched to and fro through Kohistan, levelling forts and destroying villages, which did not tend to increase the popularity of the Shah's rule, but he could not find Dost Mahomed. Then came the startling news that the Dost was in the Nijrow district in the vicinity of the capital. Great was the consternation at Cabul, and preparations for a siege were made in the Bala Hissar. On the 29th of October Sir Robert Sale heard that the Dost had quitted the Nijrow Valley and crossed over into Kohistan. Strong reconnoitring parties were sent over, and

it having been ascertained that the Dost was posted in the Valley of Purwan Durrah, Sale, on the 2nd of November, broke up his camp and marched to meet him. As his advance guard drew near to Purwan the enemy were seen in motion evacuating the forts and villages and making for the hills. Colonel Salter, who commanded the advance guard, sent forward his cavalry to prevent Dost Mahomed from escaping by the Purwan Pass.

A letter of Neville Chamberlain, written soon after the event, sheds some interesting light on one of the most melancholy incidents of the First Afghan War:—

“I have now got to tell you of one of the most shameful affairs that has ever taken place in the Bengal army. The story is as follows: General Sale having heard that Dost Mahomed was among the hills with about 3000 foot soldiers and some horse, marched to attack him, and arrived just in time to shut up his Dostship in a regular net in a range of hills which could only be crossed by two passes, and for one of these he was making, riding along the base of the hills with a little band of 120 or 130 horsemen. Our advance guard consisted of four companies 13th L.I., four companies N.I., two squadrons 2nd Cavalry, Anderson's Horse, and two guns, the whole commanded by Colonel Salter. On perceiving the Dost's plan the two squadrons of 2nd Cavalry under Captain Fraser were detached out, and moving in a parallel direction on the plain to that taken by the Dost, gained possession of the pass first. Finding his escape thus cut off, and the infantry and guns fast coming up, the Dost took off his turban and said to his men, ‘Now for God's sake let us conquer or die.’ His men moved down the hill, the standard-bearer gallantly in front. Dr Lord (Political) who was with Fraser said, ‘Do you see that red flag? there is Dost Mahomed;’ and then turning to the troopers said, ‘A lac of rupees for him, living or dead.’ Fraser was almost beside himself for joy to think that the honour and glory of capturing the Dost was reserved for him. He formed line, and when the enemy were within about 200 yards ordered the advance. They managed to set up a half trot, and immediately began falling out by fives and sixes from the rear, in spite of the sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant (Europeans) trying to keep them in and licking them with the flats of their swords; nothing could make them go the pace, although the officer shouted, ‘Gallop, gallop, charge, charge!’ down came the enemy in gallant style and compact order, broke through our cowards and commenced laying on with their sabres. Even this would not induce the poltroons to fight, but turning their horses they fled in all directions, and then required no encouragement to *gallop!* Fraser got a desperate cut over the right wrist which will render the

hand useless for life, and a fearful gash down the back. He was not aware of the wound in the wrist till he tried to draw a pistol and found his hand useless. Captain Ponsonby was surrounded by a dozen fellows cutting and hacking at him. He got a tremendous slash over the face, cutting through his nose and into the bone of the face from ear to ear, the top of his thumb taken off, and his arms smashed by a ball, and his horse's ears cut off, a ball through its neck, and his bridle-reins severed. In this situation the horse kicked himself clear of the *mêlée*, and dashing off into a water-course threw poor Ponsonby over his head. Whilst lying on the ground, he called to some of his men to put him again on his horse, or he would be massacred; but not one would listen, when fortunately up came the riding-master, Mr Boulton, who jumped off and caught Ponsonby's horse, lifted him into the saddle, gave him the broken reins, and so he escaped! Lieutenant Crispin, 2nd Cavalry, Lieutenant Broadfoot, Engineer, and Dr Lord were killed. The bodies of the two former were brought into camp without their heads. The 2nd Cavalry are now on their road to Hindustan to be tried by court-martial, and I hope they may all be shot."¹

Sir Alexander Burnes, who was on the field, at once despatched a note to Sir William Macnaghten, informing him of the disaster, and suggesting that Sale should be recalled and all the troops concentrated at Cabul for its defence. The letter was delivered on the 3rd. That evening the British envoy was returning from his usual ride of pleasure, when within a few yards of his residence a single horseman presented himself and announced to him that an Ameer requested to speak to him. "What Ameer?" asked Macnaghten. "Dost Mahomed Khan," was the answer, and at the same time Dost Mahomed appeared. Dismounting from his horse he presented his sword and claimed the envoy's protection. He had felt, he said, "even in the moment of victory, that it would be impossible to continue

¹ "The circumstances well warranted the infliction of the heaviest punishment, and the displeasure of the Government which these traitors professed to serve was intimated in the most signal manner. The wretched troopers were not subjected to any corporal sufferings, but the regiment whose name they had made a byword of reproach was struck out of the list of the Bengal army. The native officers and privates present on the day of disgrace were dismissed the service and rendered incapable of ever re-entering or being employed in any way under Government; the remainder to be drafted into other cavalry regiments. The dismissal of the degraded officers and men was carried into effect with all the marks of ignominy usual on such occasions." —'History of the British Empire in India,' by Edward Thornton, vi. 228.

the contest, and having met his foes in the open field and discomfited them he could claim their consideration without indignity." Macnaghten, returning the sword, asked the Dost to remount, and they rode together to the mission compound, an annexe of the cantonments where the envoy and his political staff had their quarters. Here a tent was pitched for him, and he was treated in the camp with the greatest respect and consideration. His manly and courteous bearing won the esteem of the chief officers of the garrison. Durand speaks of Dost Mahomed's surrender as "evincing a strange pusillanimity." Nature had largely endowed Dost Mahomed not only with personal courage but with strong natural sense and rare force of will. He never showed his strong natural sense and rare force of will more than by his surrender. It was a sore humiliation to him, but he knew the Afghans could not contend against the British army in the field. He took advantage of a chance victory to surrender without losing the honour and confidence of his subjects. He knew that the time must come when the weak and hated puppet we had placed on the throne would be assassinated or driven from the throne by a revolution. He wished to take no active part in that revolution, because he hoped to again ascend the Musnud with the consent of the British Government. And it was as easy and safer to intrigue from Loodianah and Calcutta as from Bokhara. It was only when he heard the rumour that he was going to be sent to London that his good spirits failed him.

On the 12th of November Dost Mahomed, under the escort of a considerable British force which had completed its tour of duty in Afghanistan, set out from Cabul for Hindustan. Neville Chamberlain writes, "I am happy to tell you that Dost Mahomed is now on his road to Hindustan, having given himself up to the British Government on the evening of the 3rd of November, so that the war in this country may be said to be ended." He adds, "The whole of Dost Mahomed's family that was here in confinement left for

Hindustan on Sunday." During the time that Dost Mahomed's family were at Ghuznee Neville and Crawford had charge of Dost Mahomed's sons, who were prisoners on parole. Among them was Shere Ali, the future Ameer, who became warmly attached to Neville.

Two events which occurred at the same time as the surrender of Dost Mahomed lent support to the prevalent belief that "the war in this country may be said to be ended." On the 3rd November General Nott reoccupied Kelat, which had been abandoned by its garrison. Some days before, the army of Nusseer Khan attacked the British post at Dadur and was gallantly repulsed by 120 troopers of Skinner's Horse. "This handful of men dashed boldly at the enemy, and regardless of numbers went headlong into the mass. Macpherson, their leader, was wounded; so too were all the native officers and fifteen of the troopers, but the mass gave way, and leaving only a *risaldar* and two troopers dead on the field, Skinner's Horse returned victors from their brilliant feat." When Major Boscawen with a wing of her Majesty's 40th reached Dadur, he moved against Nusseer Khan, but the son of the ex-chief of Kelat withdrew before he could come up with him, leaving on the ground of the Belooch encampment the warm still bleeding corpse of Lieutenant Loveday, "the head severed from the body." On the 1st of December Colonel Marshall, with 900 Bombay sepoy, 60 irregular horse, and 2 guns, surprised and boldly attacked Nusseer Khan, who occupied a strong position near Kotree. Nusseer Khan, accompanied by his followers, made his escape on the first alarm. His chiefs, however, made a stubborn resistance, and 500 Belooches were slain before the desperate bout was finished. The whole of the enemy's baggage and a large quantity of arms fell into the hands of the victors. A small affair, but it deserves to be remembered, as it illustrates the value of the Bombay sepoy. The field order issued on the day after the fight ended as follows: "The Lieutenant-colonel now concludes with saying that he never wishes to lead braver men into the

field, for braver men could not be found." Neville Chamberlain wrote on the 12th of January 1841—

"Nusseer Khan, the son of Meerab Khan, who was killed at the taking of Kelat, has at last given himself up, after having been licked three times, so there is an end to the war in Beloochistan. I told you of poor Loveday's death. He was political agent, and taken prisoner at Kelat. The sufferings he endured must indeed have been dreadful; he had only sufficient food given him to keep body and soul together; he used to be taken daily through the camp and beaten and abused; his servants hacked to pieces before his eyes, to show him what should be his fate. After the Belooches were defeated his body was found in his tent, the head severed and the blood still flowing. He was naked, a perfect skeleton, and with the marks of stripes on his back. Nusseer Khan ordered he should not be killed, and they say the enemy had left him alive, but one of the Belooches losing a brother by his side returned and killed Loveday in revenge; although, poor creature, he was scarcely able to move from starvation and was chained to the ground with heavy chains. I fancy there will be little mercy shown to the Belooches by our troops whenever they come across them, as they are perfectly frantic, and I believe in the moment of rage they would spare neither women nor children."

In the same letter Neville apologises to his mother for not having written to her "as in duty bound on my birthday." "I am now one-and-twenty years old." He had begun life early, had tasted of the joy of battle, and the young soldier longed for active service in the field. "If I had but the opportunity of distinguishing myself! but in my present position as a soldier in cantonments, I have only a certain routine of duty to perform, and nothing is left to show forth one's judgment, bravery, skill in military tactics, or in fact any other quality. If a soldier is in his proper place, *on service*, he then can be distinguished, or extinguished, and such are the chances I wish I could obtain." Stirring work in which a soldier could be extinguished or distinguished was nigh at hand. When the winter snow melted, heavy clouds floated into the Afghan sky. The Durranee chiefs displayed a strong spirit of disaffection, and the Ghilzyes between Candahar and Cabul assumed an in-

creasingly menacing attitude. On the 25th of April, Neville Chamberlain wrote to his mother :—

“The order for our regiment to be relieved has at length been published, and I believe that by this day month we may be in Cabul and my next letters dated from that place. We shall be sorry to leave Ghuznee from many reasons, notwithstanding the many advantages to be derived at Cabul in the way of society, but it is a very dear place; besides, we shall change from a cool house where we have every comfort to a *small* hot tent from which you are nearly swept away by the whirlwinds.”

The attitude of the Ghilzyes, however, prevented the regiment from being sent to Cabul. Two months later he wrote to his sister :—

“We expect in about a week to be outside the walls of Ghuznee, as the 27th B.N.I. are coming down from Cabul to relieve us. I shall be sorry to bid adieu to Ghuznee, it is a quiet retired spot and I like it very much. We are going in the direction of Kelat-E-Gilzee, and will most likely spend our summer under canvas at Mookkooor, about sixty miles from here. The Gilzees, a tribe who inhabit the country between Candahar and Mookkooor, have risen to attempt to prevent our building a fort at Kelat-E-Gilzee, which is in the centre of their country. They are not so blind but to perceive when once we have a fort and force in the heart of their district they will be made to pay tribute to the Shah and abandon their ideas of independence.”

On the morning of the 19th of June the 16th N.I. marched out of Ghuznee and pitched their tents two miles from the fort. One of the subalterns of the 27th N.I., the regiment which relieved them, was John Nicholson.

“He was then,” says Neville Chamberlain, “a tall, strong, slender youth, with regular features and a quiet and reserved manner. We became friends at first sight, as is common with youth, and we were constantly together during the short time that intervened between his regiment taking over the fort and my regiment leaving for Candahar. After my arrival at that place occasional correspondence passed between us, but neither of us was given to letter-writing, and what most occupied our minds was the events taking place in our respective neighbourhoods; for there were already signs that our occupation of the country was resented by the people.”

From Ghuznee the 16th N.I., in company with the 3rd Brigade Light Cavalry, four guns, and some of the Shah's infantry, marched to within thirty-five miles of Kelat-i-Ghilzye and encamped there. They were followed by a band of robbers, "who have been annoying us, firing into camp at night and cutting up the unfortunate camp-followers who straggled in the line of march. Even the women are not exempt from their brutalities, as to get possession of their ornaments—such as bracelets, rings, &c.—they cut off the limb sooner than take the trouble to unloose them." Here Neville Chamberlain adds, "The chiefs of the Gilzees are within eight miles of present position, among the mountains with a few followers, and whether they will ever give themselves up is doubtful, though they have sent in to Major Leech, political agent in camp, for terms. If we get them, they will in all probability be sent to Cabul to pass their days under surveillance." But the Ghilzye chiefs had not the slightest intention to pass their days under surveillance. Sultan Khan, the head chief, sent in a sarcastic message: "You have got my forts and fields. I have retired to my strong hills, and if you turn me out of them you will get a good name." On the 5th of July the 43rd B.N.I., along with some guns and cavalry, joined the force, and the game of hunting the Ghilzyes out of the valleys and hills began and proved most tedious. "I am becoming sick of this work," wrote Crawford, "for it is nothing but incessant knocking about without the slightest chance of a scratch." On the 5th of August the scratch came. Neville Chamberlain's own record, written six days after the engagement, is simple and graphic:—

"Here we are, still in the valley of Kurratoo, about thirty miles to the north of Kelat-E-Gilzee, and as the latter place is marked on most maps, you will be able to judge pretty correctly of our situation. On our arrival here the chiefs began to assemble their followers, and took up their position in the different passes which led out of the valley. During the day we amused ourselves looking at them through our telescopes, and at night they kept us aware of their situation by burning large fires, which had a very pretty effect. On the morning

of the 4th instant we received home letters, but just as we commenced reading them we heard firing to the left of the camp, where we proceeded. After a while the enemy retired, and we returned to read our letters. The next morning (5th August) I went out riding with Captain Walker (who commands two troops 4th Irregular Horse). We had six of his men for escort. Just as we were returning into camp we heard some firing on the left, and cantering to the direction from whence the sound came, we found about three hundred of the enemy had come down, and were cutting up the cavalry grass-cutters. We immediately took up a position on a small hill about two hundred yards from them (we had been joined by eight more men), when they commenced firing upon us, and we returned the compliment. People's attention in camp being attracted by the firing, and seeing our critical situation, one-and-a-half miles from the tents, some more of Walker's Horse were sent out to our assistance. In the meantime we were obliged to retire from our first position, as some of the rascals were endeavouring to get between us and camp, and before we had time to get on the next range of hillocks (about two hundred yards in our rear), the enemy had crowned our first hill. On seeing us retire I suppose they thought they had just as good as killed us, as they began shouting, flourishing their swords in the air, and some of the boldest galloped down to within sixty or seventy yards of us, firing at us, and then returning to their own hill. On twenty men joining us I proposed that we should charge them in two bodies, but after a little consideration we thought it better to form our men into a segment of a circle, each of us taking a flank. We told our men our plan, and they said if we went they would follow us, but entreated us not to go, for, as they justly observed, we were only a few, thirty-six in all, and that although we might break through them, our loss would be as great as theirs.

"We prepared, however, for a start, and twice began to descend our own hill; but finding the men very anxious we should defer the attack till our numbers were increased, we waited till we mustered sixty men, and perhaps from the way affairs turned out it was just as well we did so: but you can fancy how annoying it must be to have an enemy in front of you and not attack them. Although the enemy kept up a heavy fire at us during the time we were stationary, waiting for reinforcement for nearly a quarter of an hour, still they did but little damage, only wounding two or three men and horses. The only way to account for it is from their using immense charges of powder, but it was one continual 'whiz-whiz.'

"To return to my story, when we mustered about sixty men we made a dash at them, and were soon in among them, when they thought their only chance was in flight, for they commenced a rapid retreat over the most steep ravines and rocks towards the mountains. We pursued them for about a quarter of a mile over this ground (such as no one in cold blood would think of going over), when we were

obliged to pull up, as the horses were quite done, many dead lame, their hoofs being torn by the sharp stones. Walker's horse shot dead, my own shot in the thigh, and many of the men's severely wounded by gun-shot and sword wounds. Forty-two bodies were counted, and they acknowledge to fifteen more wounded. The reason the wounded were so small was on account of all the work being done on our part by the sword. The affair was a very brisk one, no favour or affection on either side—every man for himself and God for us all. I hope you will not think that I am of a bloody disposition from what I have said, but you must remember that it is a soldier's profession to kill his enemies in battle, and had I not done my utmost I should have failed in my duty to my masters, the Queen, and John Company. The same day the 5th Light Cavalry and two companies of the 43rd Native Infantry had a scrimmage, the former killing sixteen and the latter twelve. Had our party had some infantry with us, we should have killed at least a hundred, as they would have been able to have followed them over the rocks and ravines. The fight had a good effect, as all the chiefs, who declared before that they would never submit, gave in a few days after, and agreed to all the terms. Lieutenant Bajette, 5th Cavalry, was severely wounded, but the doctors say he will recover. When Crawford last wrote to you he told you that I was going to the Huzara country on a political mission; however, I have not gone, as no person was required. In reply to Major Leech's (political in the Gilzee district) application for my services, Sir W. Macnaghten said he would be happy to appoint me should any officer be sent, but that was only in case of the Huzara tribes assisting the Gilzees against us, which has not happened. Had any of them risen against us I should have been sent to raise one of the friendly tribes, and have led them against those leagued with our enemies, which would certainly have been a very pleasant business to perform. Only fancy me Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of a large tribe! I should think it must make you laugh to think of it. Depend on it the East India Company's service is the one! The climate here is beautiful—during the day cool in tents, and at night cold.

“CAMP KELAT-E-GILZEE,
17th August.

“We left Kurratoo on the 12th, as our corps is required to go immediately to Candahar, as there is some fear entertained of the inhabitants rising; however, in my opinion, there is little chance of that. This place is altered much in appearance since we were here more than two years ago, on our march to Ghuznee. There were only then the remains of the walls of the old fort, now 800 men are employed building a new fort from the foundation, which, when finished, will be a most tremendous strong place, being built on an almost perpendicular hill at least 200 feet above the plain, and, what is

better than all, with a number of natural springs gushing out of the top of the hill, so that the garrison can never be badly off for water. The walls of the fort are a mile round. Barracks for one corps will be ready this winter, but the whole will not be finished for two years, and when complete it will be impregnable, except from surprise or by bombardment. Alexander the Great and Nadir Shah were many months before it, and in digging the foundations many shot and shells have been found. Since leaving Kurratoo we have experienced a great change for the worse in the weather, for it is now oppressively hot, upwards of 100° during the day, and the nights also very warm. The music Harriet sent out to the care of Ferguson has just arrived! Drepler's lessons are just the things I like practising, and if I am ever able to commence again, I will do as directed—'practice them daily.' Tell Larry that the drawings of Stoneleigh are exact to life itself, and call to mind many a happy day spent there."

Ten days after the defeat of the Ghilzyes, Captain Griffin, at the head of 4 guns, 350 sepoy, and 800 cavalry, attacked a large body of Durranees under two of their leading chiefs, Akbar and Akrum Khan. They were strongly posted in a succession of walled gardens and mud forts, against which the fire of our artillery could have little effect. Griffin, with his handful of men, boldly attacked them and drove them from their strong position into the open.¹ Then cavalry charged the mass and completely shattered it. The two chiefs, Akbar and Akrum Khan, fled, their followers dispersed themselves, and the Ghilzyes and Durranees were reduced to quiescence. The surface was thus stilled for the moment, yet the waters ran very deep. On the 20th of August the sanguine Macnaghten wrote that the country was "perfectly quiet from Dan to Beersheba." On the 25th the 16th N.I. arrived at Candahar and encamped outside the town.

"This place is very much improved since '39," writes Crawford, "and were it not for the enormous prices of everything I should like it much, although the temperature is very uncertain and trying to the constitution. One day 150° in the sun at 3 P.M., and yesterday it never rose above 82° ; and it falls very low at night, and towards morning is actually cold. At last a Ghuznee medal has been decided on! for my part I would as soon have six months more batta. We have been trying to get up some races, but every one is so hard

¹ Durand and Kaye differ in their accounts of this engagement.

up and we can afford so little, I am afraid it will die a natural death. You cannot imagine anything so delicious as the fruit here: the melons are small and excellent. I think nothing of eating eight or ten at a sitting. If people knew what was good they would take the first steamer and drop down here."

Early in September a strong force was sent from Candahar for the reduction of a body of Durranees who had again gathered around the standard of the indomitable Akrum Khan on the North-Western Frontier. The Durranee chiefs, seeing that resistance was hopeless, came into the British camp and gave themselves up; but Akrum Khan refused to submit. A treacherous Afghan guided a small band of the Janbaz under a European officer to his fort. He was surprised, captured, and carried to Candahar, where, under orders of Prince Timour, the eldest son of Shah Shooja, who was governor of the city, he was blown from a gun.

The British envoy, who refused to hear the murmurings of the waters of strife, wrote: "The noses of the Durranee chiefs have been brought to the grindstone," and Afghanistan was "as quiet as an Indian district." The time had come when some more of the troops might safely return to India. Neville Chamberlain, on the 27th of October, writes: "General Nott's force, which left this for Tereen and Darawut in the middle of September, is to be back in a few days, and I fancy we shall then soon start for Hindustan by the road we came. How things go by contrary. Here I am going back to India who wished to remain in this country, and there is Crawford who preferred India to Afghanistan remaining." Crawford had quite unexpectedly been appointed by the envoy to the temporary command of a regiment of Janbaz cavalry.

"He was directed to proceed to Darawut and take command as soon as possible. He immediately made preparations for a start by setting himself up with tent, carriage, cooking utensils, as also the dress of the country, that being his uniform,—the Janbaz are all either Persians or Affghans, being the yeomanry of the country. All these things were of course very expensive, the manners, costumes, and dress are so totally different from European that he may be

considered to have made quite a new start in the world. Everything but the inward man is changed. I, of course, gave him everything I had that could be useful to him, and as things are so enormously dear, I have been put to some expense in replacing what I could not do without."

It was a considerable sacrifice, for at this time, pecuniarily speaking, his fortunes were at a very low ebb. As a subaltern in India, he could live on his salary by the exercise of the greatest economy, but the necessity of increasing the pay of his Indian servants, and of the rise in price in every article, had caused an increase of immediate expenditure which he found almost impossible to meet. "I have not tasted a drop of wine or spirit since April, so as to reduce the amount of my mess bill. I never accept an invitation to dine with another brother officer, as I should have to ask in return. Were I able to live without servants or tents I would, but that I cannot do, or I should then lose the respect of the men of my company. I have got the name of the Hermit from never seeing any one, and of course I pretend that that is my natural character; but you all know what a different nature mine is! I still continue to study Persian, and I have commenced learning land-surveying and trigonometry under an officer who is kind enough to teach me." He adds, "I hope my Prosser¹ may arrive all safe, as I have given the only serviceable sword I had to Crawford, as the chances are he will require it more than I shall in the Indian nursery where there is little chance of meeting Affghans or Belooches." Before many weeks elapsed the Prosser was greatly needed. In the same letter he writes: "The district between Cabul and Jelalabad has rebelled, and our loss in the different skirmishes has been great."

In the last days of September Macnaghten summoned the chiefs of the eastern Ghilzyes to Cabul, and informed them that the subsidies hitherto granted to them would be reduced by £3000. The chiefs received the announce-

¹ Prosser, an English sword-maker well known in his day.

ment, as is the habit of Orientals, without any apparent discontent and remonstrance. They returned to their mountain fastnesses and ordered their clansmen to occupy the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, and to interrupt the line of communication with India by the Khyber route. When the Ghilzye insurrection broke out, Macnaghten had heard of his appointment as Governor of Bombay, and was on the point of returning to India: "but he and Burnes were on anything but cordial terms, and he could not suffer the idea of his leaving the country disturbed for Burnes to have the credit of pacifying it. Both he and Burnes treated the insurrection with contempt (Burnes called it to me a tempest in a tea-pot), and the rebels, absurdly enough, 'as less formidable than any other Afghans.'" Macnaghten determined to send a small force under the command of Colonel Monteith "to settle the hash of the Ghilzyes." George Broadfoot, an able and resolute soldier, whose character and conduct inspired love and esteem, having been informed that he was to accompany the expedition with 100 of his sappers, went to Monteith for information and further orders. "He said he could give me no orders, having received none himself except to move towards Jellalabad; that he did not even know I was to go, but should be glad of my company. Monteith declined to apply for information, saying he knew the envoy and his staff too well; admitted all the dangers of going on service in the dark, but said it was not the custom here to consult or even to instruct the commanders of expeditions." Broadfoot then went to General Elphinstone, who had succeeded to the chief military command in Afghanistan on Cotton's retirement in the preceding spring. He was a brave soldier, who had commanded a regiment at Waterloo, but he had no experience of the Indian army or of Eastern warfare, and was utterly ignorant of the Afghans and of Afghanistan. He was advanced in age, and severe attacks of gout had rendered him unfit for physical activity. He accepted the command in Afghanistan at the repeated

and earnest request of the Government, and from the honourable feeling that it is a soldier's duty to go wherever his services may be required, but from no personal wish. Elphinstone told Broadfoot that he could give him no orders, and expressed himself unwilling to refer to the envoy on a point which ought to have been left to him to arrange. Broadfoot went from the General to the envoy; he found him "peevish," and he declared the General to be "fidgety." The envoy interrupting him impatiently, said, "There would be no fighting; that he had resolved in sending Colonel Monteith to Bootkhak as a demonstration, and that immediately—to-morrow morning; that he expected the submission of the rebels that evening. If it came, Colonel Monteith would go to Jellalabad, if it did not come to-day his march to Bootkhak would so terrify them that it would be sure to arrive to-morrow. The Colonel was only to have his own regiment, two guns, a squadron of cavalry, and 100 sappers." On the 9th of October this force, with Colonel Monteith in command, marched from Cabul to Bootkhak, the camping ground, one march from Cabul in the direction of Jellalabad. That night Monteith's camp was attacked and the assailants were repulsed. On the following day Sale with the 13th joined Monteith, and on the 12th he attacked the Khoord-Cabul Pass. As he was entering the pass he was wounded, and though he kept the nominal command, the actual and virtual command devolved on Colonel Dennie, who promptly pushed forward the advance column, and, finding that the enemy crowned the heights, he ordered the skirmishers to dislodge them. In the face and fire of the enemy they boldly ascended the nearly perpendicular precipices on either side and won the heights. The main column steadily pressed on, and the most distant gorge of the pass was gained.¹ Monteith and his force encamped in the valley

¹ "The sappers were actively employed, some under Captain Broadfoot, reconnoitring; others under Colin Mackenzie, who had accompanied the 13th in order to be present. Mackenzie led the men well, and had the good fortune to come up in time to help Michael Dawes when he and his guns were in considerable danger. Broadfoot, in describing the action, pointed out that chance threw on the

outside the pass, and the 13th again traversing the Khoord-Cabul Pass returned to Bootkhak. A host of Afghans took advantage of the isolation of Monteith to make a desperate attack on his camp, but he "showed himself a good soldier" and repulsed his assailants with considerable loss, for "we found blood on the walls and heard the wounded call out." On the 20th Sale, having received reinforcements from Cabul, again joined Monteith. Two days later the force advanced on Tezeen.¹ "An ill-managed, unnecessary skirmish," says Durand, "for which Sale, who was lying wounded in his dooley, was not reponsible, cost him a gallant young officer killed, two wounded, and, worst of all, a run before a pursuing enemy, which was a baneful occurrence among young soldiers." The force eventually reached Tezeen and were about to attack the fort when the Ghilzyes opened negotiations. Macgregor, the political officer attached to the column, now aware of the gravity and extent of the insurrection, yielded to the Afghan chiefs all they claimed. Their irregular subsidies were restored, and no chief was to be held answerable for robberies committed outside his own dominion. On the 26th Sale resumed his march, and three days later he reached the valley of Jugdulluk with small loss or opposition. But next day, as his rearguard was making their way up the steep incline that leads to the pass, it was boldly attacked by the Ghilzyes, and 120 men were killed, the wounded having to be abandoned with the dead. On the 30th of October Sale encamped at Gundamuk. Neville Chamberlain, in a letter dated the 3rd of November, gives an account of the death of Edward King, a young officer of great promise, in the unfortunate and unnecessary skirmish.

sappers, under Mackenzie, and on Dawes, the task of forcing the pass. He added: 'Mackenzie commanded in a way few officers could have done; the success was rapid and complete, and the day was gained. Unquestionably great credit was due to him. Dawes showed the coolness he ever showed.' Mackenzie remarking on this said, 'He was the only man, except Broadfoot, whom he ever saw wear a natural smile in battle.'—'The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B.,' by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E., p. 34.

¹ It is now usually spelt Tezin.

“As I am forwarding a letter from C. I will just add my say and continue my account of operations up at Cabul. The business has been brought to a conclusion, but I am sorry to say not to the honour of the British flag, as we have agreed to pay the sum of money we went to war about, so it would have been much better to have done so quietly. I am sorry to say another very fine promising young officer was shot through the heart while cheering on his men,—Edward King of the 13th Light Infantry. He is regretted by all who knew him. He and I were great friends, and during the month I was on leave at Cabul I lived with him. He and Sinclair (of the same corps) always lived together in the same tent, and were the same as brothers. When King’s body was buried they say Sinclair could hardly be torn away from the grave, and many seem to think he will soon follow. His heart is broken by the separation! I saw a letter from Rattray of the 13th, who was along with King, and if my recollection serves me the following was the way he met his end. Rattray and King were ordered to take their companies and clear some hills from which the enemy were annoying the troops. This they did, the rebels going to a higher hill, when King said to Rattray, ‘Let us drive them from that also.’ Rattray said, ‘No; we have fulfilled our orders, and had better remain here.’ King answered, ‘Will you allow me to go?’ Rattray said, ‘You are not under my orders; you can do as you please!’ King then waved his sword and called out, ‘Volunteers to the front,’ upon which several men joined him, and they commenced the ascent. Rattray, seeing he was determined to go, also joined him. Up they went and succeeded in their wish. Shortly afterwards an order came to call them down. Whilst they were descending the hill the enemy pressed on them. The officers endeavoured to keep the men together, but they had used all their ammunition and thought it was useless to walk down quietly to be shot at, so commenced running, when the enemy jumped out from their places of concealment from which they had been shooting our men and ran down on the two companies with a yell! Our men, I am ashamed to say, ran, leaving their officers and a few in the rear. Rattray, then, seeing his only chance was in flight, commenced running down the hill; his foot slipped, he tumbled down a precipice, and by God’s mercy escaped, volley after volley being fired at him. King called out to a man, ‘Give me your musket; here is a fellow within ten yards of me.’ He had too great a sense of chivalry to run, and foolishly stopped alone to oppose hundreds, and so he fell! But even these barbarians respected him for his bravery, for instead of carrying away his head and cutting up his body as their usual custom is, they left him as he fell; and if ever any man deserved to have his name printed in history for his gallantry it is Edward King. We have certainly gained no laurels by the Tezene campaign. Our loss has been great—150 besides officers. We have lost ammunition, baggage, and treasure, and, in fact, it has been a

regular failure, and I hope for the honour of our arms we may not meet such again. The country and climate were certainly both much against us, as the former is nothing but mountain upon mountain, and the latter was hot during the day and perishing at nights. We are to leave on Friday for Hindustan. To-morrow we are to be reviewed for the inspection of Prince Timour Shah! There is a man of the country now in confinement who will I suppose shortly be executed for stabbing a sergeant of artillery whom he had never seen before in his life. I suppose some of his relations had been killed in one of the late fights, and he was determined to be revenged on some infidel Christian. No one is safe in Afghanistan from the assassin's hand. They first eat or drink some intoxicating drug to bring themselves up to the deed, and then the first white-faced man is the victim. I am almost ashamed to send such a disjointed epistle, but you must excuse me on the plea of my being unnerved by the news of poor King's death."

On the 8th of November the 16th N.I. and two other regiments left Candahar for Hindustan. The next morning, a short time after the beating of the "General,"¹ and as the troops were getting ready to march, an express arrived from General Nott with orders to halt till further orders, so camels were again unloosed and tents pitched. "We accordingly remained on march from this until the 14th, when we came back to Candahar, the political agent having received a letter from Sir W. Macnaghten telling him Cabul was up, that our troops had been shelling the town, but apparently to no effect. The intelligence was brought by a man, written on a small bit of paper concealed on his person, bearing date the 3rd November."

On the morning of the 2nd November a friendly Afghan informed Burnes that a plot had been hatched, which had for its chief object his seizure. But Burnes refused to believe him. Then came the Prime Minister, who urged him to leave his house and to proceed for safety to cantonments. Burnes scorned the idea of quitting his house, close to which was the Shah's treasury. Now was heard the hum of men waxing ever louder: a fierce savage mob had assembled outside the house. Burnes sent a message

¹ Formerly a beat of the drum for the assembly of all the troops preparatory to a march, battle, or action.—N.E.D.

to the envoy saying the populace was in an excited state. He knew not it was the hour. He forbade his guard to fire on the surging mass; he would pacify them with a speech, but "soft speeches would not serve." As he stood on the balcony of the house, with his brother by his side and William Broadfoot, the hum grew into a wild yell of revenge and hate. A shot was fired, and Broadfoot, struck on the chest, fell mortally wounded.¹

"His body was afterwards dragged into the street, where it remained until it was devoured by the dogs of the city. . . . A portion of the mob went round to the back part of the premises, set fire to the stables, and effected an entrance into the garden. Burnes then began to fear the worst; no aid had come to his assistance, nor had apparently the slightest measure been taken to save so valuable a life as that which was about to be sacrificed. He offered the mob any sum of money if they would spare his life and that of his brother. They replied, 'Come down to the garden!' They did so, in the hope that out of so many ruffians two or three might raise the voice for their safety. But no sooner had they set foot in the garden than the brothers were basely massacred, a mullah . . . being the first and foremost."²

On the morrow Macnaghten wrote to Rawlinson: "We have a very serious insurrection in the city just now, and from the serious elements of which it is composed, I apprehend much disturbance in the surrounding country for some time to come. It would be only prudent, therefore, that the 16th, 42nd, and 43rd, with a troop of horse artillery and cavalry, should come here immediately. General Nott will be written to officially on this respect." On the 12th of October General Nott received a per-

¹ Lady Sale, in her Journal, says: "Captain Broadfoot was shot in the breast and killed. He was breakfasting with the two Burnes: before he fell he had killed six men with his hand." Thornton attempts to improve this: "Whose life was dearly paid for by his assailants, six of whom met destruction from his hand before it was paralysed by death." Alison converts it into the following: "Broadfoot, who sold his life dearly, was the first to fall; a ball pierced his heart." Captain Johnson, in his Diary, states: "Broadfoot was shot through the breast from the street while standing in an *upper* courtyard of the house, so that it was an impossibility that he could have killed even one much less six (as stated in some accounts)."

² Captain Johnson's Diary—'Blackwood's Magazine,' March 1906. ✓

emptory order, and wholly against his wishes and judgment the brigade, under Colonel Maclaren, started for Cabul. It only got as far as two marches beyond Kelat-i-Ghilzye. Neville Chamberlain writes:—

“Well, we arrived here on the morning of the 14th, and were halted, the 15th and 16th, for ammunition and grain, and on the morning of the 17th started for Cabul, our detachment consisting of 3 regiments infantry, 6 H.A. guns, 200 cavalry under your humble scribe, and a company of Europeans. Our start was inauspicious; a stormy night and morning, but it cleared up and we went on very smoothly until the 26th, when we were two marches from Kelat-E-Gilzee, when the clouds commenced gathering, and about 6 A.M. down came the rain in torrents. Nevertheless we marched on and performed the regular march, making about thirty-five miles between us (at Tezeen) and Kelat-E-Gilzee. It continued alternately to rain, hail, snow, and sleet the whole of the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, clearing up on the morning of the 1st; but our cattle died in such numbers as to prevent our carrying on our supplies, so on the morning of the 2nd we were forced to commence to retrace our steps to Candahar. Our supplies were chiefly carried on donkeys, as it was supposed they could stand the cold better than any other animals; but out of 1600 we only brought 400 back, and not only did the cattle suffer, but some camp-followers were killed by exposure, and others had their limbs frost-bitten. The thermometer stood at 14° the day we left Tezeen. Had we persisted, I think not half of us would ever have reached Cabul, and certainly not one of the guns. We reinforced the garrison of Kelat-E-Gilzee on our return with some artillerymen and 300 infantry, which made their garrison up to 1000 men. The town report is that they have been attacked, and the rebels driven off with great slaughter!”

On the 10th of December the force returned to the western capital, and ten days later Crawford arrived there.

“It was the first time I had seen him in his native dress, and he looks very well in it, though he has not yet a good moustache or beard, which are requisite to carry the thing off well. He is to remain here; some of his corps goes to Pisheen and some to Maroof. For my part I am glad he remains here during the unsettled state of the country. I went to see him yesterday in his tent. I found him sitting on the ground, surrounded by his officers and men, settling their accounts. It was so strange to see the chiefs, most of them old enough to be his father, with fine long beards, paying him as much respect, and listening to him as attentively as if he had been their king.”

As the news of the murder of Burnes and the revolt became widely known in Candahar and the country around, the disaffection in the city became more apparent and the wild tribes more menacing. "Not an European can move twenty yards," says General Nott, "without the chance of being shot or cut down."¹ Two Janbaz corps were camped at a short distance from the city walls. Some months before the General had written to the Government declaring that they were useless and not to be trusted, "for which, as usual, I received from the supreme Government a most severe reprimand for reflecting on these pets of Macnaghten, and was told that they were *brave* and *trustworthy soldiers*, and valuable to the State; that my conduct was *highly injudicious*." On the night of the 26th December Major Rawlinson, the Political Agent, ordered these two regiments to occupy a fort at a short distance from Candahar. Two or three hours before the time approached for their march they rushed into a tent where Lieutenant Golding and Lieutenant Patterson were sleeping, and attacked them in their beds. Neville Chamberlain writes on the 1st of January 1842:—

"A happy New Year, and many more of them. Since I last put my pen to this paper, Captain Golding, who commanded the 1st Janbaz, has been cruelly murdered by his men. The circumstances are as follows: The 1st and 3rd Janbaz were to have conveyed some powder out to the garrison of Girisk, and to have started at one o'clock on the morning of the 27th: somehow the powder was not ready and the counter-order for the march was given after the men had saddled their horses, on which they determined to murder their officer and bolt. In the same tent with poor Golding was Lieutenant Patterson, a Political Assistant, who was going to accompany him; he was awake at four in the morning by the fingers of his left hand being cut off and four or five men cutting at him. He fortunately lay quiet, and the brutes, fancying he was dead, left him to assist in murdering poor Golding, who had jumped out of bed on receiving the first wound, and endeavoured to save himself by running towards our barracks; but, poor fellow, his body was found on a bank, about

¹ 'The Life of Major-General Sir William Nott, G.C.B.,' by J. H. Stocqueler, i. 395.

forty yards from his tent, almost hacked to pieces. Patterson hearing nothing stirring in the tent called out Golding's name, his writer hearing his master's voice ran into him and told him to make haste and mount a horse (whose head and heel ropes he cut with his sword) and ride for his life. He succeeded in reaching the citadel, having made a most wonderful escape. He is, I am happy to say, going well, but he will be a cripple for life! He received in all fourteen wounds; but fortunately those on the head are not severe, which can only be accounted for by his having a custom of wrapping his head up in the bed-clothes. There is still some doubts about having to take off one of his legs, as the bones of one of his arms and leg have been partially cut through. The first information we had of the affair was Patterson coming in wounded and telling the story, and, of course, the moment it was heard the troops were turned out to fire upon the fiends who had turned against their officer, but by the time they arrived where the camp had been standing they had of course gone off, taking all their own things and 8000 rupees for treasure."

A speedy Nemesis overtook the mutineers. The Shah's 1st Cavalry (Hindustanees), to which Crawford was attached, was sent out in pursuit of them, and "came up with them eight miles from the capital. The Janbaz charged in a body, and our cavalry charged at the same time in line." The *mêlée* lasted for some minutes, both parties fighting hand to hand, "when the enemy broke and fled pursued by the Hindustanees. . . . Crawford, thank God, escaped with his trousers cut behind, the sword fortunately glancing off on to the horse's back, making the most awful gash of about a foot long and big enough to put your fist in. A native officer saved Crawford's life by cutting off a man's sword-arm that was raised and just in the act of cutting him down, Crawford being at the time engaged in fighting a man in front of him."

Two days after the mutiny of the Afghan cavalry Prince Sudfer Jung, one of the sons of Shah Shooja, disappeared from Candahar and joined the camp of Atta Mahomed, a chief who had fixed his headquarters at about forty miles to the west of Candahar, and was attracting all the neighbouring tribes to his standard. Rawlinson considered that it was necessary, in order to maintain our political influence, that a brigade should be sent at once to attack the enemy.

Nott, taking a commander's point of view, considered it would "indeed be truly absurd were I, in the very depth of winter, to send a detachment wandering about the country in search of the rebel fugitive, destroying my men amidst fire and sword." He stated with refreshing bluntness, "I have no right to interfere in the affairs of the Governor of this country, and I never do, but in reference to that part of your note where you speak of political influence, I will candidly tell you that these are not times for mere ceremony, and that under present circumstances, and at the distance of two thousand miles from the seat of the Supreme Government, I throw responsibility to the winds, and tell you that, in my opinion, you have not had for some time past, nor have you at present, one particle of political influence in this country." Meanwhile the Afghan force moved down the valley of the Urghundab¹ and took post on the river about five miles to the west of the city. On the 12th of January General Nott moved out at daylight to attack them, taking with him 1st Cavalry, Shah Shooja's force, 300 Skinner's Horse, 2 troops Horse Artillery, 9-pound Battery, H.M. 40th Foot, 2nd, 16th, 38th Native Infantry, wing 42nd N.I., and 5th Regiment Infantry S.S. Force. Neville Chamberlain had been appointed, owing to the paucity of officers, to the 1st Cavalry, and he and Crawford were once more in the same corps. The action, or, as it has been called, the battle of Urghundab, is thus described by him:—

"We of course led the way, and I was on a-head of all with a glass, accompanied by three men, to give information the moment the enemy were in sight. After leaving Candahar two miles I passed a village of only a few houses, when an orderly was sent to me to tell me to halt as the column was some distance behind. I left the three men behind and went on a little way to reconnoitre; and after looking about me a few minutes, I was sent for by the officer commanding my regiment and proceeded to join the column, leaving my men in the village, where not a soul was to be seen, when shortly, to my surprise, two of them came galloping towards us pursued by fifteen

¹ Now written Argandáb.—'India,' by Sir Thomas Holdich, p. 94.

of the enemy's horse, who were of course stopped by our advance guard and pursued in turn; but they escaped, having only one wounded, and when we arrived at the village again we found the body of one of my men lying headless! I had left them there thinking I should return immediately, and fancying that none of the enemy were near. I mention this to show you how cautious one should be when employed upon such duty, and I have not any doubt that, had it not been for my recall, I should have ended my days on that spot! Soon after this affair we descried the enemy coming down towards us, who took up their position on the right bank of the Urghundab, their right and left flanks being on two hills, the left hill covered with houses, the distance between the two being about a thousand yards. In front of this position they had a canal, the ground between which and the river they had in a great measure flooded some days before, which made it impassable for guns, and nearly so for cavalry and infantry. In their rear again they had three canals, so that by leaving a few men to keep their position the main body might have retired unobserved and the remainder have left when pressed, and still have had the three canals in rear of them between them and us, before we could have crossed, which they would have had sufficient start to prevent our closing unless they liked it. We found great difficulty in crossing our guns, and it was 12 o'clock before we commenced business. We were on the extreme left, behind one of the Horse Artillery troops and the 9-pounders Foot Battery. The infantry and other troops being on our right, the former drawn up in open column, the light companies of corps being again in front of them. The light companies and the enemy's best infantry kept up a cross fire on each other for some time, the latter from the village on the hill and from the bank of the canal which separated us. We on the left were amusing them with round shot and shrapnel, the enemy returning the favour with large matchlock balls. We behind the guns on horseback of course came in for the balls that went over the artillerymen's heads, and it was whilst in this position I got the crack on the knee. When I was first hit I thought it was through the knee joint as it was so painful. I was able to ride to the rear, and on getting off my horse I fainted; however a little water soon brought me round, when I again mounted and joined the regiment which was in the place I left it. It was our general's maiden fight, which I fancy made him rather cautious, for we were kept a long time at long shots, but at last the order for advance was given, when the hill with the village on it was soon taken by our infantry. Whilst this took place the rebels made an attempt to turn our left; but ten guns treating them with grape cooled their courage. The enemy managed to get off their infantry pretty well protected by their cavalry. The former made the best of their way off, but the latter made a show of standing on the plain. Our cavalry altogether

only mustered about 750, whilst that of the enemy was about 3500 : so we advanced against them, ourselves on the left, a troop of H.A. and the 40th Foot in the centre, and 300 Skinner's Horse on the right. When we got within a few hundred yards of them their hearts failed them and off they went, on which we (cavalry) left our friends in the centre and pursued. It was about 2 o'clock when we commenced the pursuit, and I did not get back to the first scene of action until sunset. I was mounted on a large Cape horse which had been lent to me, and which soon brought me alongside one of the rebels who had been in our service as a Janbaz. The horsemen of this country all carry guns, and are very expert in using them off horseback ; however, as luck would have it, when I was just within sword distance of him, as he endeavoured to fire, his gun flashed in the pan, I closed with him and unhorsed him before he was able to draw his sword, and at that moment one of my men coming up finished the business by cutting off the rebel's head with his own sword, and taking his horse and arms. We took from the rebels tents, horses, camels, and cattle, and things of all descriptions. As there was great difficulty in recrossing the guns over the canals and river, the troops remained out for the night."

Neville Chamberlain's account of the action at Urghundab recalls to mind what Wellington and what Sherman knew, and what every soldier knows that has seen active service, that war is hell.¹ After the fight was over Neville, owing to his wound having become "stiff and painful," returned to Candahar, "and after going to bed that night I did not leave it for a month." On the 30th of January we have the entry, "Heard of the envoy's death."

¹ 'Wellington,' by Goldwin Smith. Kaye in 'The War in Afghanistan' states : "Our troops moved forward, carried the village by storm, and slaughtered every man, woman, and child within its walls." Canon Rawlinson in 'A Memoir of his Brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson,' writes : "It may be hoped that this is an exaggeration. Major Rawlinson, who is Mr Kaye's authority, only says that the storming of the village brought destruction on 'man, woman, and child.' He does not employ the important word 'every.'—MS. Diary for 1842."

CHAPTER IV.

Spread of the insurrection at Cabul—Loss of the commissariat fort—Action on the Western Heights—Last gleam of success—Action on the Beymaroo Hills—Arrival of Mahomed Akbar Khan—Disaster of the 23rd of November—Looked-for advent of Sale's brigade and Maclaren's force—All hope of relief gone—Macnaghten's negotiations with the chiefs—His murder by Mahomed Akbar Khan—Evacuation of the cantonments—First day's march—Encampment at Bagramee—The passage of the Khoord—Cabul—Five hundred soldiers and two thousand five hundred followers perish in the defile—Attack at Jugdulluk—Slaughter of the force—Akbar Khan obtains possession of the ladies and children—The final struggle and massacre at Gundamuk—Dr Brydon reaches Jellalabad—Affairs at Candahar—Nott refuses to abandon the city—Attacks the Afghans—Neville Chamberlain's journal—Afghans attack the city—Siege of Ghuznee by the Afghans—Lieutenant Crawford's account—John Nicholson—Fall of Ghuznee.

THE murder of Burnes was the first red flame of a volcano on the edge of which the British garrison was sleeping. It did not awake them. On the morning of the 2nd of November there was a riot in Cabul; by sunset it had become a revolt. Vigorous and well-directed exertions might have suppressed it, but General Elphinstone wrote to the envoy, "We must see what the morning brings, and think what can be done." In the morning the flame increased with tremendous rapidity. Thousands of Afghans, armed and accustomed to fight from childhood, flocked into Cabul from the neighbouring villages. A feeble attempt was made by the garrison to penetrate the city with an inadequate force, and it failed. That night Captain Colin Mackenzie, who was in charge of the fort containing the Shah's commissariat stores, finding no assistance sent to

him, fought his way into cantonments, bringing in his wounded and the women and children. On the 5th the commissariat fort was lost, and with it the means by which the garrison could alone keep for any length of time their position. As General Elphinstone was disabled not only by health but by an accident the very first day of the invasion, Brigadier Shelton, the second in command, was, at the earnest request of the envoy, summoned to the cantonments from the Bala Hissar, and he brought with him part of the garrison of that position. Hopes were entertained "that by heartily co-operating with the envoy and general, he would strengthen their hands and revive the sinking confidence of the troops." General Elphinstone, however, remained in command, and, though incapable of taking an active part in the duties of the defence, was not incapable of interfering. Shelton, as brave a man as ever lived, was, owing to his lack of temper and tact, incapable of co-operation. From the beginning he expressed his opinion that the garrison could not hold out for the winter, and advocated a retarded retreat to Jellalabad. The envoy—the supreme political authority—protested in the strongest terms against this measure, and the general wavered between the two measures. If there had been a capable commander the force at Cabul, 5000 strong at least, was as competent to hold out as that at Candahar. But instead of any definite vigorous course being adopted, the strength and spirit of the army was frittered away in skirmishes and attacks on strong forts. On the 13th of November the enemy appeared in great force on the western heights, where, having posted the guns, they fired into cantonments with considerable precision. At the earnest request of the envoy, a force under Brigadier Shelton was sent to attack them. Lady Sale, who saw the action from the top of her house in cantonments, writes: "The Afghan cavalry charged furiously down the hill upon our troops in close column. The 37th N.I. were leading, the 44th in the centre, and the Shah's 6th in the

rear. No square or balls (*sic*) were formed to receive them. All was a regular confusion; my heart felt as if it leapt to my teeth when I saw the Afghans ride clean through them. The onset was fearful. They looked like a great cluster of bees, but we beat them and drove them up again."¹ This was the last faint gleam of success. On the 15th of November Major Eldred Pottinger and Lieutenant Houghton, the former slightly, the latter desperately, wounded, rode into cantonments accompanied by a single sepoy. They were the sole British survivors of the Chanikar force. The insurgents were now the complete masters of the district of Kohistan. On the 18th the envoy wrote to the general, "We have scarcely a hope of reinforcement from Sale's Brigade." General Sale, on receiving the order recalling him to Cabul, summoned a council of war, at which it was agreed that it was impracticable to obey the order. He thereupon marched in a contrary direction, and, throwing up connection with Cabul, occupied Jellalabad;² and the envoy now learnt that he was closely besieged by the enemy. Macnaghten added: "It is possible that we may receive reinforcements from Candahar." Clinging to this hope Macnaghten, whose courage no misfortune could diminish, the suggester of every bold plan, proposed that the troops should move into the Bala Hissar; but owing to the pertinacity of the obstinate Shelton, the proposal was rejected. On the 22nd of November large bodies of Afghan horse and foot issued from the city, and proceeded to crown the summit of the Beymaroo heights. At the north-east extremity of one of the hills was the village of Beymaroo (or "husbandless," from a beautiful virgin who was buried there), from which the garrison drew their supplies. "As it was built on a slope, and within musket-shot, the upper houses commanded a large portion of the

¹ 'A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan, 1841-42,' by Lady Sale, p. 98.

² "The decision was regretted by some of the ablest officers in his force, foremost among whom was Broadfoot. Humanly speaking, Sale thus denied himself the honour and the satisfaction of retrieving the state of affairs at the capital."—'The First Afghan War,' by Sir Henry Marion Durand, p. 360.

mission compound." It was determined, at the recommendation of the envoy, contrary to the wish and advice of the brigadier, to send a detachment under Major Swayne to forestall the enemy in the occupation of the village. Major Swayne, however, found on approaching it that it was already occupied by a body of Kohistanees, and the entrance blocked up in such a manner that he considered it out of his power to force a passage. His orders were to storm the village, but according to Lieutenant Eyre, who was wounded that day, he "would neither go forward nor retire,"¹ but for several hours maintained a useless fire on the houses of Beymaroo. The infantry were under cover of a low wall, but the cavalry and artillery, posted on the open plain, exposed to the deliberate aim of the enemy's marksmen in the village, had many casualties. Late in the evening Brigadier Shelton, who had opposed the movement, joined them with a detachment, but no decisive action was taken; and, in the language of Lady Sale, "the troops returned, having done nothing."² Mahomed Akbar Khan, the second and favourite son of Dost Mahomed, arrived in Cabul. "The crisis of our struggle was already nigh at hand."

On the morning of the 23rd a strong force under Shelton was sent to occupy the Beymaroo hills. All day the contest raged. Many a gallant deed was done. But as darkness began to fall, a human avalanche, friends and foes massed together, rolled on towards the cantonments, and those who manned the walls feared it would sweep away the gate. The ammunition of the great guns in battery within the cantonments was almost expended. A heavy fire from one of Shah's regiments in the mission compound and a gallant charge of cavalry under Lieutenant Hardyman and Lieutenant Weekes checked the pursuit. Then one of the leading chiefs suddenly halted and led off his followers. Our loss was tremendous, the principal part of the wounded having

¹ 'The Military Operations at Cabul,' by Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, p. 112.

² 'A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan, 1841-42,' by Lady Sale, p. 119.

been left in the field, including Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver, where they were miserably cut to pieces.

The day after the disaster two deputies of the assembled chiefs entered the cantonments, and were received by the envoy. "I proposed to them the only terms which in my opinion could be accepted with honour; but the temper of the rebels may best be understood when I mention that they returned me a letter of defiance the next morning, to the effect that unless I consented to surrender our arms, and to abandon his Majesty to his fate, I must prepare for immediate hostilities. To this I replied that we preferred death to dishonour, and that it would remain with a higher power to decide between us." Hostilities were resumed. The assailants increased in strength, and waxed bolder day by day; and they had within the walls as allies vacillation, famine, and disease. The sick and wounded now amounted to 700. The vacillation and want of capacity shown by their leaders led to the inevitable result—decline of spirit in the men, and "discipline began to disappear among us." On the 3rd of December the enemy destroyed our bridge over the Cabul river, "and actually carried away the timbers composing it before our eyes, not a hand being on our part raised to prevent them."¹ The next day the garrison of an important position abandoned it without firing a shot. The camp-followers were living on carrion; the commissaries reported that the quantity of grain in store was equal to only four days' consumption, "and that all hopes of procuring more were at an end."²

On the 10th of December Macnaghten heard that Mac-laren's force had retraced its steps to Candahar. All hope of relief was gone. The next morning, accompanied by Trevor, Mackenzie, and George Lawrence, Macnaghten met the chiefs at a spot on the Cabul river two hundred yards from the walls of the cantonments. After the interchange

¹ 'Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India,' by Lieutenant-General Sir George Lawrence, p. 97.

² Captain Johnson's Journal, 'Blackwood's Magazine,' March 1906.

of the usual compliments they all sat down on horse-cloths spread for them on the ground, and the envoy produced the draft of a treaty. The main terms were that the British should evacuate Afghanistan with all practicable expedition, and "that they shall be unmolested on their journey, shall be treated with all honour, and receive all possible assistance in carriage and provisions." On the safe arrival of the troops at Peshawur immediate arrangements were to be made for the return to Afghanistan of Dost Mahomed, his family, and all other Afghans detained in India. "Shah Sooja-ool-Moolk will be allowed either to remain in Afghanistan on a suitable provision for his maintenance, not being under one lakh of rupees per annum, or to accompany the British troops on their return to India."¹ The articles were duly discussed, and in the main accepted by the chiefs, who, however, never had any intention of fulfilling the treaty. They never took the trouble of signing it. When the envoy saw that there was not the slightest use in dealing with the chiefs as a body, he determined to negotiate separately with Mahomed Akbar Khan, who had made known his wish to treat, "as he was the sole chief possessed of sufficient power and influence to enforce the due observance of any treaty entered into with himself individually." Akbar Khan laid the snare with infernal skill. On the evening of December 22 he sent into the cantonments Captain Skinner, who had been living under Akbar Khan's protection, Mahomed Sudeeq Khan, a first cousin, and a native merchant, one of our staunchest friends. At a conference at which the envoy, Sudeeq Khan, and his two companions were alone present, the Afghan delegate disclosed Akbar Khan's proposals. The following day Sir William should meet Akbar Khan and a few of his immediate friends outside the cantonments, when a final agreement should be made: that the envoy should have a considerable body of

¹ A widely-read history of "British India" states: "On the 11th of December he promised to give back to the chiefs their chosen king, Dost Mahomed, and to abandon Shah Shuja if the British army were allowed to march in safety out of Afghanistan." He never promised to abandon Shah Shooja.

troops in readiness, which on a given signal were to join with those of Akbar Khan and assault and take Mahmood's fort, some five or six hundred yards from the eastern rampart, and of vital importance to the defence, and secure the person of Ameenoolah, the leader of the insurgents, who had not only murdered Burnes, Broadfoot, and our sepoy, but also massacred men, women, and children in every part of the city. He certainly was a rebel chief outside the pale of law. The Afghan delegate suggested that for a certain sum of money the head of Ameenoolah should be presented to the envoy, "but from this Sir William shrank from abhorrence, declaring that it was neither his custom nor that of his country to give a price for his blood." The further proposals were that the English should be permitted to remain in the country eight months longer, so as to save their credit; they were then to evacuate Afghanistan as of their own accord; that Shah Shooja was to continue king, and Akbar to be his vizier; and as a reward for Akbar's assistance the British Government was to pay him £300,000, and £40,000 per annum during his life.¹ Macnaghten accepted the proposals, except the base suggestion of assassination, and affixed his signature to the Persian document containing the terms. It was the forlorn hope of saving the lives of 16,000 men. Some days before the meetings Akbar Khan had communciated to the envoy his wish to have sent to him as gifts a pair of double-barrelled pistols and an Arab horse to which he had taken a fancy. Macnaghten now presented the pistols to the Afghan delegates, and they returned to Abkar Khan with these substantial tokens of the success of their mission. He rode off at once to Ameenoolah and informed him that the net had been cast with success.

On the following noon Sir William Macnaghten, accompanied by his staff officers, Trevor, Lawrence, and Mackenzie and a small escort, set forth to the fatal tryst. When they had

¹ Letter addressed by Captain C. Mackenzie to Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, Cabul, 29th July 1842.

ridden about 500 yards from the eastern rampart the guard was halted, and Macnaghten, Trevor, and Lawrence had advanced towards the spot fixed for the conference. It was well chosen by the Afghans for their treacherous plot. Akbar Khan and the Ghilzye chiefs were awaiting the envoy. "After the usual salutations of *Salaam aleikoom*, 'Peace be with you,' had been exchanged on both sides, Sir William, addressing Mahomed Akbar, said, 'Sirdar sahib, here is Grant sahib's horse for you as you wished.' 'Many thanks,' said Akbar, 'and also for Lawrence sahib's pistols, which you see I am wearing. Shall we now dismount?' The party dismounted, and horse-cloths were spread on a small hillock which partially concealed us from cantonments, and which was chosen, they said, as being free from snow."¹ Macnaghten threw himself on the bank, with Mahomed Akbar and Trevor and Mackenzie beside him. Lawrence stood behind the envoy, but, on being importuned by one of the chiefs to be seated, "I knelt on one knee, the escort being drawn up a short distance in the rear." Akbar began the conference by asking the envoy if he were perfectly ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening. "Why not?" asked Macnaghten. Lawrence and Mackenzie now noticed that Afghans armed to the teeth had gradually approached the spot, and were drawing round in a circle. Lawrence and Mackenzie pointed this out to the chiefs and the envoy, the former remarking that "if the subject of the conference was of that secret nature I believed it to be, they had better be removed." The chiefs affected at first to drive the crowd back with their whips. Macnaghten spoke to Mahomed Akbar, who replied, "No, they are all in the secret." No sooner were the words uttered than Mackenzie heard Mahomed Akbar call out, "*Begeer! begeer!* (Seize! seize!)", and turning round, I saw him grasp the envoy's left hand with an expression in his face of the most dia-

¹ Letter from G. St P. Lawrence, Camp Zoudah, ten miles south of Tezeen, 16th May 1842.

bolical ferocity. I think it was Sultan Jan who laid hold of the envoy's right hand. They dragged him in a stooping posture down the hillock, the only words I heard poor Sir William utter being '*Az barae Khooda!*' (for God's sake!) I saw his face, however; it was full of horror and astonishment."¹ Trevor, Lawrence, and Mackenzie were suddenly seized from behind, dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief. Trevor slipped from the horse of his captor and was cut to pieces on the spot; Lawrence and Mackenzie reached Mahmood's fort alive. The native escort, on seeing the Englishmen seized, fled to the cantonments. A noble Rajput henchman, however, rushed forward to save his master, and was hacked to pieces by the Ghazees. How Macnaghten perished was for many years never clearly known. Akbar Khan, the day after the base murder, told his council in the presence of Captain Conolly that, while endeavouring to force the envoy either to mount on horseback or to move more quickly, he had struck him. Seeing the Englishman's eye fastened upon him with an expression of intense indignation, he altered the phrase and said, "I mean I pushed." Akbar Khan sedulously attempted to persuade Englishmen that he had done the fierce deed in a gust of tiger passion, and he assured Lady Macnaghten that he would give his right arm to undo what he had done. The story was accepted. Sir John Kaye wrote that, "Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little before he had profusely thanked the envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body." And again: "It does not appear that the murder of Macnaghten was premeditated by the Sirdar.

¹ Letter by Captain C. Mackenzie to Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, Cabul, 29th July 1842.

Lawrence wrote, "I turned and saw the envoy lying, his head where his heels had been, and his hands locked in Mahomed Akbar's, consternation and horror depicted in his countenance."—Letter addressed by Captain G. St P. Lawrence, late military secretary to the envoy, to Major E. Pottinger, C.B., late in charge of the Cabul Mission, Camp Zoudah, ten miles south of Tezeen, 16th May 1842.

It seems to have been the result of one of those sudden gusts of passion which are among the distinguished features of the young Baruckzye's character, and which had often before betrayed him into excesses laden with the pangs of after repentance." The idea of an Afghan, after having committed a murder, being laden with the pangs of repentance, shows strange ignorance of Afghan character. Thirty years rolled on. Then among Sir Henry Lawrence's papers was found a letter from Mahomed Akbar Khan to his brother, translated by Lawrence himself, which reveals the baseness of the crime. Akbar Khan writes, "We alighted and met; and after some conversation, this slave of God seized the lord's hands, and shot him in the breast, and cut him in pieces with my sword."¹ He also confirms the statement that "the mangled trunk was hung up at the entrance of the *chauk* or principal mart."

The day after the murder of the envoy the draft of a new treaty was sent in by the Afghans to General Elphinstone, substantially "the same as the former one, but with these important differences: 1st, That we should leave behind all our guns except six. 2nd, That we should immediately give up all our treasures. 3rd, That the hostages should be all exchanged for married men with their wives and families." A council of war, contrary to Pottinger's vehement protest, decided to accept the two first articles, but the chiefs were informed that it was contrary to the usages of war to give up women as hostages. On the 30th a crowd of Ghilzyes and Ghazees attempted to force an entrance into the cantonments. In Lady Sale's Journal we have, "31st December. Thus ends the year. The bodies of the envoy and Trevor not brought in. Snow has lain on the ground since the 18th of December." On the first day of the New Year the treaty was sent in duly signed, bearing the seals of the Afghan Sirdar.

¹ Henry Lawrence, who was assistant at Ferozepore at the time, was the first to hear the news of the Cabul insurrection. He accompanied Wild's Brigade as Political Agent to Peshawur.—'The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' by the late Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., and Herman Merivale, C.B.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th of January the advance of the Cabul force, which after all its losses amounted to about 4500 fighting men, with 12,000 followers, moved out of the cantonments through a breach made in the ramparts the previous night. Behind the advance followed the women and children, escorted by Captain Lawrence and a small body of horse and foot. Darkness was swiftly falling when the main body reached their halting-place at Bagramee, having marched only four miles. Two hours after midnight the rearguard reached the camp, where, finding no shelter or fuel, they had to huddle together in the snow to keep themselves warm. Many perished before dawn. Next morning "no order was given, no bugle sounded." At 8 A.M. the force moved on, and after a march of five miles, they halted at the entrance of the Khoord-Cabul Pass. At noon next day the advance entered the most terrible and difficult of all the Afghanistan passes—"the very jaws of death." It is about five miles long, and is bounded on both sides by lofty hills, and between the huge precipices of naked stone the sun in winter darts but a momentary ray. When the main column and the baggage escort entered the narrow throat of the pass, from every rock and cave in the heights the enemy poured down a furious fire. The pass was completely crowded with horses, camels, and troops, among whom every bullet told. They could do nothing against an enemy hidden by the rock, and they were in a position where courage was of no use to them. A stampede ensued. The Ghilzyes, with one deep cry of wild beasts, rushed down from the rocks and sabred men, women, and children. It was dark when the rearguard reached the bivouac on the Khoord-Cabul plateau. In the gloomy defile about 500 soldiers and over 2500 followers had perished.

On the 9th Akbar Khan sent in the proposal that the women and children should be consigned to his care with their husbands. The offer was their only chance, and it was accepted. That evening the married officers, the wives and

widows and children, were taken to Akbar Khan, "who received the ladies very courteously." On the morning of the 10th the march was resumed. No opposition was made until the troops were near a narrow gorge between the precipitous spurs of two hills through which flowed a small stream, but then a murderous fire was sent from the heights above. No retrograde movement could be made. Every volley struck the confused mass. The deep gorge, not more than ten feet wide, was filled with dead and dying. "The sepoys, sunk in dejection, cast away their arms and accoutrements, which only clogged their movements without contributing to their defence, and, along with the camp-followers, fled in wild terror for a place of safety. The Afghans leapt down from the rocks, rushed upon them with yells of triumph, and cut them down with their long knives." The last small remains of the native infantry regiments were here scattered and destroyed. Meanwhile the advance, after pushing through the defile, losing men at every stage, reached Kubbur-i-Jubbar, five miles ahead, where they halted for the rear to join them. But the rear never came. They had, with the exception of a few stragglers and a few wounded officers, been exterminated. The Cabul force now consisted of about fifty horse artillerymen with one 12-pounder howitzer, some 250 of the 44th, and 150 cavalry troopers. But with them was a ghastly mass of wounded soldiers and camp-followers, mixed up with cattle. Akbar Khan, who, attended by a party of watchmen, had watched from the heights above the butchery below, now proposed that the few remaining troops should lay down their arms and place themselves entirely under his safeguard, in which case he could ensure them safe escort. But the camp-followers, who still amounted to some thousands, were to be left to their fate. No Englishman could accept such a proposal. The march was resumed. After making their way for about five miles down the steep descent of the Huft Kotul, the British force came to a narrow defile, or confined bed of a mountain stream. It was covered with dead or dying camp-

followers, officers, and soldiers, who, having gone on ahead of the column, had been butchered by the Afghans. Through the narrow defile the miserable remnant made its way, raked by a murderous fire from the heights, and the little stream was crimson with blood. Time after time bands of Ghazees rushed on the rear, which consisted of a few European soldiers commanded by the one-armed Peninsular veteran, and time after time they were repulsed. "Nobly and heroically," says Shelton, "these fine fellows stood by me." About 4 P.M. the encamping ground was reached. Fifteen officers had been killed and wounded during ten days' march. 12,000 men, including camp-followers, had perished since the force started from Cabul. Brigadier Shelton now suggested that a supreme effort should be made to reach Jugdulluk by a rapid night march of twenty-four miles. It was adopted. The column was again put in motion. Slow was its progress. Shelton and his brave little band were again in the rear, making stiff dispute of every inch of the ground. It was not till 3 P.M. the following day that the remains of the advance reached Jugdulluk and took up post behind some ruins on a height by the roadside. But they afforded but scant protection, and volley after volley was poured down on them from the neighbouring heights. About 3 P.M. Akbar Khan sent a message inviting General Elphinstone to a conference, and demanding Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. The force which left Cabul 5000 strong had now been reduced to 150 rank and file of H.M. 44th Regiment, 16 dismounted horse artillerymen, and 25 troopers of the 5th Light Cavalry, "but not a single infantry sepoy." The ammunition was expended, and what remained in the soldiers' pouches had been taken from those of their slaughtered comrades. It was the last desperate chance of saving the lives of those with him, and the General, accompanied by Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson, went to Akbar Khan's camp. He received them with every outward token of kindness, and promised that food should at once be sent to the en-

closure. But no food ever reached them. The next morning a conference was held, at which the three British officers and the chiefs of the pass were present. The Ghilzyes reviled the English, and Akbar Khan assumed the part of a mediator. Nothing decisive was determined upon. When the day began to close the General demanded the necessary escort to enable him to rejoin the force: he declared he preferred death to the dishonour of being separated from them in the hour of supreme danger. But the appeal was in vain. Akbar Khan had no intention of letting him go. He had now secured, by repeated acts of treachery, the women and the principal officers, and he determined to retire with his prisoners to Cabul, leaving the few Europeans and the miserable crowd of stragglers representing the invading host to the vengeance of the Ghilzyes. They had passed in the enclosure a day of cruel suspense and dire suffering. "The extremes of hunger, thirst, and fatigue were suffered alike by all, added to which the Afghans again crowned the heights and recommenced hostilities, keeping up a galling fire the whole day with scarcely half an hour's remission." Sally after sally was made by the Europeans, "but again and again the enemy returned to worry and destroy." When sable eve had begun to spread swiftly, a message reached them from the General—"March at once; there is treachery." An hour after dark they sallied forth. "The sick and wounded were necessarily abandoned to their fate." They pressed forward through the stony bed of the stream, closely pressed by bands of Ghilzyes, who rushed upon the unarmed throng in the rear and murdered them. After they had gone a mile and a half they came to a narrow defile, in some places not ten feet broad, bordered on each hand by lofty cliffs of purple granite, destitute of tree or herb. The pass now rises rapidly for two miles to the summit. All through the night the troops, weary, famished, and frozen, fired at from the heights which were blazing with watch-fires, dragged their way up the defile till they approached the crest, when suddenly a barrier,

formed of branches of the prickly hollyhock well twisted together, about six feet high, rose before them. Wild disorder ensued. It was a commingled herd of soldiers and camp-followers driven to frenzy in the shambles. The Ghilzyes with a loud screech darted down on the camp-followers, and there ascended a wailing shriek of anguish and despair to the skies. The officers and soldiers fought with desperation and killed many of their assailants. After there had been for some time a deadly struggle at the barricade, a few horse and men made their way through it. About a mile farther they came on a second barrier. The Ghilzyes, still pursuing in increased numbers, renewed the attack with unabated ferocity. A few managed to struggle through it. At the two barriers fell, fighting to the last, Brigadier Anquetil and eleven other officers. "Captain Dodgin of the 44th, a most powerful and active man, who had only one leg, killed five Afghans with his own hand before he was slain." The valiant Nicholl of the Horse Artillery led a charge at the head of his few heroic gunners and checked the wild rushes of the foe, till he and his artillerymen lay lifeless on the ground. During the momentary stand a few officers and men and some three hundred camp-followers cleared the second barrier. In small detachments, moving at the rate of two miles an hour, they trudged down to the Red River (Sourkhab).¹ It makes the heart swell with pride to read that "much delay was occasioned by the anxiety of the men to bring on their wounded comrades." They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the Ghilzyes harassed them with sudden onsets from the heights. But on reaching the water they found the Afghans posted on the bridge above, and as they crossed the ford the enemy sent volley after volley down upon them, and the dead bodies lay in heaps one upon another. When daylight broke the Ghilzyes saw how few were left, and following in their line of retreat, continually assailed them. Seeing it was impossible to press onward as the enemy were swarming around

¹ Surkhab. *Surkh* = red, *ab* = water.

them, some twenty officers and forty-five European soldiers took up a defensive position on a conical hill by the roadside. They had not above one or two rounds of ammunition left. But they determined never to surrender to the enemy while life remained. "Their numbers were one to a hundred, and most of them were already wounded." A messenger from the chief of the district arrived and invited the senior officer to a conference. Major Griffiths who held that position went with the messenger. Hostilities were suspended. A number of Afghans ascended the hill under the pretence of offering food. A few attempts were made to snatch away from the soldiers their arms. The ire of the British soldiers was roused and they fiercely drove the intruders down the hill. All was over with them. Their death-knell had struck. The enemy took up their post on the opposite hill and marked off man after man, officer after officer, with unerring aim. Bands of fanatics made desperate attempts to storm the hill, but back they were sent by the bayonet. When most of the little band had got killed or wounded, a swarm of Ghilzyes rushed up the heights, fell upon them, and slew them. Captain Souter of the 44th, who had received a severe wound in the shoulder, and three or four privates who also had been wounded, escaped the knives of the fanatics and were carried into captivity. Souter, before leaving Jugdulluk, had tied the colours of his regiment around his waist. The 44th perished, but these colours were saved.¹

On the 13th of January, from the ramparts of Jellalabad, a single European "mounted on a pony was seen slowly making his way to the fortress."² A party was sent out to

¹ "They bore our men down, knife in hand, and slaughtered all the party except Captain Souter and seven or eight men of the 44th and artillery. This officer thinks that this unusual act of forbearance towards him originated in the strange dress he wore : his *poshteen* (a sheepskin ; also a fur pelisse) having opened during the last struggle exposed to view the colour he had wrapped round his body ; and they probably thought they had secured a valuable prize in some great Bahadur for whom a large ransom might be obtained."—'A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan,' by Lady Sale, p. 278.

² Dr Brydon, who afterwards formed one of the more illustrious garrisons at Lucknow. Lord Canning wrote : "To Dr Brydon especially the Governor-General in Council would address his hearty congratulations. This officer, after passing

succour him. They brought him in, and when his wounds were dressed he told them, half incoherent from fatigue and horror, his story. General Sale at once despatched a party to scour the plain in the hope of picking up any stragglers," but they found only bodies. For several nights beacons were kept burning to guide any stragglers; "but none came. They were all dead. The army was annihilated."

At the end of February Major Rawlinson received a letter, dated 25th December, signed by Pottinger and Elphinstone, which requested "That you will intimate to the officer commanding at Candahar our wish that the troops now at that place and at Kelat-i-Gilzye, together with the British authorities and troops within your jurisdiction, should return to India at the earliest convenience." The gallant old soldier who commanded at Candahar had no intention of abandoning his post. He wrote to the Resident: "I will not treat with any person whatsoever for the retirement of the British troops from Afghanistan until I have received instructions from the supreme Government. The letter signed 'E. Pottinger' and 'W. K. Elphinstone' may, or may not, be a forgery. I conceive these officers were not free agents at Cabul, and therefore their letter or order can have no weight with me." It was agreed between the General and the Political Resident that they should await despatches from Calcutta. But decisive steps had to be taken to secure the safety of Candahar and the British garrison. On March 3, in order to prevent a revolt within the town, the Afghan inhabitants, except a few traders and priests, were expelled from it. General Nott was also of opinion that the time had come to strike a blow at the bands of Afghans who continued to hover about the city.

through the Cabul campaign of 1841-47, was included in the illustrious garrison who maintained their position in Jellalabad. He may now, as one of the heroes of Lucknow, claim to have witnessed and taken part in an achievement even more conspicuous as an example of the invincible energy and enduring courage of the British soldier."—General Orders, by the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council, dated Fort William, 8th December 1857.

Accordingly, on the 7th of March, he took the field at the head of the main bulk of his forces. Neville Chamberlain enters in his journal of that date:—

“The following force moved out this morning. Two troops H.A., the 9-pounder Battery, 1st Cavalry, 100 Skinner's Horse, H.M. 40th Foot, 16th, 42nd, 43rd, 38th Bengal N.I. and 2nd S.S. force. After leaving Candahar some eight miles, saw some of the rebel horse, after which we went. We endeavoured to get a charge, but they refused to face us, so after following them some distance we left them. Pitched our camp at Laleeah (about ten miles from the town). About sunset a large body of cavalry showed themselves on our left flank. All our cavalry, accompanied by six guns H.A., moved out against them; they declined combat, and as it was getting dark we returned to camp.

“*8th March.*—Marched at sunrise, and after we had gone a short distance, we saw 3000 or 4000 horse to our left; against whom we went, our cavalry and twelve H.A. guns being in advance, the infantry coming on behind as a support. We drove them before us for about eight miles, supplying them well with round shot and grape. They came down once very prettily upon us and the guns, but the grape delivered amongst them at 150 to 200 yards stopped them. One of their bravest men received two grape-shot wounds, from which he died a few days afterwards. We drove them across the Turnnek river, on the banks of which we pitched. The rebels lost forty or fifty killed besides the wounded.

“*9th March.*—Marched at sunrise in the direction of Tulloo Khan. On skirting a mountain that lay on our road, some rascals who were on it fired at the General; however, they paid dearly for their fun, as some light companies went up and killed forty of them. A few miles farther on we saw, by aid of telescopes, a body of infantry (about 3000 or 4000) marching in the direction of Candahar. At the same time, in our front were our friends the horsemen, after whom we went; but they had been too hardly used by the guns the day before to face them again, so kept out of range. We endeavoured to engage some of them but could not. Halted at Tulloo Khan; saw no one all day. Warned to be on the alert. Turned out at twelve at night by some shot being fired at our sentries.”

It was never the intention of the Afghan leaders to come to close quarters with Nott's force. Mirza Ahmed, the ablest of them, had suggested that they should draw Nott's army out of Candahar till it should be a day's march from the city, and then secretly and silently double back and fall upon the city, which would be to a great extent denuded

of its defenders. On the morning of the 10th of March large bodies of the enemy were seen assembling near Candahar, and occupying the gardens in the vicinity. During the day their numbers increased. It was evident that their object was to attack the city. All the gates were shut, and the city was deemed secure. At dusk a villager, with a donkey-cart laden with brushwood, arrived at the Herat gate and requested permission to bring his load in, which was refused. He argued and grumbled, and then said he would leave the wood till next morning, and throwing it down against the gate, he departed. When dusk had turned into black night a few of the enemy stole up unobserved, and pouring oil over the faggots set a light to them. The gate, several centuries old, and dry as touchwood, swiftly caught fire; and a sudden blaze of light revealed the enemy advancing swiftly to the assault. The Commissary-General, seeing the danger, "threw open the stores, and procuring all the assistance he could, succeeded just in time in forming a barricade on the gateway of the bags of flour taken from thence."¹ Amidst a blaze of musketry, and with hideous yells, the enemy rushed forward. The gun upon the bastion poured upon them rounds of grape, and the fire from the ramparts wasted their ranks; but they pressed on regardless of death. Two guns were placed on the gateway, and some 300 infantry to guard the point of attack, and a strong and high barricade of grain-bags was formed above those which had been heaped up before in rear of the gate. About nine o'clock the gate fell outward. A number of Ghazees rushed through the flames and climbed over the bags, but the fire of the infantry and the bayonet slew them. For three hours the mortal fray raged. Time after time the Ghazees renewed their assaults, but their fanatical courage was useless to them. About midnight, tired of destruction, they drew off, leaving 600 dead and wounded in the gateway and on the roadside. On the 12th of March Nott returned

¹ Captain Neill's Narrative.

to Candahar, and Neville Chamberlain enters in his diary:—

“Marched into Candahar, the rebels having totally disappeared. We found that during our absence Candahar had been attacked by 8000 horse and 10,000 foot. The enemy succeeded in setting fire to the gate, and some of them got inside it. They certainly did their best, as they tore down the burning gate with their hands, and walked over after pulling down the bags inside and behind the gate which had caught fire. Fifty-six bodies were left in the gateway, the rest were taken away before they retreated. They attacked at dark, coming down in one dense column, the rear pushing the front forward. You may suppose what their loss was when I tell you that grape and round shot were fired at them, shells rolled on them, and blue lights thrown so as to make them easy marks to the infantry. They took possession of our cantonments, which we had left empty, and I suppose thought they were sure of the town, so they did not destroy them.”

Though the enemy had “totally disappeared” from Candahar, they still hovered about the neighbourhood, committing depredations upon the villages on the left bank of the Urghundab river, appropriating the forage, and diverting the water. To protect the villages and procure forage General Nott sent out a force under Colonel P. Wymer, an officer of excellent judgment and determined bravery. Neville Chamberlain writes on the 25th of March:—

“One troop H.A., three troops 1st Cavalry under my command, 16th and 38th B.N.I., 100 Skinner’s Horse, and two regiments Infantry, Shah Shuja’s Force, left this in the morning to escort our cattle, out grazing at a place three miles from Candahar. The enemy had their camp pitched on the other side of the river to where we were. On seeing us they crossed and commenced attacking us who had formed round the camels, &c. They first attacked our left flank, from which they were driven back; they then tried the right (on which side I was) and were repulsed. We followed them out a few hundred yards, but could not go farther for fear of their getting in between us and cattle. Some forty or fifty of their horse being detached from the main body, I was told to take a troop (about forty-five men) and try and cut them up. Away we went and drove them before us, when reaching a ravine I was surprised to see it filled with 600 or 700 cavalry who had a red standard. They of course came out to assist their friends, who mixed up with them, and both parties came down upon us with a shout, waving their swords and

firing. We succeeded in killing the standard-bearer and bringing away their flag, but how appears a miracle, as they ought to have got ours. Shortly after capturing their colours our men got panic-struck and commenced retreating. I endeavoured in vain to halt them, but when once men begin to retreat it is impossible to stop them. My standard-bearer, as brave a young man as ever stepped, and five or six other men who stuck to me also, endeavoured to rally them, but finding our words were of no avail, and thinking that our remaining to be cut up would be of no use, we kept close together and brought up the rear. You may suppose that it was no child's play when I tell you that both my bridle-reins were cut through, the right stirrup cut off, and I also got a cut on my hand, a slight scratch above my ankle, and one on my game knee! I have no doubt they thought they had done for me, as three men jumped off their horses and made a rush at me, thinking, I suppose, they could do for me more easily on foot; however, I hope to be able to give them a twist for it yet. The cut on my left hand will, I believe, only cost me the loss of the use of my little finger, it being cut through the knuckle joint. Well, to go on with my story, we got back to the infantry, losing five men killed and ten wounded, one dying next day. My men, seeing the remainder of the corps coming to our assistance, gained heart and charged the enemy, at which time the support arriving from Candahar the rebels fled, being followed up by the fresh troops. I fancy from the time we first moved out we killed about fifteen of the enemy. My sword broke and has got seven cuts on it. From that day I have been laid up with my hand, but I am happy to say it has not given me much trouble. Since then we have not had anything of particular occurrence, the rebels not having shown, as they lost two chiefs and sixty or seventy men killed, besides wounded."

From the north and the south ill-tidings now reached Candahar. On the 31st of March General Nott received a letter from Major Leech at Kelat-i-Ghilzye, stating, on native authority, that Ghuznee had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Early in December it had been invested by a very large force. Since it had come into British possession nothing had been done to repair the defences of the town. There were guns but no gunners; there was little ammunition, and a scanty stock of food. The garrison, one weak regiment of sepoy under Colonel Palmer, being greatly outnumbered, had to withdraw to the citadel, and there it held the enemy at bay, until, having no water, and starvation staring it in the face, it was compelled to make terms;

and an agreement was signed with the Afghan leaders by which a safe-conduct to the Punjab frontier was secured for the British troops as soon as the passes were clear of snow. On March 6 the wasted garrison moved down from the citadel, with colours flying, to the quarters prepared for them within the city. Afghan treachery followed. The British troops were attacked while cooking their food. A crowd of Ghazee fanatics stormed the house in which a squadron commanded by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N.I. had found shelter. In the next house was Crawford, Burnett of the 54th, and Nicholson of the 27th. On hearing the uproar Crawford ran to the roof, and seeing what had taken place among his men and that balls were flying thick, he called up Burnett:—

“He had scarcely joined me when he was struck down by a rifle-ball which knocked his eye out, and he was then rendered *hors de combat*. I assumed command of the two companies of the 27th that had been under him, and Nicholson and myself proceeded to defend ourselves as well as circumstances would permit. We were on the left of the mass of houses occupied by our troops, and the first and sharpest attacks were directed at us. The enemy fired our house, and gradually, as room after room caught fire, we were forced to retreat to the others, till at last, by midnight of the 9th, our house was nearly burnt in halves. We were exhausted with hunger and thirst, having nothing to eat or drink since the morning of the 7th. Our ammunition was expended, the place was filled with dead and dying men, and our position no longer tenable; but the only entrance in front of our house was surrounded by the enemy, and we scarcely knew how to get out and endeavour to join Colonel Palmer. At last we dug a hole through the wall of the back of the house; we had only bayonets to work with, and it cost us much labour to make a hole sufficiently large to admit of one man at a time dropping from it into the street below; but we were fortunate enough to clear out of our ruined quarters in this way and join the colonel unperceived by the savages round us.”

On the morning of the 10th all the outlying posts were taken by the enemy, and the remnant of the garrison was crowded into the two houses held by Colonel Palmer and the headquarters of the 27th Native Infantry. “You cannot picture to yourself the scene these two houses presented,”

says Crawford ; “ every room was crammed not only with sepoy, but camp-followers, men, women, and children, and it is astonishing the slaughter among them was not greater, seeing that the guns of the citadel sent round shot crashing through and through the walls.” During the three previous days’ fighting, the Afghan commander had repeatedly offered terms, “ but they were such as we could not accede to, inasmuch as they commenced by desiring we should surrender ourselves to him and abandon the sepoy to the forces of the Ghazees.” On the 10th of May, however, the sepoy informed their officers that they had determined to make their own way to Peshawur. They immediately commenced digging a hole through the outer walls of the town, by which, as soon as it got dark, they might march out into the country. Seeing that they were about to be deserted by their men the officers had no choice but to make the best terms they could for their lives. The Afghan commander, a nephew of Dost Mahomed, “ and all the Ghazee chiefs again swore by all that was holy that if we laid down our arms we should be honourably treated and sent to Cabul to the Shah as soon as possible.”¹ At 10 P.M. the order was given for the garrison to surrender their arms. Three times, in contempt of it, John Nicholson led his men to the attack and drove the enemy from the walls at the point of the bayonet ; and when at last he was forced to give up his sword he burst into tears in an agony of shame and grief.

¹ Account, by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N.I., of the loss of Ghuznee.

CHAPTER V.

Despatch of Wild's Brigade for Peshawur—His failure to force the Khyber Pass—Abandonment of Ali Musjid—General Pollock appointed to command—Lord Ellenborough succeeds Lord Auckland—Brigadier England arrives at Quetta—His failure to force the Khojak Pass—Nott ordered by the Governor-General to retire from Candahar—The defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzye—Nott takes the offensive—Neville Chamberlain's account of the action—He is severely wounded—Lord Ellenborough's letter to Nott as to the advisability of retiring or advancing—Nott decides on marching to Cabul—Defence of Jellalabad—Siege raised—Arrival of Pollock's force—Letter from Neville Chamberlain describing the murder of Shah Shooja—Advance on Cabul—The forcing of the Jugdulluk Pass—Sharp affair at Tezeen—Pollock arrives at Cabul—Nott's Brigade begins to march on Cabul—Neville Chamberlain's diary—Arrival at Cabul—Adventures of the women and children—Ill-treatment of the Ghuznee captives—The prisoners are sent towards Turkestan—Release of the prisoners—Capture and burning of Istaliffe—Destruction of Charekar—Neville Chamberlain's diary—Return of the British force to India—Diary continued.

WHEN the news of the insurrection of Cabul and of Sale's retreat to Jellalabad reached the Punjab, George Clerk, the Governor-General's agent, a man of great ability and activity, and most popular among the Sikhs, proposed immediate measures to expedite the march of reinforcements to Peshawur. Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, agreed to his propositions, and by the 27th of November four regiments of Native Infantry, under the command of Brigadier Wild, had crossed the Sutlej at Ferozepore. "At the instance of the political authorities, against my earnest instructions and earnest caution," wrote Sir Jasper Nicolls, admitting the blunder, "Wild's

Brigade, without carriage, commissariat, or guns, was sent to Peshawur." It was supposed he could obtain guns from the Sikhs, and with a great deal of trouble he got "four rickety guns which had a bad habit of knocking their carriages to pieces whenever fired." On the 29th of December Wild reached Peshawur, and immediately put himself in communication with Jellalabad. From Sale there came the cry, "Come on!" But Wild knew that to force the Khyber Pass with his inadequate force was an almost impossible task. On hearing the news of the destruction of Elphinstone's force, the tribes attacked the fort of Ali Musjid, five miles from the Pass, so vigorously that Mr Mackeson, who, with a small garrison of loyal Afghans was holding it, declared he could not hold out for twelve hours longer. Wild, "as brave a soul as ever lived," says Herbert Edwardes, determined to relieve Ali Musjid, and force his way to Jellalabad. On the night of the 15th of January the 53rd and 64th N.I., under command of Major Mackeson, the cousin of Mr Mackeson, pushed through the Pass and got to Ali Musjid with little opposition. But when day broke they found the majority of the bullocks laden with grain, which had been despatched with them, had not arrived. They were now shut up in a hill fortress without food sufficient for a week. On the 19th Wild set forth to relieve them; next day the Sikh Contingent mutinied and marched back to Peshawur. When the two sepoy regiments with their rickety guns entered the Pass, the enemy opened fire with their jezails: the Sikh guns in advance replied, and broke down at the first discharge; the other gun in advance also replied, and broke down at the first discharge. The sepoys, who were halted, suffered severely; Wild and several officers were wounded. The retreat was sounded, and the column fell back to Jumrood at the mouth of the pass. A few days later the two regiments at Ali Musjid, accompanied by the Afghan garrison, fought their way back to Jumrood

with heavy loss. Ten days later General Pollock arrived at Peshawur.¹

As the gravity and extent of the rebellion in Afghanistan became more fully known in India, it was determined to send a second brigade to Peshawur. On the 4th of January this brigade, numbering 3034 fighting men, and consisting of H.M. 9th Foot, half of a foot artillery battery, with two 9-pounders and a howitzer, the 10th Bengal Cavalry, and the 26th N.I., under the command of Brigadier M'Caskill, crossed the Sutlej. It was now necessary to appoint a general officer to command the force about to assemble at Peshawur. Lord Auckland, acting on the advice of the Military Member of Council, appointed General Pollock. He had fought his guns in the sieges of Deeg and Bhurt-pore, and won the commendation of Lord Lake; he had taken an active part in the Nepaul war, and commanded the Bengal artillery in the Burmese war. He was a man of strong homely sense, sound judgment, and patient determination, and he knew how to manage the sepoy by sympathy and firmness. Hastening up to his new command, without a moment's delay, he reached Peshawur on the 6th of February, and the circumstances in which he found himself were enough to try the mettle of any man.

On the 30th of January the Government of India heard that the Cabul forces had been utterly destroyed. The following day a proclamation was issued, announcing that a faithless enemy had by consummate treachery been able to overcome a body of British troops. "But the Governor-General in Council, while he most deeply laments the loss

¹ Wild's failure has always been attributed by writers who derive their information from Kaye, to the bad behaviour of the sepoys. Henry Lawrence wrote to his wife on the 28th of November: "I spoke too strongly of the 60th yesterday, considering they lost 95 killed and wounded; but I only alluded to what I saw at the end. In all 112 have been killed and wounded." Broadfoot wrote: "Poor Wild is again the unfortunate, but from all I hear the blame is neither with him nor the troops." Sir Herbert Edwardes wrote: "Few officers have been worse treated than the gallant and unfortunate Wild. It was the Commander-in-Chief who was to blame for having sent him forward without guns."

of the brave officers and men, regards this partial reverse only as a new occasion for displaying the stability and vigour of the British power, and the admirable spirit and valour of the British-Indian Army." The same day orders were sent to Major Outram, political agent in Sind, that the disposable troops in his charge should, under Brigadier England, "be moved above the Bolan Pass as early as practicable, in order that in communication with Major-General Nott, if that officer should decide on withdrawing from Candahar, the troops in question may be marched forward to the foot of the Khojak Pass, on the Quetta side, so as to support and facilitate General Nott's movement."

On the 28th of February Lord Auckland's successor, Lord Ellenborough, arrived at Calcutta, and immediately assumed the office of Governor-General of India. On the 12th of March Lord Auckland left the shores of India. "He embarked at Chandpal Ghat," said a Calcutta paper, "with the universal acknowledgment that he had not left an enemy behind." He had, when disaster had overtaken our arms, given as great a testimony of patience and courage as a man can do, and so gained the respect of his countrymen. His modest carriage and his flowing humanity won the hearts of men of all races and creeds. His fame has suffered from the rhetoric of a clever but unscrupulous historian.

Four days after Lord Auckland left India Brigadier England arrived at Quetta. His force consisted of five companies of her Majesty's 41st Infantry, six companies of Bombay Native Infantry, a troop of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, fifty men of the Poona Horse, and four Horse Artillery guns. On the 26th of March Brigadier England left Quetta and advanced into the Pisheen Valley. On the morning of the 28th he reached the entrance of a defile leading to the village of Hykulzye, where he intended to await the remainder of the brigade, which was on its way through the Bolan to join him. On advancing into the defile a body of 500 sepoy came suddenly upon a breast-

work, from which the Afghans opened a well-sustained fusilade. A hundred sepoys fell. The remainder drew back in confusion, but they soon rallied, and were eager to be led on to the attack. Colonel Stacey volunteered to carry the *sangar* with a hundred or even eighty men, but the General declined. He retired to Quetta, to await the reinforcements that were on their march. On the 10th of April he wrote to Nott: "Whenever it so happens that you retire bodily in this direction, and that I am informed of it, I feel assured that I shall be able to make an advantageous diversion in your favour." The ire of the stout old soldier was roused. He remarked sarcastically, "I am well aware that war cannot be made without loss; but yet perhaps British troops can oppose Asiatic armies without defeat." He added, "I have not yet contemplated falling back. . . . I shall fully rely on your brigade being at the Khojak on the 1st of May, or before." He also informed England that he would send a brigade from Candahar to the northern end of the Pass to co-operate with him. On the 30th of April England's brigade entered the defile leading to the Khojak Pass. The Candahar troops under Colonel Wymer, who had already arrived at the northern extremity, occupied the heights which crowned the Pass, and driving the enemy before them, effected a junction with the Bombay brigade. On the 10th of May Neville Chamberlain entered in his diary, "Bombay force arrived."

On the 17th of May Nott received from the new Governor-General a peremptory order to retire: "You will evacuate the city of Candahar. . . . You will proceed to take up a position at Quetta until the season may enable you to retire upon Sukkur." It came upon Nott and Rawlinson "like a thunderbolt." The Governor-General had a month before declared in his proclamation that he was resolved "to re-establish our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow on the Afghans." Nott had therefore made all preparations for an advance. He

intended to send, on or about the 19th of May, a strong column to relieve Kelat-i-Ghilzye, to remain there until he joined it with a reserve brigade, when he should move with the combined forces in the direction of Cabul. The orders were a sore disappointment to him, but the rugged old soldier had the strictest idea regarding discipline: he made no remonstrance, but silently took measures to obey at the fitting moment. On the 19th of May he despatched the brigade which he had intended for Ghuznee and Cabul to relieve Kelat-i-Ghilzye, and if possible bring off its garrison. Crawford Chamberlain accompanied the force.

The story of the defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzye is a tale of valour as noble as any that minstrel has celebrated. The garrison consisted of the Shah's 3rd Infantry Regiment, some 250 sepoy of the 43rd Regiment, a party of 40 European artillerymen, and some sappers and miners. It was commanded by Captain Craigie of the Shah's service. Directly Craigie heard of the insurrection at Cabul he set the sepoy to work to strengthen the defences of the post, "and both officers and men," says Craigie, "continued to work at them until the winter set well in, and the frost rendered the ground so hard that there was no longer any working of it." Snow lay for two months on the ground, and the thermometer fell as low as forty degrees below the freezing-point. "The lower the temperature sunk the higher blew the north wind." The barracks had neither doors nor windows to keep out the wind, and they had to husband their supply of firewood. They had a quantity of wheat in store, but they had not the means of grinding it. They got possession of some mill-stones, but the water was not sufficient to keep the machinery in motion. "We then tried a bullock mill, which also failed from our not being able to fabricate the iron work of sufficient solidity, and we should have been utterly nonplussed had not an officer in the garrison possessed a book on mechanics in which was contained a description of a vertical hand-mill capable of grinding some sixteen maunds daily. This we succeeded in

constructing after two months and a half's labour upon the mills and no little anxiety as to the results."¹ The Europeans often lived for days on bread and water, but not a murmur arose. Thus the winter rolled on. When spring came the garrison again set to work to strengthen the defences. The hostile Ghilzye chiefs now appeared with a few hundred followers, but their number swiftly increased. Towards the middle of May the enemy commenced to dig trenches round the place, working at them all night. By the 16th they had encompassed it, the nearest trench being within 250 yards of the defences. Sheltered in these trenches picked marksmen sent a shower of balls upon any one of the garrison who exposed himself. It was useless to reply, except when parties of Afghans relieved each other, "and then the double-barrels and rifles of the officers came into play. Such had been the monotony of our previous existence that it was a matter of great amusement firing at these gentry, and it was seldom that any fellow got into the nearer trenches in daylight without running the gauntlet of a few double-barrels." On the 10th of May so few of the enemy were visible that it was a matter of doubt whether the greater number had not abandoned the siege. Night came; the moon shone bright and no sound broke the dead stillness. Towards the morning, when the moon had gone down, the officer on duty heard the clatter of horses' feet. The word was passed round to get ready. Soon after were seen through the darkness dense bodies of the enemy within 100 yards of the defences. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts of "Allah! Allah!" The guns poured grape into the advancing mass, and the sepoy's plied them with musketry. The ground was cumbered with dead and wounded, but on they came, shouting and waving their swords. They crossed the ditch, and by the aid of scaling-ladders they ascended the scarp and sloping bank and endeavoured to get over the parapet, but were driven back by the bayonets.

¹ Despatch of Captain Craigie.

“Thrice they came boldly on to the assault, placing one of their standards within a yard of the muzzle of one of our guns, and thrice they were driven back; only one man succeeded in getting into the place, and he was shot with his foot on the axle of this gun. Two guns were in position at this part of the works, and the attempts of the enemy to get within the works through their embrasures and over the parapets on either side, were so determined that the artillerymen for some minutes were obliged to quit their guns and betake themselves to the musket and bayonet, with which they did good service; the sepoys, too, fought well; one of them was observed by the artillerymen to bayonet four men.”¹

When day began to break the enemy drew off, carrying away all their wounded and many of their dead. On the body of one of the chiefs “was found the number-roll of his contingent, amounting to 2000 and odd men; he furnished about a third part of the force, so that the number of the assailants must have been about 6000 men.” The garrison consisted of about 900 men, about 500 of whom were actually engaged. On the 26th of May Colonel Wymer reached Kelat-i-Ghilzye, and after quietly withdrawing the garrison and dismantling the place he set forth on his return journey and reached Candahar on the 7th of June. Crawford found Neville disabled by a severe wound.

When the chiefs heard that so large a portion of the garrison as Wymer’s Brigade had left for Kelat-i-Ghilzye “they gave out,” says Neville Chamberlain, “that the Faithful had but to collect once more and to attack the town and kill the Infidels, and that they would certainly be victorious; and so sure were they of success that they distributed the different divisions of the town over to plunder to the several tribes.” Collecting a considerable force, they moved down on the Urghundab with the intention of concentrating their troops in the neighbourhood of Baba Wallee. Nott at once determined to take the offensive and to lead in person.

“On the 29th of May,” writes Neville Chamberlain, “having got all our camels into camp, and having an infantry corps for its pro-

¹ Despatch of Captain Craigie.

tection, the 42nd and 43rd Bengal N.I., four guns H.A., and my three troops, started out at 1 P.M. for the cantonments, about half or three-quarters of a mile to the west, with orders to hold them till further notice. On our arrival we found the Ghazee Horse riding about, but they gave them up without attempting to defend them; and shortly after the main body of the Ghazee army appeared in sight and marched past our front at the distance of about a mile, so we had a very good view of them and could judge of their strength, which, I should say, was from 3500 to 4000 cavalry, and from 7000 to 8000 foot. Of the cavalry, many were but indifferently mounted, and many of the infantry had no firearms, and some few I think had but a pike. The enemy took up a position on some black stony hills to our right, forming their body into two lines, and remained there some time, fancying, I suppose, that we should attack them; and I only wish we had, for we should have got between them and the road they came, round the shoulder of the Baba Wullee range, and have cut off the retreat of the infantry; but by the Baba Wullee and Kotab E. Moorcha Passes, which are so difficult and narrow, it would have taken a whole day to get through them, particularly as they had built a wall four feet high to add to their strength since I had gone through in the morning. As for their cavalry, it was numerically so very much stronger than ours that they could always have taken any road they pleased had they kept in a body. The infantry could not have touched them, and they would have annihilated our cavalry had we presumed to charge them, as we could only muster altogether about 250. The Ghazees, finding we did not attack them, left their position and took post on some hills in our front some 400 yards off. Colonel Stacey only having orders to hold the cantonments, we amused ourselves till General Nott's arrival by firing and being fired at. On the General's arrival at the scene of action, accompanied by a wing of H.M. 41st Foot, 100 Poonah Horse, and four guns, we advanced to the attack in three columns and very soon succeeded in driving them from the hills. I, with my 150 men, followed in rear of the infantry, and seeing the Ghazees give way, and knowing they must pass through a village at the left base of the hills in retreating, I took my party there, and found it full of horse and foot mixed up together and more getting down the hills on the opposite side to that attacked by our infantry. Many of the enemy's infantry escaped by running into the houses and jumping down steep places. My horse was shot in this village (he died two days after), and in endeavouring to guard a blow aimed at me by a horseman, I got a slight scratch on the thigh from the point of my adversary's sword, as he hit so hard that he not only cut through my sword half an inch but made me drop my arm slightly. After clearing the streets of the village we turned to the right and joined the infantry who had completely cleared the hills. A party of their cavalry and infantry having taken up a position

now on the black hills to the right, we moved against them. The round shot soon touched them up, and finding we had cut off their retreat but by the Baba Wullee and Kotab E. Moorcha passes, infantry bolted for the former and the cavalry for the latter. Major Rawlinson pursued the cavalry and I the infantry. My party came among the fugitives at the entrance to the Pass, and succeeded in killing some. Two of these fellows (one armed with a gun and dagger, and the other with a sword and shield) rushed down the rocks at me, singing out, 'Lie Islam' for the religion of Islam. One of the rascals stabbed at me with his dagger; I guarded off his first blow: however, before I knew where he was, I found him with his dagger in my thigh, but before he could strike me again, he was struck himself.¹ The enemy had got so strong a force of both horse and foot on the other side of the pass that I thought it would be imprudent to leave it to attack them, as I had only 150 men, and these could only have left the pass in single files, and the enemy, now perceiving that I was unsupported by infantry or guns, became the aggressors, and I was forced to send my men from the rear out of the Pass so as to have a clear road to bolt for myself and the few with me when obliged. It was, of course, most annoying; but what could we do? We had no firearms, and the Pass is only sufficiently wide just to allow a single horse to pass, and that with difficulty. Twenty-five Englishmen would hold it against any number of sabres! The time having come to leave the Pass we did so, and immediately the Ghazees brought their long matchlocks to bear upon us as we went down the slope of the hill, but fortunately with little effect. One man was shot through the back and died next morning, and only a few wounded. The Ghazees then planted their flag in the Pass, but the infantry and guns coming up soon drove them out, when they all dispersed and fled. Major Rawlinson's party succeeded in killing some of the Ghazee Horse, but the main body got off. A detachment of infantry and guns which had pursued some of the enemy round the shoulder of the Baba Wullee range also did some execution. All our different parties drove their respective opponents across the Urghundab when they ceased the pursuit. Thus ended our skirmish of the 29th May! Had we mustered 1200 cavalry instead of 300, many more Ghazees would have been sent to paradise. The tops of the houses and bastions of the town were crowded by our people,

¹ The following graphic account of this thrilling episode has been communicated by Sir N. F. F. Chamberlain, to whom it was related by his uncle, the hero of the adventure: "As he was riding up the very stony path one of the Afghans jumped off the rocks on to his horse, and then stabbed him in the thigh, as described. They both rolled off the horse, and when on the ground the man tried to stab him in the stomach with his dagger. My uncle flung his arms round him, and then seized the Afghan's biceps with his teeth, which caused him to drop the dagger. A trooper then came to his assistance and killed his assailant."

who were looking on at the engagement. We got back to our camp by 5 P.M., having only lost one man and two horses killed, and fourteen men and eleven horses wounded."

"The following is a letter which I received immediately after the fight, and will, I am sure, give you pleasure, particularly as it comes from a man who is sparing of his praise, and I am the only person who received any such letter on the occasion :—

"CANDAHAR, 29th May 1842.

"Sir,—Major-General Nott has directed me to request you will intimate to the native officers and men of Captain Christie's Horse, under your command in to-day's engagement with the enemy, his high approbation of their conduct, which gave him much pleasure and satisfaction.—I have the honour, &c.,

J. P. RIPLEY,
Captain, Fort Adjutant."

Neville Chamberlain went before a medical board to examine and report upon his wounds. The following was their report : "The Board consider Lieutenant Chamberlain's wounds severe and dangerous, and recommend that a gratuity of twelve months' pay of his regimental rank be granted to him." Neville Chamberlain writes to his mother : "This will be about 600 [*sic*, ? 6000] rupees if ever I get it! My leg is now *nearly* as well as ever, but I am sorry to say my hand is injured for life. I can only grasp anything by the thumb and fore and middle finger; however, I can manage my reins, though I could not hold a pulling horse as I could once have done."

On the 20th of July, when General Nott had almost completed his arrangements for an immediate withdrawal, a letter from the Governor-General reached him which entirely changed his plan of operations. Lord Ellenborough wrote from Allahabad, July 4, 1842 :—

"Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure commended by considerations of political and military prudence is to bring back the armies now in Affghanistan at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India, and to this extent the instructions you have received remain unaltered; but the improved position of your army, with sufficient

means of carriage for so large a force as it is necessary to move in Affghanistan, induces me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country."

Lord Ellenborough desired that the General would, in forming his decision upon this most important question, attend to the following considerations: "The withdrawal in the direction of Quetta and Sukkur was an operation admitting of no doubt as to its success. The success of the move upon Ghuznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad would not mainly depend upon the courage of his army and upon his own ability in guiding it, but upon his being able to obtain provisions for the troops during the whole march, and forage for his animals, and that may be a matter of reasonable doubt." He reminded the General that it was not the superior courage of the Afghans, but want and the inclemency of the season which led to the destruction of the army at Cabul; "and you must feel, as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our Government in India." The Governor-General added:—

"I do not undervalue the aid which our Government in India would receive from the successful execution of a march by your army through Ghuznee and Cabul over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effects it would have upon the minds of our soldiers, of our allies, or our enemies in Asia, and of our countrymen, and of all foreign nations in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin, and I would endeavour to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as are the objects to be attained by success, the risk is great also."

✓ Sir John Kaye, in what William Napier calls his cumbered and unfair compilation of the First Afghan War, has with much rhetoric and little judgment characterised this letter as evincing "jesuitical cunning or discreditable feebleness of will." Ellenborough had many faults, but "jesuitical cunning" and "feebleness of will" had no place among them. Lord Ellenborough's letter was

written at Allahabad, and it could not reach Candahar under nineteen days; and he could not direct a march on Ghuznee because such a march could only be justified by a conviction founded on a consideration of circumstances at the moment. "Absolute orders would then have been a folly," says William Napier; "a wide discretion was necessary, and this was given with a frank exposition of the difficulties and advantages of two operations presented for choice—that is, a safe but obscure retreat by the direct line on Scinde, or a dangerous but glorious circuit by Cabul. This choice was a fine compliment to a brave man, and the acceptance of the danger a guarantee for the necessary energy in the General." On the 26th of July Nott wrote to the Governor-General: "Having well considered the subject of your Lordship's letter of the 4th instant, having looked at the difficulties in every point of view, and reflected on the advantages which would attend a successful accomplishment of such a move, and the moral influence it would have throughout Asia, I have come to the determination to retire a portion of the army under my command *viâ* Ghuznee and Cabul." On the 10th of August Lord Ellenborough enclosed for her Majesty's perusal "the letter received yesterday from Major-General Nott, in which your Majesty will perceive the noble spirit of an old soldier, aware of all the difficulties he is about to encounter, but calculating upon surmounting them all by prudent daring, and resolved under all circumstances to maintain the honour of the British army."

General Nott determined that the Bombay infantry, two companies of Bengal artillery, three regiments belonging to Shah Shooja's force, and some details of the Irregular Horse under the command of General England, should march to India by Quetta. He intended to lead the remainder of the force to Cabul. Neville Chamberlain writes:—

"H.M. 41st, 42nd, companies 2, 16, 38, 42, 43 Bengal N.I., Shah Shuja 3rd Infantry Corps, Bombay Troop H.A. ditto, 9-pounder Fort Battery, both Europeans, Troops H.A. (natives), Bombay 3rd Light

Cavalry, our corps, and 230 Skinner's Horse, move in a few days up the Cabul road, but where we go or what we are to do no one knows. The Bombay column moves at the same time down the Bolan to India. Crawford, I am grieved to say, is going down *viâ* Quetta in command of two of our troops. I was in hopes we should have gone through the campaign together after having been three and a half years under the same tent. We shall arrive at Ferozepore about the same time, unless either of us leave our bones in Affghanistan. It is said that we are going to Ghuznee, and that General Pollock moves on Cabul. There can be no doubt that before we leave the country we ought to march to both Ghuznee and Cabul, and prove to the world that we have the power to resume our old position in the country, and give it up of our own good will, and not from want of power to repossess it."

Brydon came into Jellalabad on the 18th of January. His tale of the disastrous defeat and massacre created much excitement, but the spirit was unsubdued. Captain Broadfoot felt it was a supreme moment, and he informed Sale that he must decide to defend Jellalabad to the last, or that night begin his march to Peshawur. Sale decided on defending the town, and at once wrote to the Commander-in-Chief informing him that, relying on his Excellency's promise to release the garrison as soon as possible, he intended to hold the town at all hazards. On the 21st Sale received the evil news of the defeat of Wild's Brigade and the fall of Ali Musjid. The hope of relief within a reasonable time was gone. Four days later there came a despatch from Shah Shooja, written in red ink by the clerk of the Cabinet. It ran as follows: "Let it be known to the high and exalted in dignity, renowned for valour and resolution, George Macgregor, Sahib Bahadoor, that some time since it came to the royal ear that you had agreed with these people to take your departure. Since that the illustrious Government has received no intimation of the subject. It is expedient that the above-named distinguished person should make known his present circumstances with dispatch, that they may be understood." The messenger, who was well known to Macgregor, also brought a private letter from Shah Shooja.

He declared: "The Afghans cannot carry on the government without me. The friendship and attachment which exist between me and the British Government has long been proclaimed to the world; it will now be clear as the sun at noon." If during the winter he had some treasure at his disposal, "by the blessing of God there is no power in this country that could prevail against government." He added: "Whenever my government is established I have no need of any one; everything will be according to my desire. Do not confide any of these sentiments to an Afghan. Hereafter God will do that for your good and mine which we wish. May God grant me this request. The bearer will make a private communication to you. Whenever I can get means and my government shall be established, these people will be obedient and submissive to me, and I will make them carry the very shoes of the English on their heads."

On the 27th of January 1842 a council of war was held, and, after a stormy debate, the following brief reply was sent: If Shah Shooja ordered it they would leave the country "with every mark of honour and favour, with their arms and cannon," provided Akbar Khan and his force were withdrawn to Cabul, that safe-conduct were guaranteed to the force on their return to India, and that important hostages were given. On the 28th of January the reply was sent. On the 8th of February the answer from Cabul came: "If you are sincere in your offers, let all the chief gentlemen put their seals." The council objected to attach their seals to the letter, and the following was sent in reply: "I have received your Majesty's letter, and submitted it before the general officer and the other senior officers at Jellalabad, but as they consider the great and essential question therein remained unanswered—viz., as to your Majesty no longer desiring our services in your kingdom, and such being indispensable, both as regards their own honour and duty to their country, they cannot enter into any arrangements without such declaration from your Majesty

being first expressed." The messenger was sent to Cabul, and the next day a *coşid* (messenger) came in from Pollock saying that the 3rd Dragoons, &c., are on the way to join him, and that his instructions are on no account to allow the garrison to be forced to make a disastrous retreat; "so we are not to be deserted, thank God!"¹ But Pollock did not come. On the 15th the white tents of Akbar Khan were seen on the farther side of the river, and about six miles from the walls. "At length," writes Havelock, "our redoubted enemy approaches." On the morning of the 19th Broadfoot was on the works, giving orders to strengthen the scarp, when, "for more than a minute the earth rolled like the waves of the sea." The parapets fell with a fearful crash. Huge breaches appeared in the walls. "Now is the time for Akbar," exclaimed Broadfoot. "At once the garrison set about with spade and pickaxe to clear away the rubbish and fill up the breaches. Frequent shocks were felt during the day, but by night the exertions of the officers and men had made the place proof against surprise, Broadfoot and his sappers being foremost in repairing the damage. We sleep fully accoutred at our alarm posts."² The journal continues: "Earthquakes daily for some time, and the enemy commenced a system of almost daily attack on our foragers and the fort itself. By the 28th February the defences had risen like magic, and in many places stronger than before." The enemy now established a vigorous blockade, and the garrison were kept in constant but successful skirmishes with them. On the 24th of March there was a skirmish on a somewhat large scale, and Captain Broadfoot, who with his sappers bore the brunt of it, was severely wounded in the hip. After this gallant affair the enemy for a day or two did not molest our foragers and working parties, and then they became continually bolder and took up the ground they lost. Provisions within the walls began to fail. The amount of grain in store had become so scant that the sepoys were

¹ Wade's Journal.

² Ibid.

put on quarter allowance. The salted beef issued to the British soldiers was fast diminishing, and would not last beyond the 2nd of April. A letter came from Pollock that the 3rd Dragoons had not reached him: that it was advisable to await the arrival of the 31st, who could not reach Peshawur before the middle of April. Could Sale hold out till the 26th of April? The General replied that the privations and risks would be great, and "more than all this, we dread failure on your part in forcing the Pass."

Thus March wore away. For four months a handful of British troops had held a badly fortified town against disaster, against frequent attacks in the heart of an enemy's country—an enemy flushed with success. On the 1st of April the tide turned. In order to deprive the horses and beasts of burthen of their forage, the enemy sent their sheep to graze on the meadow lands near the fort. That morning the cavalry, suddenly issuing from the southern gate, drove in 480 of them, "a very pleasing addition to our commissariat resources."¹ Two days later a letter arrived from Pollock, giving the welcome news that he intended to advance without waiting for the arrival of the 31st. On the evening of the 5th of April a spy crept into our camp and informed Havelock that it was reported and believed in the enemy's camp that Pollock had attempted to force the Khyber Pass and had failed. A salute of twenty guns from Akbar's camp appeared to confirm the ill news. But Akbar's ruse had a different result from what he expected. The senior officer waited on Sale, and urged him to sally forth and make a vigorous attack on the enemy's lines. It was better to die cutting their way through them, than to wait till famine compelled them to surrender. Sale assented, and as evening approached he issued his written orders for a general attack on the enemy's camp the next morning. On the morning

¹ "When these were divided among the troops, the 35th Native Infantry said meat was not so necessary for them as for their white brethren, and requested that their share might be given to the 13th, between whom and themselves there existed a romantic friendship which ought not to be forgotten."—Wade's Journal.

of the 7th of April the troops passed out of the gates in three columns, attacked Akbar's camp, and "in a short time," says the despatch, "the enemy were dislodged from every part of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration." In short, the defeat of Akbar Khan in open field, by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading, had been complete and signal. The victory of the 7th of April may be said to have decided the fate of Jellalabad and its "illustrious garrison." Three days later news reached them that the relieving army had advanced to the middle of the Khyber.

When Pollock reached Peshawur he found 1200 of the troops in hospital, and the number swiftly increased to 1900. The Sikh regiments, who were encamped besides him, were mutinous and untrustworthy. Urgent letters came from the garrison at Jellalabad imploring him to force the Khyber and relieve them. "And all India, native and European, was looking on with nerves intensely stretched, waiting for the triumph or the catastrophe that was impending. Yet Pollock dared to halt for two long months while he created an efficient army."¹ He visited the hospitals daily, spoke to the men, and cheered them by kind words. He also showed his active sympathy for them by supplying them with fur coats and gloves. By degrees the old soldier won the confidence of the British sepoy and the Sikh; but it was a difficult and delicate task. Day by day there drifted into the cantonments men with fingers and toes bitten off by the frost, and they told the sepoys the tale of the Cabul disaster. The maimed camp-followers were sent to their homes, and throughout India they spread the news that English prestige had perished, and thus the tares of the Indian Mutiny were sown.

Reinforcements had now been pressed up from the Punjab, and on the 5th of April, in the darkness which precedes the dawn, Pollock, about 8000 strong, marched

¹ Sir Herbert Edwardes.

from the Jumrood camping-ground towards the entrance of the Khyber. It was known "that the enemy had built a high, thick stone wall, in which were laid long branches of trees, projecting outwards many feet, thereby preventing approach." They hoped that Pollock would come upon it unawares, and they would smite him with a sudden and deadly fire, and throw his ranks into confusion. But the old artillery officer had studied the business of war, and he employed the same tactics by which Napoleon carried the defile of Newmarcki, and Soult forced the pass of Roncesvalles. He halted his centre column in front of the pass, with a battery drawn up opposite its mouth, to engage the enemy's attention, and when the dawn began to break on the hills, he sent his flank columns in skirmishing order to dislodge the enemy from the heights on each side till they won their way to the rear of the barricades. The flanking columns surprised the Afghan pickets, and from crag to crag the British soldier and the sepoy, fighting side by side, drove the enemy till the heights were won and the barrier below was taken in reverse. The Afghans, seeing that they had been out-manœuvred, rushed away from it to take up a position farther north of the pass. Pollock, with the centre column, moved up to the deserted barricade, and the engineers tore a passage through it. Then the centre column in the bed of the defile, and the two wings on the sides, again moved forward. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the advance attained the neighbourhood of Ali Musjid. They found the fort deserted; it was reoccupied, and the camp established one and a half mile east of it.

On the 7th Pollock advanced two miles to Gurhee Lal Beg, a comparatively open valley six miles long and one and a half mile broad. It took him, however, two days to traverse it on account of his long convoy. On the 11th he marched through the last thirteen miles of the terrible defile of the Khyber. It was the first time it had ever been forced by arms, for Tamerlane and Nadir Shah, at the head of their enormous hosts, had bought a safe

passage through it from the Afridis. Four days later Pollock's column arrived within seven miles of Jellalabad, and several of the officers, so long pent up within its walls, rode over to their camps. On the 16th of April the relieving force set forth for Jellalabad, and the bands of the besieged met them on the road and played as it came up. The 13th struck up the old Jacobite air, "Oh! but ye've been lang o' coming." The walls of Jellalabad were manned by the garrison as they passed to their encamping ground, "and when the salute was fired and returned, a loud and thrilling cheer burst forth to welcome us; it was a most exciting scene. Rarely, indeed, have so many hearts beat happily together as throbbed at that moment." They saluted each other's tattered colours, which their bravery had carried through a great crisis.

During the summer and part of the autumn Pollock's force lay encamped on a sandy plain outside Jellalabad. The troops suffered from sickness, due to the want of shelter, of good food, and of good water. But for this inaction and the sufferings arising out of it, neither Pollock nor Ellenborough was to blame. Pollock had not sufficient baggage or carriage animals to be able to move on to Cabul, and he was authorised to procure carriage, and the Government of India exerted itself to the utmost to help him. Pollock, however, did not remain entirely inactive. In the middle of June he sent a brigade of European troops to punish the tribes who had possessed themselves of the property plundered from the Cabul force. Meanwhile Akbar Khan had entered into negotiations for the release of British prisoners. He desired that the English general should ensure to him and his followers an amnesty for the past; that he should guarantee the release of Dost Mahomed and his family; and that he should bind himself to leave the country directly the prisoners reached him. Pollock knew that absolute firmness was the best policy with Orientals. He sent to Akbar the verbal message, "Send in the English guns and captives to my camp, and

your father and family shall be at once set free. As for retiring from Afghanistan, I shall do so at my convenience." Mahomed Akbar then conveyed by the envoys a threat that he would send off every prisoner to Bokhara and sell them as slaves if the British force advanced from Jellalabad. "Tell him I advance our brigade from Jellalabad in a few days," said Pollock, "and his best chance is to send in all the ladies in proof that he is in earnest." Pollock had now received a supply of carriage almost sufficient to enable him to advance on Cabul, and he had got from Lord Ellenborough a copy of the despatch by which Nott was permitted to return to India *viâ* Ghuznee, Cabul, and Candahar, and a letter authorising him, if he thought proper, to advance on Cabul, in order to facilitate the movements of Nott. On the 20th of August Pollock, having heard from Nott that he intended to return to India *viâ* Cabul, advanced from Jellalabad, and three days later reached Gundamuk, where the last stand had been made, and the vultures had not ceased to feed. Here he halted to concentrate his forces.

On the 3rd September Pollock was joined by Sale's Brigade, and on the 6th he started for Cabul. Two days later the first division of Pollock's army found the enemy occupying the heights commanding the Jugdulluk Pass. They were dislodged after a stubborn conflict. The gallant Sale led his old corps in person, and showed the same bravery that he did when attacking a stockade in Burmah. Pollock at once moved on in order to prevent the enemy from rallying their forces, and the division, dragging their guns over many rugged ascents, proceeded through the passes, and on the 12th of September camped at Tezeen, where it was joined by the 2nd Division of the force under General M'Caskill, who had to fight their way against large bodies of the Ghilzyes. Soon after daylight on the 13th they left their camp in the little Tezeen valley, which is bounded on all sides by hills. The exultant Afghans thought they had once more got the invaders in a death-trap. Akbar had

come from Cabul with about 15,000 men, and they were posted along the face and on the summit of the Huft Kotul, the hill of seven ascents. The force moved along the road which passes over a shoulder of the Huft Kotul, and, on reaching a point where the pathway attains its extreme altitude, they were smitten by a storm of musketry. Swiftly the 13th to the right and the 2nd Queen's to the left spread over along their base and began to climb their steep sides. Up they went, firing and climbing. But there was not much firing; the Afghan stabbed and cut, the British thrust with the bayonet. Many a murderous contest took place. The steep heights of the seven passes were slowly won, and on reaching the level ground at the top of the Huft Kotul itself a body of Afghan horse was discovered. A loud call was made for the 3rd Dragoons, who dashed on at full speed up the pass in splendid style, but the Afghans were too far ahead to be overtaken, and escaped among the mountains to the left, leaving two 6-pounder guns in our possession which we recognised as those captured from our Cabul army. While the main body was slowly making its way up the pass Major Skinner of the 31st was moving with a force comprised of six companies from various regiments along the lofty ranges of the hills on the right of the road. Storming furiously he too made his way, and joined the main body at a point beyond the summit of the Huft Kotul. Seeing the battle lost Akbar Khan galloped off, and next morning was fifty miles away. Soon after darkness fell the British force encamped at Khoord-Cabul, and after such a spell of work they deserved rest. The next day the British force marched unmolested through the savage Khoord-Cabul pass: of all the defiles leading on to the Cabul plain the one thickest piled with the skeletons of our dead. "They lay in heaps of fifties and hundreds, our gun-wheels passing over and crushing the skulls and other bones of our late comrades at almost every yard for three, four, or five miles; indeed, the whole march from Gundamuk to Cabul may be said to have been over the

bodies of the massacred army." On the 15th of September Pollock marched unopposed to Cabul and pitched his camp three miles to the east of the city on the old racecourse. On the 16th of September Henry Lawrence writes: "To-day we raised the blue flag on the Bala Hissar and looked at Futteh Jung seating himself on his throne. Nott is to be in to-morrow or next day."

On the 7th of August the British forces evacuated Candahar in the most regular and orderly manner, without a shot being fired or an outrage committed. Discipline had been so well maintained, and Major Rawlinson had shown so much tact in the administration during our occupation, that there was no indication of ill-will on the part of the citizens. Three days later Nott's Brigade began its march on Cabul. On the 17th Kelat-i-Ghilzye was reached, "having got on very well, no enemies and lots of supplies. A few thieves used to keep us on the alert by firing into camp at night and cutting up any person who strayed from the force." On reaching Mookoor (27th August) they found the villages deserted "and no supplies brought in, so we were obliged to help ourselves." It was soon ascertained that Shumshodeen Khan had moved out of Ghuznee and was determined to dispute the further advance of the British force. On the 28th of August they came into contact with the enemy. Neville Chamberlain enters in his journal:—

"*28th August.*—On rear-guard. At daybreak the rascals began assembling and following us, keeping up a fire upon us which we, of course, returned. On Christie moving out and attacking a large body that showed themselves on our left, I charged those on our rear and cut up some; not having a basket-hilt to my sword, I got my forefinger and thumb crimped in four places, which has taken away the feeling from my finger. The cavalry went out and got into a scrape, getting into the centre of the enemy's lines."

The scrape was a very severe one. After the day's march had been completed, Captain Delamain, hearing that the foragers he had sent out to cut grass for his horses were being sabred by the enemy, rode off at once with all the

disposable horse to rescue them. He found it a false alarm, but he went on to reconnoitre, and coming upon a body of enemy's foot, he put them to flight. Riding after them in hot pursuit, he came suddenly on large masses of Afghan horse and foot posted on a low range of hills. The enemy's matchlocks opened upon him a galling fire. In vain a squadron of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry attempted to charge up the side of a hill. A hot fire checked them as they advanced, and a mass of the enemy's horse came down upon them with tremendous effect. Captain Reeves was shot near the foot of the hill. Captain Bury and Lieutenant Mackenzie gained the ridge, but were cut down by the Afghan horsemen. The troopers, seeing their officers fall, turned round and fled, and the scanty squadrons at the foot of the hill joined them in their flight. Nott, on hearing what was taking place, moved out with his whole force, and on reaching the ground found the enemy had disappeared, and "the cavalry still in a body, but having evidently suffered a defeat." As Major Rawlinson wrote to Outram, "It was a bad beginning." "At night," says Neville Chamberlain, "we buried the trunks of two officers, Reeves and Bury, that had been killed, their heads, arms, and legs having been taken off by the Ghazees as trophies."

The defeat of the cavalry gave no little encouragement to the Afghan force hanging on Nott's flank, but it was swiftly and amply redeemed. On the 30th of August Nott marched to Goine in the Karabay valley, and attacked a fort which threatened his line of march. Shumshodeen came to its relief, and Nott with half his force turned the attack upon him with vigour. Neville Chamberlain gives us a clear account of what took place that afternoon:—

"*30th August.*—Marched to Goine in the Karabay valley. All the forts manned and refused to give us any forage. The Ghazee army only a few miles from us under Shumshodeen Khan. They fired their guns to let us know where they were. General Nott sent word to the men in a fort a few hundred yards from our camp that he would give them until three o'clock to bring in supplies, and that if they were not forthcoming by that time he would go and knock

down their fort. No sign of supplies at three, so out we went and commenced battering away. The firing soon brought down Shumshoodeen and his army, who came to make us raise the siege. The General left a small party to act against the forts and took the rest of the force against the Ghazees, and, of course, the infantry soon drove them from their position, which was along a range of hills. The enemy, finding they could do nothing, soon fled, leaving one gun on the field and taking one with them; the General ordered Christie, with the few men he had present, to follow in pursuit, and endeavour to capture it. Well, on we went; and after going some distance came upon the track of this said gun and soon came in sight of it, and, of course, we were not long in coming alongside of it and cutting down the men and gunners. I must do the drivers the justice to say that never men tried harder to do their duty and carry a gun off. Even when they were cut down, the horses were so frightened that they still continued to gallop on; however I stopped that by cutting the traces of all the horses on one side, when, of course, they pulled the gun round, got entangled, and we succeeded in stopping them. Shumshoodeen, I should tell you, had bolted, agreeing, I fancy, with the old adage of 'He that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day.' It was, however, fortunate for us even so that it was getting dark, as we were some hundred men amidst some 4000 or 5000 Ghazee horsemen. Christie went back for infantry. We took the tents and a lot of baggage of the rebel force, besides their magazine, which we blew up, and a very pretty sight it was, it being quite dark. We got back to camp at ten P.M. The fort we had at first attacked remained untaken; however, its defenders evacuated it during the night. On Christie making his report to the General he said he would mention me in his dispatch; however, he did not, but why I do not know!"

Nott was no more molested. Neville Chamberlain writes on the 4th of September:—

"From the 1st till to-day, no enemy. Arrived before Ghuznee. Pitched about four miles from the town. Saw the enemy under the walls of the fort.

"5th September.—Marched to the Cabul side of Ghuznee. Some 3000 or 4000 men stationed on a hill close outside the walls of the fort we attacked and drove into the town, the engineers selected a place for making the trenches. Got a 9-pounder on the hill and fired into the place. About 1 o'clock they opened upon us the big gun (96-pounder), and the practice was so good that they forced us to strike our tents and move the camp to Roza. A working party and guard in the trenches all night.

"6th September.—I escorted the 18-pounders down to the battery at daybreak. On the day becoming light it was found that the place

had been deserted during the night. I rode in and assisted in firing a salute from the enemy's guns.

"*7th September.*—Burning the town and mining the citadel, bursting the celebrated brass gun, 'Zubbur-Jung,' and the other guns found in the place.

"*8th September.*—Blowing up the citadel and bastions of the fort, and burning the town."

In the small village of Roza, three miles east of Ghuznee, is the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, the greatest sovereign of his time, and considered by the Mahomedans among the greatest of any age. In an oblong chamber with a mud cupola lies, beneath a marble stone wrought with Arabic inscriptions, the mortal remains of Sultan Mahmood, "the image breaker." The doors of the chamber were said to be the sandal-wood doors of the far-famed temple of Somnath, which, after having desecrated the beloved pagan shrine, and stripped it of its treasures, he was believed to have carried off as a trophy and a memorial of his triumph over idolatry in its most disgusting form. The story of Mahmood striking the idol of Somnath with his mace, and the jewels running over, is one of the mock pearls of history. The real object of worship at Somnath was not an image, but a simple cylinder of stone, a "lingam." It is described as five cubits high, two of which were set in the ground, and it was destroyed by a fire lighted round it to split the hardness of the stone.¹ Two of the pieces were sent to Ghuznee and inserted in the steps leading to the great mosque for the Faithful to tread beneath their feet. Lord Ellenborough wrote to General Nott, "You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee his club which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the temple of Somnath." It was Lord Ellenborough's intention to restore the latter to the shrine at Somnath. The mace had, however, been taken away by Lord Keane, and the gates were not, as Major Rawlinson discovered, the gates of the temple of Somnath. To take away the gates from a Mahomedan

¹ 'Cities of India,' by G. W. Forrest, p. 63.

mosque, and solemnly offer them as a gift to a pagan temple, was, as Macaulay said, morally a crime and politically a blunder, but the Governor-General's orders were imperative, and they were removed. Neville Chamberlain writes:—

“*9th September.*—Burning the gates of the town, and bringing away the sandal-wood gates of the tomb of Mahmood. It is not possible to describe the despair of the Moolas when they found out our intentions; they threw their turbans on the ground, rushed out of the place, and mounting their horses rode off to Cabul, declaring that God would deliver us into the hands of the Faithful, to be slaughtered for our impious attempt!”

The march to Cabul was resumed upon September 10, and Neville Chamberlain's journal serves to illustrate the route.

“*12th September.*—Reached Huftosaya, the place where Captain Woodburn and his party were cut up. Busy burning the inside and blowing up the bastions of the fort from which he was shot. The whole night the rascally Ghazees kept up a heavy fire on the camp and pickets; they killed three of our men and wounded another; but they did not come off free, as we found two or three bodies in the morning.

“*13th September.*—At Shahkabad. After our arrival in camp I was sent back to the rear-guard which was exchanging shots with the enemy. On our reaching the rear they moved up into the hills, when we treated them to the guns. The whole of the day they took up a position around us on the hills, and exchanged shots with the videttes. We expected to have been attacked at sunset, but they kept quiet all night. A party of cavalry sent towards the hills at dark got well peppered.

“*14th September.*—No sooner had the column moved off than down the rascals came on us, and followed us for seven or eight miles. I was in rear of all in command of a company of skirmishers and my own, so that I had all the fun to myself. I had eight men wounded, and how they did not hit more I cannot fancy as the balls flew pretty thick. This skirmishing is much more dangerous for a European officer with native soldiers than a stand-up fight, as in the former you are a marked man, and in the latter you take your chance with the rest. The only way is to keep moving, and then you puzzle these fellows with their heavy long guns, but never go in a straight line. On returning to camp found the light infantry had been up the mountain in our front, skirmishing. Men lost on both sides. The Ghuznee horse and foot all

round us. Towards evening opened the 18-pounders on the fellows on the hill in front which astonished a few of them; turned them on another party that had taken up their ground for the night a little too close to our left; also had the field guns out and played on the fellows in our rear. A beautiful moonlight night! The Ghazees commenced to amuse us again about 9 P.M., when we put an end to their sport by opening the 18-pounders on them, which had the effect of keeping them quiet all night. In the afternoon the sight was really very pretty. After the loud report of the 18-pounders, and the shell bursting among the enemy, you saw the smoke issue from the clefts in the rock in a hundred places, and heard the diminutive echo.

"15th September.—Marched to Mydan through a gorge in the hills which we had expected to find defended, but it was unoccupied. (I forgot to mention that yesterday, 14th, the rear-guard was attacked, one of the guns breaking down detained it.) We kept the Ghazees to the hills and off the baggage by opening our field pieces among them. The light companies drove them from the hills round Mydan.¹ After the rear had got well into the valley the rebels left us. Hardly a man to be seen all day. This is one of the most beautiful valleys in Afghanistan, but we left it a scene of desolation; the Hindustanees being so exasperated against the Affghans, they never spare anything they can destroy, and all the forts and places within reach were soon on fire, and it has been the same ever since we left Mookoor. Hardly a shot all night. We received the intelligence that General Pollock had taken Cabul without firing a shot. This accounts for the Ghazees having made themselves scarce; I fancy they also have heard the news.

"16th September.—Marched to Urgundeh. Only a few shots fired at the rear-guard on leaving Mydan. Sir R. Shakespear and party passed *en route* to Bameean. Heard that General Pollock had pitched his camp close on the other side of Cabul.

"17th September.—Marched to within five miles of Cabul; our camp pitched in a very pretty country in among forts."

Thus did the two British divisions meet at Cabul after having avenged on the theatre of their enactment our former disasters. But one great task had to be done. The captives had to be recovered. A few days after the Sabbath morning in January on which they had been consigned to Akbar, Lady Sale and her companions in misfortune, consisting of nine ladies, twenty gentlemen, and fourteen children, were

¹ So spelt in the old tables of routes—Mydan, Meidaun, s. *Hind.* from Persian Maidān=an open space.—'Hobson-Jobson,' by Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., and A. C. Burnett, C.I.E.

conducted to a fort at Tezeen. On the 14th of January they were conveyed over narrow winding mountain-paths, across wide and rapid streams—the ladies carried behind the Afghan horsemen—to the fort at Buddeeabad, forty miles distant from Jellalabad. Here three months were passed. The captives were not molested, but they led a life of considerable squalor and discomfort. When Akbar Khan was routed by the Jellalabad garrison, it was deemed advisable to remove them to a more distant asylum. They quitted Buddeeabad under a strong escort, and, after a couple of days spent in Tezeen, most of the party were taken farther into the southern mountains. Towards the end of May the captives were moved up the pass to Mahomed Ali's fort, in the vicinity of Cabul. Here they led a life of comparative freedom. They were allowed to roam about a spacious garden, and they were suffered to bathe in the river. They were permitted to visit and receive visits from their friends, the hostages in the Bala Hissar. On the 23rd of August they were joined by the officers of the Ghuznee garrison, who since the capitulation of the fort had suffered severe hardships. They were confined in a small room 18 feet by 13 feet. "In it there were ten of us, so you may imagine we had not much room to spare; indeed, when we lay down at night we exactly occupied the whole floor, and when we wanted to take a little exercise we were obliged to walk up and down (six paces) in turn. Few of us had a change of linen, and the consequence was we were soon swarming with vermin, the catching of which afforded an hour's employment every morning. I wore my solitary shirt for five weeks, till it became literally black and rotten. I am really surprised none of us contracted any loathsome disease from the state of filth we were compelled to live in."¹ When news reached these captives of the murder of Shah Shooja, "the severities of our confinement were redoubled. They shut and darkened the solitary window from which we

¹ Account, by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N.I., of the loss of Ghuznee and the imprisonment of himself and his brother officers.

had hitherto derived light and air, and they also kept the door of our room constantly closed, so that the air we breathed became perfectly pestiferous." On the 21st of April the Afghans tortured Colonel Palmer with a tent-peg and rope. "We all witnessed it," says Lieutenant Crawford, "and it was something on the principle of the Scotch boot described in 'Old Mortality.' We were told we should each be tortured in our turn unless we gave up four lakhs of rupees, which the rascals swore we had buried; and in case we continued obstinate, they told us we should be blown from guns, beginning with the junior. This was a pleasant sort of life to lead, never being certain of that life for twenty-four hours together." When, however, tidings reached Ghuznee of Pollock having forced the Khyber, their guards suddenly became very civil to them for a few days. On the 12th of May they were permitted for the first time to quit their prison room for *one hour*, and they were told that a similar kindness would be shown them *once a-week*. "Even this we thought a great blessing, and used to count the days and hours to each succeeding Friday, anxiously expecting the hour when our guard would tell us we might breathe God's fresh air and look out on the green fields for the allotted period."¹ In the middle of June they were removed to another building, where they had three or four rooms to themselves, and a courtyard to walk in. Shumshoodeen came frequently to see them, and told them that they would shortly be set at liberty in exchange for Dost Mahomed. July passed and the middle of August came, and learning nothing definite regarding their release they began to despair. Then on the night of August 19, without any previous warning, they were hurried off to Cabul, and reached it in three days without meeting any adventure on the road. "We were taken direct to Mahomed Akbar's quarters in the Bala Hissar, and from him we met the kindest reception. I could not bring myself to believe that

¹ Account, by Lieutenant Crawford of the 3rd Bombay N.I., of the loss of Ghuznee and the imprisonment of himself and his brother officers.

the stout, good-humoured, open-hearted looking young man, who was making such kind inquiries after our health, and how we had borne the fatigues of the journey, could be the murderer of Macnaghten and the leader of the massacres of our troops." Strong contrasts of good and evil are found in the character of half-civilised men, and there are few contrasts more striking than those presented in the character of Akbar Khan. He murdered with his own hand our envoy, he planned the treacherous massacre of an English force, but when Lieutenant Melville was brought in wounded, Mahomed Akbar "dressed his wounds with his own hands, applying burnt sago, and paid him every attention." The next morning Akbar sent the Ghuznee captives to the fort where the other prisoners were confined. "We found our countrymen living in what appeared to us a small paradise."

They had, however, been only four or five days "in this elysium" when Akbar Khan, in pursuance of his threat that Pollock's advance should be the signal of the removal of the British prisoners to Turkestan, sent them away from Cabul under the charge of an irregular regiment, commanded by Saleh Mahomed, who, when serving in one of the Shah's regiments, had deserted to Dost Mahomed. The men and women who were hale rode on horseback; the sick were carried in panniers on camels. They left Cabul on the evening of the 25th of August, and at daybreak on the 2nd of September they commenced the ascent of the Kulu mountain. "The length of the ascent was about two miles, and the road very narrow and precipitous in many places. The summit is 13,400 feet above the sea. The view of the north presented a boundless chaos of barren mountains, probably unequalled in wild terrific grandeur."¹ The next day they reached Bameean, and were lodged in the fort Lord occupied. "The only accommodation it afforded was some miserable sheds which swarmed with bugs and fleas. They were divided among the ladies, while the men settled themselves as best they could in the open square."²

¹ Lady Sale's 'Journal.'

² Lawrence's 'Forty-three Years in India.'

A couple of days of intense suspense. Then in the very crisis of their fate, when an order had been brought to the commandant to take them off instantly to Khooloom, about forty miles from Balkh, Saleh Mahomed was bought over, and the prisoners took possession of the fort, and they hoisted the national flag. "The governor of the province not being favourable, *we* deposed him and set up another." Pottinger as Political Agent of Kohistan issued proclamations calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to attend his durbar and receive dresses of honour. It was a curious and sudden change of affairs, mainly due to the British character and the courage and energy of Eldred Pottinger. On the 15th Pottinger received a note informing him of the defeat of Akbar Khan at Tezeen and Nott's advance from Ghuznee. He determined to set forth for Cabul at once. They left Bameean on the morning of the 16th, and the next day Pottinger received a letter from Sir Richmond Shakspear informing him that he was well on his way to meet him with 600 horse. On the 17th the party recrossed the Kulu mountain, and encamped at a fort three miles from its base. While there a body of horsemen were seen descending a pass on the farther side of the valley; as they approached nearer, the friendly banner of the Kuzzilbash was recognised. A few minutes of infinite anxiety elapsed, "when Sir Richmond Shakspear galloped up to where we stood, bade us rejoice at our accomplished delivery, and dissipated every doubt." But all danger had not passed away. On the 19th they heard that the Pass of Suffed Khak was occupied by the Afghans, who intended to oppose them. Shakspear sent post-haste an earnest request to the British officer who was reported to be advancing in that direction to occupy the pass. At break of day they resumed their march, and, while going through the lovely valley of Maidan, they met an officer, who told them the welcome news that General Sale's Brigade was only a few miles away. Soon afterwards, on approaching the town of Kot-Ashroo, "a body

of H.M. 3rd Dragoons, with a squadron of the 1st Bengal Cavalry, burst suddenly upon our view, picketed in some adjacent fields." General Sale, accompanied by Henry Lawrence, had ridden forward with his cavalry to meet them, and had left his infantry to line the crest of the Suffed Khak. After ten weary anxious months of separation Sale met his brave wife and widowed daughter, and friends greeted friends from whom they had long been parted. After a short halt the party moved on towards the pass, whose heights they could see crowned with British bayonets. "These we found to be a part of the brave 13th Light Infantry, who, as the ladies successively ascended the hill, raised three hearty cheers to each of them,—sounds never to be forgotten, producing a thrill of ecstasy through the whole frame. The mountain guns, under Captain Backhouse, wound up the scene with a royal salute."¹ On the 21st of September, as Sale's Brigade with the rescued captives arrived at Pollock's camp, "again the artillery uttered its boisterous notes of welcome, and old friends crowded around us with warm congratulations. For the present our cup of joy was full."

"The ladies and children look lovely," wrote Henry Lawrence on the 23rd of September. "I trust that a move will be made to Loghur and Kohistan to effect the release of our native prisoners, who are there in hundreds." The chief of Loghur, Ameenoolah Shah, one of the most inveterate foes of the British, had collected a number of chiefs and their followers in the neighbourhood of Istaliffe, a town on the road to Cabul, northwards to Charekar, the

¹ 'Eyre's Journal,' p. 382. Lady Sale writes: "When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them, and the men of the 13th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulations to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain train of guns, and not only our old friends but all the officers in the party came to offer congratulations and welcome our return from captivity."—'A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan,' p. 436.

capital of Kohistan. It was in Kohistan that two British officers had been murdered and the Goorkha regiment of the Shah's massacred during the insurrection. It was therefore deemed necessary to despatch a force to take Istaliffe, to disperse the Afghan force, to rescue the native prisoners, and to inflict some signal punishment on those who had treacherously murdered our officers and men. The journal which Neville Chamberlain sent his mother affords us full and clear details of the punishment inflicted in the Kohistan, the capture and burning of Istaliffe, and the destruction of Charekar. It is perhaps the most graphic and candid diary that ever soldier penned. It describes some terrible scenes of blood, sickening to look on, and it shows how one of the bravest of men detested bloodshed. The young soldier's love for natural scenery is noticeable, and his descriptions of the country are admirable.

"*26th September.*—A detachment from General Nott's force, consisting of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, one 9-pounder Foot Battery, two 18-pounders, and two Christie's Horse, and one brigade from General Pollock's, left Cabul for Kohistan this morning under General M'Caskill. We marched one mile past the cantonments and encamped. They were a perfect waste, and where so much money had been spent not a house or barrack or tree left. Everything, like its unhappy tenants, destroyed and gone for ever; only here and there a trace of some gallant soldier might be distinguished in a small mound of earth which the Affghans, contrary to their custom, had suffered to remain undisturbed. What scenes of woe and misery were here enacted, and this desolate place is a type of our miserable policy. The destruction of our political influence is not more complete than of our cantonments. Twenty thousand men and fifteen crores of rupees have been swallowed up all in vain.

"*27th September.*—Marched ten miles to the entrance of the Kohistan valley, arriving at our ground very late. Captain Bygrave came into camp, having been let loose by Akhbar Khan on his hearing of the escape of the other prisoners. Captain B. tells us they mean to fight us at Istaliffe.

"*28th September.*—Marched towards Istaliffe, our road lying through a most beautiful country, sometimes through vineyards filled with the most luxurious grapes of all colours and kind, sometimes along the banks of a clear stream and through green fields. We pitched our camp opposite the place about three miles distant, a fine plain intervening. About three in the afternoon the General

and a party went to reconnoitre preparatory to an attack next morning. On our approach some horse and foot came into the plain to annoy us and prevent our going too close. The point of attack being determined on, we returned to camp, skirmishers following us. Had my request been listened to, and I had been allowed to charge, I think many of the footmen would have slept the sleep that knows no waking. We had a horse killed and a man or two hit. A quiet night and no firing.

“*29th September.*—At daybreak formed two columns of attack and moved on the place. The cavalry were left in the plain to guard the baggage, as they would be useless among hills and gardens. Before I tell you any more it may be as well that I should endeavour to give you some description of Istaliffe. The town is built upon the spurs that run from the Hindoo Koosh range of mountains into the valley of Kohistan, so that when seen from the valley it appears half-way into the skies. The ravines of the mountain are clothed with the most luxuriant vines, and many springs issuing from the rocks at the back of the town went their way into the plain, carrying with them fertility; gardens, orchards, magnificent trees, and here and there a water-mill and cottages adorn the foot of the mountain; and behind Istaliffe its summit towers almost perpendicularly. We could perceive the tracks by which one can pass into the countries towards Turkistan, but they must be very difficult of ascent. To continue my story. Of course we soon drove the enemy from the gardens; they attempted to defend the heights, but height after height was taken, and we found ourselves in the town. When we had nearly gained it we saw a quantity of figures dressed in white ascending the mountains, and taking them for Ghazees our guns opened on them, and I am sorry to say some fell; when we got a little closer we perceived they were women! Of course when we found our mistake the poor creatures were allowed to go unmolested, but they must have had a terrible night, poor innocent things, as it was very cold; and fancy what they must have suffered, so many thousand feet above us, without clothing or shelter! And some must have died, I think, from the mere exertion of walking, never having in their lives been farther than the garden attached to the harem. Fortunately there was some brushwood on the mountain, so that they were able to make fires; and when it became dark hundreds were to be seen dotted about, and at such a height that they appeared as if they were hanging in the air. The scene on entering the town is beyond description. Tents, baggage, things of all description lying about the streets, and the bodies of the unfortunate men who had delayed their departure too long, or who were too brave to fly and leave their wives and children to our mercy without first sacrificing their own lives in their defence. I suppose I need not tell you that no male above fourteen years

were spared, and some of the men (brutes except in form) wanted to wreak their vengeance on the women. Horses and cattle of all descriptions were to be seen about the place without owners; but they soon found claimants, for as soon as all visible enemies were disposed of the work of pillage commenced. I should tell you that the greatest part of the merchandise of Cabul and the harems of the principal chiefs had been removed to Istaliffe on hearing of our advance on the capital, as it had always been deemed impregnable by the Affghans; and they considered all their treasures safe here, and which accounts for the Ghazees fighting so badly, being at first over-confident; and when, to their consternation, they saw the fancied impregnable posts fall into our hands, they thought only how to provide for the safety of their families and carry off their valuables, instead of defending the town to the last.

“The scene of plunder was dreadful. Every house filled with soldiers, both European and native, and completely gutted. Furniture, clothes, merchandise of all sorts flung from windows into the streets (it being too long a process to bring them downstairs), and scrambled for by those below. On the bazaar being discovered it was soon taken possession of by hundreds: the confusion baffles description. The rich shops had a dozen owners who quarrelled about the distribution of its contents, while bales of the commoner kind were lying about unheeded. Some who had already made their assortment were returning towards camp, nearly blocking up the road by the immense loads they carried off, and certainly appeared more like hucksters than soldiers. Others, who had not been so fortunate as to find anything they fancied, were running to take the place of their luckier companions. It was curious to see their various tastes displayed in the selection of booty. Some took arms, some jewels, others books! Some, again, fancied silks and satins, shawls, &c.; those who, I suppose, had a liking for ladies, possessed themselves of their clothes, of which there were a great quantity; tea and tobacco had great attractions with many; and more than one sweet-toothed fellow might be seen labouring under a load of sugar and *bonbons*! When the soldiers had satisfied themselves the camp-followers were let loose into the place, and they completed the business of spoliation. The goods found in Istaliffe were valued at some two hundred thousand pounds; and a great deal of the property that had belonged to the unfortunate Cabul force was found in the town, the sight of which, relics of their comrades, exasperated the men to the highest pitch. Some soldiers were fortunate enough to find money to a large amount. A Captain Webster, wanting a bridle for his horse, bought one of a sepoy, which, on being cleaned, was found to have gold mountings of great value. The women and children that had been left behind were collected, placed under a guard, and taken to camp.

“The loss of the enemy was about 200 killed; ours very trifling.

We lost a very nice young fellow of the name of Evans. It being reported to him that our own people were ill-treating the women, he flew to their protection, when he was shot dead. His servant (a soldier) on seeing his master fall ran towards him, when he also fell to rise no more. A third went forward, but he also was struck to the ground by a severe wound. An ineffectual attempt was made to break open the house where the persons were concealed who did the deed; it was then set on fire. Whilst we were taking the town we saw a poor little chubby-faced boy sitting on one side of the road crying fit to break his heart; the poor little fellow had been deserted, or in the hurry left by his parents, and fearing that he might get killed, several of us endeavoured to bring him away, but nothing could induce him to stir. No harm befell him, as on leaving the place I saw him in the same position, and crying as bitterly as ever. Poor little fellow, I can well fancy his despair! But all this time you may perhaps ask how I participated in the attack when I have told you that the cavalry were kept in the plain. The truth is that I was sent with orders to the infantry on their clearing the gardens, and when once among the fun I could not tear myself away from it. I got rid of my horse by getting a commissariat officer to mount him, so was then unencumbered, and free to go anywhere."

The young man then proceeds to relate how he rescued an Afghan maiden, and fell fiercely in love, and how his affections were, "as is too often the case, trifled with."

"On forcing open a large house in the town we found it contained merchandise of the most valuable description, which immediately fell a prey to my followers, a motley band, composed of men of all regiments and all colours—British, Hindu, Mussulmans, Goorka! My share of the booty of Istaliffe was a rifle that I found in one of the lower rooms of this house, and which I took at the time as a defensive weapon, and afterwards gave away to an officer who was killed by my side in the Khyber Pass. Most of the men, over whom I had no control, stopped below to plunder, but some of the less avaricious followed me to the upper apartments. On the roof, which was flat, were built some summer rooms facing into the courtyard. As I stepped on it, the first object that met my eyes was a woman in her walking dress, and veiled. I rushed towards her to prevent the men on the stairs close behind me from firing, as generally when any living object presented itself a dozen muskets were discharged. My ears were now assailed by the wailings of many women from the summer rooms. I caught hold of the poor girl, who was sobbing bitterly, and entreated her to go to the other women, and promised she should be safe, but she prayed and beseeched to be allowed to remain there; but as I knew if I consented it would be her ruin, I at length prevailed on her, by dint of promises and kind words, to rise and leave the

place. As she did so, I discovered for the first time a hole in the wall against which she had been leaning which was half-built up with loose bricks, and I asked her if any one was concealed there, but she answered with agony depicted on her face, 'No; oh no!' I thought at the time that she was not telling the truth, but I took her to the other ladies, and what a scene of sorrow was that! There were about thirty of them, screaming, tearing their hair, smearing their faces with white, and presenting a most pitiable spectacle. They were most of them dressed for a start, only we had been too quick for them. Fear had banished modesty, and they were all unveiled! chiefly young women, and some of them very pretty. My young lady was perhaps not so fair as the others, but she had a very pleasing and amiable countenance. Just now another officer joined me, and while he stood sentry over the doors of the women's rooms I went to search the place my fair one had tried to conceal. Whilst the above interesting scene was taking place, every corner of the house had been filled by the soldiers who were loading themselves with the spoil; and many a musket-shot was also heard which sent some male of the family who had not been fortunate enough to conceal his hiding-place into the next world. Several were killed before me. Tears, supplications were of no avail, fierce oaths were the only answer; the musket was deliberately raised, the trigger pulled, and happy was he who fell dead! Sometimes they were only wounded, and were finished by a second ball, and sometimes the powder only flashed in the pan as if in mockery of their agony.

"These horrible murders (for such alone must they be in the eyes of God) were truly wicked; the only thing to be said in their extenuation is, that the Affghans who then suffered were the very men who had inflicted every kind of torture on our own countrymen and Hindustanees. To return. On pulling down the bricks with which the hole was stopped up, I perceived that it was the entrance to a dark cavern, and the aperture leading to it was only sufficiently large to allow of one man at a time drawing himself through on his stomach. I thrust my own head into the place to try and see if any one was inside, little thinking of the danger I ran in so doing, as I might have been shot or have had my head cut off without seeing my executioner. We commenced digging down into the cavern, but finding that that would be a tedious job, we left off; and whilst I stood at the mouth a shot was fired from inside, which whizzed past my legs and struck the opposite wall. This fully proved to us that there were some fellows in it, and we crammed the hole with musket-barrels and fired a volley. On this, out rushed my heroine with a scream, calling out, 'You have killed him, you have killed him!' and fell at my feet. I raised her from the ground, but she knelt to me, and then threw her arms round my waist, and, looking into my face, said, 'Spare him, spare him.' It was not possible to withstand the pleading of that beautiful face, and then she appealed to me to save

his life for the love of the Prophet Christ, and for the sake of my mother and sisters! Of course I promised to save all that might be there, and then she went to the aperture and called on '*her father*' to come out. First of all, three or four little boys came out and toddled over to the women's apartments; then came a fine old man, *her father*, with a beautiful grey beard, and then three other men. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my word, as there were some bloodthirsty fellows who swore they would kill them, poking at them with their bayonets, though they did not dare to fire because of me. I may mention that in their hiding-place we found guns, swords, pistols, and shields, and also by firing out at us they had forfeited their lives by the rules of war. The officer who was with me, of H.M. 41st Foot, and I were obliged to keep watch over them and the ladies' rooms, or the moment we left them the doors were knocked open, and they were frightened to death at the sight of the men and their firearms, and also by their rough behaviour. It was only by being determined that we could prevent them from searching for any jewels the ladies might have on their persons. When we proposed taking them to the Persian camp (it being the only safe place), which was close alongside of our own, they were at first afraid and wanted me to remain with them; that was out of the question. And at length, on informing them that a chief of the Kuzzilbashes was with us, on whose protection they could count, they consented to come, and off we started. It was a long way to camp, and the poor women, who had not been much accustomed to walk, were completely tired; so after getting them away from the town and out of danger, I left them under the charge of a few men who had accompanied me, and proceeded myself to the Kuzzilbash chief, told him what had occurred, and procured horses for the whole party. On my return we mounted all the ladies and conveyed them safe into camp, receiving their thanks and blessings.

"It even now gives me pleasure to think of the heroine of my tale, and her fair form often flits before me, and I felt at the time that I would willingly have sacrificed my life at her word; yet it was not her beauty which captivated me, for there were many others perhaps prettier, but it was her devotion and affection towards her father. I must not omit to mention one or two little incidents which occurred whilst bringing the women from the town. We had several water-courses to cross, and, of course, I did the polite in handing them over. On my telling one of the soldiers to take care not to be rough to them, he replied: 'Lord bless you, sir, I wouldn't hurt one of these poor creatures for the world, but I would shoot one of those (pointing to the men) like a dog!' One of the others was killed, but by whom or when or how I know not. I fancy he must have been endeavouring to escape, for the next day I found his body lying in the street. As we proceeded towards camp the ladies requested I would halt, as they were thirsty. Vanity even at this

moment held its sway, for on watching their movements, I saw them busily engaged washing the white off their faces and arranging their hair! Now and then, when the loss of property came to their recollection, they would burst into tears again. You may picture to yourself my uncomfortable and odd position. All reserve was thrown off by them, and they talked to me as freely as if I had been their husband! Their veils were thrown back, and this, in a Mussulman country where they are so strict about their women that they are never to be seen but in close veiled dresses, and speaking to a Feringee at any other time would have been death if seen by an Affghan; however, it must be owned that often in Cabul and Candahar, if one happened to meet a woman in any by-street, she could seldom withstand the pleasure of throwing up the horrid veil and showing her pretty face! Well, imagine to yourself your humble servant with an infant in his arms, at the head of twenty or thirty fair ones, occasionally being called 'Aga Jan,'—my Lord, my Life, or the Lord of Life,—'not to walk so fast!' And thus we wended our way through the pretty gardens to camp."

Then the scene changes, and we are summoned back to a mass of horrors.

"*30th September.*—Early in the morning I again went into the town, and what a scene of desolation presented itself. Furniture of all description, wearing apparel, provisions, books, arms, everything made by the hand of man and for his use, lay scattered and destroyed, trampled into the mud, soiled and broken. Here and there the crackling of fire was to be heard, and the smoke issuing from windows and crevices of the houses, told that the pillager, after sacking it of everything, had committed it to the flames. At one place my eyes were shocked at the sight of a poor woman lying dead, and a little infant of three or four months by her side still alive, but with both its little thighs pierced and mangled by a musket-ball. The child was conveyed to camp, but death soon put an end to its sufferings. Farther on was another woman in torture from a wound, and she had been exposed to the cold of the night without any covering; she clasped a child in her arms, and her affection appeared only to be increased by the agonies she endured. She was placed in a doolie and sent into our camp, and our doctor attended her. Sitting outside a shop was a little girl of three or four years of age. The soldiers had given her some sheepskins to keep her warm during the night, and there she sat, with fruit piled on each side of her, apparently quite unconscious of what had happened, or what was passing around her; while scattered about the streets lay the bodies of old and young, rich and poor, who had fallen in the defence of their town. These horrible sights I myself saw; had I been able, or had I had the inclination to search the houses, I am afraid I

should have witnessed many more of the brutal acts and horrors of war. One poor slave girl, described as very beautiful, had been left concealed in the town; her hiding-place was soon discovered, and the door burst open; she told the intruders her story, and besought them not to approach, but on seeing they were deaf to her entreaties, she thrust a dagger through her bosom, and fell dead in a pool of her own blood. This I did not see myself, but I heard it from an officer. As you may suppose, I returned home to breakfast disgusted with myself, the world, and above all, with my cruel profession. In fact we are nothing but licensed assassins. All this day the sappers were employed in burning the town, and the soldiers and camp-followers in bringing away anything that had been left worth having. Our camp appeared more like a bazaar than anything else, its occupants being busily employed selling and bartering their spoil.

“*1st October.*—As we were to march at 9 A.M., I again strolled by myself into the town. What a difference had forty-eight hours made here! But ten houses remained standing, and no sound was to be heard but that of the smouldering fire, and the crashing of beams, and pillars falling, which told that the destructive element was still at work and resting for a time, only to break out with redoubled fury. As I looked from this scene of desolation into the beautiful valley beneath, I could not help comparing the work of man and his Creator, the one all peace, and harmony, and goodness, the other wickedness, and misery, and destruction. I wish it were possible for me to portray in words the sublimity of this spot which seemed made to shut out all the passions of our race. Imagine that you look down some 2000 feet on a most fertile valley studded with forts and villages, and these surrounded by gardens and orchards, vying with each other in beauty, and all bathed in an atmosphere so soft and radiant that the eyes delighted to dwell on it. A barrier of stupendous mountains closed the view on three sides. Along their base for many feet above the plain were scattered villages and gardens contending with the barren rock, until Nature assumed her sternest aspect, and I felt it difficult to say which was most beautiful of all, from the terraced and undulating vineyard which commenced at my feet, to the huge forms which towered so majestically into the sky. As I was returning to camp, sad and disheartened, I saw a poor emaciated old woman who had ventured to leave her hiding-place thinking we had left; she was endeavouring to drag herself to a small stream to satisfy her thirst, perhaps of days! I filled her vessel for her, but all she said was, ‘Curses on the Feringees!’ Well had we merited them! I got back just in time to fall in with my regiment, and we turned our backs on that, to me, ever to be remembered place Istaliffe. I was on the advance guard, and chased some horsemen without success, but captured some horned cattle. In the distance we could distinctly see the

people hurrying off to the mountains with their property and families. We halted at about one o'clock, and encamped half-way to Charekar. In the afternoon a very fine little boy, twelve or eighteen months of age, was brought into our camp by one of the men, who found it lying in a garden. One of the native officers adopted it, and he is still in the corps."

On the 2nd of October the force left Istaliffe, and, marching northward, reached Charekar at noon.

"I was on rear-guard duty; not a soul in the country to be seen. Passed on our road the fort of Lughman in which Rattray lived and was murdered. The engineers blew up the bastions and destroyed the houses and grounds. We were pitched close to the fort in which the Goorka corps was besieged, and the remains of its brave defenders were to be seen in the bleaching bones scattered about. This fort had been built contrary to all rules of fortification, being commanded by another within two hundred yards of it, and surrounded with garden walls and trenches, which afforded splendid cover to an enemy. Like most of our measures in that country, it appeared as if no precaution in case of a reverse had been dreamt of. The town of Charekar had been deserted, and all movable property taken away. The pioneers commenced their work of destruction, and the blaze from the houses lighted us during the whole night.

"*3rd October.*—Halted. Destroying the town and forts of Charekar. I went out with some other officers, and we drove home and gave to the soldiers all the cattle we found without owner. In the evening the sappers and two regiments were sent to destroy a very pretty village called Asseane, a short distance off. It was the inhabitants of this place who were so inveterate against the Goorka corps, and who desecrated the graves of some officers who had been buried there. But one old priest was found in the place, and the sepoys made him pay the penalty of death. At night one could distinguish the forts and villages visited by us for miles round by the flames that rose high into the air and shed a glare on everything near them.

"*4th October.*—Turned our heads towards Cabul; halted for the day at Karabay. I was on rear-guard. We could distinguish the miserable remains of Istaliffe, high upon the sides of the mountain, still smoking. The wounded woman we had brought away was still alive, so we made her over to a chief to be returned to her husband. The agony this poor woman suffered was beyond conception, and she would never allow her child to be taken from her, which must have added to it. All the other children and women were also returned to Istaliffe.

"*5th October.*—On rear-guard again. Marched eighteen miles through a lovely country, and pitched our tents on the Cabul side

of a range of hills that separated us from Kohistan. As you may well suppose, the valley of Kohistan being a fruit garden, we did ample justice to its produce! and what the men did not eat the cattle destroyed. Sometimes we marched over fields of grapes of all sorts that had been gathered and laid out to dry for raisins. The high walls that were built as a protection against cattle were very soon breached by the elephants. Just before leaving the old ground, I descried a woman walking towards us; she turned out to be the wife of a Goorka who had been killed, and had been taken into slavery. She had a child in her arms, and had managed to escape from confinement. We soon mounted her on a camel, and she reached Cabul all safe.

“*6th October.*—Marched to the ground we had occupied near the remains of British folly and misrule, ‘Cantonments.’ In the night some rascals, who had followed us from the Kohistan, fired upon our pickets and sentries.

“*7th October.*—Rejoined General Nott’s camp. In the evening rode over to General Pollock’s camp and saw Captain Alexander. During our absence General Nott had changed his camp and pitched two miles from the Jellalabad side of Cabul, Pollock’s being three miles farther off.”

Pollock and Nott had now taught to the Afghans that England is powerful to avenge as well as to protect, and the time had come for the British army, in agreement with its orders, to return to India. The time had also come for the guilty city to receive its due punishment. It was determined to destroy the great bazaar where the mutilated body of the British envoy had been exposed to the insults of an Afghan mob. The work of destruction began upon the 7th of October. On the following day Neville Chamberlain writes: “Soldiers and camp-followers from both camps plundering in the town. Here and there the smoke rising in black clouds showed that the firebrand had been applied to some chief’s houses. In spite of guards, camp-followers and soldiers had unfortunately made their way into the town.” On the 9th of October he enters in his journal: “Plundering as yesterday. Engineers engaged in blowing up the covered bazaar. Part of the town also on fire. I amused myself by sauntering about the town. Every house in the place that had been inhabited by the English had been pulled down and the foundations dug up. Poor Sir Alex-

ander's house, where I had spent many a pleasant hour, was a heap of ruins." On the 6th of January 1842 the British force, as they marched out of the cantonments, saw the whole face of the sky red with flames; on the 12th of October 1843 the soldiers of Pollock and Nott's Brigade saw, as they left the ruins of the capital, the whole face of the sky red with flames. It was the stern justice of revenge. Five hundred mutilated and crippled camp-followers and soldiers of Elphinstone's force accompanied the march of Pollock's forces. Of the homeward march of the British army Neville Chamberlain's journal affords such full, clear, and interesting details, that it bears printing in integrity:—

"*12th October.*—Marched at five o'clock in the morning, and accompanied the Light Brigade, under General Sale, to Khoord-Cabul, at which place we arrived at nine o'clock at night. We did not go by the regular road, but by a mountain pass. The infantry got to their ground at five o'clock, but we were obliged to dismount every man and make the horses scramble up the rocks. Several of them missed their footing and rolled over and over the slippery rocks, much to their detriment. My own noble Arab missed his footing, but he recovered himself, and only scraped a little hair off his legs. I would sooner have rolled down myself than that he should have been hurt! We arrived at our halting-place without a particle of baggage for ourselves or horses, and got nothing until next day at twelve o'clock. On leaving Cabul we found it bitterly cold. During the day we suffered from heat and thirst, no water being procurable, and at night it froze hard!

"*13th October.*—Halted, and remained to guard the camp, whilst the infantry were crossing the heights to allow General Pollock's army to come through the pass unmolested. I rode through the pass, and the sight that presented itself was truly lamentable. The miserable remains of thousands of that doomed force lay scattered about in all kinds of positions and states of decomposition. The skeletons of men, women, and children, horses and camels, &c., heaped together in one confused mass. The European would always be distinguished from the Indian by the colour of the hair; and the skull of the former was invariably battered in with stones. The woe and misery suffered in these passes must have been beyond all imagination.

"*14th October.*—Halted again to allow General Nott's army to come through the pass. The corps sent out on foraging duty saw a few horsemen, whom I chased, but they got off to the hills: found in a cave a quantity of the property that had been taken from the

Cabul force. After having loaded our camels we returned towards the camp. I remained behind with a few men to take care of an animal that had been badly laden, and could not travel so fast as the rest. On repassing through a gorge some ten or twelve Ghazees, who were waiting for our return, knowing that we must go back the road we came, opened a fire upon us, but with no effect, only wounding a horse. We stuck by our camel, notwithstanding the fellows were only some 150 or 200 feet above us, and taking most deliberate aim with their rifles rested on the rocks. The Feringee was of course the chief mark, but I puzzled them by spurring and holding in my horse, which made him prance about and consequently present an unsteady mark. I consider I ran just as great a chance of losing my life on that occasion as ever I did, and I was thankful to have escaped. A man's life is much more in danger in a case like this than when he makes one of a large army!

"15th October.—Marched at 6 A.M. from Khoord-Cabul, and arrived at Tezeen at 2 P.M. Nearly the whole of the road was strewn with skeletons of men and animals. Any hollow in the rocks or caves in the hills were filled with mortal remains of the poor creatures who had crawled into them for shelter against the cold. Our gun-wheels ground to dust the bones of the dead, the pass being so narrow it was impossible to avoid them. In some places the Affghans, to add insult to all the misery they inflicted, had placed the skeletons in the arms one of the other, or sometimes sitting or standing against the rocks as if they were holding a consultation! The soldiers in retaliation, wherever they killed an Affghan, placed the skeleton of one of our poor fellows over him as a mark of victory or derision. Shortly after arriving at Tezeen we were again sent out to forage, but without success, the forts being defended, and we returned home at dark, the enemy following us nearly back to camp, shouting and firing at us in defiance. This was very annoying to us, as we could do nothing to them among hills, and we ought never to have been sent unless the General was determined to carry everything through. He might have halted the next day, attacked the forts with guns and infantry, and destroyed them. The rear-guard did not get up till two o'clock in the morning. At night-fall it was attacked, and lost thirty men killed and the like number wounded; several of the camp-followers killed, and lots of baggage and grain walked off with. At 11 P.M. reinforcements were sent, and the enemy retreated. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I walked about the camp listening to the booming of the guns and volleys of musketry. I know nothing more exciting than hearing firing and not being able to go to the scene of action.

"16th October.—The column moved at 6 A.M. I was on rear-guard and placed in rear of all, which was against all rules of war. The officer commanding the infantry wished *to have few casualties in his*

own corps, and he did not care how many of my men were killed ! But cavalry could do nothing, hemmed in by high mountains, the road a shingle, and in some places only a few yards wide. The only way we escaped so well was by never standing still, and always going in a zigzag direction. Fortunately few of the enemy followed us, or we should have got a proper peppering ; but when, within a mile or so of the new ground, I was walking in rear of all with my orderly, rifle in hand, taking shots at the rascals, when my orderly's horse close by me, and from which I had been firing, was riddled through the neck. I had not gone many paces when I was struck myself. I spun round and fell to the ground, but soon got up again and staggered on in great pain, but I was determined the Affghans should not have even the satisfaction of thinking they had done for me. On putting my hand to my back I thought it was all over with me, but on getting into camp we found the ball had only penetrated the skin, and it tumbled out on the doctor touching it. It had struck me in the waist, close to the spine, and had raised an immense lump which made me, as you may suppose, rather stiff in the loins for some days. The cloak I am now wrapped up in saved my life. I had put it on in the morning when cold, and although the weather became warm I happened not to take it off. It hung loose, and I was thus saved for a future day.

" 17th October.—Marched at six o'clock : after going over a dreadful road for nine miles, pitched our camp at Kutta Sung. Rear-guard fired upon, and got into camp at 7 P.M. Not being able to move about, did not accompany a detachment that went to look for forage.

" 18th October.—Marched at the same time as yesterday, over the same kind of road, and halted at Jugduluk. The battering guns and rear-guard not up till night. The cattle, not having had any forage since leaving Khoord-Cabul, dropped by hundreds, and it was necessary to abandon a great quantity of grain. At this place we saw the skeletons of the 44th Foot, as here fell most of that corps. From the time of our arriving at this place until evening we heard a heavy fire in the pass ahead of us, and with a glass one could distinctly see the sepoy on the heights. The rear-guard of the division, a march ahead of us, were severely handled by the Ghilzees. The enemy never now annoyed us at night, as we had pickets on every hill and height round the camp, and had they attempted to fire among the tents and followers, they would have got as much as they gave, the moon being full.

" 19th October.—Marched at 3 A.M. Got through the pass by sunrise. Passed the remains of the barrier where the *sauve qui peut* took place, and total annihilation of the Cabul force. The skeletons of the unfortunate officers, who fell a sacrifice to the imbecility of a general, strewed the road. The 18-pounders were burst at Jugduluk as the cattle could not drag them any farther, being completely done up for want of food and previous hard work. Pitched

our camp at Loukoub at 11 A.M. The rear-guard not in till night ; it was attacked in the pass, and the Ghilzees followed it into camp.

"20th October.—On rear-guard. Remained in rear of all with a few men, and exchanged shots with the Ghilzees, who followed us nearly the whole way. They were too cunning to allow us to get amongst them, always having spies along the hills, who gave them warning of our approach, when they also took to the mountains. Before leaving the old ground (Loukoub) killed some of the enemy who came down from the hills. Arrived at Gundumuk at 2 P.M. The camp was pitched in a fine plain, the first we have seen since leaving Cabul. It was quite pleasing to the eye to see level ground again, and the horses were invigorated at the change from the desert mountain-passes to their natural soil. About two miles from camp was the hill where the few officers and men that escaped death at the Jugduluk Pass were killed.

"21st October.—Halted. The camp fired into, and some of the Ghilzees killed by our sentries.

"22nd October.—March at 3.24 A.M. Arrived at Neemla a little after sunrise. A beautiful garden in the valley, the scene of Shah Shooja's defeat some thirty years ago.

"23rd October.—Left Neemla at 5 A.M. Arrived at Futehabad at 9 o'clock. The rear-guard annoyed by the Ghazees in the early part of the night firing into camp. We have now left the hills completely, and are in a very pretty well cultivated country.

"24th October.—A short march to Sultanpore. Firing into camp until the moon rose.

"25th October.—Marched at 4 A.M. ; got into Jellalabad at 9 A.M. Much pleased with the country, and found the fort much stronger than I had expected. General Pollock's army encamped here. The engineers employed mining the fort. I am sorry to have to say that daily, from the time of leaving Cabul, we have left the unfortunate sick camp-followers to be murdered by the Ghilzees, not having any means of conveying them. I have myself given my own charger and made the men dismount to bring on the poor creatures, but after they were so weak as not to be able to ride or hang on a horse, when, of course, I was obliged to abandon them to the knives of those merciless villains who gloried in cutting the throats of poor emaciated helpless beings. Every march we passed the bodies of those abandoned by the columns ahead of us. The loss in camels since leaving Cabul has also been immense. Every animal that fell was immediately shot to prevent his falling into the hands of the Ghazees.

"26th October.—Halted. Went across the river with a troop: the ford a most difficult one, the water running a perfect sluice, and carrying down any camel that missed the ford. Came upon the Ghazees who were killing the camp-followers and stealing the camels. Recovered twenty-two camels, and cut up nine Ghazees. The rest

of the marauders got off by either swimming the river or scaling the mountains. I did not follow them across the river, as it was so deep and rapid that I should have lost both men and horses in the attempt, and in the next place there was a thick jungle in which they could have hid themselves and taken us at advantage. How hardened and callous do we become when thus accustomed to witness death, and with what exultation do we witness the defeat and death of our enemies! Returned to camp at sunset.

"*27th October.*—Halted. General Pollock's force marched towards Peshawur. In the afternoon went out on forage duty. Heavy rain all night, and the Ghilzees firing into camp.

"*28th October.*—Halted. In the afternoon went with a troop on forage duty, chased some 300 footmen and a few horsemen across the river. Did not cross the river after them as the bank was two or three feet perpendicular, and when I got there only thirteen men were with me. Added to which some of the enemy, who had crossed over first, covered the retreat of the rest by opening a fire upon us from the opposite bank. I lost one man killed and two wounded; how more were not hit I can hardly tell, as the breadth of the river only separated us, but they fired high, and showers of bullets went over our heads. You can well fancy my disappointment at not being able to get amongst them. Whilst we were standing on the bank waving our swords and hurrahing, the enemy were some in the water, some on the other bank, some carried down by the force of the current, and every one of them giving orders and bawling out at the top of his voice. On our moving off they shouted and flourished their swords and kept on firing at us. Returned to camp at sunset. Firing into camp all night, and heavy rain.

"*29th October.*—Did not march early on account of the rain. Marched at 2 P.M. I was on rear-guard. Before starting rode out some distance by myself. Came suddenly upon three footmen in a ravine; drew my sword and went at them; they were taken by surprise, for the matches of their guns were not lighted. One threw himself down over a crag, another hid himself, the third stood with his gun presented at me. I knocked him down, and I am grieved now to say, I killed him! He was a very fine young man of about my own age. I would give back any honour or reputation I have gained not to have committed that one act, although he would certainly have killed me had it been in his power. On remounting my horse, I perceived some ten or twelve horsemen galloping towards me, so made the best of my way back to camp. At my request the Lieutenant-colonel commanding allowed 120 of our cavalry to conceal themselves and await the arrival of the Ghazees, who were collecting for the purpose of annoying the rear-guard. Lieutenant Graves and I posted our men behind an empty fort, and awaited their approach. We took them completely by surprise, as

they were scattered about the plain in knots of three or four men, and therefore fell an easy prey. On our dashing out among them they immediately flew towards the hills, but being nearly all footmen they had no chance of escape. No quarter was given, and we killed between 150 and 200 men. What exasperated our men was that these fellows had been cutting up every one who strayed from the camp, and had been nightly firing into us. Ceased the pursuit at sunset, and did not rejoin the rear-guard until dark. The camp was pitched at Allee Bogan. A quiet night and no firing into camp.

"*30th October*.—Marched at 4 A.M. Seven Juzailchees,¹ who crossed the river on a raft for the purpose of plunder, were cut up by our cavalry. The camp at Barukaub.

"*31st October*.—Marched ten miles to Budhi. All the stacks and villages plundered and fired. Firing into camp at night.

"*1st November*.—Marched eleven miles to Deihka, entered the Khyber Pass, found General M'Caskill's division halted there. No enemy to be seen, and a quiet night.

"*2nd November*.—Halted for provisions, quiet as yesterday.

"*3rd November*.—On rear-guard. Marched to Lundee Khana. Christie's and my baggage, instead of halting, went on with the baggage of the division a march in advance. Christie's were plundered by the Khyberries, and I fell in with mine at last on the 6th.

"*4th November*.—Marched to Ali Musjid. The infantry being left in the pass to guard the baggage, I was sent up with 200 dismounted men to bring down the guns from the fort. We saw in the pass the bodies of the men who had been killed the day before by the Khyberries, when they attacked the rear-guard of General M'Caskill's Division with complete success, capturing two of our guns. An officer, Nicholson, who had been a prisoner at Ghuznee, and expected to have met his brother at Ali Musjid, recognised him lying dead, stripped naked, and hacked to pieces in the middle of the road. Think what a horrible shock that must have been to him!

"*5th November*.—Halted, as the rear-guard did not reach until sunrise, having been under arms for four-and-twenty hours and attacked all through the night. Hardly any baggage taken by the Khyberries.

"*6th November*.—On rear-guard. Accompanied a company of infantry on the hills, and skirmished. One of the officers, Terry—who was with the party—was shot in the breast. The end of his handkerchief was carried in by the ball, which saved his life for the moment. I endeavoured to get out the ball by pulling the handkerchief, but it was so tight that no effort could move it, and, poor fellow, he died three days afterwards, although the ball had been extracted by removing part of the breast-bone. When sitting behind the ridge

¹ Juzailchees or Jazailchis. Men armed with jazails or long matchlocks, used by the Afghans.

of a hill with some soldiers, suddenly a stone fell among us ; on running to see where it came from, I saw a Khyberrie within a few paces of me, flourishing a long knife, and followed by thirty or forty others. I immediately gave the alarm, when we gave them a volley and they fled. All the heights, with the exception of those at the exit of the pass, had been crowned by our troops ; from one of these the Khyberrie opened upon us on our passing beneath it. My horse was restive, and he not liking to be in the rear, I was riding a few paces in advance of the corps, the balls striking about me rather close. I turned round and said to an officer, 'Those fellows do not fire badly.' And true enough, for the moment afterwards I was struck. The ball hit me so hard that my friend answered, 'You are hit, old fellow,' but I needed not to be told to make me aware of it. The regiment galloped on to get from under the fire. I was obliged to dismount, or rather I half fell from my horse, and dragged and supported by my groom and a sepoy, I lay down behind a piece of rock which sheltered me from the fire, until after some time a doolie was brought for me and I was carried into camp at Jumrood. From the long faces of the doctors I fully made up my mind I was to lose my leg. The rear-guard got into camp without losing a particle of baggage. The pain I suffered that night was so great that sleep was impossible.

"*7th November.*—Marched to within two miles of Peshawur, suffering much pain.

"*8th November.*—Halted. A few hours of sleep! Halted till 12th, when we marched to the Attock side of Peshawur. On the 15th November we left Peshawur for India. The whole of the road through the Punjab I was carried in a litter, and I was too ill to be amused or to see the country. Hundreds of men died during our march from fatigue and wounds. I used to pity the unfortunate wounded who were carried on camels for want of better conveyance, and were sometimes exposed for twelve or fourteen hours to the cold at night and to the heat of the sun during the day, and often it was not possible to dress their wounds for a day or two. Comparatively speaking I was well off, for my wound was dressed three times during the twenty-four hours! but I hope I shall never again go through what I then suffered. We, or rather General Nott's force, marched into Ferozepore on the 23rd December 1842, and we were received with all due honours by the Governor-General and our brethren in arms. From that date my letter to you, written from this place, will have informed you of subsequent events and movements. I have now fulfilled my promise, although I fear I have given but a very poor outline of our doings since leaving Candahar ; indeed, I feel how far it falls short of what it should have been in the hands of a good and amusing writer. The material is good, the author indifferent. My only excuse."

CHAPTER VI.

Neville Chamberlain's appointment to the Governor-General's bodyguard, January 2, 1843—Sir Hugh Gough assumes command of the army in India—State of affairs at Gwalior—Neville Chamberlain meets Lord Ellenborough at Agra—Battle of Maharajpore—Battle of Punniar—Neville Chamberlain's diary—Doctors order him to take leave—Serious operation—River voyage to Calcutta—Return to England—Walmer—Love of yachting—The *Ondine*—Return to Calcutta, December 1846—Military secretary to the Governor of Bombay—Appointed Hon. A.D.C. to the Governor-General—Journey from Poona to Indore—Second Sikh War—March through Central India—Appointed Major of Brigade, 4th Brigade of Cavalry.

AT three-and-twenty Neville Chamberlain left Afghanistan, having four years' experience of warfare, and already distinguished for the number and brilliancy of his military services. He had been foremost in many a brave fought contest; he had been six times wounded; and he had proved himself to be an able and dashing leader of light horse. It is his first campaign in the mountains and snows of Afghanistan which reveals the man and fascinates the imagination, and he always delighted to recall the joys of the life of a trooper in the field. Many years afterwards he wrote, "A horse and a sword were all that were needful, and one never gave a thought as to danger. Not that there was any levity in facing death; it was simply that one was possessed of a light heart to meet anything that came. There was nothing but God above and duty below." In his words and in his wars he always preserved a dash of antique chivalry. Charles Napier, who knew how to recognise genuine deeds of valour, called him "Cœur de Lion," and declared that he

had not believed in the old tales until Neville Chamberlain had made them come true.¹ Outram wrote to Crawford: "Your gallant brother is the most noble and bravest soldier who ever trod in Afghanistan, and than whom none bled more freely." William Nott, one of England's great military chiefs, brought particularly to the notice of the Governor-General Neville Chamberlain's deeds of valour, and Lord Ellenborough appointed him to his bodyguard "as a mark of his sense of his eminent services"; and at a public dinner, given in honour of the victorious army, he said, "With Mayne² and Chamberlain in the bodyguard I would face the devil." "I have accepted the appointment," writes Neville Chamberlain to his mother on the 13th of January 1843, "and was in orders on the 2nd, so here I am a flashy Guardsman."

When the Marquess Wellesley was at Madras superintending the operations of the gallant army which achieved the conquest of Mysore, he was much struck with the stature and military bearing of the troopers of the Madras Cavalry. They were the descendants of the northern horsemen who, under Hyder Ali, swept over the Carnatic. Two years after Tippoo fell fighting gallantly in the gateway at Seringapatam, Captain Montgomery, commanding Governor-General's bodyguard, reported to the military authorities at Madras "that the Governor-General was desirous of completing from the regiments of the Madras Cavalry his corps of bodyguard," and represented that the Governor-General "shall require 100 men, and none ought to be under 5 feet 6 inches high, or above 25 years of age." Captain Montgomery

¹ Sir C. Napier, writing about Crawford Chamberlain, said: "This lad's brother is the Chamberlayne who was with Black Charles at Acre, and the brother in the Irregular Horse is coming down the pass. He is the man who dashed singly among the Afghans near Candahar, cut three down, and came clear off, though his sword was broken. He had lost the use of one hand from an Afghan cut, but he smote a fellow's arm so clean off that after the fight it was found with the sword still grasped! Of this fact there is no doubt. Young Chamberlayne saw the arm picked up holding the sword, and all his men here saw it also; so did another officer, and they could hardly fabricate the story."

² Lieutenant Mayne had distinguished himself under General Pollock at Jellalabad.

added, "I have not the smallest doubts but the officers of these regiments will have great pleasure in perceiving the preference his Excellency shows to the materials of which these corps are composed, and that they will in consequence send none but choice men to do duty about his Lordship's person." They sent none but choice men, and in physique there is no finer body of men than the Imperial Corps which watches over the safety of the ruler of the Indian Empire. Neville Chamberlain writes: "The bodyguard, I may say, are Indian Life Guards, picked men from cavalry corps, and none are under six feet in height. They are, I fancy, the best mounted cavalry in the world. Every horse is valued at 1000 rupees, and all bays, the picked horses of ten regiments, and the remounts the finest colts from the studs. Our uniform is the same as the Light Dragoons, with the difference of silver instead of gold lace." Many months of dreadful suffering, borne with fortitude and even with gaiety, had to pass before Neville Chamberlain could join the corps of which he was justly proud. He writes to his mother on the 17th of October:—

"I am sorry to say my leg is no better, and recovery seems far off. Leeches have been applied to keep down inflammation. On the 11th the wound was probed, and the surgeon says more bone has to come away. He endeavoured to remove some splinters of bone, but without success. The left hand little finger was amputated on the 7th instant, and by this I hope to get free use of my hand. The healing process is going on very well, and in another fortnight I hope there will be no more need of plaister—properly speaking the finger ought to have been removed at the time I was wounded, but it does not signify now as the pain and annoyance will be soon over. If you saw me you would say that I was a fit member for Chelsea Hospital, with my right leg resting on a chair and my left hand on a pillow on the table."

A month later Neville Chamberlain, though on the sick list, left Simla and proceeded to Agra, where the bodyguard was awaiting the arrival of the Governor-General. Rumours of war were in the air. The jolting of a palkee for twelve days did, as he says, his leg no good. "As for

the leg, the surgeon now attending me is trying a new plan—bandaging and injections of muriatic acid. Should these measures not succeed, he proposes seeing what the knife will do. Twelve months have now passed away since I was hit, and I must say it has not been a year of much pleasure.” He adds:—

“The Commander-in-Chief came in yesterday. Gwalior is said to be our destination, and some think that the Mahrattas will fight. I do not think they will as a body, but they may give trouble in detached bodies. I shall accompany the force, and should anything take place, I doubt not that, for the occasion, I shall manage to mount my horse! There will be emulation between me and the Jellalabad hero, Mayne.”

On the 11th of August 1843 Sir Hugh Gough, who had fought at Talavera and “bright Barossa,” and had brought to a successful close the Chinese Expedition of 1838-42, assumed command of the army in India. He was soon in the field. The state of affairs in the Mahratta Court of Gwalior had for some time demanded the serious attention of the Governor-General. The Court and the officials were Mahrattas, but the kingdom of Scindia lay outside of Mahrattaland in the heart of the Indian Peninsula, and the great rock fortress of Gwalior had been from early times called the key of Hindustan. In no part of the Gwalior State do the Mahrattas form any large proportion of the inhabitants. There is no part of India where the tribes of Brahmins are so various and their numbers so great, and Jats and Rajputs have settled there in large numbers. On the 7th of February 1843 the reigning sovereign, Jankojee Scindia, died, leaving no children, and expressing no wish regarding the succession. The Maharaja’s widow, Tara Ranee, a young girl of about twelve years of age, with the concurrence of the chiefs of the State and the army, adopted a lad, the nearest though a very distant relative of the late Maharaja, and the adoption was recognised by the British Government. The boy, who fourteen years later proved our faithful ally in

the Mutiny, was then about eight years of age. On his accession he assumed the title of Ali Jah Jyagee Rao Scindia. As he was too young to administer the government it became necessary to appoint a regent. The girl queen was anxious that Dada Khasgeewala, the hereditary keeper of the crown jewels, should be appointed; but Mama Sahib, maternal uncle of the deceased Maharaja, was, chiefly through the influence of the British Resident, selected for the post. It was a bad choice, because he had as Prime Minister in the previous reign proved himself weak and incapable. A Mahratta woman has brains and a will of her own, and the young queen proceeded at once to thwart and harass Mama Sahib. He tried to consolidate his power by betrothing the boy Maharaja to his own niece. Tara replied by dismissing him on her own authority, assuming the name of Regent. All real power fell into the hands of Dada, who gained over the army by his largesses, and swiftly showed himself to be hostile to the interests of the British Government. All officers of European origin, and holding military or civil appointments, were removed for no reason but that they were known to be friendly to the British Government, and others with opposite views were appointed in their places. An army of 30,000 men with a very numerous artillery, under the direction of a man who had obtained his post and could only retain it in despite of the British Government, lay within a few marches of the capital of the North-West Province. That army was mainly composed of Brahmins or Rajput regiments. There was the bond of race and unity of religion between them and our own native regiments, among whom a mutinous spirit had already become manifest. The Cabul disaster had damaged our prestige. The Sikh army of the Khalsa numbered 70,000 soldiers and 300 guns, and an alliance between the Gwalior army and the Khalsa army to establish Hindu supremacy in Hindustan was no remote possibility; for the Sikhs are what we are too apt to forget, a sect, if an unorthodox sect, of Hindus. It was this

consideration, as the records of the time show, that made Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough hesitate about sending an avenging army to Cabul, and they became the best abused men of the day. Lord Ellenborough was aware of the actual treachery as well as the passive breach of treaty committed by the Sikhs during the Afghan war. They had attempted to corrupt our sepoy and detach them from our service. An invasion of the British provinces had often been vauntingly talked of in the Punjab, and it was the opinion of the most competent authorities in India that the Khalsa army, confident in its own strength, desirous of war and plunder, and under no discipline or control, might at any time cross the Sutlej. "It would be unpardonable," said Lord Ellenborough, "were we not to take every possible precaution against its hostility, and no precaution appears to be more necessary than that of rendering our rear and our communications secure by the re-establishment of a friendly government at Gwalior." It was well for India that Lord Ellenborough had reduced the power of the Gwalior army before the inevitable collision with the Sikh came.

The Governor-General, having determined that an unfriendly government with an overgrown and mutinous army must not exist at Gwalior, ordered an army of observation, numbering about 12,000 men besides artillery, to form at Agra. The Commander-in-Chief proposed: "That an army of 20,000 men should be collected, and that they should not all be gathered at Agra, but that they should be divided into two bodies, the right wing (under himself) to act from Agra, and the left (under Sir John Grey) from Bundelcund."

Sir Hugh Gough based his strategy upon the supposition that the Gwalior army was a mob without leaders, with the heads at variance. "I found," he wrote, "a well-disciplined, well-organised army, well led and truly gallant." On the 11th of December Lord Ellenborough reached Agra. Two days later Neville Chamberlain had an interview with him,

“and was very kindly received. He offered to give me political employ until my leg got well, and then I could rejoin the Bodyguard, or have some other appointment.” Neville Chamberlain thanked his lordship, and told him he preferred remaining in the profession to which he belonged. Disabled by his wound, he was still determined to take a part in the coming fight. The 12th First Brigade had moved forward to Dholepore on the 12th, and “I do not think,” Neville Chamberlain wrote, “the Mahrattas will give up without trying their strength.” On the 13th Lord Ellenborough sent a letter to the Maharanee, announcing his march and his object. On the receipt of it the hostile minister was surrendered, “and he is now in our camp,” wrote the Governor-General to the Duke of Wellington on the 18th of December. “From the disposition evinced at Gwalior, I have now every expectation that our object will be effected without the actual use of force. The disbandment of a portion of the army is the only measure which appears to offer any difficulties, and much delicacy will be required in carrying it into effect.” But it was impossible for Ellenborough ever to display delicacy or tact. Contrary to the entreaty and representation of the Gwalior durbar, and the warning of Colonel Sleeman, he crossed the Chumbul, which marks our frontier, and the army of exercise encamped at Hingonah on the Kohari river. It was an act of war. On the 25th of December 1843, a large body of Mahrattas marched out of Gwalior, and the next day they took up a strong position at a village called Chaunda, on the Asun river, six miles from the British army. On the 28th of December Neville Chamberlain enters in his diary: “Enemy’s position reconnoitred by Commander-in-Chief at daylight, fourteen cannon-shot fired at the party, but no damage done, during the day false alarm that our cattle at graze had been attacked. Everybody busy burnishing up arms.”

The Commander-in-Chief with the Quartermaster-General reconnoitred as far as the village of Maharajpore, but it was

only occupied by a picket of infantry. Sir Hugh Gough now determined to make a threatening movement upon the left, and a direct attack upon the enemy's centre at Chaunda, while General Valiant, with Brigadier Cureton's cavalry and horse artillery, turned their left. But the Gwalior army did not mean to fight with the river and its intricate ravines immediately behind them. During the night the Mahrattas moved to the village of Maharajpore, three miles in front of Chaunda, and strongly entrenched themselves. As the historian of the Bengal artillery remarks: "A line of vedettes and patrols three miles in advance of the Kohari river would have been of use here."¹

On the 28th orders were issued for an advance in three columns, preparatory to an attack on Chaunda. It was believed the Commander-in-Chief would halt or encamp at or near Maharajpore. No second reconnaissance was made on the morning of the 29th before the columns advanced. Grey daylight had not come when the left column, under Major-General Leslie, started. At dawn the central column, under Major-General Valiant, moved forward. Lord Ellenborough rode in the rear of the reserve battery.² As the advances to Gwalior had been regarded in the light of a military promenade, the wives of the chief officers had accompanied them, and the ladies, including the wife and daughter of the Commander-in-Chief, on elephants with a small escort rode behind the troops as they marched to Maharajpore. It has been said that they were to breakfast at Maharajpore that morning; but they soon came under fire. Brigadier Scott's brigade of cavalry,

¹ 'History of the Organisation, Equipment, and War Services of the Regiment of Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 92.

² "His presence in the field was due to an accident. The evening before the action, when all hopes of a peaceful settlement had come to an end, Lord Ellenborough asked the Commander-in-Chief where he ought to remain, and he was told 'in rear of the reserve battery.' The advice was obeyed, but an unforeseen movement on the part of the enemy brought the reserve battery under fire at the very beginning of the advance, and with it the Governor-General, who was following in the grey dawn the movements of the guns."—'Life of Major-General Sir Henry Marion Durand, K.C.S.I.,' by H. M. Durand, C.S.I., p. 75.

with Lane's troop on the left, had got as far as the village of Jowra, south of Maharajpore, without any sign of the enemy. Lieutenant R. G. Simson with the 10th Light Cavalry went on to reconnoitre. Suddenly a battery opened upon him. "The sun, just rising above the horizon, was in the eyes of our men, and they could not see from whence the round shot came." The enemy's battery was at a well on the road to Chaunda; Lane galloped his troop forward, and came into action. But as he was overmatched by the heavy metal of the Mahratta ordnance, and his men began to fall rapidly, he had to limber up and retire. Meanwhile the Mahratta guns had opened on the Commander-in-Chief as he approached Maharajpore with General Littler's one brigade. Sir Hugh Gough had expected to find a picket at Maharajpore. "I found," he wrote in his dispatch, "the Mahrattas had occupied this very strong position during the previous night, by seven regiments of infantry with their guns, which they entrenched, each corps having four guns, which opened on our advances. This obliged me in some measure to alter my disposition."¹ It was originally intended that Brigadier Stacey should lead the central attack on Chaunda, and he was a little in rear to the right when the enemy opened fire from Maharajpore. Littler's Brigade was immediately opposite the village. Staff officers were sent post-haste to bring up the field batteries.² Browne's

¹ "This was no surprise," states the biographer. "Sir Hugh had never doubted that the enemy would have to occupy Maharajpore as an outpost, and, in point of fact, Major-General Churchill, the Quartermaster-General of her Majesty's troops, had been fired at from Maharajpore on the previous day."—'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough, Field-Marshal,' by Robert S. Rait, i. 324. But it was a surprise to find that the Mahrattas meant to fight the battle at the village, and if the scouting had been well done, and a real reconnaissance made before the troops advanced, the battle might have been won by the combination of arms with less loss of life. As Harry Smith wrote at the time: "In the late conflict no one gave our foe credit for half his daring or ability; hence our attack was not quite so scientifically powerful by a combination of the different arms as it might have been."

² "It was yet early, and the heavy guns were not far behind. Had they been placed in position and given a chance, the casualty roll at the end of the day would have been much smaller."—'History of the Organisation, Equipment, and War Services of the Regiment of Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 95.

and Sanders' batteries soon arrived, and opened a hot fire on the enemy's position; but their light guns had but little effect on the heavy ordnance of the Mahrattas, protected by their entrenchments. Round and grape shot tore through our ranks. Gough, after signalling to General Valiant, still at some distance to the right, to co-operate, ordered Littler to attack with his brigade. Littler gave the word to Wright, and H.M. 39th and the 56th Native Infantry advanced in double columns of sub-divisions.¹ "I only saw the 39th a part of their way," wrote the Governor-General: "nothing could be more beautiful than their advance." The column slowly and steadily plodded its way over the ploughed fields under a heavy cross-fire of cannon, and the enemy having got the range exactly, "every shot came plump into it."² Many a gallant fellow fell. When three or four hundred yards from the village, the order was given to deploy into line.³ No sooner was the formation completed than the enemy "commenced firing grape, canister, old iron, horse-shoes, &c., and anything they could cram in, and here we lost most of the men who fell. The sound of the shells

¹ 'My Service in the Indian Army, and After,' by General Sir T. Luther Vaughan, G.C.B., p. 16.

² Sir Luther Vaughan states 300 or 400 yards, General Stubbs 100 yards.

³ The biographer of Hugh Gough writes: "While this was being done (deploying into line), a round shot fell among the 56th Native Infantry and killed three men, causing the regiment to hang back for a moment. This was at once perceived by the chief himself, who rode up and said, 'For shame, men; look at your gallant comrades' [the 39th]. The formation was at once completed, and both regiments advanced upon the enemy's guns."—'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough, Field-Marshal,' by Robert S. Rait, i. 326.

The biographer of Sir Henry Havelock writes: "The 56th Native Infantry, who had been brigaded with H.M.'s 39th, were advancing on the enemy, but at so slow a pace as to exhaust the patience of Sir Hugh. 'Will no one get that sepoy regiment on?' he repeatedly exclaimed. Havelock offered his services, and, riding up, inquired the name of the corps. 'It is the 56th Native Infantry.' 'I don't want its number,' replied he. 'What is the native name?' 'Lamboorun-ke-pultun, Lambourn's regiment.' He then took off his cap, and, placing himself in their front, addressed them by that name, and in a few complimentary and cheering words reminded them that they were fighting under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief. He then led them up to the batteries, and afterwards remarked that 'whereas it had been difficult to get them forward before, the difficulty now was to restrain their impetuosity.'"—'Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.,' by John Clark Marshman, p. 140.

was unmistakable even to a novice, and anything but pleasant." A hurricane of iron rent the air, but they stepped steadily to within fifty yards of the entrenchment, poured in a volley with a rush, and flung themselves upon the battery, bayoneting the brave gunners, who would not abandon their guns. "The battery presented a most curious sight. The guns, which were painted blue and red, were blackened with smoke, and at the foot of each lay ten or twelve men on whom the bayonet had left its deadly mark. Behind the guns stood the Mahratta infantry. They fought with the desperate valour of their race; but they were driven into the villages, and a bloody struggle ensued in the streets. Meanwhile Valiant's Brigade, consisting of H.M.'s 40th, the 16th and the 2nd Native Infantry, advanced under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns on the east rear of the village. They greatly suffered. But they, too, on getting to close quarters, fired a volley, charged with the bayonet, and made their way into the village. The key of the enemy's position had been captured, and Maharajpore was in flames."

Sir J. Thackwell, with the Horse Artillery and Brigadier Cureton's Cavalry, 16th Lancers, 1st Light Cavalry, and 4th Light Cavalry, came up with the infantry about half-past eight, and, moving forward, Captain Grant at once engaged one of the enemy's batteries. Major Alexander's troops having joined Grant's, they "both advanced to within 500 yards of the enemy, and soon drove him from his guns, which were afterwards taken possession of by Valiant's Brigade, who had suffered from them as they advanced. The two troops pushed forward at a slow canter, but they had not gone far when the Mahratta batteries at Chaunda, to the north of the village of Shikarpore, well concealed by the tall stalks of rye, opened a heavy cross-fire on them. Alexander was ordered to attack the batteries at Shikarpore, Grant to proceed against those in front of Chaunda. While Alexander was engaged in an unequal artillery duel, Valiant's Brigade arrived and took the battery by storm."

“‘During the advance,’ says Sir Hugh Gough, ‘Major-General Valiant had to take, in succession, three strong entrenched positions, where the enemy defended their guns with frantic desperation—Her Majesty’s 40th Regiment losing two successive commanding officers, Major Stopford and Captain Coddington, who fell wounded at the very muzzles of the guns, and capturing four regimental standards. This corps was ably and nobly supported by the 2nd Grenadiers, who captured two regimental standards, and by the 10th Grenadiers under Lieut.-Colonels Hamilton and M’Laren. Too much praise cannot be given to these three regiments.’”

In the meantime Grant, on approaching within 600 yards of the batteries at Chaunda, unlimbered and opened fire. For upwards of half an hour he fought singly a heavy battery of twelve guns. “So well chosen,” wrote Brigadier Gordon in his official report, “was the enemy’s position, that even on horseback I could only discern the muzzles of their guns, which in weight of metal, as well as in number, were very superior to the troops. Their fire was very accurate, and was maintained with smartness.” At one time they got the range of Captain Grant’s troop so exactly “that nearly every shot fell between the guns and waggons of the battery.” Men and horses fell rapidly. An ammunition wagon was blown up. “More than once, however, the enemy were driven by our fire from their guns, but, being unsupported at the time, except by a weak troop of cavalry, no advantage of this could be taken, and he returned to his guns.” General Littler now came up with Wright’s Brigade, and the fire being very heavy, the men were ordered to lie down 300 yards behind the troops. As Grant’s ammunition was fast becoming expended, Brigadier Gordon sent Captain Macdonald, D.A.A.G., to request General Littler to move up and support the guns. Prompt was the response. The remains of the two gallant regiments forming line took ground to the left, and, when clear of the guns, wheeled up.¹ Under a very severe fire, over very difficult ground, they advanced, “but,

¹ ‘History of the Bengal Artillery,’ by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 98.

when within a short distance, again the rush of the 39th Regiment as before under Major Bray, gallantly supported by the 56th Regiment under Major Dick, carried everything before them, and thus gained the entrenched main position of Chaunda."¹ The battle was now won, but the gallantry of the enemy's resistance "would not have been overcome but for our gallant old Peninsula comrades, the 39th and 40th Regiments, who carried everything before them, bayoneting the gunners at their guns to a man. These guns were most ably posted, each battery flanking and supporting the other by as heavy a cross-fire of cannon as I ever saw, and grape like hail. Our leaders of brigades in the neighbourhood and in the villages had various opportunities of displaying heroism—Valiant, Wright, 39th, and my assistant, Major Barr, remarkably so,—and many gallant fellows fell in this noble performance of their duty."² Major Straubensee led the 39th out of action fewer by 216 officers and men than had mustered that morning at parade. Three thousand of the enemy lay dead on the field. "A more thorough devotedness to their cause no soldiers could evince, and the annals of their defeat, although an honour to us, can never be recorded as any disgrace to them."

On the 28th of December the troops under the command of General Grey, who had been directed to advance against Gwalior from the south, encountered another portion of the Mahratta army at Punniar, twelve miles from the capital. They were no less than 12,000 in number, and they occupied a strong position on a line of rugged heights overlooking the valley. It was from the fort of Mangon, nearly in their centre, that they opened a warm fire on our baggage. Some cavalry under Brigadier Harriott was at once sent to engage the enemy, but the ravines made the ground difficult for cavalry. Lieutenant Cox and Captain

¹ Gough's Despatch.

² 'The Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith,' ii. 133.

Brend soon turned out with four guns and engaged them. When they had sufficiently silenced the Mahratta guns, the 3rd Buffs and Sappers advanced against the enemy's right, forced it from height to height, and captured eleven of their guns. A wing of the 39th Native Infantry, having occupied the crest of a hill commanding the enemy's left, after pouring in a destructive fire, rushed down and captured a battery of two guns. Brigadier Yates and Major Earle successively commanding the 39th were both wounded. Then General Grey came up at the head of a brigade of infantry, composed of the 50th Queen's and the 50th and 58th Native Infantry. They were halted, and as soon as they loaded they attacked, with a loud cheer, the Mahratta left. After a short stiff struggle the remainder of the Mahratta guns were taken, and the battle won. The loss in the action amounted to 35 killed and 182 wounded.

On the 4th of January the victorious forces met beneath the rock fortress of Gwalior, which was taken possession of by the contingent forces commanded by British officers. On the 13th of January a treaty was concluded by which the Maharanee was handsomely pensioned but excluded from the government, and the administration vested in a Council of Regency, under the control of the British Resident, during the minority of the Maharaja, which was to end at eighteen. Lord Ellenborough behaved with scrupulous moderation towards the Gwalior State, and it was due to his moderation that Scindia rendered us admirable service in the crisis of the sepoy revolt. It was agreed that territory yielding eighteen lakhs a-year should be ceded to the British Government for the maintenance of a contingent force. The Gwalior Contingent became a compact force of 10,000 men of all arms, composed of high-caste Brahmins and Rajputs, disciplined and trained by English officers. They owed no allegiance to the ruler of the Gwalior State, and, not being a part of the native army, they owned no allegiance to the British Government. During the Mutiny they proved our most formidable foes. The lesson is important.

Neville Chamberlain's diary contains an account of the fight of Maharajpore:—

"I left Agra on the 16th December (1843); reached Dholepore on the 19th—I performing the marches in a buggy.

"20th and 21st December.—Halted; preparations made for crossing the Chumbal river. Interviews between the Governor-General and native rajahs.

"22nd December.—Marched seven miles up the banks of the river to the ford!

"23rd December.—Crossed the Chumbal by a good ford; three and a half feet depth of water. Camp pitched six miles inland on the right bank at a place called Hingonah. The whole force that had been moving by separate routes met and encamped together—about 16,000 men,—and I hear we have 60,000 camp-followers. We entered Scindia's territory to-day.

"24th to 26th December.—Halted. In treaty with the Mahrattas; things begin to look warlike!

"27th December.—Halted. The Mahrattas will not give in to our terms! A report their army has taken up a position in our front, only distant a few miles.

"28th December.—Enemy's position reconnoitred by Commander-in-Chief at daylight; fourteen cannon shot fired at the party, but no damage done. During the day false alarm that our cattle at graze had been attacked. Everybody busy burnishing up arms.

"29th December.—Marched in three columns at daybreak to attack the enemy, leaving a strong rear-guard to protect the baggage. I accompanied the centre column in a doolie (a litter carried by four men), booted and spurred, ready to mount my horse at the first shot. Reached the enemy's position at half-past eight, and the moment we got within range of their guns they opened upon us, the second shot falling into the centre of the column. The cavalry division was on the right, so I went over to join them. The Mahratta position was well chosen and better defended. They fought like men, and defended their guns nobly! Their practice was admirable, and no guns could have been better served. Their loss must have been great: they were annihilated to a man. The village of Maharajpore, which was their centre position, on being taken by our troops was set fire to, and the whole of its defendants perished in the flames. This act was resorted to on the Mahrattas shooting down our men from loopholes and refusing to surrender. Poor wretches! To escape the flames they mounted the roofs of the houses, and thus being exposed to the musketry were shot down. But to return. On my reaching the bodyguard, my own horse was a little in the rear, so I mounted the first spare trooper I could find! As bad luck would have it this brute was a determined runaway, and had thrown his rider before I mounted him. H.M. 16th Lancers

and ourselves were ordered to turn the enemy's left flank, and this we endeavoured to do by charging a battery that opened upon us from their left. We received the fire of the battery in our front, as well as that of another battery on our flank, which had before been concealed, and when within a few yards of their guns we were put three about (ordered to retreat), from the impossibility of crossing a ravine that ran along and protected the front of the batteries.

"After our failure with the guns, H.M. 16th Lancers and ourselves were drawn up within range, and we remained unemployed for the rest of the day. The batteries we failed at were stormed by the infantry and were the last taken. You may fancy how annoyed we all were as we remained from half-past nine until near 2 P.M. on our horses, within range, and in sight of the Mahratta camp, totally unemployed, whilst the rest of the force was engaged. The only consolation we have is that it was our misfortune, and not our fault.

"In Affghanistan we never had many guns opposed to us, and this was the first time I had ever been under a heavy cannonade. No words can give an idea of the effect of a round shot striking a column, particularly when in movement, and you see three or four men and horses rolling on the ground together, and the rest in the rear galloping over their fallen comrades with as much unconcern as if they were so many clods of earth. Being very weak from never using my arms, and from continued confinement, the little strength that I had was soon exhausted by holding a hard-mouthed horse with one hand and carrying a heavy sword in the other. Before we charged the battery the brute ran away with me twice; however I managed to bring him round to the regiment again, the third time; when the word 'About' was given my horse took me from the extreme right of our line of attack to the extreme left, carrying me through some of the enemy's infantry, who, as a matter of course, let fly at me *en passant*. Fortunately the crops were high, and I was not seen until among them; and natives are not good flying shots. By the horse running away with me I saw more of the action than I should otherwise have done, so everything was for the best. My leg did not suffer by the ride, but I was so exhausted that, to have saved my life, I could not have raised my sword to have guarded a blow.

"Our cavalry was badly placed, and we were the most unsuccessful troops in the field. Our artillery did not commit as much havoc among the enemy's guns as might have been expected, but the fault did not lie with them, as they were ordered to fire at long ranges. Our infantry won the day. Hardly able to walk from exhaustion, and under a heavy fire, they steadily advanced across the plain, and stormed battery after battery, and position after position. The first shot was fired about 8.30 A.M. and the third and last position of the enemy was not captured until nearly 2 P.M. After the fight, the bodies of hundreds were lying in blackened heaps in

the village of Maharajpore, and in one or two others that had been set on fire. Every gun (with the exception of one) was captured, and amounted to about fifty. For hours and hours after the action had ceased, mines which the enemy had made all about the field kept blowing up, and thus many of our soldiers and quantities of the camp-followers were killed and burnt. The field hospital was a most sickening sight even to those accustomed to witness the horrors of a field of battle,—dead, dying, and wounded, all mixed together, and legs and arms flung outside of the tents after amputations.

“Our loss has been great, but not to be wondered at when the prowess of our enemy is taken into consideration. Major-General Churchill received his mortal wound whilst leading the cavalry against the battery. Lieutenant-colonel Sanders, in storming a battery, was shot dead. In him the Company have lost one of their bravest and best officers. How he escaped in Afghanistan is a perfect miracle, as he was always the first in and the last out of action. I cannot say how I regret his death: he had just attained honours and distinctions, and a few years more would have placed him at the top of his profession. Lieutenant Newton, 16th B.N.I., fell under five wounds: the first a sword-cut across the stomach (from a man who feigned dead) whilst endeavouring to save the life of a wounded Mahratta! After this cut he still continued with his corps, and marched along holding up his intestines with his hands.

“At sunset the volleys of the funeral parties proclaimed that the last office was being performed over the remains of the poor fellows who had fallen during the day.

“*30th December.*—So stiff from yesterday’s exertions that I can hardly move: more mines blowing up. Marched at 11 A.M. Our division left to take care of the wounded and the captured guns. The Mahratta Queen Regent sends in her submission.

“*31st December.*—Halted. Fort of Gwalior in sight. The Queen and Rajah come to the Governor-General.

“*1st January 1844.*—Halted. Another officer dead of his wounds. Heard that General Grey had fought the Mahrattas and beaten them.

“*2nd January.*—Marched. On the alert all night.

“*3rd January.*—Marched. Pitched our camp out of gun-shot of the fort of Gwalior. False alarm at 3 P.M. Proved to be own troops.

“*4th January.*—General Grey’s division joined us. The fort of Gwalior given over to us.

“*5th January.*—More men and an officer die of their wounds. In the morning rode to the Mahratta camp on an elephant. Met with great civility from the Mahrattas.

“*6th January.*—Everything said to be settled. Halted till 12th. Terms of treaty settled. Mahrattas delivered up their arms and guns.”

Neville Chamberlain could not resist the temptation to visit the scene of action, and he writes to his sister on the 15th:—

“On the 29th January I, with several other officers, rode over the field of battle, and we came to the conclusion that all the batteries should have been captured by our cavalry. A more beautiful plain for cavalry movements cannot be conceived. If instead of sitting idly on our horses and being a target for the enemy’s artillery, we had been made use of, the life of many a brave soldier would have been spared, and in all probability that of the brave Sanders!

“We particularly examined the ravine that stopped our charge, and you may fancy how annoyed we were to find that it might have been turned had we gone 200 or 300 yards to our left. The river at the rear of the enemy’s position might have been crossed at fifty places, and we could therefore have intercepted all retreat towards Gwalior.

“The bodies of the enemy were still unburied, and after a month’s exposure to the sun presented a most horrible spectacle—hundreds of vultures, kites, and crows were fattening.”

On the 3rd of February Neville Chamberlain returned to Agra. After the battle of Maharajpore he had his wound well examined. “It was proposed to lay the leg open, but this cannot be done, as they say that bone encircles the orifice from top to bottom. Undiluted nitric and muriatic acids have been applied, and have had the effect of corroding a piece of diseased bone. Patience is still preached to me.” The doctors told him he must return to the hills, and hinted that when he had in some measure recovered his strength an operation would have to be performed. It was a heavy trial. He wrote to his sister: “The body-guard has been increased to three squadrons, and I trust that next cold season we may try our strength against the Lion of the Punjab. Could I but join and do my duty, but being again obliged to go to the hills with no prospect of getting well is enough to break one’s spirits. Days, weeks, and months pass without any sign of improvement.” There was, however, one consolation: his brother Crawford, who was now second in command of the 9th Cavalry, had, owing to repeated attacks of the fever which he had

contracted in Sind, been compelled to take sick leave, and the two brothers were once again going to live together at the hill station of Mussoorie.

On the 20th of February Neville Chamberlain left Agra and set forth on his march to Saharanpore. He writes: "I reached Meerut on the 2nd, coming on by quiet marches, and now I am half-way to Saharanpore, where I hope to meet Crawford." He gives his sister "an outline of my day's march," and the young regimental officer surveys the country and the people with the eye of an artist and the delight of a cultivated and active intellect. If "there be any old fort near or any place celebrated in Indian history," he cannot resist visiting it.

"You must not fancy I have no amusements besides my books, for I take delight in Nature. My tent is now pitched in a grove of mangoe trees. A few fields off they are busy cutting up the sugar-cane. Close by the reapers are busy with their sickles among the barley. Doves are cooing on all sides. 'Spite's' enemies, the squirrels, are hopping and chattering about. Within a stone's throw of my tent door is a tank to which people and cattle are continually going to bathe or drink. Early in the morning strings of women come to fill their earthen and brass vessels with water. Then come the Hindoos to bathe, who are so scrupulously clean, and they remain long in the water reciting their prayers. In contrast with them the Mahomedan, who is far from particular about his person, sits at the water's edge, dips in his hands, rubs them once over his face, and considers his toilette finished. The poor bullocks, as they are taken out of the carts, rush into the water to slake their thirst. When once a buffalo gets in it is difficult to get him out, and all you can see is the tip of his nose and horns. Horses, goats, and sheep, all take their share, so I have an opportunity of watching the ways of quadrupeds as well as bipeds. I have written a lot of nonsense, but I will make amends when I meet Crawford."

About noon on the 21st of March Crawford rode into Saharanpore. "He was looking pretty well, everything considered. We had so much to say, so many questions to ask each other, that we did not close our eyes until completely worn out with fatigue." On the 28th the two brothers reached their house at Mussoorie, some 7500 feet above the level of the sea. Below them lay the rich

valley of the Doon, and on the west, over a swelling sea of mountains, they saw the Himalaya peaks—the range of snow. Dr Murray, the surgeon at Landour, a military depôt for sick officers and men near Mussoorie, was considered a first-rate operator, “and ties an artery as easily as he would his cravat.” After examining Neville Chamberlain’s wounded leg, he told him that nothing but an operation would remove the diseased bone. A few weeks later the operation was performed. Crawford wrote: “The operation took ten minutes, and the surgeons say they never knew a man to bear torment like poor Neville did; not a muscle of his face altered. He refused to take chloroform.”

On the 25th of May Neville wrote to his mother, “I shall not be long a prisoner”; and all went well for some time, and he was able to stand a horse for half an hour and “shoot pretty well off an elephant.” Then the wound suddenly reopened, and he wrote to his mother in November: “All my hopes have been destroyed, and I am as great a cripple as ever. I had hoped to be using my leg again. Fate has ordained otherwise, and I must not murmur.” He adds: “I have now made up my mind either to go to England or try what a sea voyage can do for me. The hills I have tried for two years and they have proved inefficacious. In justice to myself I must try a change to England, the Cape, or the China sea. This point shall be decided by the Calcutta doctors.” As Crawford could not shake off the Sind fever, and the doctors declared his only chance of recovery lay in a sea voyage, he determined to take leave to the Cape, and go down with Neville to Calcutta. On the 10th of December 1844, thirty-two miles from Meerut, they embarked on board a country boat which they had chartered to take them to Calcutta, and on the 6th of February they arrived off the ghauts or landing-places of the great city.

At Calcutta at the last moment Neville Chamberlain was unwilling to return to England, for he believed that there

would soon again be hard and glorious work in the profession dignified by danger. He wrote to his mother: "Do not think me selfish when I tell you I regret being obliged to leave India. War may be declared with the Sikhs any day. Only fancy my wasting my time in England when I should be on horseback! But what can I do? Fortune does not favour me. The Sikhs will prove an enemy worthy to meet. The Government will be anxious to defer war till October or November, but the Sikhs will not consult our wishes on the subject." In November the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej. Neville Chamberlain had an interview with the Governor-General, who urged on him "the necessity of going home; and on my requesting to be relieved from my appointment, he said I should go back to the bodyguard on my return, and this without any kind of solicitation on my part." The good advice was not thrown away. Neville took his passage in the *Glandaragh*, 700 tons, trading to the port of Liverpool. "The captain is a rough Scotsman of immense stature, and evidently finished his education in the Highlands before railroads were in vogue. He is civil, and has the reputation of being a good navigator, so I daresay we shall get on very well."

On the 18th of February the brothers parted, Crawford setting sail for the Cape. He was deeply anxious to accompany Neville, but he was poor, and he did not wish to forfeit the important post he had won by his services; and in the days of the East India Company an officer on leave who did not proceed west of the Cape did not forfeit his Indian pay nor his appointment. On the 26th of April 1845 Crawford writes to his mother: "I have had more fever and ague since landing, and am altogether in the blue devils, feeling an alien, and all *are* strangers to me. I went to see the *beau monde* of the Cape at the races, and was rather pleased with the appearance of the Dutch ladies. I fear my heart would be mortally wounded by one of these Dutch sirens! therefore I shall fly, and court the ostriches

and lions. I even think of going away to New South Wales." Crawford's heart was mortally wounded by a Dutch siren. In November 1845 he married Miss Elizabeth de Wet, and she proved a devoted and faithful companion.

On February 20, 1845, Neville Chamberlain left Calcutta. Sailing down the tortuous and difficult course of the Hooghly was a long and anxious matter, and Neville's homeward voyage had not an auspicious beginning. On the 1st of March he writes:—

"From below DIAMOND HARBOUR.

"We are now awaiting the flood-tide to take us over the Majapore flats. Unfortunately we have no doctor, and cholera has shown itself among the crew; one man died and two more have been seized: our boatswain was very nearly gone. It is brought on from drinking, and eating too much fruit, and exposure to the sun. When we get out to sea we shall get all right. We are registered 647 tons, and all hands included do not muster more than twenty-six men, so we cannot afford to lose any of our crew. We are very deeply laden, drawing nineteen feet, and we can hardly reach Liverpool before July. She is a fine strong craft for a merchantman, and we shall not go down without a struggle for it. I have a fair stock of books—Byron, Pope, Milton, and last, though not least, Shakespeare will be a good standby; but—after all my manœuvring, we have a lady on board! the wife of a Captain Finlay, 39th Foot, and he is also of our party. . . . My wound still keeps closed. Captain Finlay told me this morning that after seven years' absence the first thing his mother said (turning to his sister), 'How horribly ugly he has grown!' A nice reception, and one I do not anticipate however ugly you may think me. Now dear, dear Larry, one long adieu."

Of the homeward voyage we know little. The *Glandaragh* justified her reputation as a strong sea craft; but she was undermanned, and the crew mutinied, and there were stormy scenes, and Neville had to act as mediator between the captain and his men. He was deprived of the peace and rest which he hoped to enjoy on board ship, and the benefit from the homeward voyage was not so great as he expected.

In the course of July Neville Chamberlain reached Liverpool, and he proceeded at once to London to consult Cooper Key, the great surgeon of the day. It was characteristic of the man that he did not let his family know of his

arrival, as he wished to save his mother and sisters mental distress in case the leg had to be amputated. But there was no need of the surgeon's special service. He was told that time alone was wanted to cure the wound. He heard the decision with a sense of unutterable relief, for his sufferings had been cruel, and he hastened to Clifton where a large family party was gathered "to welcome Neville, and listen to all he had to tell us, though he was shy of talking of himself even to us."

In the spring of 1846 Lady Chamberlain left Clifton and rented a house at Walmer, as sea air was recommended for Neville. His patience and cheerfulness never failed, but to be shut up in a house, his sister writes, was a sore trial. He proceeded to build himself a small boat just big enough to hold two, "and it lay on the beach at our garden gate." Neville Chamberlain soon became as expert a sailor as he was a rider. In sailing, as in riding, he was, however, too venturesome. The old Deal boatmen used to shake their heads when he launched his tiny craft through the surf, and they used to watch through their glasses to see "what strange thing the young gentleman would do next." The strange thing the young gentleman did was to set off in her to Calais. The sisters watched the tiny white speck till it was lost to sight, and for two or three days there was no news of the boat and its crew. Then the boatman returned, and said that as he had a wife and child he was not going to lose his life crossing the Channel again in that cockle-shell, and he had therefore left Neville at Calais, who was determined to sail back. Deserted by his boatman, the captain had to find another crew. It was no easy task. He was a marked man for the official eye. He had forgotten his French and spoke Persian to the French police, and this created an irritating and deep suspicion. He had no passport which would have revealed the nationality of the young gentleman who spoke a strange tongue. He had no licence for his boat, and they absolutely refused to believe that he had

crossed the Channel in the small boat lying under the wheels of a paddle-boat. Days passed in negotiations. At last Neville managed to procure a licence (*Ondine* $\frac{1}{4}$ of a ton), and he set sail for Walmer. He had managed to persuade a Frenchman to accompany him, but he was not a sailor and only of use in bailing out the seas. Neville had no compass, and he guided the *Ondine* by the sun and the track of passing ships. On the evening of the third day "he struck the beach at our garden gate." The Duke of Wellington, who was residing at Walmer Castle, where he dispensed a generous hospitality to the naval and military officers within reach, was much delighted with the adventure, and "he made William [the sailor brother] tell it over and over." Many a day did the *Ondine* scud away, brushing the foam behind her into the open sea, and in the evening the brave boat, guided by her master's hand, was seen returning home. One day the *Ondine* that had so faithfully carried her master through storm and sunshine did not return home. A coasting vessel seeing a solitary man far away from land in a tiny boat regarded him as a shipwrecked mariner, and bore down upon him. The little *Ondine* was capsized and sank to the bottom. Neville by clutching a rope saved himself, and appeared on deck deeply wrathful at the loss of his companion. The hours spent with her on the free sea had so improved his health that he decided to return at once to India, though he had enjoyed only half his leave. In October 1846 he left Walmer. A sister's loving hand has drawn a portrait of him at this time, and his comrades, the few who have not stolen away to join the majority, say it is a true likeness. "He was now in his twenty-seventh year—tall and handsome, with a slight and graceful figure and a charming face full of purpose, a determined mouth and kind blue eyes, a union of strength and gentleness, and a most genuine modesty and simplicity in his person and ways that was very winning. It was hard to part with him—hard to lose his dear companionship."

On his arrival at Calcutta in December 1846 Neville Chamberlain found Crawford and his wife had arrived there from the Cape, and were waiting at the landing-place to welcome him. Crawford, having taken leave to the Cape, retained his old appointment (second in command of the 9th Bengal Cavalry), but Neville, on reporting himself, was sorely disappointed to find that instead of being reappointed to the bodyguard, as the Governor-General had promised, he was offered the adjutancy of the 14th Irregular Cavalry. "I accepted, but made it known I was disappointed. Immediately I recovered the partial use of my leg I had started for India, seventeen months before the expiration of my leave, and under the expectation of joining the bodyguard." A consolation, however, came to him opportunely in the shape of the following note:—

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I should be glad if it is acceptable to you to be Military Secretary to the new Bombay Governor. It can be arranged I do not doubt to release you here, so as to enable you to accompany me. The salary (1000 Rs. consolidated) is not much for so responsible an office; but you need not be at great expense there, and I promise to let you go to the fore whenever there is more fighting among your old friends in the North-West.—
Yours sincerely,
GEORGE CLERK.

"CALCUTTA, 28th Dec. 1846."

Neville Chamberlain writes from the s.s. *Hindustan*, about sixty miles from Madras, 13th January 1847: "I am truly thankful and gratified by this offer, which I of course accepted, and I hope he will not have cause to regret having selected me. As for him, he is a most perfect gentleman, and universally liked and respected. My acquaintance was originally through Sir Henry Fane. I became personally acquainted at Simla in 1843. He joined the *Hindustan* steamer at Suez coming from Europe; we were thus thrown together again, and were fellow passengers as far as Calcutta."

As Military Secretary Neville Chamberlain had an opportunity of gaining an insight into administrative and clerical work. But he had held the office for little more than a year,

when Mr Clerk, finding his health failing, applied to be relieved. On May 7 the coast and ship batteries announced George Clerk's departure. "All ranks and classes regretted it." Before leaving Bombay, the ex-governor had exerted himself to obtain a suitable post for his Military Secretary. Lord Dalhousie responded to his appeal by making Neville Chamberlain an Honorary A.D.C. The Governor-General wrote :—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARRACKPORE,
April 13th, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,— I have received your letter, in which you express a strong desire that your Military Secretary, Lieutenant Chamberlain, should be appointed one of the honorary A.D.C.'s. Mr Chamberlain's distinguished conduct in the service fully qualifies him for receiving a public recognition of it. Hitherto, there has been only one officer under the rank of major who has been named honorary A.D.C., and he was a captain. Mr C. is only a lieutenant, and I should have felt that circumstance to be a bar to his appointment in almost any case. But I entertain so strong a desire to gratify any wish you may express, and to prove my sense of your claims on the service from which, to my deep regret, you are about to retire, that I at once accede to your proposal, and will gazette Mr C. on your leaving the Government of Bombay. You are probably aware that the appointment is purely honorary, and does not give allowances, or attach the holder to the personal staff.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,
"DALHOUSIE."

Sir Willoughby Cotton, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army, and Lord Falkland, the new Governor, both proposed that Neville Chamberlain should join their personal staff, but he declined. "Nothing would induce me to serve upon any man's personal staff," he wrote, "otherwise than in the field." Mr Hamilton, the Resident at Indore, had written to George Clerk that, there being a prospect of an officer being employed under him, he had written to Mr Courtney, the Governor-General's Private Secretary, to put Neville Chamberlain's name before his lordship, "and I write this that you may communicate the fact to him, though I know not whether the Governor-General will consent. If C. comes through Indore after leaving you, he will be ready to take up the appoint-

ment if the Governor-General consents." Neville Chamberlain, therefore, determined to rejoin his regiment at Agra, *viâ* Indore. On the 20th of August 1848 he writes from Indore:—

"I left Poona on horseback the 2nd July, and I got here on the 2nd of this month, the distance about 440 miles, so you see I did not hurry myself. My object in not going the usual route was to enable me to see Ahmednuggar, Aurunzabad, Rosa, Ellora, Adjunta, Boorhampoor, Assunghar, and Mehaisur (the Cave Temples), and well have I been repaid for my trouble: my plan was to make long marches, and then halt two or three days wherever there was anything worth visiting. So well pleased have I been that, although my establishment was on too small a scale to admit of my having much comfort, still I would gladly go over the ground again for one more peep at the Caves of Ellora and Adjunta."

Neville Chamberlain had been two months at the Indore Residency,—“like an English seat at home surrounded by park-like ground,”—deeply engaged in mastering Hindustani and Persian, when his studies had to be abandoned by the rapid progress in the Punjab of the political distemper which was so soon to culminate in war. Before leaving Bombay he had heard of the murder of two political officers at Mooltan, and the tidings which now reached him convinced him that a second war with the Sikhs was imminent, and he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the army:—

"MY DEAR COLONEL GRANT,—I feel that I am trespassing on your kindness in addressing you, particularly when the object of my letter is to solicit other employment than that which the C.-in-C. so kindly lately conferred on me.

"My excuse must be my desire to be employed in the active duties of my profession, and, if I argue rightly, the day is not far distant when the Punjab will offer a field for military aspirants. Should any troops take the field I pray to be allowed to accompany them, and I shall ever feel deeply indebted to his lordship if he will accede to this request. I am ready and willing to serve *in any capacity*, and the boon of being allowed to do duty with any regiment actively employed would be received with joy and gratitude. It was my misfortune not to have partaken in the last Sutlej campaign. Active service is the only recompense I now can ever hope for, and I feel assured his Excellency will grant me, when the time arrives, the

opportunity dear to a soldier. I left England before half my leave had expired, under the expectation of British interference being speedily required in the Punjab, and in the hope of participating in the inevitable struggle. With your assistance I hope not to be disappointed, and feeling convinced that you will excuse my troubling you with a subject that is of such importance to my future career.—
I remain, . . . N. C.”

Neville Chamberlain intended to await a reply at Indore, but a few days after the letter had been sent the papers announced that the Sikh force at Mooltan had joined the rebels, and the siege of the city by our troops had been abandoned. “This open declaration of Sikh feeling quite settled my determination.” His host procured him camels for his baggage, and on the evening of the 22nd of September he set forth on his journey. He has recorded his march through Central India in a letter to his mother, and his descriptions, so fresh and vivid, reveal to us the state of India sixty years ago. In order to save expense he took no tent. Between Agra and Indore small rest-houses had been erected for the shelter of the traveller, at distances from twenty-five to thirty miles, and he marched from bungalow to bungalow. As it was necessary that his horses should reach Agra fresh and in good condition he had to ride at a foot’s pace, and he was generally ten hours in the saddle before completing his daily journey. He rested while the sun was at its hottest, and he began his march when it was about to set. “The Pleiades rise about 8 P.M., and seeing them tells me I have performed a third of my journey. Aldebaran, Orion, Sirius, each greet me in their turn, and the bright morning star is to me as it was to the shepherds of old. Latterly the moon has kept me company for a portion of the night, and when she has quitted me on her travels westward, I have charged her to bless your sleep with heavenly dreams. Two years ago, this very full moon, we had heavenly nights at Walmer.” Of a calm night he heard from afar the couriers who carried the post from Indore to Agra. “You hear them by the clanking of the chains or bells attached to the end of their

sticks, on which they hang the wallet. These bells are meant to frighten the wild beasts, and they appear to have the effect, for few runners are killed. The road leads through many *tigerish*-looking places, and when quite alone, travelling as I did by night, I adopted the system of shrieking and uttering sounds anything but harmonious." Most of his journey after leaving Indore was through Scindia's territories, and he writes:—

"It is fortunate that Lord Ellenborough drew his back teeth or we might ere this have felt them, when our faces were turned towards the Punjab. Had Lord E. seen the valley of Ramnuggur, I think he would have drawn more and recommended a new set. Latterly few Europeans have passed up this road, and I hear from the natives that the disaffected, and their name is legion, assign as a reason for this feeling our having been beaten by the Sikhs! No rain has fallen in the districts about Agra, and a famine must be the result. The road for days past has swarmed with men, women, and children, with their cattle, flocking towards Malwa in search of employment and food. It is a pitiable sight to see the old, the lame, and the blind, driven from their homes by remorseless famine. The van is led by the stalwart carrying the younger children, and little infants, of may be a few hours in this world of woe, carried in circular baskets on their mothers' heads, and to protect them from the sun they attach three sticks, over which they throw a cloth. Children are carried in all manner of ways—tied to the back, across the hips, and sometimes seated on the head. The rear is brought up by the infirm and those sinking down into the sear and yellow leaf, and four or five young men carry the arms that have been handed down to them for generations. Notwithstanding all this toil and misery they seemed reconciled to their hard fate, and when questioned say it is the will of God! At night-time when I come upon them they are asleep, forgetting all their sorrows, or else singing to their tom-toms."

On the 20th of October Neville Chamberlain writes from Agra:—

"My hopes have been realised. I have been appointed Major of Brigade, 4th Brigade of Cavalry. The brigade is composed of three regiments Irregular Cavalry, and the 9th is one, so that Crawford and I will again meet in the field. I am delighted, and I am making all preparations for the campaign. The good news reached me yesterday, that, together with my friend Dr Murray's good advice, has completely set me up, for I was suffering in health! I have still 300 miles to march before I can find myself at Ferozepore, but long ere this reaches you I hope we shall be in the heart of the Punjab."

CHAPTER VII.

Recall of Lord Ellenborough—Sir Arthur Hardinge assumes the office of Governor-General—The First Sikh War, 1845—Battle of Moodkee—Battle of Ferozeshah—Battle of Sohraon—The Treaty of Lahore—Lord Hardinge leaves India—Lord Dalhousie assumes office of Governor-General, January 12, 1848—Moolraj Diwan of Mooltan—Sir Frederick Currie appointed Resident at Lahore—Sends a small force to depose Moolraj—Murder of Vans Agnew and Anderson—Herbert Edwardes' victory at Kinyéree—Second victory at Suddoosâm, June 18, 1848—The plot at Lahore—The Raneé in secret communication with Cabul, Candahar, and Cashmere—Sends emissaries to inflame the religious passions of our native troops—The Raneé deported to Benares—British force despatched from Lahore by Resident—Sher Singh joins Moolraj—His father, Chutter Singh, raises the standard of rebellion—The Sikh nation in arms—The "Army of the Punjab" formed, October 13, 1848—British advance to Ramnuggur—Cavalry skirmish—Colonel W. Havelock's gallant charge and death—Death of Brigadier-General Cureton—Engagement at Sadoolapore—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Retreat of the Sikhs to Russool—Battle of Chillianwalla, January 13, 1849—Neville and Crawford Chamberlain make their way to the front—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Camp Chillianwalla—Battle of Goojerat, February 21, 1849—Complete rout of the Sikhs—Gilbert's pursuing column—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Surrender of the Sikh army—Pursuit of the Afghans—Neville Chamberlain and Nicholson ride together to the entrance of the Khyber Pass.

IN June 1844 the Court of Directors, distrusting his erratic genius and disliking his love of theatrical display, recalled the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough. His successor was Sir Arthur Hardinge, who had turned the tide at the battle of Albuera, and had lost his arm at Ligny. Besides being a brave and distinguished soldier, he possessed the experience of a Cabinet Minister, and by his tact and judgment had won the confidence of the Duke of Wellington and Sir

Robert Peel. He had not the imagination which makes a great statesman, but he had two of the qualities which make a great administrator,—sound sagacity and excellent habits of business. At the beginning of his rule a momentous question arose, as complicate and intricate as any a British statesman had ever to face in India. The Cabinet and the Court of Directors had had enough of war. The short and brilliant Gwalior campaign was darkened and eclipsed by the Afghan campaign. The moral sense of the British nation had been touched by the annexation of Sind. Before he left England Sir Arthur Hardinge had been solemnly enjoined to maintain peace. Peace was essential to those measures on which he was engaged during the first year of his administration for moral and material development. But on our northern frontier lay the Punjab, seething with a brave and turbulent soldiery, wild with religious ardour, suspicious of its own rulers, more suspicious of our proceedings. The object of the Governor-General was to adopt such measures as would ensure us against aggression without endangering the preservation of peace. He quietly and unostentatiously massed on the Sutlej, and at the station immediately below it, an army of 40,000 men. The force was too large for crushing disorderly irruption: it was not sufficient to check or repel invasion. The Sikh Durbar expended large sums on secret service, and the information they received of the movements of our troops gave rise naturally to suspicion and apprehension. They were confirmed by the Governor bringing to Ferozepore the famous bridge of boats. The Private Secretary to the Governor-General wrote: "Sixty boats, built at Bombay, have just been conveyed into the Indus to serve as river flotilla, and also as a bridge of boats. They are of equal dimensions, each carrying a gun, two grappling-irons with strong chains, and 100 men; the sixty boats would therefore, for short distances, such as the passage of a river, carry 6000 infantry at one trip. Each boat has its separate proportion of timber ready for the flooring

of a bridge of boats, and capable of being laid down in two or three hours." The Private Secretary adds: "It is not desirable that the purpose to which these boats can be applied should unnecessarily transpire. The Governor-General does not desire to create alarm, which might be prejudicial to the Maharajah's government." The purposes to which these boats could be applied were bound to transpire, and so to confirm the belief throughout the Punjab that the British intended to avail themselves of the distractions in the State to annex it, as they had annexed Sind. The patriotism of the Sikhs was aroused. The Durbar complained of the presence of the bridge of boats, and of the conduct of Major Broadfoot, who was now the Governor-General's agent on the North-West Frontier. Broadfoot claimed that the territory belonging to the Lahore government beyond the Sutlej was as much under his "jurisdiction" as any protected State, and by his interference he treated it as a protected State. The Sikh Durbar asserted its right to send their own guards across the Sutlej to their own territory. Then the inevitable collision came. On the 11th of December the Punjab Sikh armies crossed in force the Sutlej by various fords, and took up an extended position at Ferozeshah, about half-way between Ferozepore and the village of Moodkee.

The crossing of the Sutlej in force was, however, an act of war, for Runjeet had stipulated by treaty that he would "never maintain in the territory occupied by him on the left bank of the Sutlej more troops than are necessary for the internal duties of their territory." The English Government had, according to their wont, undervalued the strength, the discipline, and the courage of their enemy, and according to a well-established custom had not made adequate preparations for war. They had collected regiments and guns, but food and ammunition and carriage and hospital stores were all behind, and remained to be collected. At Moodkee took place the first engagement. After a sharp contest the Sikhs were compelled to retreat. The victory

was dearly bought. The total loss was 215 of all ranks killed and 257 wounded. Then followed the battle of Ferozeshah, "a bloody bull-dog fight," one of the most furious contests ever fought in India. The enemy retired in perfect order across the Sutlej, and we had neither sufficient troops nor ammunition to follow them. For nearly a month the army of the Sutlej lay idle, awaiting the siege-train from Delhi. The Sikhs again crossed the river and threatened Loodianah. Sir Harry Smith was sent to dislodge them, and won the glorious victory of Aliwal. "On the 7th of February the long train of heavy guns, dragged by stately elephants, entered the camp. On the 10th of February Sir Hugh Gough won the well-planned and well-fought victory of Sobraon, which broke and scattered the Khalsa army. On the 20th of February 1846 the British entered as masters of Lahore."

The Governor-General refused to recognise that the bold policy of annexation, however difficult, was our best chance of future peace and safety. He again took the fatal middle course. He did not annex the Punjab, but he took the trans-Sutlej territory, the Doab below the Beas, one of the fairest provinces of the kingdom, whose loss was bitterly resented by the Khalsa. Lord Hardinge levied a heavy fine to meet the expenditure of the war, but as two-thirds of the pecuniary indemnity could not be paid by the Lahore government, territory was taken instead of money, and Cashmere and the hill States, from the Beas to the Indus, were cut off from the Punjab proper, and transferred, as a separate kingdom, to the Jammu Raja Ghuláb Singh, who was regarded by the Sikhs as a traitor, for a high price. Lord Hardinge established a Regency with treaty stipulations intended to secure the controlling influence of the British over the Punjab without their taking upon themselves the responsibility of administration. The arrangement was bound to be as ineffectual as our occupation of Afghanistan, and for the same causes. We had not first established our power, and we had proclaimed our sojourn to be temporary.

“India,” wrote Charles Napier, “has lost much blood and money, and the tragedy must be enacted before a year or two hence.” It was enacted before three years had passed.

After a reign of three and a-half years, on the 18th January 1848, Lord Hardinge left India, honoured by his countrymen as a brave successful soldier who had governed the continent with firmness and equity, and beloved by his native subjects on account of the measures he had adopted for the reduction of the salt duty, for the improvement of the productive resources of the country, and for the promotion of education. The Empire was in profound peace, and the Governor-General, on the eve of his departure, assured his successor, Lord Dalhousie, that, so far as he could see, “it would not be necessary to fire a gun in India for seven years.” Four months had not passed when the new ruler heard in Calcutta of the tragedy at Mooltan. Moolraj, the governor of the district and town of that name, was greatly concerned at his people being allowed the right of appeal to Lahore, and at the prospect of the introduction, under a thin disguise, of British administration into his territory. His father, one of Runjeet Singh’s ablest administrators, had created a semi-independent kingdom, and to maintain his independence had spent the revenues of his province in strengthening his capital, a place of great natural strength. Diwan Moolraj was, as John Lawrence said, “a ruler of the old school, and so long as he paid his revenues he considered the province as his own to make the best of.” He was no doubt “grasping and avaricious,” but John Lawrence describes him as “a popular governor, perhaps the most so in the Punjab with one exception.” In November 1847 Moolraj went to Lahore and explained to John Lawrence, who was in temporary charge of the Punjab, his desire to resign the charge of the Mooltan province. His request was refused.

In March Sir Frederick Currie, who knew very little of the Punjab and the Sikhs, was appointed Acting Resident in place of John Lawrence, who was familiar with the land

and the people. Moolraj now again tendered his resignation, and it was immediately accepted. Sir Frederick Currie determined to send a Sikh Sirdar who should represent the Durbar, and at once take over the province from Moolraj. Sirdar Khan Singh was nominated Diwan, and Sir Frederick Currie selected Mr Vans Agnew, a civilian, and Lieutenant Anderson, to accompany him to Mooltan. The troops sent with them consisted of "the Goorkha regiment (upwards of 600), a troop of horse artillery, and 500 or 600 cavalry, regular and irregular."¹ "The chief object," says John Lawrence, "was forming an escort, but ultimately they were to have supplied the place of a portion of the Mooltan troops, some of which were to come to Lahore, some to remain, some to be reduced. The Mooltan troops no doubt understood that some of them would be disbanded." It never seemed to have struck any one in authority that to replace in a wild district a popular Khatri ruler by a Sikh Sirdar, and for two British officers to take possession of his capital, might lead to trouble. The officers went by water and the escort by land, and the former never saw the men on whom their protection depended till they reached Mooltan on the 18th of April. Early in the morning of the following day the two British officers and Sirdar Khan Singh accompanied Moolraj into the fort of Mooltan, received the keys, and installed two companies of their own Goorkhas in possession. "If ever clouds foretold a thunderstorm, the fate of the British officers was assuredly foreshadowed in the dark looks and mutterings of Moolraj's soldiers." As the party passed forth and entered the bridge over the ditch, a soldier standing on it struck Agnew with his spear and knocked him off his horse. Agnew jumped up and struck his assailant with his riding-stick. The man

¹ Sir William Lee Warner writes, "The Sirdar set out for Mooltan with an escort of some 500." Mr Bosworth Smith, in his 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' writes, "Supported by a mixed force of 500 Sikhs and Ghoorkas." Marshman, in his 'History of British India,' writes, "With an escort of 350 troops and a few guns." Herbert Edwardes states, "The Sikh escort consisted of about 1400 men," and that is the number given by John Lawrence.

threw away his spear, and rushing in with his sword inflicted two severe wounds. He would have slain Vans Agnew on the spot if a Sikh trooper of the escort had not knocked him into a ditch. Moolraj, forcing his horse through the crowd, rode off to his garden house. Anderson was surrounded and felled to the ground. The two wounded Englishmen were brought back to the Eedgah, a spacious Mahomedan building, surrounded by a wall, where they had encamped. Agnew at once wrote a letter for help, and despatched it by a *kossid*. During the night he had the six guns mounted and prepared for defence. The next morning the guns of the fort opened on the Eedgah. After one round alone had been fired in return from the six guns, the Lahore artillerymen refused to serve them. Then the troops—horse, foot, and artillery—went over to the enemy. All had deserted by the evening except Sirdar Khan Singh and some eight or ten faithful Sikhs. As the sun set and sable night was swiftly falling, the two wounded Englishmen heard a distant murmur which grew louder and louder. It was a wild multitude “baying in full cry for blood,” approaching the Eedgah. Sirdar Khan Singh begged of Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet and sue for mercy. Then Agnew spoke great words: “The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like; but we are not the last of the English: thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj and his soldiers and his fort.” The crowd found beneath the lofty dome the two wounded Englishmen—Anderson too badly wounded to move, Agnew sitting by his bedside holding his hand. A Muzabee Sikh, so horribly crippled, it is said by old wounds, that he had the appearance of “an imp more than mortal man,” dashed forward, and it was over. The two bodies were dragged outside, and all night they lay beneath the bright eastern stars.

On the 18th of June Edwardes, a young lieutenant who had seen only one campaign, attacked at Kinyéree with his ill-disciplined and badly armed force the army of Moolraj,

commanded by the chief in person. The order to charge was given. "Men," says Edwardes, "whom I had enlisted only a few months ago, shook their swords with a will, and rushed upon the rebel cavalry with the most desperate and resolute valour. The fight was hand to hand for five minutes, and the opposing guns were pouring grape into each other almost within speaking distance."¹ At length Moolraj's army gave way. After his victory Herbert Edwardes continued his advance against Mooltan. He once more encountered Moolraj at Suddoosâm, routed him, and drove him within the walls of his fortress. "Now is the time to strike," he wrote to Sir Frederick Currie; "it is painful to see that I have got to the end of my tether." Before he advanced he had written: "All we require are a few heavy guns, a mortar battery, as many sappers and miners as you can spare, and Major Napier to plan our operations." But the impetuous young subaltern had not discovered the extent and strength of the fortifications of the great southern stronghold.

On the 10th of July news of the victory of Suddoosâm reached Sir Frederick Currie. He had now begun to realise the full gravity of the situation. He had discovered in May that the Ranee, and the chiefs of the Durbar with the exception of two, were deep in a plot for our destruction. But the intrigues of the Ranee were not bounded by the Punjab. She was in secret communication with Cabul, Candahar, and Cashmere. She strove to unite the Princes of Rajputana and the Mahratta chiefs in a Hindu confederacy against the English. She roused the patriotic zeal of the Sikh troops in the Durbar army. She sent emissaries to inflame the religious passions of the native troops by informing them of the riots which had taken place at Lahore, owing to the killing of a cow by a European soldier. It was a trifling incident in itself, but it reminds us of the danger which besets our rule. Currie had the Ranee conveyed across the

¹ 'Sepoy Generals—Wellington to Roberts (Sir Herbert Edwardes),' by G. W. Forrest.

Sutlej, and she was sent a prisoner to Benares. Day by day, however, there came to him evil tidings from the districts. When he heard of Edwardes' victories, he clutched at the idea that he might bring the spreading revolt to a close by a decisive blow. He therefore, in opposition to the opinions of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, availing himself of the powers vested in him, directed Major-General W. S. Whish, C.B., commanding at Lahore, to arrange for the despatch of a second-class siege-train, and march with the movable column from Lahore and Ferozepore to Mooltan. Lord Gough, however, suggested that the force should consist of two brigades of infantry (each containing a British regiment), one brigade of Native Cavalry, three companies Sappers, and two companies Pioneers, two troops of Horse Artillery, and four companies of Foot Artillery with a siege-train. On the 22nd of July a Proclamation was issued to the people of the Punjab, and, in order to avoid any appearance of divided counsels, the Commander-in-Chief directed (G.O.C.C., Aug. 4) the formation of a force under Major-General Whish to co-operate with a force under Sher Singh. This force marched in two columns, the one from Lahore and the other from Ferozepore, and reached Mooltan in the month of August. But the siege-train, which was carried most of its way by water, did not arrive till the 4th of September. Mooltan was summoned, and two attacks followed on the 9th and 12th of the same month. Two days later Sher Singh went over with his whole army to the side of the Diwan of Mooltan. His father, Chutter Singh, an old influential Sikh chief, was governor of the wild and turbulent district of Hazara, lying between the territories of the Maharajah of Cashmere and the Indus, and like other old leading Sirdars, was much dissatisfied at the loss of power and influence by the administration of the Punjab by zealous British officers.¹ At the end of August he openly raised the standard of rebellion, "devoting his head to God and his arms to Khalsa," and he called upon his son to do the same at Mooltan. The son

¹ 'Forty-three Years in India,' by Lieutenant-General Sir George Lawrence.

delayed doing so, because he and Moolraj were anxious that the strength of the force at Lahore should be weakened by the withdrawal of the two brigades. They considered Mooltan with its 30,000 men, its guns and its fortifications, impregnable. So far their strategy succeeded that for three months the siege had to be suspended, and our troops lay idle before Mooltan. Sher Singh departed with his troops northwards unmolested, and from the Manjha, or middle-land, the central portion of the plain between the rivers Beas and Ravi, the true home of the Sikh, the people flocked in thousands to his standard. The whole Sikh nation was now up in arms, and had combined with their hereditary enemies, the Afghans, in an alliance for our destruction.

On the 13th October 1848 the first general order was issued forming the "Army of the Punjab," and troops were moved rapidly to the front. On the 2nd of November Brigadier-General Cureton with the cavalry brigade reached Lahore and crossed the Ravi in support of the brigade which held the bridge-head on the right bank of that river. It arrived just in time. Sher Singh's advance troops had threatened Lahore, which was weakly held by a force under General Colin Campbell. The force now advanced to Saharan, ten miles from Ramnuggur, a village on a range of sand-hills running close to the left bank of the Chenab. Opposite to Ramnuggur, on the right bank, Sher Singh with his main force had taken up a strong position. He had boats on the river and the command of a ford, and he was reported to have crossed several battalions. On the 16th of November the Commander-in-Chief left Lahore and joined the army. It was a grave misfortune that the civil power had prevented him from making full preparations for a campaign which the previous collision with the Sikhs had shown must be most arduous. On the 17th of November Colin Campbell enters in his journal: "Received orders from the Commander-in-Chief not to disturb Sher Singh should he cross over from the right to the left, or this bank of the river." Two days later he enters in his journal: "Lord Gough gave Cureton

and myself permission to attack some infantry said to be on the left bank of the Chenab. On my way from headquarters settled with Cureton to move the following morning without beat of drum or sound of bugle. Early next morning the force advanced on Ramnuggur. Gough's object was to reconnoitre the Sikh position, and to ascertain the best method of crossing the Chenab. He had not the least idea of fighting a battle."¹ The country was a perfect bowling-green, some portions cultivated, and as the soil was light and dry it was difficult to move the guns through it. The horses were already tired when they reached Ramnuggur. On approaching the town, detachments of the enemy were seen retiring towards the river, which at that season of the year contracts to a comparatively narrow channel, exposing several dry watercourses and sandy flats. The cavalry and horse artillery now went forward at an increased pace, and after passing over a short stretch of hard ground they reached the edge of a steep descent into the wide islands of heavy sand. Down it they plunged and opened fire from the bottom at the retreating foe. A staff-officer then conveyed the order to them that the guns were to be advanced to the water's edge. They made their way through the soft sand to the margin of the stream and unlimbered. Immediately above them rose the high bank on the opposite side. A flash ran along the brown earth, and there was heard a tremendous thunder-clap, and a stream of projectiles poured down on them from the Sikh batteries. The British guns replied with a few rounds of shot, shell, and shrapnel; but they could have little effect on guns well entrenched and well concealed. The order was given to limber up and to retire to a better position. In attempting to surmount

¹ Sir J. Tennant (then Brigadier-General J. Tennant), then commanding Artillery Division Staff, wrote: "No general can be blamed for the conduct of others when his plans are not carried out. As far as I know, Lord Gough is nearly blameless for the affair at Ramnuggur, where poor Cureton was killed. He had been informed that the Sikh army was *in force* on our side of the Chenab at Ramnuggur, and thought it necessary to look out with a strong detachment, chiefly cavalry. So little idea had he of battle that the main army was left behind in camp, and he, I believe, meant to return to it to breakfast."

a sandhill one of the guns and two ammunition waggons stuck. Every effort was made to move them. Colin Campbell, who had come down at the moment the artillery was retiring, dismounted in order to assist. But all attempts to move them were in vain. The fire of the enemy grew more intense, and the order was given to abandon them. Lieutenant Clifford went down and spiked the gun.

Some distance below the spot where the gun had to be abandoned ran a long bank called "the Green Island," which the retreating waters had left high and dry, although there were still some stagnant pools around it. When the Horse Artillery first came into action a squadron of the 3rd Light Dragoons, under Lieutenant H. A. Ouvry, was sent to clear the left bank of the river.¹ Between the Green Island and the river, "this squadron," says Thackwell, "swept the sandy plain with such extraordinary rapidity, and cleared aside all obstacles with such irresistible impetuosity, that the enemy neither opened fire on them nor offered any formidable opposition." When the enemy saw the Horse Artillery retiring, they raised a loud shout of triumph, and large numbers of horse and foot recrossed the river. Cureton now gave his consent to "another body" of the enemy being attacked by the 14th. At this moment the Commander-in-Chief arrived. He had been watching the reconnaissance from the top of a high summer-house of Runjeet Singh, "which overlooked the plain and the river banks, three miles from the latter," and when he heard the news of the loss of the gun he rode forward, and after a considerable time met Cureton, who commanded the reconnaissance. "He was at the time in front of the 14th Light Dragoons, and not under fire." After hearing that Cureton had given his consent to another charge, Lord Gough rode up to Colonel Will Havelock and said, "If you see a favourable opportunity of charging,

¹ General Stubbs writes: "When the Horse Artillery first were coming into action, Lord Gough ordered a squadron of the 3rd Light Dragoons to clear the left side of the river." Lord Gough was at the time three miles from the river.

charge." "The gallant old colonel," remarks one who was present, "soon made the opportunity."¹ "And so it was," writes Henry Havelock in a passage which well bears comparison with any in Napier's noble pages; "for not many minutes after, Will Havelock, 'happy as a lover,' sitting as firmly in the saddle as when he overleaped the abbatis on the Bidassoa, placed himself in front of his cherished dragoons, and remarking, 'We now shall soon see whether we can clear our front of those fellows or not,' boldly led them forward to the onset. All who beheld it have spoken with admiration of the steadiness and the gallantry of this glorious gallop. The Sikhs made a show of standing the charge, *à pied ferme*, and some of them must have stood well, for sabre-cuts were exchanged with effect. Captain Gall, while grasping a standard, had his right hand cut through by the stroke of a Sikh, which he delivered with the hissing sound of an English pavior driving home a stone. Young Fitzgerald's skull was cleft to the brain by another blow from one of the enemy, but the mass of the Sikhs opened out right and left, and gave way before their victors."

Cureton, as he watched the progress of Havelock's charge, exclaimed, "That is not the body of horse I meant to have been attacked," and riding to the front he was shot by a Sikh, concealed in a nullah, through the breast. So fell the best cavalry soldier in the army. He had, when a wild lad fleeing from his creditors, enlisted in the 14th Dragoons, and in the Peninsula, by many brave deeds, he had won his commission.

Lord Gough also saw that Will Havelock was charging away from the body of the Sikh cavalry he had been allowed to attack, and sent Major Tucker to warn him; but Havelock went at such a pace that he could not be overtaken. Havelock's first charge broke the Sikhs. But he was not content with his success. Again the trumpet

¹ "Havelock, leading the 14th and supported by the 5th L.C., dashed on."—'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 189.

of the 14th Dragoons sounded, and overturning all that opposed them, onward in the direction of the Green Island they took their course: the bank was cleared. The six guns from the opposite bank, as well as those which had been brought over in haste to the number of eight, opened upon the dragoons. "There was a descent of some eight feet into the flat; but Havelock, disregarding all opposition and all difficulties, and riding well ahead of his men, exclaimed, as he leapt down the declivity, 'Follow me, my brave lads, and never heed these cannon shots.' These were the last words he was ever heard to utter." It has never been known exactly how Will Havelock fell. Probably his charger was struck down by a cannon shot, and then he would have to contend against fearful odds: in fact, his orderly has related that he saw him lying in the nullah with several dead Sikhs around him, and that, being wounded himself, he could not go to his colonel's aid. Another dragoon beheld him contending against several of the enemy. After this bold charge the gallant 14th were withdrawn. Twenty-six were killed or missing, and fifty-nine were wounded. They showed on that day the same reckless gallantry they had displayed on many a Peninsula field. For the fall of Cureton and Havelock, and for the loss of a gun, the facts clearly show that Lord Gough was not to blame. Before the campaign of 1848-49, as before the Boer War, the Government had neglected to make a military survey of the country, and our ignorance of the ground on which our army was to operate was profound. In the campaign of 1848-49, as in the Boer War, we had to gain our information at the cost of soldiers' lives, and the credit of our arms.

Lord Gough had attained two main objects by his reconnaissance in force: he had not only ascertained the nature of the ground, but he had driven the enemy from the left bank of the Chenab. He now determined to cross the "dark river." He wanted to deprive the enemy of the supplies to be gained from the rich cultivated land on the

right bank. He wanted to attack and defeat Sher Singh before he crossed the Jhelum and joined his father, Chutter Singh, who had a large Sikh force, or his father joined him. On the 26th of November Lord Gough wrote: "I am now making my combination for a flank movement, passing the river several miles above the enemy's position, and turning in; but the river is so difficult, and my information so defective, whilst the enemy with his numerous irregulars, both cavalry and infantry, watch everything like a ford, that I shall have to await the arrival of some heavy guns (which I expect the day after to-morrow) in order to clear the opposite bank where the detached force is to cross."¹ While Lord Gough was awaiting the arrival of the heavy guns, inspections of the fords were made by the engineers. On the 30th the heavy guns arrived. The next morning Major-General Sir J. Thackwell, a Peninsula veteran, moved off with his force, consisting of 8000 horse, foot, and artillery, with thirty field pieces and two heavy guns, and after marching thirteen miles they arrived near the spot where the ford of Ranee Khanke Patan was said to be situated. The Chenab at this point was divided into four separate channels, and the Assistant Quartermaster-General, after examining a wrong passage, pronounced it impracticable.² The enemy were also seen watching the river. Sir Joseph Thackwell therefore moved, according to his instruction, to the ford of Wazirabad, some thirteen miles farther, where John Nicholson with his Pathan Horse had collected seventeen boats. At about 7.30 or 8 P.M. the head of the column reached the bank of the river. By the exertion of Baird Smith of the Engineers, who afterwards played so conspicuous a part in the siege of Delhi, a brigade, portion of the force, got over that

¹ 'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough,' by Robert S. Rait, ii. 188, 189.

² "Thackwell never found the real ford. He did not employ the boatmen whom the Commander-in-Chief had provided to point out the precise locality; they had been sent on some other errand." Lord Gough to his son, March 18, 1849.—'The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough,' by R. S. Rait, ii. 196.

evening and passed "that bitterly cold and dark night without food or fuel." By noon the next day the whole force was across. At 2 P.M. on Sunday, the 2nd December, they marched ten miles through a highly cultivated country, and only halted long after dark.

When Lord Gough ascertained on the 2nd December that Thackwell's force had crossed the Chenab and was in movement, he opened a heavy cannonade on the Sikh position opposite Ramnuggur. The guns of the enemy which guarded the ford were so well concealed from view, and the river was so wide, that although the practice of our artillery was admirable we could not silence them. But their fire gradually slackened and ceased. Lord Gough, anxious to ascertain the strength of the enemy's position, called for a volunteer to swim across the stream and reconnoitre. If the enemy had not evacuated their position death awaited him. Neville Chamberlain instantly volunteered, and getting together some troopers of the 9th Lancers he swam across, and on reaching the opposite bank he waved his cap as a signal that the entrenchments by the river bank had been abandoned. On his return he found Lord Gough awaiting him, and the gallant old chief called him "the bravest of the brave."¹ During the night the Commander-in-Chief continued to push forward his breastworks as well as his batteries, and thus secured the ford. "This advance," remarked Havelock, "by successive lodgments, whereby the mastery of the river was transferred from the hands of the Sikhs to those of the British, and the ford hermetically sealed, is to be regarded as a very splendid military operation." At daylight on the 3rd, Lord Gough sent Godby's Brigade of infantry six miles up the river to effect a junction with Thackwell, but the ford proved more impassable than he was led to expect. Lord Gough also sent a message to Thackwell, expressing a wish that when he covered the

¹ Neville Chamberlain's sister writes: "Lord Gough told me this story when I met him in London at his daughter's house, and was quite agitated in telling it; and Neville was not less so when I made him tell it years after."

crossing of Godby's Brigade he should await their junction, except the enemy attempted to retreat. Thackwell moved forth with his force at 6 A.M., and it was about noon when he got the Chief's message. He immediately ordered the troops to halt, and rode off to the ford. Colin Campbell directed that four villages, surrounded with fields of tall sugar-cane, should be occupied by a company of infantry. When General Thackwell returned to the troops he ordered these companies to rejoin their corps. The enemy were now seen advancing in large bodies of cavalry and infantry, and as the sugar-cane fields in front of the villages would afford admirable cover for their infantry, it was deemed advisable to retire a couple of hundred paces, so as to be out of musketry fire from that cover.¹ They retired accordingly "in very perfect order," and the infantry deployed in line in front of the village of Sadoolapore. The enemy took possession of the villages and opened a heavy artillery fire from some twenty or twenty-five pieces of artillery, while they attempted to turn our flanks by large bodies of cavalry. Captain Warner's troop was sent to the extreme left, and came into action under a heavy fire of jingals and guns.² "He poured in grape among the huge mass with great effect," wrote an eye-witness, "and away they skedaddled, much faster than they came." On the right, Major Christie's troop, supported by the 3rd Dragoons, drove the enemy back in every direction. At the villages the action lasted nearly four hours, artillery against artillery, and the enemy, beaten at all points, retired. It was now fast growing dark, and Thackwell postponed "the attack upon their flank and rear as he was directed" until the following morning. "He had profited by experience," says Henry Havelock, "and would not, amid the shades of night, precipitate his brave troops, broken and wearied, into a labyrinth of tents, waggons, and tumbrils, among exploding

¹ 'The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C.B., i. 192.

² 'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 192.

mines and expense magazines." About midnight the Sikhs began to retire from their entrenched position, and the next morning when Thackwell put his troops in motion they were eleven miles from the Chenab in full retreat on the Jhelum. Sir W. Gilbert was sent by Lord Gough to co-operate with Thackwell, who encamped at Helár.¹

"Thus," wrote Havelock, "were the Sikhs dislodged from the banks of the Chenab. The British career in India has been attended with such great and wonderful successes, as entirely to vitiate the judgment of the European community. Nothing but a grand victory wherever there is collision with the enemy will satisfy a public mind so marvellously spoilt by good fortune. Howbeit war is not a romance, but always matter of nice calculation, of fluctuating chances; a picture not seldom crowded with vicissitudes, and oftentimes a season of patient waiting for small advantages. So the passage of the Chenab to the politicians of India was a great disappointment. But it may be predicted that the deliberate judgment of those who have meditated much on military operations will be widely different from this crude condemnation."²

On the 15th of December 1848 Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister from Camp Ramnuggur:—

"CAMP RAMNUGGUR, 15th December 1848.

"MY DEAR HARRIET,—We hold both banks of the Chenab, and the enemy are strongly posted on the Jhelum, about thirty miles from this. Mooltan is the thorn in our side, and the moment that place

¹ Heylah or Hellar in despatches.

² Sir William Lee Warner, in 'The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie,' writes: "As, however, we shall now see, his plans miscarried, and his second engagement, known as the 'Battle of Sadulapur,' was, in the eyes of the Governor-General, only 'a blundered concern.'" On the other hand, in a letter from the Secretary with the Governor-General to the Adjutant-General of the army, Ferozepore, January 31, 1849, we have the following: "His lordship begs to congratulate the Commander-in-Chief on the success of the measures which he adopted for effecting the passage of the Chenab, and to convey to him the assurance of his satisfaction with, and his best thanks for, the judicious arrangements by which he was enabled, with comparatively little loss, to carry into execution his plans for the passage of that difficult river, and for compelling the retreat of the Sikh army from the formidable position which they occupied on its farther bank, after they had been engaged and beaten back by the forces under Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell. The result of his Excellency's movements in driving the Sikh army from their entrenchments and forcing them to retire on the other extremity of the Dooab, was of much importance."

falls we shall advance. Should the Diwan Moolraj, however, hold out for a month, the enemy in our front must move, as their commissariat arrangements will never admit of their feeding so large a body of men for so long a period. We find it difficult enough to support our men and cattle, even with the resources of India at our command; so what must they not feel without a treasury and without a commissariat? Most of my prognostications have now been verified, and my belief is that Attok *must* also fall now that the *Mahomedans* will demand its surrender. Should I live I expect to see Peshawur ere May day, and nothing more possible than that I may renew my acquaintance with the Dost's sons. Moolraj is not a fighting man by caste, and I should not be surprised to hear that he had left the fort the moment he thought the breach practicable, and ranked himself in the list of our enemy in the front. What does Lord Hardinge now say regarding the Punjab policy? You will be glad to hear I have not thrown away the few opportunities placed in my way, and the C.-in-C. has said he would give me the first regiment which fell vacant. . . .

NEVILLE."

On the 18th of December Lord Gough crossed the Chenab, taking up a position near Helár. Sher Singh had occupied a very strong position covered by jungle. He was superior in artillery, and the Sikhs had proved that it was no easy matter to turn them out of an entrenched position. The responsibility for not following the defeated enemy from the 4th December to the 22nd rests with the Governor-General, who had somewhat injudiciously interfered with the military movements of the Commander-in-Chief, on whom the entire responsibility of the campaign should have rested; he, without being on the spot, laid on him an injunction not to advance beyond the banks of the Chenab. On the 22nd of December Lord Dalhousie wrote to the Secret Committee: "I have therefore acquainted his Excellency that if he can satisfy his own judgment regarding the state of his own supplies and supports and communication; if the intelligence he may receive and the reconnaissances he may be able to make shall satisfy him that the enemy may be attacked with success, with such a force as he may have safely disposable and without a heavy loss,—in such case I should be happy indeed to see a blow struck that would destroy the enemy, add honours to the

British arms, and avert the prospect of a protracted and costly war." By this time the enemy had entrenched himself in a strong position close to the Jhelum, and as he was superior in artillery, Lord Gough decided to await the fall of Mooltan and the release of his column there before he struck a decisive blow. On the 3rd of January Attok fell; on the 7th Lord Dalhousie announced the successful assault on the city of Mooltan, and the Governor-General wrote: "It would give me no less pleasure to announce a similar blow struck by you on the Jhelum. The destruction of that army, the ruin of the troops, and the capture of the guns concurrently with the fall of Mooltan, would conclude the business in the main. I shall be heartily glad to hear of your having felt yourself in a condition to attack Sher Singh with success." The Governor-General, after preventing the Commander-in-Chief from attacking whilst Sher Singh was retiring before the British army, now pressed on the Commander-in-Chief the desirability of attacking before the reinforcements arrived, and he did so in a manner that placed the responsibility on the Commander-in-Chief. Attok had now fallen, as Neville Chamberlain had prophesied, and Chuttur Singh was marching to reinforce his son. Gough, therefore, determined to accede to the Governor-General's desire, and attack the enemy. Lord Gough, loyal to the army he commanded, never revealed the strongest reason which led him to attack before his reinforcements arrived. Sikh emissaries had been inflaming the religious passions of our sepoy, and there was grave doubt how long their loyalty and discipline would stand the strain.

On the 12th of January the army advanced to Dinghi, a small town situated at a distance of eight or nine miles from the heights of Russool, where the Sikh forces, under the personal command of Sher Singh, were posted. From Russool their position extended to Moong, amidst precipitous ravines strengthened by field works. Behind their position flowed the Jhelum, in front of it was a dense

jungle. At Moong their main force was concentrated, and half a mile from their entrenchment at this point flowed the river, spanned by a bridge of boats. At Russool the entrenchments were the strongest. "The village of Russool was in the middle of the Khalsa camp, separated from the front chain of Seikh batteries by one ravine of extraordinary depth of several hundred feet. The only means of communication with this village was by a narrow wooden bridge, which would not admit of the transit of a horse. Had our army directed its attacks against this naturally formidable intrenchment, the enemy, in the event of their being driven from their front batteries, would have retreated across the ravine and destroyed the bridge."¹ At Russool the enemy also rested upon a broad pass. Thus they had on their extreme right a pass, and on their extreme left a bridge which afforded means for a rapid and unpursued retreat. In front of Moong and from Russool to Dinghi there was a dense jungle, more tree than bush. From the centre to the extreme left through Moong the enemy's position was occupied by irregular troops, from the centre to the extreme right by the regular army. On the 11th of January Lord Gough wrote to the Governor-General: "It is my intention to penetrate the centre of their line, cutting off the regular from the irregular portion of their forces." The following day he enters in his diary: "Marched to Dingree (*sic*). Made arrangements for attacking the enemy at Russool, Lullianwalla, Futteh Shah ke Chuck, Luckneewalla, and Mong, except I find it more convenient to halt at Chillianwalla." His spies, as he informs us in his despatch, stated the enemy had the great body of his force at Luckneewalla.

On the morning of the 13th the force advanced in the direction towards Russool, which was ten miles away. Lord Gough, however, made a considerable detour to his right, "partly to distract the enemy's attention, but principally to get as clear as I could of the enemy's jungle, on which it

¹ 'Narrative of the Second Seikh War,' by Edward Joseph Thackwell, p. 122.

would appear the enemy mainly relied.”¹ After a short halt at 10 to refresh the men, the army again moved forward in columns of brigades, the cavalry on the flanks and the artillery in the intervals. Lord Gough had in the morning ordered the Chief Engineer and Henry Marion Durand to push along the road towards Russool, reconnoitring along the road. This they did till they arrived within a short distance of the enemy’s position on the hill in front of Russool. They returned to the Commander-in-Chief at the village of Umrao, and informed him that the road was clear upon Russool. Lord Gough, however, had advanced but a little distance from Umrao, when some villagers confirmed the intelligence that he had received from spies that the Sikhs were at Chillianwalla. He again sent the senior Engineer and Henry Durand with orders to feel up to the village of Chillianwalla, and to see whether it was occupied. “We accordingly did so, and soon returned reporting cavalry and infantry in position on a mound in front of the village.”² Lord Gough now carried out his intention of halting at Chillianwalla and reconnoitring. He brought up his right, and his line soon faced Chillianwalla and beyond it to the villages of Lolianwalla, where he had been told Sher Singh’s main regular force was stationed, and Moong the centre of the irregular force. Lord Gough has been often criticised for turning away from the direct road, and has been accused of altering his original project of attack: but he always intended to halt at Chillianwalla if he found it more convenient. If he had marched on to Russool he would have found the Sikhs in front of him in a strongly fortified position, and his left flank and rear would have been turned by the enemy concealed in the jungle.

On approaching the village of Chillianwalla, the strong picket of the enemy’s cavalry and infantry, which the

¹ From his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, dated Headquarters Camp, Chillianwalla, January 16, 1849.

² ‘Life of Major-General Sir Henry Marion Durand, K.C.S.I., C.B.,’ by H. M. Durand, i. 116.

engineers had observed, retired from the mound after a few rounds from our light guns. About 2 o'clock the light companies of the 29th and 2nd Bengal Fusiliers took possession of the little eminence, and from it was seen an extensive plain, scrubby and scarred by ravines, flanked on the east by the sandy hills of Russool, on the west by the dense jungle of Moong. Immediately below is the village of Chillianwalla, and to front of it is a belt of rather dense low jungle, not forest, but a mixture of thorny mimosa bushes and wild caper. Beyond the green jungle the glitter of the Sikh arms shone in the mid-day eastern sun. The Sikhs had during the night moved out of their several entrenched positions, and were drawn up in line from Futteh Shah ke Chuck¹ to Russool. But it was impossible, owing to the jungle, to catch a sight of their guns or discover their exact formation. Gough, however, swiftly decided that he could not turn their flank, which rested on the dense jungle at Moong, and upon the hills and ravines near Russool, "without detaching a force to a distance; this I considered both inexpedient and dangerous." The day being so far advanced, he decided upon taking up a position in rear of the village in order to reconnoitre. The clever critic of war who is always with us, has blamed him for retiring the bulk of his army, but there was no water for his men and animals except at Chillianwalla. He had been obliged to come from Umrao for this reason, and he was obliged to stay. The Quartermaster-General was taking ground for the encampment when the enemy advanced some horse artillery and opened a fire on the skirmishers in front of the village. Report says that some of the balls came bounding near the old Chief, and roused his Irish temperament,—no bad quality for a soldier, as England knows to her gain. But the tale is a mere myth, such as the winds often generate in a camp, and put down as a fact. Gough was at the time on a house-top at Chillianwalla,

¹ Some military writers say "Moong," which was another village immediately behind.

out of range of the enemy's fire. He immediately ordered the heavy guns to be advanced in front of the village. They opened fire, which was hailed by a burst of cannon-shot revealing the position of the enemy's guns. Gough now knew he was in the presence of an entire army who intended to fight. If he did not attack, they would probably advance their guns so as to reach his encampment during the night. The fight would no doubt be a stubborn one, but it must be fought before darkness fell. At once he drew up his forces in order of battle. The heavy guns were in the centre, immediately in front of the village of Chillianwalla. On the right was Mountaine's F. Brigade, next Godby's Brigade (the two formed of Walter Gilbert's Division), three troops of Horse Artillery under Grant, flanked by Pope's Brigade of Cavalry, "which I strengthened by the 14th Dragoons, well aware that the enemy was strong upon his left." Pope's Brigade was not in a straight line with the force, but at a slight acute angle, so that its direction crossed the line of fire of the guns.¹ On the left of the centre was Pennycuick's Brigade, next Hoggan's Brigade (formerly Colin Campbell's Division), three troops of Horse Artillery under Brind, flanked by White's Brigade of Cavalry. The field batteries were with the infantry divisions. The Third Brigade of Campbell's Division, consisting of three native regiments under Brigadier Penny, were placed in reserve. Lieutenant-Colonel Lane was detached with four of his own guns, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, and two of the 6th Lancers, to keep in check the enemy's cavalry, who were threatening our right rear. When the British troops were formed into line, the heavy guns, supported by two field batteries, maintained a heavy

¹ "The Quartermaster-General at once went forward to mark out the camp; but they had scarcely begun when the enemy's shot came bowling in among them, and it was clear we should have to fight. But an alteration of front was necessary. The left had to be brought up, and line was formed from the right Horse Artillery, Pope's brigade of cavalry not changing front, so that its direction crossed the line of fire of the guns. This throws some light on the events that followed."—'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, R.A., iii. 199.

fire on the enemy's centre, to which their batteries replied. During this artillery duel Lord Gough bade the men lie down, and addressed a few words to them as he rode down the line. The enemy's fire began to slacken, and he gave the order for the left division to advance. Colin Campbell, on receiving the order, rode up to the 24th, who were in the centre of Pennycuick's Brigade, and briefly addressed them: "There must be no firing; the bayonet must do the work."¹ He then ordered Major Mowatt to advance his battery, No. 5, in line with the skirmishers whom Brigadier Pennycuick had, by his orders, thrown out to cover that brigade, and to "open his fire as soon as he could get a good sight of the enemy."² This Mowatt did. But the impetuous Pennycuick, as brave and ardent a soldier as ever lived, led his brigade at such a rapid rate that they soon outstripped the guns, and rendered them almost useless. As the three regiments entered the wood, the line-formation became exceedingly disordered and broken, "the companies in many places being obliged to reduce their front to sections." When the Sikhs saw the brigade enter the jungle, they opened a concentrated fire from fifteen or eighteen guns upon them. The round shot came tearing through the wood, and the storm of grape

¹ 'History of the Bengal Artillery,' iii. 200.

"The cannonade had scarcely lasted half an hour when a staff officer in breathless haste rode up to Brigadier-General Campbell and ordered him to carry the guns in his front without delay at the point of the bayonet."—'Narrative of the Second Sikh War,' by Edward Thackwell. Sir Henry Durand has shown that Thackwell's book is not always a trustworthy authority. Cf. Rait's 'Life of Gough,' ii. 224.

Seven officers belonging to the Native Infantry regiment who were present, write: "We could see no distance to our front. Our light companies were ordered to skirmish, but not to fire. They might have knocked over many of the enemy, who were among the bushes and up in trees taking our distance, had it not been for this extraordinary order. We received this order from Brigadier Pennycuick, with the remark that everything must be done by the bayonet."—'Life of Major-General Sir Henry Durand,' by H. M. Durand, ii. 91.

The charge brought against Colin Campbell that Pennycuick led his brigade into action with unloaded muskets he regarded as "almost too puerile to require contradiction."—'Life of Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, i. 210.

The seven officers write: "After about an hour's halt the brigade deployed into line and loaded."

² 'Life of Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, i. 210.

pattered among the trees. But no foe was seen. They pressed forward through the woody difficulties at a rapid rate, and the 24th outstripped their native comrades. The 24th emerged from the jungle, and they saw before them the enemy's battery on a mound. On each side of the guns large bodies of regular infantry, big long-bearded men clad in red coats, were formed, and a body of cavalry directly in the rear, covered by the Sikh infantry. Every gun was turned on them and belched forth round shot and grape. Six hundred yards to be traversed—most of it swamp. The 24th plunged forward, and many fell smitten by the showers of grape. They reached the guns, disordered and blown. The Sikhs with their tulwars rushed upon the British bayonets and were driven back. The guns were being spiked, when from the infantry on both flanks there came a destructive fire, and the remains of a gallant regiment fell back. The 24th went into action over 1000 strong, and lost 220 killed and 325 wounded, amongst whom were 13 officers killed and 11 wounded, 4 of the slain being field officers. Brigadier Pennycuick, who was also senior colonel of the 24th, was shot down near the guns. A private of the grenadier company attempted to carry him off in his arms, but being hard pressed by the Sikhs, and seeing that his colonel was dead, he abandoned the corpse. The son of the brigadier, a soldier only sixteen years of age, stood over his father's corpse and defended it till he was hacked to death. The gallant Brookes, who had assumed command of the regiment a few days before the battle, was among the killed. He had lately landed from England, and leaving his young bride he travelled day and night to reach the army. He had often expressed a wish that he might take part in what he called "the glorious battles of India."

After Colin Campbell had given the order for Pennycuick's Brigade to advance, he joined Hoggan's Brigade, for it had been arranged with him and Pennycuick that he should remain with the left. Campbell considered this arrangement

advisable, "as he could discern faintly in the distance that the enemy's right very much outflanked the British left, and the nature of the ground fought upon was such as to render it impossible that any commander could superintend the attack of more than one brigade." As Colin Campbell took care to regulate the rate of march of the centre or directing regiment (H.M. 61st), so that all could keep up, the left brigade, consisting of H.M. 61st in the centre, 36th N.I. on the right, and 46th N.I. on the left, emerged from the wood in a very tolerable line; but there was no battery. No. 10 battery, which should have remained with them, had been directed by a staff officer to proceed farther to the left, to keep down the fire of some Sikh guns in that direction. Colin Campbell on leaving the jungle found the enemy posted on an open space on a slight rise. Immediately in front of the 61st was a large body of cavalry, then opposite to the 36th N.I. a large body of infantry, to their right four guns which had played on them during their advance. "The 61st moved gallantly and steadily on the cavalry in their front, which steadily and slowly retired." To advance firing in line was a manœuvre which Colin Campbell had learned from his old commanding officer, Sir John Cameron, who had reduced it to a system in the 9th Regiment during the Peninsular War. As the 61st approached the ground where the cavalry had stood, he gave the order to fire. The Sikh horsemen scampered away at great speed. At this time the 36th charged the Sikh infantry, and were driven back. "The Sikhs at once pushed forward two of their guns," says Colin Campbell, "to within twenty-five or thirty yards of the right flank of the 61st and opened grape, while their infantry was completely in rear of the right of the 61st." The moment was critical. Then Colin Campbell's coolness and thorough knowledge of the mechanism of battle were conspicuous. He immediately made the two right companies of the 61st change front to the right, and ordering the remainder of the regiment to form rapidly in the same direction, he placed himself at the head of the two companies, charged

the two guns, and captured them. They then opened fire on the flank of the enemy in pursuit of the 36th N.I. and compelled them to desist and retreat. The remainder of the 61st had now formed upon the two right companies, but in vain Colin Campbell and the officers of the 36th tried to get the 36 N.I. to re-form upon the 61st. "The men were all talking together,—many firing in the air, and all in confusion."¹ It was at this juncture, while the confusion due to the sepoys was at its height, that the enemy brought forward two more guns and fresh infantry, and having again formed, the whole opened fire. Nothing to be done but advance and charge. Colin Campbell, again placing himself at the head of the 61st, gave the word and they advanced; again the word was given, and they rushed into the throat of the guns. The gunners sold their lives hand to hand. A tough tussle, and the guns were taken. Colin Campbell himself got a sword-cut in his arm from a Sikh artilleryman, but he had not time to mind it. He continued to lead his brigade along the line of the enemy's position, pouring in volleys of musketry, and taking their guns at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's cavalry threatened his troops in their flank and rear, and they had to face about and drive them off. Thirteen guns were spiked, but they had no force to protect or to remove them, and only the three last were taken from the field. Immediately after this capture they met Mountain's Brigade coming from the opposite direction. Away on the left flank White's cavalry brigade, consisting of the 8th and 5th Native Cavalry and the 3rd Light Dragoons, supported by Brind's three troops of Horse Artillery, had advanced at the same time as Campbell's Division. They soon came under a heavy fire of round shot. Brind went forward, and in about half an hour silenced the enemy's battery. As the Sikh line out-flanked our line, and bodies of Sikh cavalry were threatening

¹ Journal of Colin Campbell, 13th January. This incident is not mentioned in Colin Campbell's official dispatch. No one cared to mention at the time the treacherous conduct of some of the native regiments. Some fought with great gallantry.

our left, Thackwell ordered a squadron of the 3rd Dragoons, supported by five troops of the 5th Cavalry, to charge them. A matchlock fire was opened on them as they advanced; the native cavalry in vain attempted to penetrate the dense mass before them, but in spite of the efforts of their officers they retired in confusion. They, however, soon rallied and took up their place in the line. The three troops of the 3rd Dragoons, led by Unett, Stisted, and Macqueen, with a bold rush rode through the mass and swept on till they reached the Sikh position. A battery opened grape upon them. Wheeling about, they cut their way back. "Intense was our anxiety," says an eyewitness, "about the fate of the 3rd Light Dragoons. At length they emerged covered with glory. Two officers were wounded—the gallant Unett and Stisted,—and the loss among the men amounted to forty-six killed and wounded. Such gallantry deserves to be handed down to posterity."¹ Soon after Colonel Brind was ordered to the right, where a hard fight was going on, with his guns, and was followed by Brigadier White with the cavalry.

When the order for the line to advance was given, Gilbert's Division on the right of the heavy guns went forward. The left brigade (No. 4), consisting of the 56th N.I., 30th N.I., and H.M. 29th, headed by their gallant leader, Brigadier Mountain, forced their way through the close wood screen. On appearing in the open they were greeted with a warm artillery fire. The regiments had got separated, but the detached bodies, though unsupported by artillery, swept on with the shells, ploughing gaps in their ranks towards the enemy's entrenchment. The 56th N.I., led by Bamfield, their commander, remarkable "for his heroic valour in the field," reached the guns before them, but after a desperate struggle were borne back by superior numbers. They had 8 officers and 322 men killed and wounded in the bitter fight. Among those struck

¹ MS. statement by Major Wheatley, commanding 5th L.C.—'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 207.

down was their gallant colonel, who fell mortally wounded in the arms of his son of the same corps. The 30th N.I. kept well to the front, and they too suffered in that terrible advance. Eleven officers and 285 men killed and wounded. The 29th, no better regiment on the field, did get into contact with the enemy, bayoneted them and captured twelve guns. Mountain now received orders from Gough to wheel to the left to reinforce Campbell's Brigade, which could now be seen advancing towards them through the smoke.

Next to Mountain's Brigade was No. 17 Field Battery under Captain Dawes, then came the 31st Native Infantry on its right, the 2nd European Regiment forming No. 3 Brigade under Brigadier Godby. When the signal was given they plunged into the jungle in line with a deafening cheer. "On we went at a rapid double," says a subaltern who was present,— "dashing through the bushes, and bounding over every impediment; faster rolled the musketry—crash upon crash the cannon poured forth its deadly contents." On gaining an open space in the jungle they saw the enemy's line. "'Charge!' rang the word through our ranks, and the men bounded forward like angry bull-dogs, pouring in a murderous fire." Onward they went. "The Sikhs fired a last volley, wavered, and then turned and fled. Pursuit in a jungle like that was useless, where we could not see twenty yards before us; so we halted and began to collect our wounded, when all of a sudden a fire was opened upon us in our rear. A large body of the enemy had turned our flank in the jungle, and got between us and the rest of the troops; another party was on our left; and we found ourselves with one light field-battery completely surrounded and alone in the field." The word was given "Right-about-face," and the 2nd Europeans advanced, the rear in front, steadily loading and firing as they went. "Then was shown how the spirit of the infantry depends greatly on the staunchness of the artillery. Captain Dawes' battery was the saving of us—as the cavalry

were bearing down the Brigadier shouted, 'A shower of grape in there,' and every gun was turned on them, the men working as coolly as on parade; and a salvo was poured in that sent horse and man head over heels in heaps. If it had not been for that battery we should have been cut up to a man."¹ The enemy kept moving about the bushes, firing a deadly volley, and then disappeared. At last General Gilbert rode up to Major Steele commanding the 2nd Europeans, and said, "Well Major, how are you? Do you think you are near enough to charge?" "By all means," said Steele. "Well then, let us see how you can do it! Men of the 2nd Europeans, prepare to charge—Charge!" "And on we went with a stunning cheer." The Sikhs met them sword in hand, and with desperate courage attempted to break through their line. "But it was no go; and after a short struggle we swept them before us, and remained masters of the field." The splendid courage of the 2nd Europeans had redeemed the error made by Brigadier Pope in the movement of his cavalry brigade, which led to Gilbert's flank being exposed and Godby's Brigade being surrounded.

Brigadier Pope, who commanded the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, had at an early period of his military career proved himself to be a man of great personal courage, but when he was appointed to command a cavalry brigade on service, he was suffering from such bodily infirmities as to be incapable of mounting his horse without difficulty. It must be remembered, moreover, that he had never in peace had any experience in handling a large body of cavalry.

¹ "The conduct of Dawes and his battery is much admired. He was with Gilbert's Division, and wherever the enemy showed himself, front or flank, Dawes' guns were sure to be at the right point and at the right moment. Dawes was struck in the leg by a grape-shot, but would not dismount for fear, as he told me, that if he once was off his horse he might not be able to remount. When I saw him, he was standing giving his orders and conducting his duty as if nothing was the matter. I spoke with him a good quarter of an hour before I found out that he was wounded, and then only in consequence of a message from the doctor which made me ask the question whether he were hit."—'Life of Sir Henry Durand,' by H. M. Durand, C.S.I., i. 120.

Before the commencement of the battle he detached Lieutenant-Colonel Lane with eight guns, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, and two of the 6th Light Cavalry, to watch some Sikh horsemen which had advanced in front of Russool, and might have threatened our flank.¹ When the right division began to advance the order was given to the troopers, who had been standing to the horses in column, to mount and deploy: two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, under Major Hope Grant, on the extreme left; then three squadrons of native cavalry in the centre, with four squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons on the extreme left of the brigade. Swords having been drawn, the command was given to trot, and Pope, at the head of his old regiment, the 6th Light Cavalry, led his nine squadrons in one line, without a skirmisher or scout in front or a man in support or reserve in rear, through broken ground covered with jungle. By the Native Cavalry in the centre the other squadrons were ordered to dress and regulate their place, but owing to the thickness of the jungle they could see little for themselves and had to conform to the movements. The trot dwindled to a walk, and then came to a dead halt. Pope had led his line in front of the troops of Horse Artillery between him and Sir Walter's Division, and they were unable to fire. When the line was halted the officers were some fifty yards in front of their men. Suddenly some Sikh horsemen appeared coming out of the jungle, and they were ordered back to their places. The men, seeing their officers galloping back, wavered, and some rascal calling out "Threes about," away they all went.² The order was distinctly heard by the Lancers, and they turned round. The order

¹ General Stubbs says the enemy's cavalry had advanced, and were threatening our right and rear. With regard to Lane's detachment, he adds: "They were of essential service in that position, covering the flank, though they took no active part in the battle.

² 'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 205. General Stubbs adds: "I had the pleasure of knowing many of the 14th at Lahore very shortly afterwards. They were ready to repeat the Ramnuggur charge, and would not have excused themselves by throwing blame on others."

was heard by the Dragoons, and they turned round. Not unnaturally the Dragoons thought they were falling into some ambush, for only a few weeks before they had lost in a miserable ambush their colonel and many a brave comrade. The whole line of cavalry now fell back. In the excessive dust and in the jungle the men of different regiments got mingled, and it was impossible for the officers to make their commands heard. "The enemy's cavalry now came about us in great numbers, and fastened like hornets upon any poor fellow they could pick out, waiting for their opportunities behind trees and bushes, whereby many of our men became an easy prey to an enemy expert in the use of the sword." Brigadier Pope was cut down by a Sikh horseman, and his fall increased the confusion. Thus, acting singly or in concert, our horsemen retired, and the 14th Dragoons being the nearest to their guns' reach, rode into them, closely followed by the Sikh horsemen. The gunners could neither limber up nor fire. Those in the teams were cut down. Major Christie received several sword- and spear-wounds. Major Huyshe, in front of his troop, was attacked by two Sikh horsemen; one of his assailants was killed by his faithful valorous sergeant-major, and Major Steuart blew the other "out of the saddle *en passant* by a snap pistol-shot in the breast."¹ The halt and rally were sounded, and the English horsemen, Lancers and Dragoons, having formed up behind the guns that were able to be moved, Christie's four guns and two of Huyshe's were left on the ground. Soon after the cavalry "were found in an open space like a ploughed field in the jungle, facing to the front, where Lord Gough and staff shortly after rode by and were re-

¹ "Being immediately attacked by another Sikh, sword in hand, the Major had not time to return his pistol (a long single-barrelled, old-fashioned 'horse pistol'), but guarded with the barrel, from which the native's sabre glanced off, inflicting a slight cut inside the right arm, and Steuart came into camp bleeding profusely, but not seriously. His antagonist, fortunately, did not renew the attack, but rode away into the jungle."—'Historical Record of the 14th (King) Hussars,' by Colonel Henry Blackburn, p. 577.

ceived with carried swords." This misfortune which befell the cavalry at Chillianwalla has been the theme of much discussion, and the incident has been grossly exaggerated. It is one of those events with which the military history of cavalry action is replete. An incompetent cavalry leader placed a small body of cavalry in front of his guns on ground where they could neither move their horses nor see their foe. They were suddenly attacked. A native traitor shouted "Threes about," and the whole line obeyed what was considered an order from a responsible officer. There was no stampede. They rode slowly to the rear fighting a reckless foe who attacked them from every bush. When they reached the guns, their first rallying point, they rallied. Some few men continued their retreat till they reached the field hospital, but they belonged to every corps. Thus we have traced the facts, after careful collation of the contemporary narratives with the official records, up to their source. For the first few days after the action there was a strong feeling against the 14th Dragoons, and this found expression in the press. But "the day after the action a court of inquiry into the conduct of the 14th Dragoons was held by General Thackwell with closed doors; and from what transpired the result was most satisfactory to that much-abused but brave body of men." They had won a reputation for reckless gallantry in the Peninsula; six weeks before Chillianwalla they had showed at Ramnuggur their ancient dash and valour; and more lately they not once nor twice displayed in Central India the old spirit which led two weak squadrons to attack the French rear near a narrow way at Douro, and fight their way back with great loss.

Lord Gough had accompanied Gilbert's Division in their advance, and from a small opening in the jungle had conducted the operations in different parts of the field. Henry Lawrence and John Nicholson were among those who carried orders that day from the Commander-in-Chief to the Commanders of Divisions. Grave were the

tidings they brought. The Native Cavalry on the extreme left had refused to charge. An impassable swamp had checked the advance of a brigade, which had to retire with heavy loss. At that moment there emerged from the jungle, artillery, spare horses, several limbers, and some guns. With them, supported on his horse by one of his sergeants, his right hand grasping his sword, hanging powerlessly down, came Major Christie. A number of the enemy's cavalry followed them. Colonel Grant drew up two of the guns, unlimbered, and a few shot sent the Sikh troopers back into the jungle. Gough now rode through the dense jungle and joined Campbell, who, with a considerable part of both divisions, was separated from the rest of the force by a mile of difficult ground. The delicate question arose whether the force with Campbell should remain on the field it occupied. The night was dark, the wood was thick, "and I respectfully suggested to his lordship," says Colin Campbell, "that the safest and most prudent course would be to unite his force and get it together in one body." The answer to the suggestion was forcible: "I'll be d—d if I move till my wounded are all safe." However, Gough yielded his more impetuous noble opinion to the sentiments of his more prudent commander. After the wounded who were lying near the captured Sikh guns had been, with one single exception, removed, the bugles and trumpets sounded the retirement. It was impossible, owing to the darkness, to discover and remove the wounded that lay in the wood. The guns we had captured and our own had also to be abandoned. "D—d if we ain't a-deserting the guns," said a British soldier as he trudged along in the dark. "Suppose we shall have to take them again. . . . So many poor fellows killed for nothin'." Two of our guns were afterwards rescued by the gallantry of Colin Cookworthy, a subaltern of Major Christie's troop. After he reached the camp at Chillianwalla, he took the limbers of his division, and returned to the spot in the

jungle where our guns had been left. The six guns were there, but he had only sufficient limbers to bring away two. It was the last of the many deeds of valour and devotion which illuminated the stern conflict at Chillianwalla. It has been called a doubtful victory, because the Sikhs, though driven from the field of battle, retained their strong position among the ravines of Moong Russool. The fruits of the victory were, however, not doubtful. The British soldier fought "like devils," and so impressed his brave foe with his courage that the two hours of deadly strife led to the crowning victory of Gujerat. During these two hours Gough's loss amounted to: killed—22 European officers, 16 native officers and 564 men; wounded—67 European officers, 27 native officers, 1 warrant officer, and 1556 men. There were 13 officers of the 24th buried in one grave. Two days after the strife died the gallant Christie. The survivors of the troop went to the chaplain and requested that he should be buried in the same grave with those he had so bravely commanded and led; and he rests with the men who were so fond and proud of their valiant commander.

During the battle of Chillianwalla the Irregular Cavalry was attached to Harsey's Brigade which was protecting the baggage. But both Neville and Crawford Chamberlain managed to make their way to the front, and helped to rally some of the fugitives when Pennycuick's Brigade was driven back and the English cavalry thrown into confusion. In his letter, dated Camp Chillianwalla, 22nd January 1849, to his sister, he states with characteristic modesty, "Thank God, neither Crawford nor I have lost reputation from having been brought into the field." Neville Chamberlain's letter is a contemporary account of considerable importance:—

"CAMP CHILLIANWALLA,
Left Bank of Jhelum, opposite Russool,
22nd January 1849.

"MY DEAREST HARRIET,—Since my last letter we have made another move in the game with the Sikh rebels, but I regret to

say the change of position has cost us dearly. I have not the power of detailing our actions for the last month, but I will endeavour to give you an outline, and let you know how we now stand. Ever since we crossed the Chenab the Sikhs have been encamped within a few miles of this ground, at a place called Moong, their rear resting on the Jhelum. Our camp has been in the open cultivated part of the Doab, nearer the Chenab—a belt of jungle which runs parallel and close to the Jhelum separating the two armies. It being found impossible to feed our cattle at, or near, our old camp of Januke, the camp was moved some six or seven miles up the Doab to Lupoorie. After remaining at Lupoorie three days, and finding that forage was very difficult to be procured, we moved to Dingee. Dingee is a large village, and from its position commands the open country of the upper portion of the Doab. Up to the time of our move northward the enemy had commanded the supplies of the upper Doab, so our move to Dingee was of the greatest importance.

“I believe that our works on the banks of the Chenab for the protection of our bridge was the cause of our not sooner seizing Dingee. We could not have left our bridge assailable, our communications in the rear being of the highest importance. Day by day now for months past have we been looking for the fall of Mooltan, and after the town was captured the Engineers led us to expect that the fort would immediately follow; this belief has of course had great influence on the Chief's plans, the release of 16,000 men and many guns being a serious consideration. From what the Commander-in-Chief heard of the Sikh position, it would appear that he determined upon attacking Sher Singh, and we moved from Dingee early on the morning of the 13th instant. After marching for about three miles the column halted, and bread was served out to the European portion of the troops. We again moved on, and upon the head of the column reaching a village called Chillianwalla (from which our camp takes its name), it was fired upon by the Sikhs. The enemy had an entrenchment on a mound close to this village, in which they had placed a couple of guns and men. At 11.30 A.M. our 18-pounders opened with shrapnel on this entrenchment, and the Sikhs were shortly obliged to abandon this post, as likewise the village itself, with the loss of a few men. The country about here is flat, of a sandy soil, and covered with patches of high bushes, and a few trees of larger growth spring up here and there; the whole of the land near the river must, in some former day, have been cultivated, as the jungle does not become thick until you have quitted the river some three miles. The nature of the jungle here is in fact such as to afford excellent shelter to light troops, prevents the regular advance of a line, and greatly annuls the advantages which would be gained by a disciplined army over a disorganised foe in any other ground.

“After the Commander-in-Chief had driven the enemy from the entrenchment and village, he determined upon encamping upon our present ground, and the site was being marked out by the Quartermaster-General and Camp Colormen, when they were fired upon by the enemy’s guns, posted some little distance from us in the jungle. It had been Lord Gough’s plan to attack the Sikhs the following day, but this was a challenge his Irish blood could not stand; the line was formed, and the action commenced at 1.30 P.M. Sunset saw us in possession of many of the Sikh guns, and of all their positions; and it found them retreating from all points towards Moong and Russool. At dusk it was thought advisable to order the line to retire towards Chillianwalla, for the protection of the baggage, which had been twice threatened, and for the purpose of bivouacking the troops in a more concentrated position. Of the battle I shall say little, but I believe I speak the truth in saying that a most signal victory, and ignominious defeat, were alternately cast into the scales on that day: the first was lost by the misconduct of some, and the latter was averted by the bravery of the many. No field in India has, I believe, ever been more severely contested. Guns were captured, spiked, taken again by the Sikhs, and retaken by us.

“Had we had but two hours more daylight all our errors might have been retrieved; but night coming on we were unable to follow up a vanquished foe, and the cruel murders of our wounded must be punished at some future date. Nothing but death will satisfy the appetite of these bloodthirsty tyrants for slaughter; I trust the day is not far distant when they shall be made to pay the penalty of their barbarity. I hope I never was unmerciful, and I believed I never could become so, but after witnessing the sights I saw on that day the heart becomes steeled. Imagine hundreds of wounded men hacked into unsightly objects, and a child, a poor drummer-boy, dragged from a litter, and in his wounded helpless state thrown into the air, to be cut at as he fell.

“But enough of these horrors so degrading to the name of man whether he be white or black. Had we taken possession and brought into camp all the pieces of cannon captured, our victory would have been more substantial; but this we omitted to do, and the consequence is that with the exception of twelve cannon, the enemy removed the rest during the night. From the misconduct of the 14th Dragoons we lost four of our Horse Artillery guns, and these, with some captured standards, compensate the enemy in a measure for their defeat. The Irregular Cavalry Brigade was protecting the baggage, but being close upon the scene of action, both Crawford and I managed to find ourselves towards the front. To add to our discomfort it began to rain on the night of the 13th, but towards morning we got a fire and solaced ourselves with tea!

“In the battle of the 13th it must be said that the Sikhs had

every advantage. They outnumbered us six or seven times, out-flanked us, chose their own position, and had to be attacked in a jungle which it was impossible to reconnoitre. On more than one occasion the rear rank had to be faced about whilst the line was advancing to the attack of guns; and up to the last moment, in one portion of the field, the shot were being thrown over our heads, and falling in our front towards the people opposed to us. That we were handled to the greatest advantage is not for me to decide, but I hope that Lord Gough's life may be spared, for a braver man never sat a horse: the troops like him, he does not fear responsibility, and if personal example is of any avail, we have but victory or death as our goal.

“Of Sir Joseph Thackwell I cannot say much, as I believe him to be far less fitted for command than our present chief. During the night of the 13th the Sikhs fired guns from their position at Russool (a village on a hill three miles to our front) to collect their scattered troops, and on this ground they prepared to withstand our second attack. What with our severe loss, want of food, and exposure to the cold and rain of the previous night, it was decided not to attack, and on this occasion discretion was certainly the better part of valour! A portion of the column had been moved towards Russool, but this demonstration was converted into a reconnoitring party, and by noon our camp was pitched, in the shape of a hollow oblong, so as to offer a front on all faces. Nothing could be more miserable than the weather during the 14th, 15th, and 16th,—the rain being accompanied by bursts of bleak cold wind that rushed upon us from the snows of the Pir Pingali Range. On the 16th I accompanied Crawford's regiment reconnoitring towards Moong, but the ground was so bad that our horses were useless, and after looking at some of the Sikh pickets we returned to camp. The evening of the 16th was devoted to burying our dead, but these were too numerous and too distant to be all brought in: 190 men of the 24th Foot were consigned to mother earth on the 17th,—a party of the 9th Irregulars being sent to protect the people employed to dig the pits. The Sikh dead are scattered far and wide, and afford a rare harvest to the village dogs, kites, and jackals. This system is very horrible, but with such fiends for enemies, the heart becomes hardened.

“You must know that prior to a general action all ranks of our enemies take intoxicating drugs to arm them, and on the last occasion I saw a Sikh gunner stretched dead on the broad of his back with an English pint bottle fastened to his wrist. The Sikhs are all collected on the hill in our front, and ever since the 14th have been busy in strengthening their position by throwing up field-works. We have also been protecting our front by entrenchments, not that I believe they will dare to attack us, but a few feet of earth enables a few to do the work of many.

“Our pickets are not far distant from each other, and strange to say they do not often annoy our videttes.

“The jungle that surrounded us on the 13th is fast disappearing, and the scene of action bears not the slightest resemblance to what it did those few days ago. I believe we remain upon our oars till reinforced, when I trust we shall be able to totally annihilate the lion in his den, in which case he is only welding his own chains, as the wall made by his own hand will prevent his escaping. Thank God, neither Crawford nor I have lost reputation from having been brought into the field.

“The day Sir Henry Lawrence joined our camp he recognised me, and told me of his having written to ask the Bombay Governor to allow Charlie to be sent up to this part of the world, and before he left for Lahore he told me he wished to obtain my services, when I of course said that I was willing to undertake any work the Governor might give me. It is said that our brigade is to be actively employed on the next occasion, when I trust the Irregulars will do their work well, and in that case both Crawford and I may expect brevet promotion on attaining our companies. Latterly I have had two steps, but I never look to rising by the misfortunes of my seniors. What stories I shall have to tell you of this campaign should it be my lot to see its conclusion! Many things cannot be written which require a winter evening, and as my wants are few, I hope ere many years have passed to be with you at the tea-table again. The *tea* must be a *sine qua non*, and my ambition will be fulfilled when the day arrives which finds you all welcoming my return from the day's cruise. You know old bilious Indians (old curries) require petting! Crawford will add a line. NEVILLE.”

The day after the battle the army encamped in the immediate vicinity of Chillianwalla. Lord Gough, rejecting the advice of the Governor-General's Political Agent to again attack the enemy in his strongly entrenched position, determined to await the result of the final assault on Mooltan and the reinforcements which would become available on the reduction of that fortress. On the 22nd of January 1849 Mooltan fell, Moolraj surrendered, and the besieging force forthwith commenced its march to join the army of the Punjab. Three days later there was a rumour in the British camp that the fortress had been taken; the next day the glad tidings were confirmed. The Sikh leader now sought to entice the Chief into a battle by demonstration.

On the 30th a patrol under Crawford had a sharp engage-

ment with a body of the enemy's cavalry: killed sixteen of them, and took several prisoners. The next day the General Orders conveyed a warm eulogium to Crawford and his men.

“Lieutenant Chamberlain slew two of the enemy with his own hand, receiving a slight wound himself, and his energy and gallantry were, as usual, most conspicuous, and merit the best commendation of his Excellency. Lieutenant Chamberlain speaks in high terms of the conduct of the party he commanded on this occasion, and especially of the gallantry evinced by Ally Buksh, sowar of the first troop; and the Commander-in-Chief is persuaded that other parties sent on the important duty of protecting the carriage cattle of the army, will emulate the activity, conduct, and courage which has now so deservedly elicited his Lordship's applause.”

The enemy heard day by day of the approach of the Mooltan force, and they renewed their efforts to bring on a fight. They threatened Gough's line of communication by way of Singh, but these were well guarded. On the 8th of February about 4000 of them advanced, and at 900 yards tried to work round our flank, but, finding the guns there, retired. A man with a bundle of fireworks was captured, who said he intended to have blown up our powder in park. On the 11th the enemy made another great attempt to bring on action. “The enemy,” wrote Lord Gough to the Governor-General, “yesterday came forward, apparently with the whole of the force he had at and in the neighbourhood of Khoree, with the evident view of drawing men out of their encampment, in order that a strong force he had concealed amongst the jungle towards Moong might have an opportunity of attacking my camp.” The enemy, finding that Gough would not be drawn out, withdrew into their camp. That night a noise was heard both from Russool and from Khoree. When day broke no tents were to be seen on the heights of Russool, and by the afternoon the Sikhs had entirely abandoned their works, and our officers galloped from their camp to see them. During the day the sick and wounded were sent to Ramnuggur under an escort, and for the first time during the campaign a

capture of camels, about eighty in number, was effected. "Neville Chamberlain," writes a correspondent, "seeing the animals, obtained Lord Gough's permission to attempt their seizure with a part of his Lordship's escort. He charged the Sikh guard, who fled at once, leaving the camels a fair prize."

On the night of the 13th of February reports were brought in by a spy that 400 infantry and 4000 cavalry had actually marched from the neighbourhood of Khoree to Gujerat, and that the report in the bazaar of the enemy was that the whole were to march to Gujerat. The bazaar gossip proved correct. At four o'clock in the morning, just as the moon rose, Sher Singh's whole army marched to Gujerat and took up a position between the fortified town and a ford on the Chenab above Wazirabad. This movement had been anticipated by Gough, and it was one he wished, because he desired that the defeat which he was preparing for them should be, owing to the loss of their magnificent guns, which they could not convey across, or even to the river, a crushing and signal disaster. He would not attack them on the line of march, because he wished to fight them after he had received the reinforcement for which he had so long and patiently waited. Sher Singh's aim was to make a dash for the Chenab, cross it, and gain the open road to Lahore. But Gough knew that his position rendered the unimpeded passage of the river almost an impossibility. He also knew that Whish must now be very near. Having sent orders to him to push up a detachment to Wazirabad, Gough, on the morning of the 15th, left his encampment, and his whole force in a single column of route marched through the jungle, which was in many places very thick, to Lassoorie, a distance of twelve miles. He was now nearer to forming a junction with Whish, and nearer to the Chenab. Sher Singh, on reaching the river, had found it guarded, and with Gough close to him he dare not force a passage across.

Whish had anticipated the Chief's orders on the 13th

of February,—he had, by forced marches, reached Ramnuggur.¹ On hearing that the Sikh army was in full march on the Chenab, he—the next day without waiting for orders—pushed on four 18-pounder guns and some irregular horse up the bank of the river. On the 15th a force of foot, horse, and guns, under Colonel Byrne, were sent in the same direction. After a march of twenty-four miles they reached Wazirabad in the evening, and great was their joy in finding that the enemy had not crossed. On the 16th, having discovered there was no risk of a collision with the enemy, Gough turning slightly towards the east, marched seven miles to Sadoolapore. He had expected reinforcements to join him there. The next day, keeping almost parallel with the river, he advanced north-west towards Gujerat, after marching seven miles he halted near Ishara, and was joined by a part of his reinforcements. On the 18th he made another march of seven miles, and halted at Kussagh within three miles of the enemy, where he was joined by General Whish with one brigade of infantry and ten horse artillery guns. On the 19th Gough halted to allow Brigadier-General Dundas with the Bombay Division, including two European regiments (her Majesty's 60th and Bombay Fusiliers), detachment of Sind Horse, and a troop and battery of artillery (twelve guns) to join him. "This division," writes Sir Colin Campbell, "has marched upwards of sixty miles in the last three days." On the 20th of February Gough made another movement to Shadiwal in battle order, and a short space now divided the two armies. "We have not fought yet," wrote a British subaltern, "but there is little doubt but that we shall engage to-morrow—and then won't there be a smash! We marched at one o'clock to-day, and have moved up close, so as to go at them fresh in the

¹ "Orders were here received to push on, so Captain Anderson and 4-3 H.A. accomplished a march of forty miles. He made nineteen miles in the morning, rested during the day, went on at night, chiefly at a trot, reaching Ramnuggur before morning."—'History of the Bengal Artillery,' by Major-General F. W. Stubbs, iii. 214.

morning and have lots of time to complete the victory." Gough, who has too often been regarded merely as a fiery old soldier, had shown during his enforced halt at Chillianwalla clear intelligence and firmness of purpose, and now that his strategy had been covered with success, he resolved not to strike the blow till the Bombay troops had rested, and he had ample time to make it decisive. He, however, took advantage of the halt to have a careful reconnaissance made of the enemy's position. It was ascertained that their camp encircled the town of Gujerat, built on a slight knoll rising from a vast plain, covered with low green luxuriant crops and studded with a few villages surrounded by trees. Their right was behind the Diwara, a dry sandy-bedded nullah of some breadth, which, after passing round the northern and western faces of the town, makes a sudden bend at nearly a right angle, and runs in a southerly direction to Shadiwal. Their centre occupied a large village known as the Burra (Great) Kalra, which they loopholed and fortified, and a hamlet called the Kot Kalra, and their left rested on the fortified village of Chota (Little) Kalra, where a deep narrow nullah ran from the east of the town to Chenab. These two dry river-beds, covering the town on the right and left, had led the Sikhs to regard Gujerat as a place of great strategic importance. But the ground between them for the space of three miles was well calculated for the operations of all arms, and presented no great physical obstacle to the movements of heavy guns. Gough determined to make his advance in that direction. His aim was to pierce the enemy's centre and left, so as to throw it on the right, and then with the aid of his left wing annihilate it. He would use the parallel order and direct attack, and as he now had for the first time ample artillery, the assaults should be prepared by his heavy guns.

On the 21st of February the troops took up their positions at daylight. The Diwara, or dry nullah, bisected

the British ground. Major-General Walter Gilbert's Division, consisting of Mountain's and Penny's Brigades, occupied the ground immediately on the right of the nullah. Harvey's Brigade of Whish's Division formed the continuation of the line, with Markham's Brigade in reserve. The heavy guns were on the right and left of Mountain's Brigade, with Captain Dawes' Field Battery in the centre of it. Three troops of horse artillery were to be in the intervals between the other brigades and two troops in reserve. Lockwood's and Hearsey's Cavalry Brigades with their troops of horse artillery protected the right flank. On the left of the nullah, extending westward in a line, were Colin Campbell's Division, supported by two light field batteries and the Bombay Column under Dundas, supported by a troop of Bombay Horse Artillery. White's Brigade of Cavalry and the Sind Horse, under the command of Sir Joseph Thackwell, supported by two troops of horse artillery, guarded the left flank, and kept in check large bodies of Sikh and Afghan cavalry. By seven o'clock, more than twenty battalions of infantry, some ten regiments of cavalry, and upwards of seventy guns were drawn up in a superb line. The colours of the uniforms were as rich and varied as those of a painted window, and the bayonets and swords glittered in the morning sun low but clear, and the pennons of the Lancers waved in the breeze. The air was crisp and cold, for a winter morning in the Punjab is like an early spring morning in England, except that the sky is more blue and cloudless. On the other side of the green plain could be seen the towers of Gujerat, and in the far distance the Cashmere mountains, and beyond them the snow-clad battlements of the Himalayas. In front of Gujerat was collected the Sikh host.

A century had not passed since Clive, one steamy morning in July, had laid the foundation of our Empire in a mango grove in Bengal; and the time had now come to decide whether the bounds of that Empire should extend to the

base of the northern hills. The last struggle for complete dominion in India was about to take place.

At half-past seven the order was given, and the whole line advanced "with the precision of a parade movement."¹ When the centre reached Hariawala village on the nullah, the enemy, seeing the elephants who drew the heavy guns, opened at a very long distance. The heavy guns taking up ground began to respond, but the distance was too great for their fire to have any effect, and the British line again went forward. When it had gone about a quarter of a mile, the enemy opened on it from the whole of their front. "The round shot flew about us," says an officer of the 2nd Europeans, "and ploughed up the ground in all directions. Five or six men were knocked down in as many seconds, when we were ordered to lie down, and the artillery advanced about 200 yards to the front." Between the two brigades of heavy guns, Dawes' Field Battery took up a place and came into action. Then the heavy batteries opened, "and the roar of more than a hundred pieces of artillery shook the very earth, pitching round-shot and shells into the enemy from less than 300 yards, they returning our fire with great spirit and precision."

Behind the heavy guns the Commander-in-Chief and his staff watched the artillery duel.² The cannonade, says Gough, "was the most magnificent I ever witnessed, and as terrible in its effect." An hour, and the enemy's fire began to slacken and their centre and left to withdraw behind the two villages, Burra (Great) Kalra and Kot Kalra. Penny's Brigade was ordered to advance another 100 yards and then lie down. A company from each regiment in the brigade was sent up to the front to support Major Fordyce's 9-pounder troop attached to them. "All this time the fire was very hot on us, carrying off three men at a time, shells bursting over us or burying themselves in front, scattering the earth in our

¹ From the Right Hon. the Commander-in-Chief to the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India, Headquarters, Camp Googerat, February 26, 1849.

² The story that Lord Gough was at Gujerat imprisoned by his staff on the top of a windmill is silly fiction.

faces." On the guns went, coming into action at intervals of 200 or 300 yards. They passed between the two villages, and were on the point of debouching, when the Sikh batteries in front and the guns in the Great Kalra blazed forth. Many fell: "every shot pitched right into them; and the gallant manner in which they worked their guns is beyond all praise." Twice did their commander send his limbers to the rear for fresh men and horses, "and each time as they came up again and passed through our line we gave them a hearty cheer; and the fine fellows waved their caps, and dashed on again in advance as if death was a joke to them." For two hours the conflict waxed fiercer and fiercer. From the village of Great Kalra, 200 yards in front of the brigade, the enemy sent forth a tremendous fire of musketry. General Gilbert ordered the brigade to storm it. "Our men, who had been held down all this time, started up with a cheer. It was the last some of them gave, poor fellows! A round shot took off a man's head close to me, and spattered his brains in my face. The bullets whizzing about like hail,—and as we came nearer grape was poured into us, but not a man wavered for a second. 'Officers to the front—lead on your men!' shouted the Major, and we dashed forward amidst a shower of balls, dashed across a deep nullah, gave one rattling volley, and poured into the village at every point." Many of the Sikhs died fighting to the last, and heavy was the loss of the brigade. When they emerged from the village the enemy opened on them a hot fire of grape and canister. "This was the most deadly fire we were exposed to during the day, the balls hissed about like winged serpents." From the village of Kot Kalra, on the right of the Great Kalra, the enemy smote with a deadly musketry fire two native troops of horse artillery. Anderson, their leader, fell mortally wounded. "No officer who fell that day was more generally lamented." The village, after a short tussle, was taken by a portion of Harvey's Brigade. The other part of the brigade attacked the village of Chota or Little Kalra, which defended the enemy's extreme left. It was strongly

fortified. After an obstinate struggle and a succession of assaults on each loopholed house, the 10th Foot, led by their fiery leader, Colonel Franks, gained possession of it. The enemy's centre and left had now been broken, and were being pushed back on their right. The cavalry made frequent attempts to turn our right flank, but were checked by the 14th Light Dragoons, "whose skirmishers often resolutely repulsed the daring foe," and repeated charges of Hearsey's irregular brigade.

Meanwhile Colin Campbell, on the left of the Diwara or dry nullah, had advanced gradually so as to keep pace and alignment with the right wing. The twelve 9-pounders moved in line with the skirmishers, and the infantry in line close to the rear, "the artillery firing at the masses of infantry and cavalry formed beyond the nullah, who gradually melted away under the effects of this fire, and took shelter in the nullah."

An effort was now made by some of the principal Sikh chiefs to bring forward their cavalry to attack the advancing line. The infantry who had taken shelter in the nullah "accompanied this movement in a very disorderly and tumultuous manner. These latter were in vast crowds. I caused the artillery of my division to be turned on the flank of this advance of the enemy, while the Bombay troop of horse artillery fired direct to the front. This double fire in front and flank caused them to waver, and finally to give way."¹ They retired across the nullah, but some of the infantry stopped under cover of its banks. Colin Campbell advancing placed two of his guns in such a position that they could sweep the bend of the Diwara, which they strewed with killed and wounded.² The Sikh infantry having swiftly deserted the nullah, the whole left wing of the British army passed this formidable defence of the enemy's right wing without firing a musket or losing a man.³

¹ 'The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C.B., i. 220.

² 'Life of Major-General Sir Henry Durand,' by H. M. Durand, C.S.I., ii. 101.

³ 'Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,' i. 221.

As our left wing was advancing the Afghan cavalry threatened its left flank. Thackwell ordered the Sind Horse, supported by two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, to charge them. "The former, headed by the dauntless Malcolm, dashed headlong upon the enemy and drove everything before them, capturing two standards." Thackwell's cavalry, crossing the nullah, went forward and prevented them from gaining the highroad to Jhelum, while Dundas and Campbell's Divisions drove those on the left and centre, who were retiring in heavy columns covered by cavalry. The four divisions of infantry pressed hard the retreating foe, and the retreat became more and more a flight. By one o'clock the British were in possession of the town of Gujerat, of the Sikh camp, and of their artillery and baggage. The cavalry and the horse artillery continued the pursuit with vigour, and what had been once a disciplined army became a rabble. The Sikhs fought desperately, and as they had never given they never expected quarter on a battlefield. Hand-to-hand encounters were frequent. "In these encounters Neville Chamberlain of the Irregulars particularly distinguished himself by the number of the enemy he slew." The pursuit continued till four o'clock, when the two cavalry columns met and returned to camp.

This was the battle of Gujerat, and the results were, as Gough intended, immediate and decisive. The accounts of the contest which Neville and Crawford Chamberlain sent home have, unfortunately, been lost.

Crawford was, on the morning of the battle, on the sick list, owing to his wound. But he got out of his doolie in order to be put on his horse, for he could not mount without assistance, and for twelve hours he was in the saddle. Brigadier Harsey in his report after the battle remarked: "I feel myself much indebted also to Lieutenant Neville Chamberlain, Brigade-Major 4th Brigade Irregular Cavalry, for his assistance in the field during the forenoon, which I cannot too much appreciate, and for the example he set in

several hand-to-hand affairs with a furious and exasperated enemy during pursuit. Lieutenant Crawford Chamberlain, second in command 9th Irregular Horse, although still suffering from his wound, was present with the regiment the whole day, thus showing his usual energy."

On the day after the victory at Gujerat, General Gilbert, who in spite of his years was known as the best rider in India, was ordered in pursuit with a strong force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. General Hearsey commanded the six regiments of cavalry, and Neville accompanied him as Brigade-Major, and Crawford with his corps. On the 26th of February Neville wrote to his mother from Camp Aurungabad, opposite town of Jhelum.

"CAMP AURUNGABAD, Opposite town of Jhelum,
26th February 1849.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,— . . . Most of the enemy's troops have gone to Rotas, but they have left men and guns to command the fords, having burnt all the boats. Unless treachery is rewarded, Sher Singh will give us battle, having still some thirty guns at his command. Attok we must occupy, and possibly the Affghans may meet us in the valley of Peshawur. We have still a month's campaign before us, and, unfortunately, the cold weather is fast fleeting. Crawford's regiment returns towards the provinces, and I go on with the advancing division. As he has his ties, I am glad his campaigning for this year is at an end.

"Had I time I would copy an order regarding Crawford's gallantry, issued by Lord Gough on 31st January. You shall have the General and the Brigade Order by next mail, they will rejoice your heart. You will be pleased to hear that I have not passed unnoticed, and that prior to my marching from Goozerat the day after the battle, the Commander-in-Chief sent for me, and told me that he was much indebted to me for my services. The old gentleman likewise told me that, did his own brother stand in my way, I should have the first regiment in his gift, and I told him I was perfectly contented in his having granted my request to be allowed to join the army, and that my ambition was to be sent on to Peshawur. Brigadier Hearsey is to command the cavalry going to Peshawur, and on his staff I shall have an opportunity of seeing everything. My journal I keep as promised.

NEVILLE."

On the 28th of February the force crossed the Jhelum, and the Sikhs, hard pressed, saw it was hopeless to continue

the struggle. On the 7th of March they gave up their English prisoners, and the next day Sher Singh entered the camp in the hope of making terms. "He wishes to be allowed to send in the guns and arms on hackeries, but Gilbert will consent to nothing but the whole army marching by and depositing their arms at his feet; and to these, I believe, he has consented, because he can't help himself." The next day about 1000 Sikhs entered the camp. "They marched in bodies of 200; and each man, as he passed, threw his arms in a heap in front of the General's tent." Reluctantly, and with sorrow, they parted with the weapons they so dearly loved. "Many of them were fine grey-haired old fellows, with large flowing white beards, probably some of Runjeet Singh's veterans. One old fellow I noticed in particular, he stood for a long time looking wistfully at his arms and the pile before him, and evidently could not make up his mind to give them up. At last the officer on duty came and touched him on the shoulder and ordered him to move on; he then threw down his sword and matchlock with a crash, and turned away with tears in his eyes saying, 'All my work is done now.'" On the 11th of March Gilbert continued his march towards Rawul Pindee, and at Hoomuh encamped in a small place surrounded by hills. Sher Singh, his father, Sirdar Chutter Singh, and the Chief Sirdars arrived in camp and gave themselves up as prisoners. "In the afternoon the guns, twenty-six in number, were brought in, their artillerymen brought them up to the park, unlimbered, dismounted, gave up their swords, and went off. They were all very nice brass pieces, two of them the guns lost at Chillianwalla." The next day the force halted, and 5000 Sikhs laid down their arms in camp. On the 18th of March the force reached the Jhelum, and, crossing it, wound along the plain to their camp. On their march they met crowds of Sikhs going to lay down their arms. As each man crossed the river he threw his arms on the immense pile of muskets and swords that lay on the bank, "which shone

like silver in the bright sunshine." On the 14th of March the force, after marching three miles, came near the Sikh camp and drew up in battle array. The remains of the Sikh infantry, some 16,000, marched forth, and the Sikh Commander-in-Chief with his Sirdars one by one gave up their swords to the British General, and their men grounded their arms at his feet. Their proud bearing as they marched away added lustre to the valour they had shown in the field. They regarded their defeat as the chance of war, and some of them, as they reverently saluted the spirit of the steel, exclaimed, "To-day is the death of Runjeet Singh." The might with which his spirit had inspired them, and the skill with which he had guided them, had gone. So perished the Khalsa army,—an army whose ranks were filled with men as brave as those of any race.

On the 17th of March a general order announced the surrender of the remains of the Sikh army, and the Governor-General offered "to the whole army his heartfelt congratulations on this glorious result of the battle of Gujerat, and of the operations subsequent to it." Lord Dalhousie, however, added: "But the war is not yet concluded; nor can there be any cessation of hostilities until Dost Mahomed Khan and the Afghan army are either driven from the province of Peshawur or destroyed within it." The day after the surrender of the Sikh infantry, Gilbert started in the hope of overtaking the Afghans before they had crossed the Indus, or at all events of preventing them from destroying the bridge of boats across it. After a long march of seventeen miles they encamped in a jungle at the foot of the hills. The next morning they started at five. "The country about here is the most beautiful I have seen in India—hill and dale thickly covered with wood, and all in one purple glow from the carpet of flowers which entirely hides the earth." After a weary trudge of three hours through the Pass they encamped on the plain on the other side. "Marched sixteen miles; did not reach

our ground until one o'clock." But their rest was of short duration. At six in the evening they again started, "and went at the rate of little more than a mile an hour, the roads being so bad that the artillery could make no progress, and we had but little moonlight." When they had done twelve miles they halted for a couple of hours. "Threw myself on the ground, and was asleep in a second. It seemed scarcely five minutes before we had to start again, and it required all my resolution to make me quit my hard couch." They then marched on all night, and until ten o'clock next morning, "when we halted, having accomplished twenty-six miles." At noon they again started, and "ten miles brought us to the end of our march, on the banks of the celebrated Indus and in possession of Attok." They had marched thirty-six miles with sixteen before it, and they had done fifty-two miles in thirty-six hours. Gilbert, with his light cavalry and light guns, had preceded the infantry. When about six miles from the river Gilbert heard that the enemy had evacuated Attok, and were about to destroy the bridge of boats. The winner of many a gold and silver cup on the turf galloped forward in post-haste, accompanied by a small escort and the staff. They did not draw rein till they reached a height close by the river. They saw below them about 100 Afghans engaged in burning the bridge, and some 5000 or 6000 drawn up on the opposite bank. The Guides Rifles "immediately lined the rocks on the edge of the stream, and opened such a nasty fire on the Afghan infantry that they were glad to cut away the bridge of boats, which swung over to our side of the stream, and was secured by us."¹ Four of the boats, however, had been burned. For-
dyce's Battery now came up, and the Afghans retired after firing some guns at us which did no harm. By evening the bridge of boats had been restored, and our infantry and artillery crossed and immediately marched on to

¹ 'Lumsden of the Guides,' by General Sir Peter S. Lumsden and George R. Elsmie, p. 59.

Peshawur. At noon, 21st March, the troops reached Peshawur "after a march of at least twenty-eight miles." The cavalry pushed on with all haste to Jumrood. The Afghans had only time to gain the shelter of the Khyber Pass ere they arrived at the entrance. Here the pursuit ended, and they encamped on the plain, which was covered with huge gigantic boulders. Neville Chamberlain rode with his friend John Nicholson to the entrance of the Pass through which they had marched seven years before, and to which clung some glorious and many sad memories.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Annexation of the Punjab—A Board of administration appointed—Neville Chamberlain receives the Punjab medal and two clasps for the campaign—Refuses command of the new Corps of Irregular Cavalry on account of the insufficient pay offered to the men—Appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the Sirhind Division—Letters from Neville Chamberlain—Admiration of the army for Lord Gough—Interview with Sir Charles Napier—Neville Chamberlain foresees the coming danger of a Sepoy revolt—Letter from Sir Henry Lawrence suggesting civil employment—Appointed Assistant Commissioner in the Rawul Pindee district—Maxims laid down by Sir Henry Lawrence for a Revenue officer—Neville Chamberlain transferred from Rawul Pindee to Hazara—List of his principal duties—Letter from Governor-General's Private Secretary—Neville Chamberlain appointed to organise the Military Police—Letter from Lord Dalhousie—Neville Chamberlain's reply—Lord Dalhousie's answer—Appointed Military Secretary to the Punjab Board—Applies for active service in Burma—Lord Dalhousie's reproof—Letter from Governor-General's Private Secretary—Dangerous illness—Letter from Lord Dalhousie—Obtains two years' leave of absence—Leaves Lahore for Calcutta—Interview with Lord Dalhousie—Sails for the Cape of Good Hope.

ON the morning of the 30th of March 1849 the last Sikh durbar was held at the palace, in the citadel of Lahore. The young Maharajah sat for the last time on the throne of Runjeet Singh, and around him stood the leading chiefs who had ruled the kingdom, and in the midst of that royal assembly the Foreign Secretary to the Government of India produced a document containing the terms granted to the Maharajah. The young prince signed it. He resigned for himself, his heirs, and his successors, all claim to the sovereignty of the Punjab. He was to receive a pension of not less than £40,000, and not exceeding £50,000 a-year, "provided he shall

remain obedient to the British Government, and shall reside at such place as the Governor-General of India may select. All the property of the State, of whatever description and wheresoever found, shall be confiscated to the Honourable East India Company, in part payment of the debt due by the State of Lahore to the British Government, and of the expenses of the war. The Gem called the Koh-i-noor, shall be surrendered by the Maharajah of Lahore to the Queen of England." His Highness was to be treated with respect and honour, and was to retain the title of Maharajah Dhuleep Singh Bahadur. After the agreement had been signed by the Maharajah, the proclamation issued by the Governor-General was read aloud. It declared that "the kingdom of the Punjab is at an end, and that all the territories of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh are now and henceforth a portion of the British Empire in India." The victory of Gujerat had added a kingdom of about 80,000 square miles to the British dominions, and advanced the boundaries of our Empire to the mountain ranges. For the administration of this new kingdom, together with the territory previously acquired on both sides of the Sutlej, Lord Dalhousie appointed a Board of Three—the President, Sir Henry Lawrence, and two members, John Lawrence and Charles Mansel, the latter of whom was succeeded by Robert Montgomery.

On the 27th of March orders were issued to break up the army of the Punjab. To the soldiers who had by their endurance and valour won for England a kingdom, only a medal and clasp for Gujerat were granted. But owing to Lord Gough's earnest remonstrances, a clasp for Chillianwalla and one for Mooltan were added. Neville Chamberlain received the Punjab medal with two clasps for the campaign, and when he became captain in his regiment, in November 1849, he was made on the following day a brevet-major for his services on the staff at Gujerat. Crawford also received

the Punjab medal and one clasp, and he, too, was promoted to the rank of brevet-major on becoming captain. As a reward for his great services in the campaign, Crawford was appointed to the command of the First Irregular Cavalry, which, as Skinner's Horse, had made its mark in the military history of British India. Neville was offered the command of the new corps of Irregular Cavalry, about to be raised for exclusive service in the Punjab; and there could be no better sign of a chivalrous and generous character than his refusal to accept it, "on account of the wholly insufficient pay offered to the men." He wrote from Umballa on the 27th May 1849:—

"In my last [lost] from Lahore of the 28th April, I told you that I had refused the command of the new corps of Irregular Cavalry, about to be raised for exclusive service in the Punjab (refused on account of the wholly insufficient pay offered to the men). To thus have been forced to throw up, what of all other things I most coveted, was very annoying, but although I often think how much happier I should have been had I remained in our new province, instead of returning to the dull routine of cantonment life, still I have the pleasure of feeling that my decision was the right one, and that the motives which caused me to sacrifice my own interest were based on the higher ground of hoping thereby to benefit the public service. My stubborn principles have cost me a vast amount of happiness, and some four or five hundred rupees a-month, but barring these drawbacks I now hold, for my standing in the service, a very honourable position. In fact I am, I suppose, the first lieutenant in the army who has ever held the post of Assistant Adjutant-General of Division, and I am attached to the best Division of the army; and many an old officer who entered the service when I was born would gladly step into my place."

The Division to which Neville Chamberlain was attached was the Sirhind Division, commanded by Major-General Sir Dudley St Leger Hill, K.C.B., who in his youth had served with great bravery and distinction in the Peninsular War. When tidings of the great fight at Chillianwalla reached England, an unjust and ignoble outcry was raised for the recall of Lord Gough, and the Government ap-

pointed Sir Charles Napier to succeed him. Before Napier reached India Gough had won the decisive victory of Gujerat, and a mighty struggle was splendidly ended. On the 6th May 1849 Sir Charles Napier landed at Calcutta, and the following day Lord Gough laid down his office. On the 16th May he bade leave in a farewell order to the army which he had so often led to victory, "in four memorable campaigns," and to whose valour, discipline, and trust in their leader he owed "whatever of rank or reputation he had latterly obtained." Neville, in a letter to his sister, expresses the admiration which the army had for the Irish hero, who was one of our bravest and most thoroughly honest men. "The manner in which Lord Gough's success at Goojerat has been treated has given the army much pleasure, but it will be impossible ever to make sufficient amends for the unjustifiable attacks regarding Chillianwalla." He adds: "Is this a just reward for upwards of fifty years labour? For having twice saved India (by refusing to withdraw the troops when superior authority had issued the order), and for having shown by the most undaunted courage and firmness the most brilliant example?" He goes on to speak of his interview with Sir Charles Napier, who had succeeded Lord Gough as Commander-in-Chief, and he states that if the Government did not allow the "old warrior" to make some radical change in the sepoy portion of the army it would become worse than useless, and "if the bonds of discipline are not firmly and justly held the mighty host will turn and rend us." Neville Chamberlain foresaw clearly the coming danger.

"Sir Charles Napier passed through this station a few days ago, and I dined in his company, and after dinner he honoured me with his conversation, and I thus had the opportunity of learning his opinion on several subjects. I do not think he will remain long in India. Notwithstanding the season and the fatigue of travelling, the old warrior looked well. I am one who expect that his being placed at the head of the army would do much good. There is vast room for improvement, and unless some radical change is effected the sepoy portion of the army will become not merely useless to the Govern-

ment but those whose duty it is to obey will in a few years stand forward and demand concessions.

“I hesitate not to state that the Government fears the very men they pay for their support, and in my humble opinion the measures adopted during the last few years with the view of attaching the sepoys to our cause will, if persevered in, bring down the whole fabric. I fear no enemy black or white, nor do I think that as long as they are actively employed that any danger exists. A calm must, however, follow in due course, when the thousands we have trained and armed will have time for reflection, and when, if the bonds of discipline are not firmly and justly held, the mighty host will turn and rend us. History affords many instances of the kind, and if by unskilful management our Eastern empire is piloted against the rocks, what should prevent its going to pieces?”

The routine of an office did not suit the temperament of Neville Chamberlain, and he made, through Sir Henry Lawrence, the President of the Board, an application to the Governor-General for civil employment in the Punjab. On the 19th August 1849 Henry Lawrence wrote to him :—

From Sir Henry Lawrence.

“LAHORE, 19th August 1849.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—What pay would satisfy you to enter the Civil Department, and would you be prepared to serve as an Assistant under perhaps a young civilian, or an officer junior to yourself? I wish that in writing to the Governor-General about you I should be able to do so in the name of the Board, as my word will then carry most weight. After a year or two's training under a man of civil experience, I should be glad to see you in charge of one of our frontier stations,—Hazara, Dera Ishmael Khan, Ghazee-Khan or Peshawur; but all this would depend more on Government than on us, and to start, I doubt if you would be appointed a higher grade than an appointment on 700 or perhaps 600.—Yours very truly,
HENRY LAWRENCE.”

On the 3rd of December Neville Chamberlain wrote to his mother: “From the 1st of this month I ceased to perform military duties, and I quit Ferozepore this evening for Lahore, at which place I shall learn my destination.” He was appointed Assistant Commissioner in the Rawul Pindie district, under Captain Hamilton.

The letter which Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to him as to how he should conduct his duties as an Inland Revenue officer should be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested by every Indian administrator. Time has not affected its value. The maxims laid down are those on which the peace and prosperity of our empire depend, and they have been too often forgotten. "He is the best officer who best manages the following two items—interferes with the people *as little as possible*, and be as prompt as you can in disposing of cases: keep the peace, and collect the revenues, and Utopia will be gained." He adds: "Our assessment should be so light as to require no compulsion in the collection, and we should be rather protectors in the land than tax-masters." He adds: "What we should try to do is to induce the heads of villages to look after their own affairs, and not to interfere with them except by advice."

In June 1850 Neville Chamberlain was transferred from the Rawul Pindie district to the Hazara, the most northern of the Punjab frontier districts. The officer in charge was Major James Abbott, one of the most chivalrous of men, who had made an adventurous journey to Khiva to release the Russian prisoners. The district was taken over in 1847, as it was too turbulent for the Sikh governor to manage. Abbott won the respect and affection of its wild inhabitants, and supported by them he had held the fort of Sikrola against a large Sikh force, commanded by Chutter Singh. After the annexation it was considered that the work of so vast a charge was too much for a single man. Neville Chamberlain's great wish was to serve beyond the Indus, as his Afghan experience had made him acquainted with the wild tribes on our border, and he took a deep interest in their history and customs. He devoted his spare time to studying Pushtoo, "and by October I hope to be sufficiently *au fait* to carry on a conversation, for it is a great drawback not being able to exchange thoughts as well as bullets with the enemy." In order to escape

the malaria and fever which is so prevalent in the valleys of Hazara during the months of August and September, Neville Chamberlain went to Shirwan, a table-land about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. But malaria had entered his system, and he had no sooner reached the cooler region when he had a sharp attack of fever. "I fancy I must have been really ill, for I felt that indifference of life which I suppose to proceed from the whole system being relaxed. All I wished for was to be left alone, and if death claimed me, that I might be laid on the top of some wild hill away from the haunts of men. I have always had a dislike to churchyards, where coffins are packed like cards. I know it is ridiculous to care one atom where one lies, but this idea I imbibed as a child, and it sticks to me as a man." He was soon at work again, but the malaria took such hold of him that he suffered at intervals from attacks of fever during the remainder of his Indian career. After Neville Chamberlain had been six months at Hazara, Major Abbott was sent to survey the northern boundary, and he was left alone in charge of the district. "There is no lack of occupation," he writes, and he gives "a short list of his principal duties :—

"1st. I am Magistrate, which means I have to seize and try all offenders for every offence which human beings can be guilty of; also control of the Police.

"2nd. As Collector, to manage and look after the revenue in all its branches, and to decide all civil suits, as likewise those cases which in Europe would be tried in ecclesiastical courts.

"3rd. As Superintendent I receive appeals from myself to myself, both in criminal and civil cases; and I have to submit my opinion on heavy cases, such as murder, &c., for the confirmation of the board at Lahore.

"4th. The charge of the jail.

"5th. Charge of the Treasury, and responsible for all accounts.

"6th. Physician and Surgeon-General to the troops and population, and keeper of Medical Stores.

"7th. Executive Engineer and Superintendent of all public works.

"8th. Postmaster.

“9th. Superintendent of mule train and bullocks.

“10th. Commissary of Ordnance.

“11th. Commanding 1 regiment of infantry,

2 troops of cavalry,

1 company artillery, with mountain guns and falconets attached,

1 company of pioneers (*irregulars*),

1 company of the Utazai tribe,

1 company of the Mathwazai tribe,

1 company messengers, guides, and spies.

“This much should satisfy most appetites, but to the above you must add an agent in attendance on the part of each of the larger chiefs, besides those of the Maharajah Goolab Singh and the Sultan of Mazufferabad (on the left of the Jhelum), who is tributary to both the British and Goolab Singh. Nor is this all, for on three sides we meet foreign states, and a boundary of so many miles with independent and untamed tribes as neighbours must always require careful watching.”

It is hardly surprising to find that “from the time I rise until I go to bed my time is fully occupied,” and he had every reason to enjoy “the satisfaction of feeling that I earn my Rs. 500.” It was Rs. 100 a-month less than he drew as an Adjutant in 1842. The Punjab Board had unanimously recommended that his salary should be raised, but Lord Dalhousie refused, on the ground that “though he had distinguished himself as a soldier, it remained to be seen how he would do as a civilian.” Lord Dalhousie swiftly discerned Neville Chamberlain’s merits as an organiser and administrator. On the 26th of October his Private Secretary wrote:—

From F. I. Courtenay, Governor-General’s Private Secretary.

“SIMLA, October 26, 1850.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—The Governor-General having learned that you are desirous of exchanging your present appointment for a more active one connected with the Punjab Police, desires me to offer you the office of ‘captain’ of that force on a consolidated salary of Rs. 1200 a-month. Be so good as to let me have an early answer, and to consider this communication as confidential until the matter is finally arranged.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

“F. I. COURTENAY.”

On the 19th of February, Major Abbott returned, and Neville Chamberlain was not sorry to hand over the district to him, for his health had been very indifferent, and he was glad to have a little rest. "But no sooner had I got rid of one charge than I had to turn my thoughts to the organisation of the Military Police, by no means an easy task, for not only have the wants of some 3000 cavalry and 5000 infantry to be met, but the scheme has to be organised, framed, and set agoing." Lord Dalhousie was at the time making his second great tour through the Punjab, and watching with a keen eye every important detail of administration. On the 28th of February Neville Chamberlain had his first interview with the Governor-General. "He received me most kindly." Lord Dalhousie was very pleased at being told that the people of the Hazara country were contented. Neville Chamberlain accompanied the Governor-General's camp as far as Wazirabad. "When I took leave of Lord Dalhousie, the attentions I received from him were very pleasant, and he took leave of me in so friendly a way, I fear he thinks higher of me than I deserve." Neville Chamberlain had three qualities which won the heart of women—tenderness, geniality, and courage,—and we are not surprised to learn that "with Lady Dalhousie I also got on very well, and she went so far as to write afterwards and say how sorry she was not to have known of my intended departure so as to take leave." His report upon the Military Police had been "thought well of, and most of my suggestions have been attended to." During the hot weather Neville Chamberlain was busy at Lahore organising the Military Police, a body of 10,000 raised in the Punjab from the military classes who had so recently fought against us. It was an act of statesmanship to give stirring employment to men of martial habits. The Court of Directors, however, watched with a jealous eye the growth of expenditure in the Punjab, and in order to effect an economy, Lord Dalhousie proposed to

make the Military Secretary to the Board of Government at Lahore also head of the Military Police. He wrote:—

“CAMP ZAKREE, *November 12th 1851.*

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—As Major Burn proposed to return to Lahore for a time, I have not, under the pressure of other business, been in haste to communicate with you, regarding my wish that you would undertake the office which he vacates, with a view to modification of the general system, which I regard as expedient, if not necessary. The Board and yourself have long urged on me the appointment of a fourth Captain of Police. I have been unable to assent to it, because of the paucity of officers and the scarcity of money. Not long since I received a dispatch from the Court, remarking on the expenditure of both one and the other in the Punjab, in terms which, though not very just, in my opinion—still render it my duty to do all I can to limit it. It has appeared to me that the vacancy created by Major Burn may be made to serve both purposes, that it may enable me to give efficiency to your Police by adding a fourth Captain, having no other duty, and that it may enable me to curtail expense also in some small degree. I propose to abolish the office of Commandant of Police altogether, and to appoint you, in lieu thereof, to be the Military Secretary of the Board. The supervision of the Police would be exercised directly by the Board, acting through you. The system would remain the same as at present. All matters of dress, discipline, &c., would be regulated by the Board as now by the Commandant, and on all such questions the several Captains would communicate with the Board, through you, as Military Secretary. The authority of local officers in districts would remain as it is. One link of communication would thus be got rid of, and business thereby accelerated, whilst the uniformity of internal system, which was the object to be accomplished by the appointment of a Commandant, would be as effectually secured, and general inspection by you might be periodically effected, if it were wished. It is my conviction that though the correspondence regarding the Punjab Irregular force would thus be added to your duties, yet by your being in communication with the Board personally, and without correspondence, the aggregate of your duties would not be more onerous than at present. I cannot flatter myself that the office of Secretary will be altogether satisfactory to you, but as I intend it shall retain the duties you are now performing, and should have no other duties but those military ones which are agreeable to you, and with which you are familiar; and as, moreover, I do not intend the office to be a Deputy-Secretaryship as before, but a separate Secretaryship for military business, I feel persuaded that you will not be reluctant to aid me in at once economising and improving the local system of administration, by undertaking the office I have described. I never make promises, but it would be affectation in me to refrain from saying that I do not contemplate your remaining as a

Secretary, and would gladly avail myself of any opportunity which may present itself in the Punjab to employ you in that more active service which, I believe, is more consonant to your wish. If I should be gone from India, your reputation as a soldier is too high and too firmly fixed to admit any risk of your being a loser by the change. I was truly sorry to hear that you had been suffering from fever at Lahore, and disappointed that you did not allow us to see you at Simla, like so many of your neighbours.—Sincerely yours,

“DALHOUSIE.”

“To Major N. CHAMBERLAIN.”

“LAHORE, 23rd November 1851.

“MY LORD,—I have had the pleasure to receive your Lordship’s letter of the 12th instant, and I beg in reply to state that I am most willing to undertake the duties of any office to which it may please your Lordship to appoint me. But having thus expressed my readiness to undertake the office of Military Secretary to the Board, it is only proper that I should likewise inform your Lordship that my health has been so indifferent of late as to lead me to fear that I have not the stamina to perform the duties efficiently, and the civil surgeon of Lahore peremptorily assures me that unless I gain health and strength this cold season, it will be most imprudent for me to pass next hot season in the plains. This then, sir, is exactly my present position, and it remains for your Lordship to determine whether my appointment to the situation would or would not be conducive to the interest of the public service. Your Lordship having condescended to express to me your opinion respecting the combination of appointments, I trust I may not be deemed presumptuous in stating my conviction that the duties may be efficiently combined, and the link of communication thereby dispensed with, will most undoubtedly save a good deal of correspondence, and accelerate the dispatch of business; indeed, the only drawback I can perceive is the curtailment of a general and uniform system of inspection, and it would appear that your Lordship has it in contemplation to devise some plan for overcoming this difficulty. Under any circumstances the addition of a fourth Captain will greatly add to the efficacy of the Punjab Police, and far overbalance what may be lost by the abolition of the office of Commandant, and whatever may be my future lot, I will gladly resign my present position for the attainment of so desirable an end. I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my gratitude for the very considerate and flattering manner in which your Lordship has been pleased to make known your views, and I trust that I may always continue to merit the approbation of the Governor-General of India.—I have the honour, &c., &c.,

“NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.”

“To the most noble,

The GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.”

“CAMP HURDWAR, *November 27th* 1851.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I have received to-day your reply, and beg to offer you my thanks for it. In determining to act upon it I keep in view two objects—viz., the good of the service and your personal interest. I am well persuaded that the State will benefit by your undertaking the duty, even though your discharge of it should be interrupted, which I sincerely hope will not be the case. If I thought that your entering on the duty would lessen the probability of your entire recovery, I would not press it upon you. But I am satisfied, as I said before, that your labour on the whole will be no heavier in the united charge than in the single office of Commandant.

“If moving about during the cold weather would recruit you, I see no reason why you should not make some inspection for that purpose; I will write to Sir Henry [Lawrence] about it. Once again assuring you of my thanks for your ready acquiescence, and of the entire approbation and confidence of the Government.—I remain, &c., my dear Chamberlain, very truly yours,

“DALHOUSIE.”

On the 1st of January 1852 Neville Chamberlain found himself Military Secretary to the Punjab Board. “The duties are purely sedentary, and a pen is my weapon,” he writes to his sister, “and as I dislike the labour of committing my thoughts on paper as much as ever, the change has no great advantage in my eyes. I feel as if I had never been intended to be a ‘pen’ (Lord Dalhousie’s definition of a secretary), and we never like what we cannot excel in.” Neville, however, underrated his ability as a writer. His reports were characteristic of the man,—they are marked throughout by a clear, straightforward, forcible style. When Hodson was appointed to the command of The Guides, Neville Chamberlain offered to exchange appointments with him, though by the transaction he would be pecuniarily a loser to the extent of £200. Hodson, however, preferred the command of The Guides to the more influential, better paid, but less adventurous life of Military Secretary. At Lahore, though the work did not suit Neville Chamberlain, he led on the whole a happy life. Crawford was quartered there.

News now reached Lahore that a war with Burmah was most probable, owing to certain British traders in the port

of Rangoon having been subjected to gross outrages by the officers of the King of Ava. Neville Chamberlain at once wrote to the Adjutant-General, asking to be allowed to accompany any force which might be sent from the Bengal Presidency. He received the reply that being in civil employ his services were not at present at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, but his application would be duly borne in mind. "Sir William Gomme, I am to add," wrote the Adjutant-General, "is informed of the distinguished character you already possess for conduct, gallantry, and zeal, and is satisfied that your services in a military capacity would ever be most valuable in time of war." At the same time Neville Chamberlain asked John Lawrence to make known his desire to be employed on active service to the Governor-General, and he complied with his request. Lord Dalhousie replied: "Tell Neville Chamberlain that Rangoon is not a good place for him to get rid of his fever, but if operations do take place, there is no one I would sooner see employed. I do not think we shall have a war with Burmah, though it is difficult to say." While every effort was made to obtain reparation by friendly means, preparations for war were pushed on with intense vigour. Neville Chamberlain hearing of them made another effort to join the expedition. He wrote to the Private Secretary to the Governor-General, telling him he was ready to serve in any capacity. This roused the ire of Lord Dalhousie, and he received the following dignified reproof:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA,
March 14th 1852.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I received this morning your letter of the 26th February, and lost no time in communicating your wishes to the Governor-General, though I felt at once that there was little probability of a compliance with them. His Lordship desires me to tell you from him that there is simply an impossibility as regards the Rangoon expedition, which is to be on a small scale, and has already been filled with its complement of Staff officers. Should the *coup-de-main* (so to call it) fail to bring matters to a satisfactory termination,

there must of course be war on a more extended scale hereafter ; and in that case you can, if on deliberation you think fit, renew your request for active employment in the field. But I think it as well to tell you that Lord Dalhousie has a decided objection to individual officers volunteering on such occasions, especially when the volunteer proposes, under the influence of his military ardour, to abandon important duties in another sphere, to the detriment of the Government he is serving ; and as a matter of justice he does not think it fair that the same man should be allowed to combine the advantages of high civil employment in peace, and the chances of military distinction whenever the opportunity may offer in war.

“ I mention all this for your guidance in the future, hoping that it may induce you to deliberate well before you turn your back on the fine prospect which your present appointment can hardly fail to lead to, of active and distinguished military employment on the frontier.— Believe me, yours very sincerely,
F. F. COURTENAY.”

Neville Chamberlain felt the reproof. He writes to his sister :—

“ I must confess that Courtenay's letter hurt me, as it would appear from it that I had wished to come forward to deprive another soldier of his right, when such was never my wish or my intention. All I hoped for was permission to accompany the force, and I would sooner have shouldered a musket in the ranks than have given any officer in the service cause to say that I was depriving him of his right : the pleasurable emotions of active service are sufficient rewards in themselves, without the gilding of honours, even of a field-marshal, whose honour is as ephemeral as the lace which decks his coat. . . . If what Courtenay alluded to [war] occurs, he will hear from me so that I keep my health.”

Courtenay evidently did hear from him again, for we have the following letter :—

From F. F. Courtenay.

“ June 10th 1852.

“ MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I have to-day received your letter of 8th April, and have shown it to the Governor-General. His Lordship desires me to say that all staff appointments in any force which may hereafter be sent to Burmah will rest with the Commander-in-Chief, and that he personally will have no means of enabling you to join the army. The Governor-General will offer no obstacles to your obtaining from the Commander-in-Chief, if his Excellency should think fit to give it to you, the opportunity of realising fresh distinction in the field ; but he desires me to

impress on you what I suggested in my last letter, that if you determine on returning to the pure military line of service, it will be necessary for you to resign unconditionally your present appointment at Lahore.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

“F. F. COURTENAY.”

During the hot season and rains many of Chamberlain's staff fell ill, and he had to renounce his intention of taking the leave which he sorely needed. “I feel that I should sink in my own estimation were I to abandon my post at the present moment.” He worked on unceasingly, “getting a shade thinner and more cadaverous every day,” until he was seized with a worse attack of fever than usual, and for five days his life was in danger. Sir Henry Lawrence had him removed to his house, and to the gentle care and nursing of the most noble of women, Cecilia Lawrence, he owed in a great measure his recovery. “I cannot tell you how kind and good both Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence are. If ever there were two good Christians it is this couple. Their kindness is not merely extended to their friends but to all; never were people less selfish or more ready to assist all classes.” Lord Dalhousie, on hearing of his grave illness, wrote one of those letters which show that the strong ruler and stern master had always for those who served him the most affectionate solicitude:—

From Lord Dalhousie.

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
November 27th 1852.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I am very heartily sorry to hear by your letter that you have been ordered away by the doctors. I only hope that you have not withstood their advice longer than was altogether prudent. I shall be truly sorry to lose you even for a temporary absence, but I shall grudge it the less if it should send you back again thoroughly set up and ready for the career which I feel sure you have before you.—Believe me, my dear Chamberlain, very truly yours,

DALHOUSIE.”

On the 19th of December Neville Chamberlain, having obtained two years' leave of absence on medical certificate, left Lahore for Calcutta. He stayed with his brother

officers at Delhi for some days, which were spent on the chief sights of the imperial city. By the 8th of January, finding his strength sufficiently restored, he started for Calcutta in a *dak-gharry* (post-chaise), a vehicle now as extinct as the dodo. "The road from Delhi to Calcutta, a distance of some 900 miles, is perhaps the finest in the world, and were the carriages properly horsed, the travelling upon it would be most comfortable. But the cattle are inferior, and some of them so obstinate and vicious as to render the carriage or horse *dak* even dangerous. I, however, reached my journey's end on the 20th January without any accident." A day or two after his arrival Lord Dalhousie sent for him.

"His manner was most friendly, and he conversed freely regarding the Punjab, and his proposals for the future defence of the Peshawur frontier. Should his views meet with the approval of the Home Government, and he remain in power, I may hope ere long to be placed in a very honourable position in the Peshawur valley, and in which I shall most probably, sooner or later, have the opportunity of seeing active service against the hill tribes. Although this post may be inferior in point of allowance and numbers to the command of the Punjab Irregular Force, still it will be a better opportunity for learning the art of war, and I should be better pleased than with a superior command."

The important question had now to be settled whether he would seek health in Europe or in the colonies. It would be a great joy to him to be in England and see his mother, love for whom was rooted in the inmost deeps of his being. But he was now in a fair way to rise high in his profession, and "in going to Europe I lose my appointment, my allowances, my time of service for a pension, and on my return I might not again get on the Staff. In the colonies I retain appointment, staff pay, my service, and on my return the command of the Punjab Irregular Force." He most reluctantly decided "not to avail myself of this opportunity of once more enjoying the delights of home," and on the 19th of February he wrote: "I have taken my passage by the *Queen* (1350 tons) for the Cape of Good Hope. She leaves on the 22nd, so I have plenty to do to get ready."

CHAPTER IX.

Neville Chamberlain arrives at Table Bay—Meets Sir George Clerk—Accompanies him to Grahamstown—Makes a tour of the ports in British Kaffraria—Returns to Grahamstown—Leaves it for Bloemfontein—Letters describing his journey—Arrives at Platberg—Moshesh, Chief of the Basutos—Letter from Neville Chamberlain describing him and his country—Action of Berea—Neville Chamberlain accompanies Moshesh to the hill fortress of Thaba Bosigo—Starts towards Jamaberg—His journal—Reaches Bloemfontein—Starts across the Modder river in search of lions—Returns with a bag of six—His account of the sport—Starts again on a lion expedition—Letter describing it—Sir George Clerk hands over to the Boers the Orange River Sovereignty as a Free State, February 22, 1854—Neville Chamberlain's journey from Bloemfontein to Durban—Returns to Harrismith—Starts off into the wilderness—Stirring adventures—Pursued by a lioness—Returns to Harrismith, June 16—Letter from Lord Dalhousie offering him the command of the Punjab Frontier Force—Hunting lions in the neighbourhood of Veeht Kop—A perfect fiend—Adventure with four lions—Sails from Natal for Cape Town—Leaves for India—Arrives at Calcutta—Interview with the Governor-General—Starts for Lahore, January 1, 1855.

ON April 20, 1852, Neville Chamberlain, after a tiresome voyage of eight weeks, arrived by moonlight at the harbour of Table Bay. He begins the record of the South African tour by stating that "next day a south-easter came on, and I was thoroughly drenched in landing." And in writing to his sister he mentions that his first object after arrival was to make preparations for a trip to Natal, "in view to escape the rain which falls in Southern Africa this season of the year." He had taken his passage in a little steamer that was to have conveyed "the Indian mail" to Natal, when one morning he was surprised to find his arm clasped by his old chief, Sir George Clerk,

while reading over the names of the passengers which was hanging up in the hall of one of the hotels. Sir George Clerk had declined the governorship of the Cape of Good Hope, but he had come over to undertake the duties of a Commissioner for settling the boundary of the colony, and arranging for the establishment of independence in the Orange Free State. His arrival entirely altered Neville Chamberlain's plans, and instead of proceeding on the steamer to Natal, he determined that he would accompany Sir George Clerk to Grahamstown and the frontier. "On a most heavenly morning," the 10th of June, Sir George Clerk, his son Godfrey, Lieutenant 95th Regiment, Mr Rivers of the Cape Civil Service, and Neville Chamberlain, set forth from Cape Town. "Mr Rivers accompanied in charge of the Government establishment, and acted as a kind of master of the ceremonies. His knowledge of Dutch and of the country and people was of great assistance, and we should have got on badly without some one of the kind." The Commissioner had two waggons, one with ten and the other with eight horses, and four riding horses for himself and his son. Neville had a light horse waggon drawn by six horses, and a stout cob as a hack. "Rivers drove a cart and pair, and had a pony. This made up our horses to thirty-two—a goodly number, and our cavalcade was quite imposing as it wound up and down the hills." Neither Sir George nor Neville ever entered the waggon, but rode the whole march. Their mode of travelling was to start near sunrise, and after a three hours' *trek* halt for breakfast and to rest the horses. About noon they inspanned again "and jogged on till about three, when we gave the horses another roll and indulged our insides with a glass of wine and a biscuit." By four they were on the move again, and usually reached their halting-ground by dusk. On the first day the guide lost his way, and the party wandered amongst the sand-hills and did not reach Somerset West till dark, "where we pitched and passed the

night: thirty-one miles." Ten years later Lady Duff-Gordon describes "Hottentots' Holland" (now called Somerset West) "as the loveliest little old Dutch village, with trees and little canals of bright, clear, mountain water, and groves of orange and pomegranate, and white houses with incredible gable-ends." They started early next morning, but no stirring incident took place during the journey, and the route lay over what is now familiar ground. On July 2nd he writes: "Twenty-five miles into Graham's Town. Cold wind at starting; rain at noon; snow in the afternoon."

Sir George Clerk proceeded to the "Sovereignty"¹ after a few days' stay at Grahamstown, but Neville Chamberlain determined that he would first make a tour of the posts in British Kaffraria, and visit the scenes of the late war. "After I have seen the Kaffir country, I shall join Sir George in the 'Sovereignty,' and then make a short or long trip as may be necessary for my health. I often wish myself back on the Punjab frontier."

The Governor gave Neville Chamberlain a letter to General Yorke, who commanded the district, and he again to his officers, so that he had an escort furnished to him of Cape Mounted Rifles from post to post. In the posts as military works he was much disappointed. "Sufficient attention has not been paid in many to three great points, —water, position, and risks against loss by the buildings catching fire. All the new posts are thatched, and all of them might be fired on any given night. The water in some might be cut off, and others are commanded from

¹ On the 1st of December 1847 Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, arrived at the Cape as Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and on the 3rd of February he issued a proclamation declaring the whole territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers to be subject to the Queen, under the title of the "Orange River Sovereignty." The Boers resisted the British annexation, but Sir Harry Smith defeated them in a small engagement at Boomplaats on the 29th of August 1848. The Governor followed the enemy towards Bloemfontein, where he arrived on the 2nd of September and reinstated the British President. Many of the Dutch farmers crossed the Vaal and founded the Transvaal State, which was recognised the year before Neville Chamberlain landed at the Cape.

neighbouring heights. When I pointed out these objections I was told, 'Oh, the Kaffirs are not sufficiently advanced in military science.'" He found in the Kaffir character much to admire, "and it would be well for us if our Indian frontier neighbours were as civilised." Their language struck him as being very musical and soft if not beautiful. Great was the astonishment of Peer Bux, the native servant he had brought with him from India, on first seeing the Kaffirs, "and his horror at their extraordinary and primitive style of dress or want of dress. He says it will be useless for him to tell all he has seen to his friends at Calcutta, for they will not believe him." The grandeur and beauty of the country through which he passed impressed the traveller, particularly some of the spots about the Amatola Mountains. "The country is beautiful," he wrote, "and I have seen nothing in the old colony to be compared to it."

On his return to Grahamstown from his tour in British Kaffraria, Neville Chamberlain began at once to make preparations for his long journey to Bloemfontein. He sold his horse waggon, and in lieu of it he got a bullock waggon and span of oxen, "and that is now to become my home as long as I am wandering about South Africa."

"The waggon is of the largest dimensions, and, like all the waggons of this part, built for strength, for in these Eastern provinces they load up to 7000 pounds weight, whilst the quiet-going Western Dutchman is afraid of over-weighting his oxen with 3000 pounds! Now that the side boxes and other contrivances are being fitted on, it is beginning to bear a very comfortable appearance, and I am told it will be as comfortable a turn-out as has left Graham's Town. I fancy trust can be placed in physiognomy, and I think I have secured a good driver in the person of an Africander (applied to colonial Boers) Englishman named William Stone. The leader is a powerful Hottentot, formerly of the Cape corps, and said to be a good shot. My after-rider is also an Africander young man of the name of Patrick Donnelly, and these three and Peer Bux complete my present establishment. From here I only take one horse, as there is little or no game until near Bloemfontein, and I shall be able to pick up horses better and cheaper there, when I can secure the services of another after-rider, and any other servant I may find necessary."

On the 1st of September Neville Chamberlain first left Grahamstown for Bloemfontein, travelling slowly by day and resting at night. He has recorded his journey in a series of journal letters addressed to his mother, his sister, and Crawford. They convey in the most unreserved manner the fresh and vivid impressions of a man who took a genuine and multiform interest in all that met his ear or eye. It is their absolute genuineness, and a certain frank originality, which give them a special charm. It is possible, by means of these letters and extracts from them, to give the narrative of his travels in his own words. On the 3rd of September Neville Chamberlain reached Fort Beaufort, and following the bank of the Kat river, he continued his journey *viâ* Blankworth, Fort Armstrong, and Elands Fort. The 9th was devoted to the passage of the Kat Berg. On the 11th of September he wrote to his sister:—

“IN MY WAGGON, 11th September 1853.

“MY DEAR KATE,—Here I am all alone among the hills, some half-way between Elands Fort and Whittlesea, and likely to remain unless aided; for all day yesterday I was in vain employed in endeavouring to make the oxen draw my waggon up the hill, at the foot of which I am now a fixture. When with much difficulty, and a vast deal of flogging, I succeeded the day before yesterday in crossing the Kat Berg with twenty-eight oxen yoked to my waggon, I imagined that I had overcome all that would hinder my progress between this and Bloemfontein, but the result has proved otherwise, and here I must remain until I can procure the assistance of another span of oxen. One of my people started for Whittlesea early this morning, and as I believe the distance to be only some fourteen miles, I hope to see fresh oxen coming to my assistance to-morrow. To add to my misfortunes the night set in with wind and rain, and up to now there is little prospect of its clearing. Luckily we have succeeded in boiling our kettle with the little dry cow-dung we managed to collect before the rain began to fall, and this morning I manufactured a cup of tea for everybody, by the aid of a wax candle, so we have no cause to grumble. Could you but see my waggon standing alone in a gully among the mountains, miles from any habitation or living soul, the wind blowing, the rain falling in gusts, I daresay you would pity us; but desolate as our position appears, I am far from being unhappy, nor do I find the time hang heavy, for I have a plank to write upon, and my fore chest contains a few books which I can at all times take

up with pleasure. No one can ever tire of Shakespeare and Byron, nor of Tennyson, and I have History and Natural History, Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and some books on this country. I must thank you for your letter of 7th July received 27th August. You report so well of William that I begin to hope he may soon be fit for active service again. It seems impossible that the peace of the world can be preserved much longer, and when war does commence, our Navy will find ample occupation. I left Graham's Town on the 1st September, and I feel all the better for the hard exercise and simple fare. I purposely started without a horse of any kind, and have walked every stage by the side of my waggon. My leg, I am delighted to find, stands the trial bravely, and I now really begin to think that the cure is effectual; it was only by a trial of this nature I could determine how much it could stand. A year or two ago the shortest walk used to cause the periosteum about the injured part to become soft and unhealthy, producing uneasiness, but now these symptoms are hardly perceptible after a walk of some miles, and after being on my legs the greater part of the day. On the 3rd I reached Fort Beaufort: 4th it rained all day: 5th was employed in making a few repairs and alterations to my waggon: 6th I continued my journey *via* Blankworth Fort, Armstrong, and Elands Fort (following the bank of the Kat river): the 9th was devoted to the passage of the Kat Berg. Had my oxen done their duty I should be at Whittlesea to-day; now I cannot move without assistance, nor can the cattle travel until the roads dry. I heard from Sir George Clerk some days ago. Shortly after I join him at Bloemfontein I may possibly accompany him to Natal, but I have yet to accomplish some 250 miles ere I reach the 'Sovereignty,' and I am at the mercy of my bullocks. As yet I have found grass, but I am told that there is literally nothing for cattle to eat across the Orange river. A bad prospect, is it not? But I hope the rain will have extended that far, and compensate for its present inconvenience. I like travelling as I now do to going with horses. I see the country so much more leisurely, and the waggon is so perfect a home, and I am independent of everybody and everything. In addition to clothing, &c., and the many little comforts which civilisation teaches us to look upon as necessaries, I have provisions for the whole party for four months (not including flesh meat), besides many descriptions of goods for bartering with the natives. I have 100 pounds gunpowder and some 500 weight of lead. Altogether I suppose my load to be between 3500 and 4000 pounds, so it is no child's play taking the waggon up and down the sides of mountains, and you can suppose twenty-eight oxen being not one too many when the road or rather track is little better than what Nature made it. In crossing the Kat Berg both hind wheels had to be locked, and even then the pole-oxen found it difficult to withstand the pressure. As yet I have had no upset, and I hope to escape one altogether, for I believe prudence and a little foresight will generally prevent any accident of the kind.

“Up to the present I have seen no game, nor is there any until I cross the Orange river, when the smaller kind is said to be in great abundance. I am keeping a Journal, otherwise I could never take the trouble to record the events of the day. I rejoice at being divorced from pen or ink, for I abhor the sight of my handwriting, and can hardly comprehend how any one can find amusement in reading my uninteresting dry manner of relating events. Since the above the rain has held off, so that I have indulged in some fried mutton and a tin can of coffee (no cups or saucers will stand the jolting of a waggon), and I enjoyed my dinner far more than I should have done at the Lord Mayor’s table. It is now night, the people have rolled themselves in their blankets, and except for the distant cry of a jackal (which is very different to the cry of the Indian jackal) no sound is to be heard but that of the oxen chewing the cud; they are made fast to the yokes to prevent their straying: and now I must wish you good-night and good-bye for the present, while I scribble a few lines to Crawford. Kiss our dear old mother for me, and bid her take great care of her health, for I look forward to passing many a happy hour with her yet. Good-night, dear Anne and Harriett.”

On the 13th of September he writes: “Still at the same place, for the rain only ceased this morning. I trust the weather will permit of oxen reaching us to-morrow. The bleak barren mountains look refreshed by rain now passing away. A lark is singing away quite near me, and enjoys the approach of fine weather as much as I do.” On the 10th of October he writes from Smithfield: “To-morrow I start to join Sir George Clerk at a place called Jamaberg, about fifty miles from here, whither he is going on a boundary question.”

In a letter, written at the same time, he gives a description of the “noble Orange river” and the Caledon:—

“When I crossed the Orange river it was a clear rapid stream of some 300 yards wide, and I can understand the notoriety it has acquired, being really a fine river. It flows between high banks fringed with willows, the effect of which is very pretty and peculiar. So regularly are the banks clothed with these graceful trees that it almost has the appearance of having been sown by the hand of man. The Caledon river, which flows into the Orange river, and which I crossed fourteen miles from this, is like the Orange river in miniature, its banks being also covered with willows. Both of them, when seen from a distance, winding through the hills and

valleys clothed in brilliant foliage, look very pretty and peaceful. But the great river of South Africa must yield the palm to the Indus or Ganges; however, Africa can claim the Nile, and that was a noble stream even as I saw it when low in the month of November."

After a halt of four days Neville Chamberlain again set forth towards Bloemfontein.

"SMITHFIELD, SOVEREIGNTY,
28th October 1853.

". . . A steady downpour of rain has prevented my starting towards Bloemfontein, as I otherwise should have done early this morning. . . .

"We left this place on the afternoon of the 12th inst., and after a ride of twenty-four miles pulled up at a farmhouse, where we supped and passed the night. Our host and hostess remarkably hospitable, and even gave up their bedroom and beds (much against my wish) and contented themselves with a shake-down on the floor. The Boers certainly have many good qualities, and I like them; for though they may be wanting in all the polish of civilisation, they possess in the highest degree many great virtues, and at the top of the list stands hospitality!

"On our road, about ten miles from Vanaswegen's farm, I for the first time saw gnu or wildebeest, and you may suppose how glad I was to come upon the same after a journey of so many hundred miles.

"On coming outside the farmstead (in this part of the country these are little other than hovels, with one end curtained off for the family bedroom) herds of wildebeests were to be seen grazing within a short distance of the house, and to a stranger it is difficult to believe that they were wild animals and not oxen. The dogs chased one, and after driving him towards the house, pulled him down near the homestead. The Boers teach the dogs to hunt the game in this manner, and thus flesh is supplied for the family. Our road after quitting the farm led us for the first four or five miles through a valley several miles wide, perfectly alive with gnus, blesbok, and springbok, and I must now add my testimony to the existence of these herds of game of which all previous travellers have made mention. Our course being towards the east, towards the frontier of the Basuto Kaffirs, the game lessened, but from the high points we could distinctly see the valleys to the westward thickly dotted with herds of the curious and comical gnu; but the game, like the farmers' cattle, have suffered considerably from the snow-storms of the end of last month, and the carcasses of the poor brutes are to be seen lying in every direction. Our host, Heinrich Vanaswegen, told us that he picked up eight springbok

inside his sheep-kraal; and many poor brutes came close up to the house like tame cattle to shelter themselves from the storm.

“Sir George Clerk not being expected at Jamaberg before the 15th, we passed the night of the 13th in a little tent which hardly kept out the rain of a thunderstorm which passed over us, and reached us the following afternoon. The straight road is only some forty-eight miles, but we took a circuit that I might have a view of the game, and we travelled seventy-two miles. The 15th and 16th in our little tent pitched inside the waggon house of a Dutch farmer of the name of Hoffmann. No tidings being received of Sir George, we started for Platberg on the 17th, and reached that place at dark, eight hours or forty-eight miles. Certainly the horses of this country are most wonderful creatures, and the way they work is almost incredible. In saying this I apply the remark to the common veldt galloway, of about the value of £15. Corn or grain is never dreamt of for them, and any attempt to induce them to enter a stable is resisted most manfully. In appearance you would not give them credit for their virtues, but these poor, half-starved, ill-conditioned brutes can carry a heavy Boer fifty, sixty, seventy miles in the course of a day, and apparently with ease. All they require is to off-saddle for an hour or so every three hours or eighteen miles, and on they go again, with a bellyful of green grass, as fresh as if they had come out of John Scott’s stable. Many a time after a horse has come seventy miles, the rider takes the saddle off, turns the animal’s head towards home, gives him a slap, and off he canters, to break his fast upon his native grass. They remind me something of the grass-cutter’s tat, but in South Africa the common working horse knows not the luxury of even the thinnest blanket or sheet or smell of grain. Platberg is a missionary station and settlement of Badard Hottentots; the missionary himself has a decent house, but the few other buildings are hovels, and the only thing to recommend the place is its being rather prettily situated at the foot of a flat range of mountains, and possessing a few fruit trees and gardens in a country where one may ride miles and miles without seeing even a bush, except on the banks of the rivers, which are all lined with willows.”

On the 20th of October Sir George Clerk arrived at Platberg. His object in coming was to see Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos (which tribe occupy the country to the east of the Caledon river), and to settle the boundary line.

“Many thought that Moshesh would not come in, but he and his sons duly made their appearance on the evening of the 21st. The Court on such occasions appear in European costume, but not quite

according to the rules at St James'! Moshesh himself had a military forage-cap over a white night-cap, or, I should say, a whitey brown night-cap, drawn well over his ears and the back of his head. The rest of his dress was unexceptionable, being a blue frock-coat with brass buttons, dark pantaloons, and boots. His General—his *Wellington*, as he is styled by one of the chief's sons, educated in the Colony—had on a jacket and trousers and shoes; and a huge brass collar round his neck forcibly impressed one with the idea that it was required to secure the finest chimpanzee yet exhibited to the world. Others had long chintz dressing-gowns, and a few the long jacket worn on this frontier. But these savages are not to be treated lightly, for they are well supplied with fire-arms, and fairly mounted upon horses. Indeed, this tribe have become a cavalry nation, and can turn out more than 6000 or 7000 mounted men in the course of two or three days. Their country is mountainous and very difficult of access, and the plains of the Sovereignty lie at their feet, open to their inroads whenever they may think it prudent to cross the frontier and put the farmers to the sword. Their comparative success over General Cathcart last year in the action of Berea has given them great confidence; and though no want of courage was shown by the small body of troops actually engaged, still they on that occasion for the first time met Europeans, and to their great surprise found that they could oppose them, and that the white man fell in the same manner and was as easily killed as the black. Moshesh himself is an extraordinary man, and one of the very few chiefs who have raised a tribe to power and wealth through a continued policy of peace, and who even now exerts his whole influence in endeavouring to subdue the desire of his people for a more aggressive system of government."

Moshesh was certainly "an extraordinary man," but it is hardly correct to say that he raised a tribe to power and wealth through a continued policy of peace. In his youth he was engaged in many a stiff fight, and it was his fame as a military strategist which led bands from the different tribes to join him. By his rare diplomatic ability he brought these fragments of tribes under the tribal system, and the Basutos, under the paramount authority of Moshesh, became a powerful and compact body. No man professed a greater horror of war, but no man was a greater adept in the art of deceit or a more consummate hypocrite. He was never at a loss for a reason or an excuse, and after every war he succeeded in making it appear that he was the aggressed and not the aggressor. His territory, Basutoland, was bor-

dered on the north and south by the Sovereignty, on the east by Natal and Griqualand, and on the south by Cape Colony. It was a land well adapted to be the stronghold of savage tribes: it is broken in every direction by detached mountains, whose flat summits afford ample area for towns and villages, and whose steep craggy sides are only to be surmounted at one or two narrow and easily defended points. Between the mountains are large and fertile valleys, where corn can be grown and cattle grazed. One of the most impregnable of these hill fortresses is Thaba Bosigo, of which Moshesh gained possession at the commencement of his career, and used it as a safe home for his own family and those of his retainers. Moshesh always asserted that he was a friend of the English, but after the creation of the Sovereignty he was in secret league with Pretoria in the Transvaal and the republican Boers in the Sovereignty, and his followers raided and destroyed the farms of those who were loyal to the English. General Cathcart, after he had brought the war with the Kaffirs to a successful close, determined to punish the Basutos, and with the avowed object of sustaining the prestige of the British name, he marched with 2000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and two field guns into the Orange River Sovereignty. As the Basutos refused to render any substantial reparation for the havoc they had wrought, the British force crossed the Caledon at a ford opposite the mission station of Berea in Basutoland on the 20th of December.

In front of them was the Berea mountain, a long, irregular, table-topped mass of rock with perpendicular sides, and behind it ran Thaba Bosigo. General Cathcart divided his force into three detachments, who, after driving the enemy's cattle from the mountain, were to meet before the chief's great stronghold. As the cavalry detachment, about 250 strong, were driving a large herd of cattle down the hillside, they were suddenly charged by 700 horsemen. It was a critical moment. Our men were dispersed. Colonel Napier with great coolness collected a small band, who

gallantly kept the main body of the enemy's horse at bay until the 74th Highlanders arrived, and they returned to camp with a herd of 4000 horned cattle. Twenty-five of the 12th Lancers and five of the Cape Mounted Rifles were killed while driving the cattle down the mountain. Another detachment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, reached the top of the plateau after incurring a slight loss. They were engaged in driving forward some 30,000 cattle when they too were surprised by a large body of Basuto horsemen. Two or three were cut off, and an officer made prisoner. The detachment was swiftly re-formed, and went forward in close ranks. The enemy, some 600 strong, mounted on hardy ponies, often charged them, but were easily driven back. About five o'clock they joined the third detachment, under General Cathcart, before Thaba Bosigo. As night had begun to fall the General took up a position at an abandoned post. The enemy followed him and kept up a heavy fire until darkness fell. The next morning General Cathcart returned with a large herd of cattle to camp. Moshesh now sued for peace, and General Cathcart unwisely granted it before he had asserted the supremacy of our arms. The miscarriage at Berea was a trifling event from a military point of view, but it was momentous from the moral and political aspect, because it led to a measure dishonourable to the character of England. It induced the home Government, already weary of the cost of the Kaffir war, to send out Sir George Clerk "to ascertain whether it was practicable to make arrangements for the abandonment of the whole of that territory."

After Moshesh had concluded his negotiations with Sir George Clerk, Neville Chamberlain accompanied him to his mountain home.

"On the 22nd I accompanied Moshesh on his recrossing the Caledon and returning to his home, being anxious to go over the field of Berea and see his celebrated mountain retreat of Thaba Bosigo. It is about twenty-one miles from Platberg, and in going to it the battlefield of Berea is crossed. One of Moshesh's sons did

the honours, and you may suppose how galling it was to have pointed out the spots where they had killed our soldiers, and to hear him say, 'This was General Cathcart's first position, and then we drove him there, where the troops passed the night surrounded by our cavalry and unable to get water.' I infer you have read of the action of Berea: the whole secret of our loss may be attributed to the force having been divided, and these small detachments again broken up driving cattle and plundering instead of acting together, and thus fell an easy prey to the numbers of Kaffirs who unexpectedly surrounded them. I found Moshesh and all his people very friendly. I returned the same evening in time for dinner, bringing with me a deserter, who I found repairing the chief's house."

On the 23rd of October Neville Chamberlain moved towards Jamaberg. "Now that the spring has fairly set in the country is one sheet of green, and the half-starved cattle are already beginning to look up." Two days later he wrote: "Parted with Sir George, and am intending to start for Bloemfontein. There again to meet him, and after a day or two proceed on a sporting tour towards Harrismith." Heavy rain detained him at Smithfield, and he was not able to leave it till the last day of October, when he "managed to get over eight miles of ground." His Indian servant, however, fell so dangerously ill that he determined upon gaining the high-road and hastening on to Bloemfontein as speedily as possible, "but thunderstorms obliged me to outspan, and rain continuing to fall all night, the ground was in such a state that it was impossible to move." Even when he started on the 3rd of November he was five hours in accomplishing as many miles, "having to dig the waggon out three times, and to go over the side of a hill to avoid a treacherous spring which would have engulfed the van."

"4th November.—I struck the high-road; the state of Peer Bux was such that I really was glad to find myself on firmer ground, for my waggon was heavy, and the soil of this country is such that, except along the beaten track, rain makes the land so soft that it becomes almost impassable for heavily-laden vehicles. During the 5th (November 1853) I only got over twelve miles, detained five hours in crossing the Ruk river, or rather in ascending the opposite bank, and then I had to off-load and repair the road. A thunder-

storm added to our difficulty, and rain at night made cooking a difficult operation, but we managed to boil some rice ere I rolled myself in my blanket.

“*On the 5th, eleven miles.*—To our left, and distant some thirty miles, we saw the hills of Boomplaats, the scene of strife with (said to be) rebel Boers. On awaking the following morning I found all the oxen missing: it was noon before they were brought back, they having returned to our previous night's halting-place. Seventeen miles took us to the Kaffir river, which we reached late at night. On this and the previous day, for upwards of five-and-twenty miles, the plain was literally *alive* with herds of gnus. I should find it difficult to estimate their numbers.

“The evening of the 8th found us in Bloemfontein, and I was thankful to obtain medical assistance for my servant. But, poor fellow, my fears proved too well founded—he expired on the 10th, two days afterwards. He had disease of the heart, and the moment the doctor examined him he pronounced his case hopeless. Fortunately he was insensible some hours before his death, so he was saved all pain in the hour of mortal anguish. You can understand how great a loss I have sustained, and how impossible to replace him here. Now I regret ever having brought him, but his disease was organic, and had he remained in his own country his life could not have been spared to him long.”

A few days after Neville Chamberlain reached Bloemfontein, Claude Clerk arrived there on a visit to his father, and on the 15th of December a party of them started on a trip across the Modder river in search of lions. Neville Chamberlain's fresh and lively accounts of his encounter with the royal beast are well worthy of being read by sportsmen. We can remember but one book of sport in our own time which can be compared with these letters. He brought away from South Africa the skins of twenty-two lions which had fallen to his gun. On one occasion he found himself surrounded by seven lions, and this time he “brought down three lions with as many shots, opening fire at pistol-range.” We must, however, let him tell his adventures in his own words:—

“We were absent a fortnight and returned with six lions (three males and three females), of which I had the great good luck to secure three. These six were all we saw, with the exception of one magnificent black-maned patriarch, which Claude C. and I

unexpectedly came upon when riding through some thick bush, and which jumped up so close in front of my horse as to make him start back and throw me so forward in my saddle that I had no opportunity of firing at him. We tried to follow in pursuit, but the thorns were too thick, and the noble form disappeared just as I was brought up all standing against a mimosa tree. I never felt a greater thrill of joy in my life, and cannot convey the impression of seeing the king of beasts bounding before one in his native covert. After that we heard the lions almost nightly, but though out on the hill-sides by earliest dawn never succeeded in intercepting them on their return home. Our first find was a troop of five, which took to the plain on our riding through and beating the hill. Four of us were out, and two falling to my gun made us all successful and well contented. Before we overtook them (I had seen them break even in the distance, and supposed them only to be hyenas, which in this country are termed wolves, and are of a large size) they were well in the plain, but they no sooner became aware that we were in pursuit of them than they stood to give us battle, and one charged as the horseman came within charging distance. But four men to five lions is no match, and they were soon laid low. One of our party was nearly caught by a lioness, and would have been had his horse been less quick on his legs or less speedy. You would have been amused to see me giving leg-bail to a young gentleman who came at me when my gun was unloaded, and who kept cantering after my horse with his mouth wide open as if very anxious to give me the benefit of his teeth. Both my lion and lioness fell to single shots, but the latter, which we all left as dying, when returning to camp to send a waggon out for the carcasses, came to life again, and after the people we left behind to keep off the vultures had expended their ammunition at long ranges, they had to send a man to tell us of this strange resuscitation, when I accordingly cantered back five miles to the scene of action. I found the young lady, for she was a spinster to judge from appearance, and "just out," in anything but a good humour, and my pony, which first came upon the carcasses of the others, took fright and would not face her. She had been so badly hit that she only charged when approached too nearly. After a few vain attempts to settle her off the pony's back, I gave it up in despair, and getting the after-rider also to take up her attention, I dismounted, made my recusant steed act as a shield in case of accidents, and approached her to within the distance I thought she would let me come without charging. A good shot through both shoulders, as I thought, ended all, for she fell forward shaking her head between her paws, with tail straight out as stiff as a poker. But on going up to her, though thus disabled, she grinned upon me with eyes green with rage, and though paralysed as far as use of her fore-quarters went, endeavoured to raise herself, and struggled to make her neck reach as far towards me as possible. Poor creature! it was

hard fate thus to fall without a chance of defence, but I ended her misery by a ball through the ear. The other lioness I came upon quite unexpectedly when alone with my after-rider endeavouring to shoot a springbok for the pot, there being nothing but gnu flesh for the table, and that is tough and fit for nothing but boiling up with rice or to make soup. I caught sight of her (the lioness) returning from a *vley* at which she had been quenching her thirst. After a smart canter of half a mile I came up with her as she was at the foot of a ledge of rocks covered by thorn trees. No sooner had I come near her than she turned upon me and charged, and my horse being unsteady I could not take a steady aim, and was glad to get out of the way. The day being hot, and she having feasted heartily the night before, she contented herself by sending me to the right about, and commenced ascending the broken ground. I of course was soon upon her again, when she turned round, gave me a sardonic smile, and was about to charge, when a ball through the heart terminated her career. She sunk to the earth without a struggle, my after-rider, who prefers dead to living lions, singing her requiem, shouting out with great delight, 'Life is gone.' She was a very fine lioness in the pride of life, with a most beautiful skin. From her came forth the smallest lion I suppose ever seen; but though I told the man to take great care of this really great curiosity, he managed to destroy it before we got back to the waggons. It was about as long as my thumb-nail, but not so broad! In all respects it was perfect, and even in that miniature animal every part was distinctly marked, even to the talons!"

On the 5th of January Neville Chamberlain left Bloemfontein on a lion expedition towards Platberg on the Vaal river. He had to go alone owing to the severe illness of Claude Clerk, and the few Boers that he came across were filled with astonishment "that I should go about by myself looking for lions, and why I should use so short a gun—a Minié carbine." He found the Boers very civil, "and I always get into the vrow's good graces."

On the 2nd of February he wrote:—

". . . My trip near the Vaal river was not a successful one, and after an absence of twenty-three days I returned with only one lion's skin. The country had been suffering from want of rain and from locusts, and there was nothing for the common game to eat or drink, therefore the lions had abandoned their haunts, for they have of necessity to follow in the footsteps of the game on which they exist. When I found nothing was to be done I retraced my steps to a hilly locality,

and there was fortunate in coming across a troop of seven lions, but of which I only killed one, partly owing to the bushy nature of the country, but chiefly through the stupidity or timidity of my after-rider. I first saw them ascending a hill at the foot of which I had been standing sweeping the horizon with my glass. I followed them on foot, but though I could not come up with them, saw them on a hill which I knew to be isolated. Here I watched them and they watched me, until my people and dogs came from the waggons, whom I sent to beat the hill, feeling sure the lions would cross to another hill on finding themselves disturbed, and on hearing shouting and firing in their rear. I took up my position on one side, down which I thought the brutes were certain to come, and sent the after-rider to watch the other fall. Unluckily they broke on his side, and he did not see them until they had got a long way across the plain that was covered with stunted trees and high bushes. Hearing him and the beaters shouting, I rode in the direction as hard as the horse could go, and came up with the gentlemen after a burst of nearly a mile. They were trotting along in a loose kind of single file, and so blown that I was literally in the midst of them, and allowed three to get to my rear, and picked out the biggest: they took no notice of me till my first shot at one of the centre ones commenced the action, and had the effect of scattering the herd, who took to the cover of the bushes. He stood to my bay at my first shot, and my second struck his jaw and maddened him with pain. Once he charged, but I was prepared and escaped from him, to renew the combat on his pulling up. With my fifth shot I sent him to his last sleep, but not without narrowly escaping the fangs of another lion who charged from my rear whilst I was reloading.

“I had heard this brute growling in a bush close by, but paid no attention until I heard the roar and saw the fellow at my horse’s tail. The horse was so taken by surprise that he appeared paralysed for the moment, but fortunately he responded to my heels, took the bush in front, and when I looked round I was glad to find the lion had pulled up. There was certainly enough to frighten the horse, for within a few paces in front stood the wounded lion at bay, and to escape the other it was necessary to pass him. After severely wounding the first lion I wanted to attack the others which I heard growling in the surrounding bushes, but was dissuaded from it by my after-rider, who besought me to finish this one first, as we were surrounded by them. But by the time I had killed this one the others had disappeared, and we lost them in the thick bushes. It was a fine sight to see the brute standing at bay between two bushes, his eyes sparkling with fire and gnashing his teeth, now and then blowing the blood from his mouth by a deep angry roar. Had I not (as I afterwards found) disabled him by a shot in the loins, I doubt not he would have charged more frequently, for although two

dogs stood barking at him within range of his paws, he never for a moment paid them any attention, or took his eyes off me and the horse. You know I am a bad hand at describing anything, and you must wait for further details until we find ourselves over a Christmas fire. The spot where I killed this lion was in a pretty wooded valley covered with flowers. Here for the first time I saw the [*illegible*] trees, and the curious birds that cluster their nests together and live in families. I now returned east towards some large reed plains, said to abound with lions, but which I found empty, the locusts having eaten the reeds. Three days trekking south brought me back to Bloemfontein, and I am here prior to starting for Winburg and Harrismith."

On the 22nd of February 1854 Sir George Clerk entered into a convention with a small body of Boers, handing over to them the Orange River Sovereignty as a Free State. Great was the panic and indignation caused by this act. Meetings protesting against it were held in all parts of the Sovereignty. At Bloemfontein a large gathering of citizens declared that their allegiance "has been always up to this moment as entire and undivided." At Smithfield the citizens "resolved not to be deprived of the rights and privileges of Englishmen." But the British flag was pulled down, and the settlers, who had gone to the Sovereignty relying on the integrity of the British Government, were cruelly abandoned to their fate. Neville Chamberlain wrote on the 4th of March 1854:—

". . . The political crisis has terminated, and Her Majesty no longer claims territory this side the Orange river. Henceforth the country is to be styled the 'Orange River Republic,' and the Boers are to manage their own affairs without any interference. They have granted me a passport to travel and shoot all over their dominions, and enjoined all local authorities to aid me, so that, as far as I am personally concerned, I am not likely to suffer any inconvenience at their hands. Unfortunately their goodwill is not the only requisite for safety, for various tribes of natives occupy different portions of ground within the limits of the territory claimed by the Republic, and both in the east and west they are hemmed in by tribes, strong in numbers, and possessing fire-arms. My impression is not favourable, and ere long—I mean two or three years—blood must be shed to decide the superiority of the contending whites and blacks. At present both parties are

strong in their own respective opinions, and where this is the case, and they are only separated by an imaginary boundary, a cause of difference will never be wanting, and the dispute will be settled by a savage war."

The abandonment of the Free State led to many a savage war, to the shedding of much blood, to crime and misery. England, when from a sense of false economy she abandoned her own subjects, was guilty of one of those crimes which are sure to work their own retribution,—and great has been the retribution. On the 8th of March, three days before the British flag was hauled down, Neville Chamberlain and Claude Clerk, accompanied by Sir George, rode out from Bloemfontein to join their waggons, which had gone on with instructions to await their arrival at the first pool of water some seven miles from Bloemfontein. After dining, camp fashion, by the light of the moon, Sir George left them and they continued their journey.

"The following morning discovered that we had come a worse road, and there was nothing for it but to steer for Khabaruncker over hill and dale, as straight as obstacles in the shape of ravines, &c., would admit of. Fortunately Khabaruncker is very conspicuous from a great distance, and easily to be distinguished from the surrounding mountains." On leaving Khabaruncker the leader of his second waggon was missing, "and as he had evidently bolted, there was nothing left for it but for me to take his place. You would have laughed to see me leading the span down the steep descents and over the ravines and water-courses, as if I had been born and bred a regular 'voorlooper.'" On March 7th Harrismith was reached. Four days later, Neville Chamberlain again got under weigh, descended the Drakensberg on the 22nd, passed Ladysmith the 24th, and "made our way into the capital on the 28th. Harrismith and Ladysmith are a wretched collection of some thirty houses. The capital was laid out by the Dutch; every street has its canal, and houses shaded by trees."

On the afternoon of the 11th of April Neville Chamberlain, accompanied by his friend Durrant, left Durban,

“and, beautiful as is the scenery around the bay, I never was more glad to turn my back upon any place, for the climate disagreed with me. I sighed for the cold bracing air of the table-lands of the Sovereignty. On the 28th we quitted Pietermaritzburg, and as our waggons rolled along between the hedges of beautiful rose and pomegranate trees and the delicate convolvulus, I thought I had never looked upon anything more charming. We crossed the Ungeni river, and spent the afternoon in watching and admiring the beautiful waterfall; the Mooi river and Bushmen’s and Tugela rivers we found low, and crossed them without difficulty. This place is some 110 miles from Pietermaritzburg, and as we are driving our own oxen, we have not hurried, but come along steadily about eighteen or nineteen miles a-day. With short days it is difficult to get more than six hours’ work out of the cattle, and even so our dinner is not ready sometimes until between 8 and 9 P.M. I found the expense of hiring oxen so great that I have purchased another span, and I think you would admire my team of red oxen could you see them. They were the finest to be had, and as they only numbered twelve, and my waggon is heavy, I am now adding two more to complete the number, fourteen, for it is a stiff pull up the Drakensberg, and it is not worth distressing the animals for the sake of a few pounds. The Boers and their vrows are congregating here to-day for the Sacrament, and I have my emissaries among the waggons on the look-out for two fine oxen. From this to Harrismith, seventy miles; we shall be there the third day from hence, or on 1st May. Our wish is to lose no time, but proceed to the Vaal river and hunt for lions, and if the Boers do not interfere with us we shall then cross the Vaal and strike for the Cuchan mountains, and so on towards the Limpopo.”

On the 29th of April Neville and his companion left Ladysmith, and on the 5th of May Neville writes from Harrismith:—

“. . . We ascended the Drakensberg on the 1st instant; as day broke on the 1st we were rejoiced to see the highest points of the mountains coated with snow. The lions have now come more into the hills, and we were told we should run a risk of losing some of our oxen, for only a few days ago an ox had been carried off from the waggon of a blacksmith at night, though tied up to the yokes, nor would the lion depart till he had finished his meal, do what they would; another ox was killed the previous night, and some of my horses have chipped pieces out of their hoofs in galloping over the

stones to escape from their pursuers. Since our arrival two lions have been daily seen on the slope of the hill behind the hamlet, but we have been too busy with our preparations to hunt them. On leaving this we purpose steering across country by compass, and we shall be entirely dependent on our own resources. Before we start the Landrost is going to point out the direction of a mountain 90 or 100 miles off, and this will be our 'Kebla Gals' for some days to come. If reports are to be credited we shall have sport of all kinds, and the country has hardly ever been crossed by Europeans, so it is almost a virgin field for sportsmen. The weather is most delicious, like October or November days at Ghuznee. The air is so pure the mountains miles off appear close at hand, and the tints of earth and heaven through the day and night are very beautiful.

"This is the first quarter of the moon. We shall be glad of the light for the protection of the cattle at night. How I wish I could have your companionship! This climate has made me all right again. If all goes right we should reach Potchefstroom, the capital of the Transvaal Republic, by the end of May. It is 200 hundred miles off. No answer yet from Pretorius, but I anticipate no interruptions."

On the 6th of May, having thanked the authorities for their civility and assistance, and received from them the bearings of their course, their oxen breasted the hill, and having reached its summit they struck off into the wilderness, compass in hand: ¹—

"The first day we only travelled for three hours, when we outspanned on a spruit where we were told to expect lions, but though the ground was likely looking enough, no such luck was in store, and, with the exception of a few zebra, no game was visible. As our waggons and horses and loose oxen wound down the descent into the bed of the water-course, I could not help pointing out to Durrant the resemblance to the drawing in the title-page of Gordon Cumming's book, nor can any words of mine better convey our mode of travelling. With the night came rain, and the 7th of May was a regular soaking day. A troop of zebra fed round the waggons, proclaiming their proximity by an occasional bray, and D. could not withstand going after them, but without success, for they were wild; and we saw a few troops of gnu, but the dogs were wild and gave chase to everything they saw, so shooting was out of the

¹ "Before I go further, I must say how correctly we were guided by the Boers, although I suppose not one in the land has the slightest idea of surveying or mapping, for we hit the main road almost at the spot indicated, and never experienced the slightest difficulty."

question. Next night brought us near some deep pools of water, not far from the bank of the Wilze river, and as our custom made fast all our horses and oxen before turning into our blankets. During the night a lion broke the stillness by his deep moaning wail; one could tell he was prowling round to the right of camp. At daylight (9th) I mounted, and took my waggon-driver with me for the double purpose of looking after the lion and searching for a place to cross the river. A heavy fog prevented the possibility of accomplishing either purpose, and after three hours of drenching I returned, fearing that D. would be crying out for his breakfast. We went on to the bank of the river at a spot which a little work with the spade would render practicable, and here we determined on passing the night, and as it was early, D. and I rambled along the river-bank: our attention was directed to what looked like Bushmen's caverns, and there I found the head of a hippopotamus, with tusks complete, but somewhat damaged from long exposure. I suppose it had fallen a victim to a Bushman's poisoned arrow. Now neither one or other flourish hereabout, nor will they, I fancy, ever again reappear as long as the world exists.

"Just as the sun was setting, and I was thinking of returning to the waggons, I caught sight of some ducks in a pool, and thought one would be a change for the dinner-table, so attempted to settle them by crawling on all-fours through the reeds; and whilst thus occupied I saw some pigs, the first I had seen so close, and had a shot at them, but away they went; the report of the gun brought the dogs, and the pigs, with dogs in chase, disappeared over the hill. I came back, and we were about to sit down to dinner when the breeze bore to us the distant barking of the dogs and hallooing of the Kaffir leaders. A few minutes sufficed to saddle the horse, and away I went by moonlight, guided by the yelping of the dogs and the yelling of the Kaffirs. After a gallop of a mile and a half I came upon the party,—the dogs keeping a fine boar at bay, and the Kaffirs, afraid to approach too closely, hallooing them on. My presence seemed especially distasteful to the boar, for he at once made for me, and failing to stop him with a bullet (I had brought no spear with me), he and dogs and all passed under the horse, fortunately without injuring it. Away he went again, the three dogs and I in pursuit. Again I attempted to stop his charge with a bullet, but he would not go down, and fearing that with such a light and in such a scrimmage I should be killing one of the dogs, I determined upon dismounting, thus, at all events, placing the horse out of harm's way. Just at that moment the dogs seized the boar by the ears, and seeing my opportunity I out with my knife and up with his hind leg and separated the tendons, making him a certain prize; but after both tendons were cut the brute charged me several times on his stumps, and to put him out of his misery I was obliged to reload and give him another shot.

To make a long story short we cut him in two, and the Kaffirs brought him to the waggons. He had fair tusks, and cut one of the dogs severely.

"I drank your health in a cup of tea, and shall keep the skull for you as a birthday present, for the African pig is a curiosity: you see I did not forget you, and if my wishes could avail anything, you would ever be most happy.

"*10th May.*—Travelled thirteen miles; beat a valley for lions, and found none. D. killed a zebra.

"*11th May.*—Came upon a party of Kaffirs returning from a jackal-hunting expedition, their pack-oxen laden with the skins and carcasses. I suppose it is a dainty dish on the Drakensberg. At first they thought we were hostile, but on the waggons coming up a parley took place, and we exchanged a knife for an assegai. This day I rode out and shot a young boar, there being a scarcity of flesh in camp. Zebra beginning to show themselves in large troops, and a few gnu.

"*12th May.*—The waggons went on, and D. and I lost our way. D. insisted he was going right, and I gave way until the sun was setting, when I went off at right angles; and after a ride of six or seven miles fortunately hit the waggon's tracks, where the ground was soft and had taken a strong impression. Lions heard as night set in, and before we had finished dinner and made the oxen fast, they came rushing back to the waggons in great alarm. Throughout the night the lions kept up a serenade from different quarters, and fairly challenged us to the combat.

"*13th May.*—Mounted at daylight and rode in the direction where I had last heard the lions. The dogs unfortunately took after a pig, which they brought to bay, but being in search of nobler game I could not go to their assistance. After riding a couple of miles came upon a fine spruit, along which was a fair sprinkling of game, and I felt assured that the lions were somewhere near. I kept the high ground and sent the after-rider to go down the spruit. He had not ridden far when he signalled to come on, and good Hector (my best horse) bounded over the ground at best speed. But the boy was also well mounted, and I found the stern chase a long chase, and did not catch up Johannes (my after-rider) until he had brought the lions to bay. The lion, a majestic fellow, took to the high ground, and I followed him, the lioness rushing about at Johannes, evidently a perfect virago. At this time D., who had taken a line of his own, came in sight over the ridge, and seeing I was engaged with the lion, both Johannes and I naturally supposed he would do the agreeable to the lady. Strange to say he did not, but passed her and came on to me, and thus in a most unsatisfactory and unaccountable manner we never saw more of her. The lion was soon killed, for he did not show much courage, and gave me an easy shot at close quarters by jumping down into a hollow which contained water, and

facing me with his back to the scarped earth, as if for defence. My first shot struck him and made him very angry, but he held his post, and finding my horse unsteady, I likewise took advantage of the strength of the position and dismounted, allowing the pool of water to separate us, for he could only then come at me *straight* by taking the water, which I supposed to be more than he could clear in a bound. The muzzle of the gun was soon again pointed at his breast, which was pierced by the conical bullet. He rushed out with a roar as if intending to charge round the pool, but he tottered, fell, recovered himself, turned round, tottered and fell again, then, going two or three steps, rolled over to gasp for breath, suffusing the high grass (still covered with hoar-frost) with his blood, which gushed in jets from the lungs. The form of the male, when lying stretched in death, is very massive and imposing, and the outline of the head and mane certainly place him at the head of all beasts. And so dignified is he, and so unsuspecting his conduct, I hardly think he knows that danger awaits him; whilst the lioness is always ready to assume the offensive, and always endeavours to get to cover. I should have told you that Durrant rode up towards the lion and fired at him after my first shot had told, and one barrel not going off, and the other missing, he, at my request, rode back to look for the lioness. But she was gone, and though I beat for her for some hours afterwards, nothing more was seen of her, and I returned to the waggons at half-past ten much disappointed. D. took after some other common game, saying he would not distress his horse on a bare chance, and so disgusted me by his indifference for the sport that I could not help expressing to him my surprise, and I confess that ever since I have not felt towards him as I did before. During the afternoon we moved eleven miles to the Siebenberg Vley river. *En route* I killed two zebra, our flesh being short, and wishing to preserve a skin. My two dogs returned to the waggons, the one cut by the boar, the other with his entrails dependent from the stomach: this was my best dog. I thought the case hopeless, but he recovered, and has since been shaken by a lioness, and narrowly escaped the jaws of another lion and lioness, besides a deep gash now open in the shoulder from a boar, inflicted four days ago. Poor 'Danger,' for that is his name, is a reddish-brown long-haired dog, with very black muzzle and most good-natured face, and if he escapes future perils I shall take him to the Cape to be left in charge of some kind master. He would suffer from heat, therefore it would be cruel to take him to India.

"But I must really curtail my method of relating events, or I shall break down the *dak* (post) carts. On the 15th we hit the waggon-road leading to Potchefstroom, on to Veeht Kop. The country all around abounded in the commoner kind of game, such as gnu, zebra, blesbok, springbok, and pigs; and at a Boer's place the farmer told us that lions were to be found, and we heard them at night, so we were resolved to remain about Veeht Kop some little time ere

proceeding towards Potchefstroom. Accordingly, the remainder of May was passed in hunting for lions, and shooting a sufficiency of game for our table, servants, and dogs. On the 22nd May I succeeded in bagging a fine lioness and one male cub half-grown. I came upon her and her hopeful family of *four*, very surly children, early one morning close to some old Kaffir kraals (the whole of the country through which we had passed must at one time have been thickly populated, to judge from the remains of kraals, though now not a living soul is to be seen). Near this kraal they had killed a gnu the night before. I shouted to D. to come on to the attack, but he had taken after another lioness, which he chased and lost in some old kraals, and he did not join me till I had killed my lioness and cub. I began the attack on her by a wound through the body, and she did not bow her head to the ground until I had put some eight bullets through her! She was a proper vixen: every time I rode up to her to give a shot she charged in the most determined manner. On one occasion, when pursuing me down a rather steep stony descent, I think she would have caught the horse had it not been for 'Danger,' my dog, for he also was following in my wake, trying to escape her. I was urging the horse to his utmost when I heard the poor dog give a yell, and looking over my shoulder saw him falling to the ground, tossed from her mouth, she apparently throwing the dog on one side in her anxiety to reach me. The momentary check, however, enabled me to increase the distance, and finding I had baulked her, she pulled up. Whilst this was going on I had seen the cubs disappear among the kraals, and thought them my own at my leisure. One, however, broke cover, and made for an opposite ridge down which my after-rider happened to be coming to join me. I called to him to watch into which enclosure (kraal) he went, and leaving the lioness in a dying condition, I galloped over to finish the young lion. Among stone walls and enclosures a horse is out of place, so I took foot in front of the building, and summoned the young gentleman to come out. He obeyed the call almost instantaneously, tail on end, but I sent him rolling before he had quitted the doorway. Feeling certain that he could go no farther, and fearing the lioness and the other cubs might escape, I returned to them, and though the lioness had been rendered powerless by the loss of her extremities, I had to get off my horse and give her two bullets before she bowed her head and shook it, as it fell lifeless between her paws. I then made certain of two other cubs, for I had seen them both enter a kraal, and I could see their behinds blocking up the doorway. But I was disappointed, for they had changed their quarters, and though I hunted everywhere for them, nowhere were they to be found. About this time some Boers joined me, being attracted, whilst on their way to shoot blessbok, by the shots. They appeared rather surprised at the Englishman being alone, for they confess their dread of the lion, and I was amused at their questions. After disem-

bowelling the lioness, they kindly helped me to drag her to a stone wall, beside which we covered her over to protect her from the vultures. On returning to the young lion in the kraal, I found him more lively than I expected, for he rushed out again, and fell dead between the dogs and me with a shot through the chest. Shutting him in the kraal by heaping up stones, I started for some distant caves in which the Boers said I was likely to find lions. Nobody at home, so I returned to the waggons at 2 P.M. for breakfast, and sent people out to skin the animals. My next capture was a fine female hunting leopard, which gave a sharp gallop, and, when pressed, took to the water, when I shot her after she had sufficiently recovered her strength and breath to land, otherwise I should have lost her, the hole being deep and muddy and difficult of access from the long reeds. This was on the 25th, and on the following day, the 26th, I came upon the three lion cubs that had escaped. On seeing us (Johannes' sharp eyes first detected them) they made off express pace for some kraals, and I only came up as they were scrambling over the broken walls. Immediately jumping off my horse I followed, and passing a doorway, a young male rushed out, but a bullet through his mouth and vitals killed him on the spot. Another one, a few paces in front, crawled into a den before my eyes, so there was no mistake about his whereabouts. Stooping down I caught sight of his brown hide, and giving the muzzle a sloping direction, pulled the trigger. A growl and struggle, and then silence assured me that he was done for, and when the smoke and dust cleared away I saw that I was right, for there he lay. Piling stones up against the opening for fear of accidents, I proceeded to search for the third cub, but hunted in vain. I returned to the den, removed the stones, gave the brute two or three good pokes with a large bone I found lying in the entrance to assure me he was not shamming dead, and then cogitated how I was to remove him,—for he had died with his hind legs under him, and it was necessary to get hold of these to admit of dragging him out stern foremost; the head lay the contrary way. Kneeling down, I thrust my hand under him, and was rather surprised to fancy I heard him growl. Another poke or two on his flank assured me that it must have been fancy, so I set to work again, and fastening a leather thong on to his hind legs, my after-rider, D.'s servant, and I dragged him out. Another peep into the den fully accounted for the growl, for there sat the third and missing cub, safe enough! Taking a steady aim, I fired, when she rushed to the orifice, and the boys called out to fire again for she was coming out, but her career was ended; after struggling for a few seconds she was dead, and pulling her out, we laid all three together beside the kraal wall. It being still early in the day, we left the bodies of the three innocents as securely buried beneath heaps of wild thyme as the robins did the Babes in the Wood, and proceeded to hunt along a spruit, which from its rocky

banks appeared a likely hold. After riding along its banks for some time, D. caught sight of the outline of a lioness disappearing over the ridge. Away we rode, crossed the stream, and he took up to the left, whilst I inclined to the right and ascended on foot, the slope being too great for riding. No sooner had I gained the ridge than I caught sight of a lioness, and remounting I gave chase. She looked anything but pleasant, and turning sharp round descended the hill, growling angrily. She had the advantage, and cantering on to a rock which overhung the stream, she bounded over the water and disappeared among the tall reeds. Stationing my after-rider on the spot from which she had leapt to watch the reeds, I found a passage across the bed of the stream. Before I go on, I may as well tell you what the streams (rivers they are called in this country) are like, for I shall, I hope, often have to refer to the one I now particularly allude to—viz., the Rhenoster river. The country being hilly, the rivers are fed by the mountain torrents, and the flow of water finds a passage along the innumerable spruits or hollows in the hills; consequently, after heavy rain a large body of water has to find a passage in the river. The beds are pretty deeply impregnated with the surface of the soil, and for the most part have a stony bottom. The banks average twelve or twenty feet in height, being usually steep at bottom and shelving towards the top. At this season of the year there is usually no flow of water, and the bed becomes a succession of deep pools, separated from each other by bare and rocky openings. Both banks have a fringe of tall rank weeds, ten or twelve feet in height, and about the pools they are invariably denser and more impervious to the eye. The upper banks, as I have said, are usually sloping, and are frequently covered with stunted bushes, and the lions seek shelter and safety under such coverts. To return to my story. The dogs had accompanied Durrant, therefore I had to trust to my own eyes, and to work cautiously in my search. Johannes assured me that the lioness had not moved, and as he was within a few yards of her, and the reeds were so dry as not to admit of her moving without cracking, I thought she could not have escaped, and I searched for her carefully. In the bushes she was not, therefore in the reeds she must be, and I descended lower, and Hector had not taken many steps down when I caught sight of her crouched below me, a few feet to my front, with head between her paws and eyes fixed on me. A steady aim between the two glaring balls I thought would strike her dead as she lay, but no sooner had my finger touched the trigger than her roar mingled with the report, and both she and Hector were struggling up the bank. Fortunately she was *below* me, though only a few feet off, and I had nearly forced the horse up the bank and through the bushes before she caught him. I was too much engaged urging Hector on to look back, but I felt she had him, for he gave way in his hind leg, and I thought he would have fallen on his side; but no, fortune favoured me—he was free again and bounding along,

and on looking round I saw the lioness turning back to the bed of the river. Pulling up Hector, I dismounted, and running to where I saw her go down, I had the satisfaction to see her dash through the reeds and water and ascend the opposite bank. She stood for a moment and gave me a fine shot, which I lost no time in taking advantage of, and the thud of the bullet and her roar assured me that I was not likely to lose her. The dogs at this moment came up and joined in the attack, and, I regret to say, suffered severely. She first seized 'Spring,' a good, strong, half-bred greyhound, and taking him between her paws, actually chewed him to death, the other dogs barking round her, whilst poor 'Spring' was making the rocks echo to his agonising howl. By this time I had reloaded, and she, apparently contented as to 'Spring,' had got up and walked along the bank towards me, the dogs barking round her. Another conical bullet through her turned her fury again upon the dogs, and seizing 'Fan,' crunched her to death in a similar way. Durrant now rode up, and from the bank above her got a shot which rolled her over, and running close to her whilst she was struggling in the reeds, I gave another, which ended the combat, and permitted of our admiring her proportions of power and activity without fear of molestation. On examination it was found my shot had struck and fractured a portion of the skull, but had not penetrated the brain. Of the five dogs, two had been killed and two wounded, 'Danger' alone escaping unhurt. On inspecting Hector, who during the latter part of the play had been grazing quietly within a few yards of us, I found that the upper part of his near thigh had been severely lacerated and a large patch of the flesh bared of the skin, part of which only was attached to the wound, the remainder, I suppose, carried away by the lioness. Fortunately her tusks had only penetrated between the coverings of the great muscles, so that I am in hopes that he will not be materially injured, though some frothy-looking matter which exudes from the deep cavities looks bad to me. I wish I had [*illegible*] here to doctor him, for I have had to leave him here in charge of a Boer, who, I fancy, is not a passed college man, and my medical stores only furnish turpentine, tar, and fat.

"This is a long story, is it not? But every tale has its moral, and the moral of this one is to be cautious how you ride into reeds after feline game, and the more especially as since then a lioness jumped across the same stream to come at me after receiving a mortal wound, and seizing a dog which was before me and between us, shook it, took to the pool again, and fell dead when she landed. The poor dog was of course killed, and I the more regretted his loss, for though only a pup of seven or eight months old, he would accompany me out, though only just able to move his leg that had suffered on the previous encounter. The fact is the lioness (like the opposite to our sex) is much more dangerous than the male, and as far as my experience goes, it is easier to combat half a dozen males than one female!

Four prizes in one day was great luck, and at 2 P.M. I was quite ready for breakfast.

“Between the 26th and 30th we bagged no large game, but a fine panther jumped up before D. which was lost in a fog. On the 30th I killed a fine yellow-maned lion, and D. wounded a lioness, but which we never got. It was along the bank of the same river the old fellow (the lion) lay as close as wax. Until the dogs came from camp I could make nothing of him, for the reeds and bush would not fire, and though the horses snorting assured me he was there safe enough, and I once got a shot at what I supposed to be his head, he stirred not. On old ‘Danger’ arriving and encouraging him into the bush by throwing in little pieces of zebra’s dung, I soon had evidence he was there, for the dog came out of the reeds looking as if he had seen the old gentleman himself there, and encouraging him again, a bark and a roar and a rushing through the bushes made one keep a bright look-out. At first he appeared to be coming towards me, but changed his course and took the pool, giving me a fine shot. On receiving the bullet he stood to bay, but another and another crippled him, and he moved along the bank roaring. D. also had a shot at him, and seeing he was past much mischief I mounted, crossed the stream, and riding to where I had last seen him, found him lying dead. The lioness was certainly a proper vixen and fought well. On one occasion she made me go best pace, and it was well I was on a fast horse, for she was out upon me in a moment, and followed me some distance. D. also had to ride for it a little while afterwards; and nothing but Providence saved him, for he fell from his horse, broke the stock of his gun, and lay on the ground utterly helpless and apparently unconscious, the horse in the meantime galloping away. Most fortunately the lioness had given up the pursuit, and was returning towards the river-bank when he fell, or he must have been killed. I was on foot on the other side of the river, and too far off to have fired even a chance shot, and he would have been dead before I could have mounted and gone to his assistance, and the lion was in the bush just before me. I had a shot at the lioness as she rushed back before me, but she disappeared, and though I ran along the bank to mark her down I lost sight of her, and she was never seen again. But she must have died, for D. had put a ball through her, either his first or second shot, when I first came across them, and when she charged me and him I could see the hole, and her side was streaked with blood. And now you will be sick and tired of the generations of lions, and will perhaps rejoice to hear that after killing two lionesses and one lion on the 1st June, we made up our minds to continue our route to Potchefstroom. I had the first shot at the lion and missed him, when D. wiped my eye, and as the prize was then his, I turned to the two lionesses which had taken to the river bed. One I killed, as already related; the other I caught sight of at the edge of the reeds, and paralysed her as she was about to jump by a bullet through the back,

and another ball made her shake her angry head between her paws, but not before 'Danger' was nearly getting into a scrape. Upon the whole I have had fair sport and have been most fortunate, but the lions are not so numerous as I had been led to expect. It requires some knowledge of their habits to be up to them, and to follow them every other sport must be abandoned."

As Durrant grew tired of the hard life in the wilderness, Neville Chamberlain abandoned reluctantly his intention to proceed to Potchefstroom, and they retraced their steps to Harrismith. "We left the vicinity of Veeht Kop on the 6th June, and found our old tracks so perfect that the oxen required no one at their head. They are wonderful brutes in that respect; in many instances where the ground has been hard, and recorded only a very slight impression, they appear to be able to trace it quite as well if not better than a human being." The travellers reached Harrismith on the 16th of June, and the next day Durrant started for Pietermaritzburg. The difficulty of obtaining the necessary stock of meal, and bad weather in the shape of rain and mud, kept Neville Chamberlain at Harrismith until the 27th of June. The detention was most fortunate. On returning to his waggon late at night on the 24th of June, after a vain search for a lion which had been seen on the high-road to Bloemfontein, a packet of letters was put in his hands. "On striking a light to examine the contents, I found a letter from Lord Dalhousie; at the sight of his handwriting I immediately guessed the nature of his communication, and my surmise proved correct: it conveyed in gratifying terms the offer of the command of the Punjab Irregular Horse." Lord Dalhousie wrote:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
April 14, 1854.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—Yesterday I received Brigadier Hodgson's resignation of the command of the Punjab Irregular Force. I should much prefer to place this command in your hands rather than in those of any other man in this army. Therefore, although you are absent I will keep it open for you if you think that your

health will be sufficiently re-established to admit of your leaving the Cape in *October*. I would on no account have you attempt to leave it before that month. I cannot doubt that this offer will be agreeable to you, and I, on my part, will have real pleasure in thinking that if you accept the offer I shall, before I leave India, have given to the Frontier Force a leader whom all the army will agree with me in thinking most worthy of the trust.—Believe me, my dear Chamberlain, very truly yours,
DALHOUSIE."

No appointment in the service could be more in accordance with Neville Chamberlain's feelings or aspirations than this command of the Frontier Force, and he at once wrote to the Governor-General the following letter:—

"Yesterday evening I had the pleasure to receive your Lordship's letter of 14th April, and I find it difficult sufficiently to express how highly honoured I feel by the distinction your Lordship proposes to confer upon me, as also how deeply grateful I am for the manner in which the offer is conveyed. I have already much to be grateful for to your Lordship, and this additional mark of confidence shall, as far as I am able, be met on my part by the zealous discharge of the duties of the command to which your Lordship proposes to appoint me. In accordance with your Lordship's desire I shall not leave the Cape before October, and I have written to my agents in Cape Town not to fail to secure me a passage for that month."

On the 27th of June Neville Chamberlain again trekked out of Harrismith, and the 7th July found him encamped near Veeht Kop. "The climate is most charming and very bracing. Sharp frost at night, and even after sunrise I have had the water in my basin converted into ice." As he wished to be at Cape Town at the end of September, he gave up all idea of crossing the Vaal river, and remained in the neighbourhood of Veeht Kop hunting for lions, but a week passed before he came across any.

"On the evening of the 15th I disturbed a gentleman with his two wives, as they were listlessly reclining near the bodies of a couple of gnu, upon which they had been feasting. My galloping up took them quite by surprise, and, jumping up, away they bolted between the walls of old Kaffir kraals. These kraals, and the broken nature of the ground, gave them the advantage, and though I used my spurs freely, and tried hard to keep the shaggy-

maned rascal in sight, he disappeared over the ridge of the hill, and I never again caught sight of him. My being foiled was because of one of the lionesses halting and crouching on the ridge, making it necessary to give her a wide berth, I had to alter my course slightly, and the loss of time, though only a few seconds, lost me the lion. Turning round to be revenged upon her, I saw her standing facing me from a walled enclosure. I fired but missed her, and the wall interfering with any attempt at a charge, she contented herself with a growl, and in no means a good humour descended the hill and entered some thorn bushes which were thinly scattered for a few hundred yards at its base. I followed as fast as the horse could scramble down, and found her under a small tree awaiting my arrival: three shots I gave her, and three times she charged, but the bushes were pretty open, and the horse being fast I easily avoided her, pulling up and turning round upon her the moment I saw that she followed no further. The dogs now began to annoy her, and as I saw she was a little sick, and the blood trickling down wounds that bespoke serious injury, I got off my horse, allowed a bush to act as a defence in the event of mishap, and as she squatted facing me, roaring with anger, and turning upon the dogs as they too boldly approached, I gave her a bullet through the chest. She jumped up, but rolled over instantaneously upon her back, and after inflicting some very sharp biting upon her own paws, she fell on her side dead, still retaining firmly a fore-paw between her jaws. It was then sunset, but I still hoped to find one or other of the other two, and beat for them. They, however, were not to be found, and as night was coming on I and my after-rider set to work skinning the lioness. It was pitch dark before we had finished, and 8 o'clock before we got back to the waggons, distant four or five miles. Two of the dogs were injured, but only flesh wounds. My friend, the Boer, who resides near Veeht Kop, was out that day, and a proper fright he was in, rushing off in an opposite direction when I turned round and called out, 'I see three lions,' and rode for them. I could not even persuade him to ride round the base of the hill whilst I was on the top searching for the lion and lionesses, and when I went down to skin the lioness he had started off home. However, I must say he from the first honestly expressed his dread of the 'Le,' and therefore had a perfect right to keep out of harm's way. Two days after this, 17th July, I came upon a very fine lioness taking an airing, and my after-rider being some distance off, I fired a shot to bring him up, so that he might watch her. She had squatted in the grass. I rode on to see if there was no gentleman friend in the neighbourhood. Now you can imagine how close they lie when I tell you I had some difficulty in pointing the lioness out to *Hottentot eyes*, although we were not more than seventy or eighty yards from her. Not finding any signs

of a lion, I returned and commenced the action. The first shot brought her to the charge, but this is easily evaded on a decent horse in open ground. The second shot passed through her loins and paralysed her hind-quarters, so dismounting I advanced close up, and as she struggled to sit up and bid me defiance from a mouth set with fangs that I should have ill-desired to have felt, I dropped on one knee and sent a bullet through her chest which sent her on her back, all four paws in the air. Like the other lioness she died shaking her paw between her teeth, and piercing the skin with her fangs. She was a noble brute, and from appearances must have had a hopeful family in some kraal or cave in the neighbourhood, but though I searched well I could not find them.

“On the 23rd July I killed a lion and a lioness. The servants awoke me, saying they heard lions roaring over the other side of the hill near which I was encamped. They proved to be on the other side of the Rhenoster river, about four miles off. There were two males and one female, but I only saw the two killed; the other was traced by the after-rider into the reeds, and I searched for him in vain.

“The dogs put the lion up out of the bushes, and with a roar he dashed up the slope and cantered along the bank of the river, entering the bushes again after going some hundred yards. Such a noise he made, and such a form is easily kept in view, and as he bounded along ‘Tom Robin’ bounded after him, purposely striking the river-bank a little lower than where he had dashed into the bushes. As I glanced up the bank I had the joy to behold the rascal’s tail curling out of a bush a few yards to my left, and as I knew the body could not be far off from the tail, up went the carbine, and the trigger was no sooner pulled than he fell with a tremendous roar, and from his vainly endeavouring to rise I at once saw that he was powerless for offensive operations, and guessed, as proved to be the case, that his loins were paralysed. The report of the gun brought the dogs up, and jumping off Robin I ran down the bank, and as he kept the dogs at bay gave him the second barrel through the chest, which felled him to the earth, and his head had hardly touched the ground before the dogs had hold of his mane. The lioness had now to be done for, and leaving the lion’s carcase I took the dogs back to hunt for her. She soon let us know her whereabouts, and as usual had taken her post in the long thick reeds at the edge of the water. The bank was steep here and impracticable for a horse, and to make matters worse, between the open ground and reeds there was a thick belt of bush some ten or twelve yards wide. Nothing could be done off the horse, and nothing but every chance of losing one’s life if I entered the bushes or reeds on foot; and as a burnt child dreads the fire, I desisted, but determined upon out-manceuvring her in her own way. Accordingly I left

the dogs with the after-rider on her side of the brook and crossed over, and took post just opposite to where I heard her growling and could see the reeds shaking as she moved. By throwing stones in and hallooing the dogs entered to the attack, and then there was soon a nice noise, what with us shouting, the dogs barking, and the lioness roaring. She of course put the dogs to flight whenever they closed upon her, but they showed great courage, and though all but one got sooner or later mauled by her, they so pertinaciously bullied her that she became frantic as they surrounded and barked at her. She would rush out at one, seize and shake it, and then return under cover. All this time I was perfectly secure, for a pool of water, too wide for her to take at a spring, divided us, and as she changed position so did I, taking advantage of her exposing herself when pursuing the dogs to give her a shot. This sort of baiting must have gone on for a good hour, for occasionally the dogs got panic-stricken, and it required every method of incitement and encouragement to make them renew the attack. The ground enabling me to keep so close by her with impunity at last caused me to conquer. After striking her several times, a bullet deprived her of powers of locomotion, and then I knew she was mine. Her colour was so similar to that of the reeds it was difficult to distinguish her, but the heaving of her flanks as she breathed was a sign not to be mistaken, and to make matters sure I gave her another shot before crossing over to approach. Creeping through the bushes, sure enough there she lay, but far from harmless, as she soon made the dogs to understand; but yet another shot ended all. At the last the dogs took their revenge by tugging at her throat and stomach. She was a perfect fiend, and I think has sixteen bullet-holes in her skin. The poor dogs suffered, and it was distressing to hear their howls when in her embrace. None were killed, but some I was obliged to leave behind and give them to the Boer, under promise that he would take care of them. ‘Danger’ as usual came in for a mauling, but escaped with only flesh wounds. I should like to take the old *schelum* (a word of Dutch for you) to India with me, but the climate would I fear soon kill him.

“My next occasion was on the 1st of August, and as I suppose to wind up the career with due honour, I was introduced to a party of five!—four lions and one lioness. You can imagine what sort of salutation I received on entering the *family circle*, when I tell you that the servants with the waggons, distant three miles and a rise of hills intervening, heard the reception. We had heard them at night, and riding in the direction at daylight I saw something on the brow of a hill in my front. Both I and the boy felt assured they were lions, but to make matters sure I had a look through the telescope. No less than five were sitting on the top of the hill, looking down upon the game feeding below, and evidently also watching us, for as we rode on they moved over the ridge out of sight. It was

an open country, and I thought they were as well as bagged, and such would have been the case had the boy obeyed me, but as it turned out I only killed three of the males,—one lion and the lioness escaping. The dogs were with me, and away we cantered, ascending the hill on the side that hid us from view. It was a curious scene on reaching the top, for we and the lions and dogs were all mixed up together, the lords of the animal creation running about amongst the rocks, making the air echo. My instructions to the boy was that I would engage the biggest male with the best mane, and that he was to stick by and keep the other males in sight until I had disposed of the first and rejoined him. Four lions took down one side of the hill, and I followed a fine old fellow who descended into the plain in the opposite direction. The descent was over rocks and stones, therefore he was some distance before I gained upon him sufficiently to bring him to bay by letting him hear the clatter of my horse's hoofs. When he found I was really after him he turned short round, and with a very loud roar and with mane erect, asked me, 'What the devil do you want with me, sir?' He was a noble animal, and the long black hair descended to half-way down his fore-legs, giving him all the appearance of wearing a kilt. I could have admired him for hours, but die he must! The horse was unsteady, and I missed him with the first shot; he therefore charged, but I kept out of his way, and, laughably enough, his attention was taken off me by a dog, which had now come up, laying hold of the end of his tail. The dog had to pay the penalty of the joke, for the lion seized him by the loins, and though he satisfied himself without killing the intruder, he inflicted two such wounds as will be long in healing. The left barrel struck him through the vitals, and with a loud roar he stumbled to the ground, and after a few convulsive movements he slept with his fathers. The after-rider, through fear I suppose, had not followed the other four, and to my annoyance he came back to me. Leaving this poor fellow for a time, away we galloped in the direction the others had taken, and after a couple of miles I caught sight of two which the after-rider felt sure were males, for he had seen the lioness go into spruit. On nearing them the boy proved correct, and though they had indifferent manes, they were both full-sized, and I supposed brothers from their great similitude in appearance: and they had no intention of dying like sheep, for they at once charged and roared manfully. I fired, and struck the one nearest, whereupon he sent me to the right-about; and it was as well I had changed horses with the after-rider, for the enemy was nimble and followed farther than they usually do. I had to retreat, as with two such antagonists before me it was prudent to be prepared with both hands, and whilst thus employed No. 1 who had followed me went back and rejoined his companion, No. 2. When I saw them ranged thus side by side I could not help

thinking of how similar *our* conduct would be under similar circumstances, and had they been anything but lions I really think I must have spared them for their brotherly love and devotion to each other. Then they squatted side by side, watching my every motion, and echoing each other's growl as I moved in the act of loading. Advancing again towards them, I fired at No. 2 and struck him in the chest. The effect was to make him seize hold of his companion, and then, as if finding out his mistake, he jumped up and came at the horse. But the bullet had worked too effectually, and turning round he walked a few yards, fell over, and when I looked at him after reloading, he was dead, and his four paws sticking in the air. The next shot disabled the survivor by breaking his shoulder, but he charged manfully, making a somersault, however, at starting; but on he came, and I had to make way for him. The dogs now came up, and attracted to themselves much of his attention, so reloading quietly I jumped off, and advancing close up, gave him a shot in the chest that paralysed him, and after gasping two or three times, and clenching his teeth together as if enduring great internal pain, he fell dead. We then set them up in as natural positions as possible, by tying their heads to their hind-legs to keep the vultures off, whilst we went to look for the lioness and the missing lion, but we saw nothing of them. I returned to camp to send people to bring home the skins. The result, then, of my campaign has been eleven lions and ten lionesses,—in all twenty-one, and likewise a leopard. I have seen the sport in all kinds of ground, and I imagine it to be far more exciting than tiger-shooting off a howdah. After meeting a lion I ceased to care to go after commoner game, and speaking without much experience, my impression is that I should always prefer hunting lions to any other kind of game. Their skin in no way represents what their appearance is when free and in motion on their natural soil; to be understood, and to have their true grandeur appreciated, they must be seen in the wilds of Africa. Seven is the largest troop I have come across, but I believe they are to be seen in three times that number, and the Boers affirm that at certain seasons and in certain places 100 is not over the mark. This I discredit, and for the reason that they could never procure sufficient food for such capacious stomachs. I am, however, a convert to the Boers' opinion that there are two if not three kinds of lions, and that some remain stationary to one locality and others lead a wandering life, following the game as it migrates from place to place. I think I must have fully satisfied your curiosity on this point if I have not surfeited you. In my letter home I do not enter particulars. I found the horse Hector, which had been lacerated by the lioness in June, much improved: he will be fit to offer for sale at Natal."

On the 14th of September 1854 Neville Chamberlain landed at Cape Town, after a rough passage of eight days,

from Natal. "We had bad weather, and were glad of the shelter of land for eighteen hours to escape the force of the gale." At the Cape he found a report prevalent that a force was to be sent from India, *viâ* Egypt, to the Crimea, and he tells his sister, "I have taken the necessary steps to let the Government in India know that I would gladly resign the frontier for employment in the field." On the 4th of October he left the Cape in the *Sutlej*, "one of Green's East Indiamen." On the 26th of November he writes to Crawford from "Sand Heads. We took the pilot on board yesterday and heard of the battle of Alma. I suppose the next mail will tell of the taking of Sebastopol." The day after his arrival at Calcutta he had an interview with the Governor-General, "and met with a most cordial reception." He also dined at Government House, and when he apologised for appearing in plain clothes, Lord Dalhousie "good-naturedly said, 'Oh, I suppose you left your uniform in the last lioness' mouth you killed.'" He found that sickness and sorrow had left their mark on the strong ruler. He writes: "The climate, I am sorry to say, is telling on Lord Dalhousie terribly. I felt shocked to see the change since I last saw him. Lady Dalhousie's death was a great blow to him. For a whole year he never went out of Government House." On the 1st of January 1855 Neville Chamberlain made his first stage towards the frontier "by rail to Barrackpore, to take leave of Lord Dalhousie. The Governor-General as usual received me most kindly, and gave me an invite to his 'old castle,' as he styled it, whenever I came home." That same evening Neville Chamberlain started to join the *dak* carriage, by which primitive conveyance he was to be taken to Lahore.

CHAPTER X.

The Punjab Frontier Force—Neville Chamberlain arrives at Peshawur—Takes over command at Kohat—Returns to Peshawur—The Afghan Treaty—Gholam Hyder Khan, son of Dost Mahomed, arrives at Peshawur—Negotiations—Treaty signed—Letter on it—Returns to Kohat—Starts on his first expedition—Letters laying down the policy to be adopted on the Punjab Frontier—Disagreement between Chamberlain and John Nicholson—Sir John Lawrence the peacemaker—Misunderstanding explained—Chamberlain and Nicholson again become fast friends—Chamberlain's second expedition to punish the Urakzais, August 1855—Letter from the Foreign Secretary conveying the Governor-General's most cordial acknowledgment and thanks—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Inspection of Frontier posts—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Expedition against the Turis in the Koorum valley, October 1856—Lord Canning Governor-General, February 21, 1856—War declared against Persia, November 1856—Interview between John Lawrence and Dost Mahomed arranged—Meeting in the Khyber—Agreement confirming the Treaty of 1855 signed—Extra provisions—The promise of the Dost never broken—Letter from Sir John Lawrence about proposed expedition against Mahsud Waziris—Expedition against the Bozdars, March 1857—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—Letters from Sir John Lawrence—Sir John Lawrence visits the Depot for Musketry Instruction, Sealkote, March 1857—Writes to Lord Canning that the officers assured him that no ill-feeling had been shown by the Sepoys.

ON the 13th of December 1854 Lord Dalhousie nominated Major Neville Chamberlain to succeed Brigadier Hodgson in command of the Punjab Irregular Force, remarking that his soldierly character, his judgment, good temper and tact, and the respect and regard in which he is held by all, point him out as eminently fitted for this command. The Punjab Irregular Force had been raised by Sir Henry Lawrence, under the orders of Lord Dalhousie, after the annexation of the Punjab. In 1846 Sir Henry Lawrence, when he was

engaged in the impossible task of maintaining a strong Sikh government in the Punjab, determined to raise a corps consisting of border men, who could at a moment's notice act as guides to troops in the field, and collect intelligence beyond as well as within the border. It was a stroke of genius. He entrusted Lieutenant Harry Burnett Lumsden with the task of raising the first Guide Corps, which was to consist of one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry. No man was better fitted for the work. He was a brave and dashing soldier, a daring sportsman, and he had the power of winning and commanding turbulent alien races. The history of every recruit was known to him.

“Men from every wild and warlike tribe were represented in its ranks—men habituated to war and sport, the dangers and vicissitudes of border life: Afridis and Goorkhas, Sikhs and Hazaras, Waziris, Pathans of every class, and even Kaffirs, speaking all the tongues of the border,—Persian, Pushtu, &c., dialects unknown to the men of the plains. In many cases the Guides had a camp-language or patois of their own. Lumsden sought out the men notorious for desperate deeds, leaders in forays, who kept the passes into the hills, and lived amid inaccessible rocks. He made Guides of them. Tempted by regular pay and enterprise many joined the corps, and became conspicuous for daring and fidelity. On the border and in the ranks of the Guides, tales, abundant in humour, were told of Lumsden's interviews with men who had defied all authority, and had never been seen in the plains but for murder and plunder.”¹

The conspicuous loyalty and bravery shown by the Guides in the Sikh Campaign of 1849 led Sir Henry Lawrence to suggest, after the annexation of the Punjab, that a large force for the protection of the Trans-Indus frontier should be raised on the same model. The Punjab Irregular Force had, like the Guides, in its ranks Pathans, Mahomedans of the Punjab, and Sikhs who had fought against us. The officers selected with great care from the whole army of India were men of whom any army might well be proud,—John Coke, Dighton Probyn, “Sam” Browne, Wilde, Daly, Vaughan, Keyes, and M'Queen.

¹ Lecture by Sir Henry Daly to the Royal United Service Institution in 1884.

The gallantry and efficiency of the native officers were marked features of the force. "They commanded their troops and companies as well in the field as in quarters, and their opinion and advice were constantly asked by their commanding officers on all occasions of difficulty."¹ The original strength of the force was three batteries of mountain guns, five regiments of cavalry, and five of infantry. It was subsequently increased by five existing Sikh infantry regiments, the Sind Camel Corps raised by Sir Charles Napier, and a regiment of Goorkhas. The force with the corps of Guides numbered 11,000 men,—not a large number when it is remembered that they had to guard, with the exception of the Peshawur district, a frontier from Hazara to the borders of Sind, some 700 miles, lined with brave and turbulent tribes. Neville Chamberlain had for many years to make arrangements for the protection of the border, and to control, check, and punish some of the wildest and most turbulent of these tribes.

After thirty-one days' journey Neville Chamberlain drove up to Crawford's door at Peshawur. He found the Kohat Pass closed owing to the murder of a traveller, and we find him during his stay at Peshawur in the hot bustle of preparation for taking over his command—collecting horses, servants, and camp-equipage. The pass was reopened on the 7th of February,

"and on that day Crawford accompanied me to Kohat,—Major Cole and other officers coming through to meet us. It was dark before we reached the cantonments, but I was received with due honour by a salute of eleven guns (as Brigadier-General), and dined with the officers at the mess. My success has certainly been very far from what I had a right to expect, and I am most thankful for the good fortune that has befallen me. Under ordinary circumstances I could not have expected a command of the kind under double my period of service, and even then have not pos-

¹ 'My Service in the Indian Army and After,' by General Sir J. Luther Vaughan, G.C.B., p. 34. This gallant and distinguished soldier is almost the only survivor of the original race of Punjab Frontier Force officers.

essed the real power I now have. My desire is to exercise it with perfect justice to all parties and for the good of the service, and with Longfellow's words, 'Heart within and God o'erhead,' as my motto, I do not despair of success. Kohat is one of my principal stations, there being in garrison here a light field battery, one regiment of cavalry, three regiments of infantry, one company of garrison artillerymen, and some sappers."

After a short stay at Kohat, Neville Chamberlain returned to Peshawur, partly on duty, partly on pleasure. "The duty portion to expedite certain measures connected with the movement of a force up the Meeranzie valley, under my personal command; the pleasure was to enjoy Crawford's society, and to see the reception of Sirdar Gholam Hyder Khan, who has been sent by Dost Mahomed to conclude a treaty with the British Government." Herbert Edwardes had not been long Commissioner of Peshawur before he saw the value of cultivating friendly relations with Cabul, and he proposed to make a treaty with Dost Mahomed. The proposal did not meet with the approval of John Lawrence, who was now Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. It would be outside the scope of this biography to discuss the conflicting opinions of Edwardes and Lawrence. Lord Dalhousie's opinion, however, fortunately coincided with that of Edwardes in favour of a treaty being made. To Edwardes was entrusted the difficult and delicate task of taking diplomatic action. After long negotiations and exercise of considerable tact and skill, a treaty of friendship was drafted, and Dost Mahomed determined to send his son and heir to sign it. But Edwardes did not have the crowning credit of bringing to a close the negotiations he had conducted so well. Dost Mahomed had specially expressed his wish that our highest functionary, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, should meet his son, and John Lawrence was instructed to proceed at once to Peshawur as the negotiator on our part. On the 16th of March Edwardes, accompanied by Crawford Chamberlain's 1st Irregular Cavalry, met the Afghan envoy at Jumrood, and "chatting, we jogged over the stones to

his camp at our frontier police tower." On the 20th Gholam Hyder Khan was received in full durbar in the cantonment at Peshawur, and the following morning the Chief Commissioner and the Brigadier, accompanied by their respective staffs, returned the visit. According to Oriental custom the Afghan envoy produced bundles of presents,—furs from Russia and Bokhara, and fine blades from Damascus. "The most curious, perhaps, of the presents were some dromedaries from the great Kuzzâuk Desert—creatures with deep hanging frills of dark brown wool and large lustrous eyes, such as the Queen of Sheba may have brought King Solomon, and Salvator Rosa only could have painted."¹ The son and representative of the Ameer insisted on giving the Chief Commissioner, in return for the sword and revolver which had been presented him the previous day, his *own* riding-horse—"a noble beast: I do not think I ever saw a better in a chief's possession. John Lawrence asked to be allowed to send it back, but the envoy replied that in that case he would shoot it." Gholam Hyder had been a prisoner in India, knew the country, and had become acquainted with the social habits of the English, and associated with British officers. He recognised the Chamberlains, and treated them as old friends. On the 23rd the negotiations between the Chief Commissioner and the envoy began. Edwardes writes to the Governor-General: "It went off well after much wrestling. Hyder's perspiration at some points of the contest was great. Once, in an agony at not getting his father declared 'Wali of Afghanistan,' he screamed for 'a cheroot,' and smoked in awful silence for a quarter of an hour. Another time he calmed himself with a tune on my wife's piano, and firing off a few wafer matches." The envoy argued that Cabul was only a city, while Afghanistan was a large kingdom; and Wali was the proper name for a supreme ruler, while an Ameer might be only one of many. He got his way to a certain extent. On the 30th the treaty was signed,

¹ 'Life of Sir Herbert Edwardes,' by his Wife, i. 257.

and his father was styled in the 1st Article "Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan Wali of Cabul, and of those countries of Afghanistan now in his possession." In Neville Chamberlain's letter, addressed to his sister, there are some rather noticeable comments:—

"The meeting between the Sirdar and Mr John Lawrence has taken place, and everything has gone off very well, and as by-gones are to be by-gones, I suppose we shall soon be on friendly terms with the ruling faction at Cabul. However, our position with the Afghans as a nation is, and must be for a long while, a precarious one, and nothing that we can do will make the people, as a mass, desire our friendship. Whenever Dost Mahomed dies anarchy and bloodshed will be the order of the day, and as far as I can judge Afghan character, I should say that any exhibition of trust or dependence on us will do more to weaken than to strengthen any party seeking our countenance. I thought it impossible that British bayonets would go through the Khyber for many, many years, but I now begin to think, that if I live to attain the threescore and ten, that I myself may see Cabul again,¹ and the treaty we are now about to enter into may bring it about. The Sirdar has become a monster of a man, but some people say he is the son most likely to succeed Dost Mahomed. He recollected Crawford and me very well, and appeared glad to see us, and he asked after others who have gone to their long home.

"After the treaty is concluded Major Edwardes joins me at Kohat, and accompanies the force going into the Meeranzie, as the Chief Civil Officer. We go so strong and well prepared that there is little chance of our being opposed, and no unnecessary bloodshed will take place. If the people are so stupid as to resist the just demands of Government, we shall have to punish them, and then I hope we may do the thing efficiently. Six elephants go through the Kohat Pass to-day, equipped with saddles for transporting field-guns (9-pounders and 24-pounder howitzers), so as to allow of our placing our artillery in the most advantageous positions, and transporting them over mountains and rivers, if called on to act."

Soon after his return to Kohat, Neville Chamberlain set forth on the first of his many expeditions. He writes:—

"On the 4th a force of 4000 men and 9 guns left Kohat for the purpose of bringing the people of this valley into subjection, and making them bring up their three years' arrears of revenue. I am

¹ He was nominated Envoy to Cabul in 1878, by Lord Lytton, when he was fifty-eight years of age.

very happy to say that up to this time there has been no cause for employing the troops, and I heartily wish that we may leave the valley without shedding blood. The duty is one necessarily involving delay, and it is tedious work going from village to village and halting opposite to it until the revenue has been paid us in full; however, we have a fine climate and pretty country, abundance of supplies, so there is nothing to make one wish to be back in cantonments again. We have spring weather, plenty of rain, and it is not the least hot in tents. There is a considerable difference in climate between this and Kohat or Peshawur, and the crops are a month or six weeks backward. The country reminds me of the valleys beyond the passes, and if it were only a little colder it might be Cabul or any other place in Afghanistan. But this fine valley with the richest soil is mostly uncultivated, owing to the state of anarchy and confusion. Every village is in arms against its neighbour, and every man's hand against his fellow-man. The cattle are carried off while at graze, and without an escort no one can go from one village to another. The corn sown beyond range of the village tower is not secure, and no man quits the walls unless armed to the teeth. For you, who have never seen these races, it must be difficult to realise the state of things; of all the lawless people I have come across, these are, I think, the worst. I fancy that few above infancy remain without imbruing their hands in blood. The result is that hardly an old man is to be seen, and every youth, as he attains to manhood, has to revenge himself for the loss of a relation, to suffer vengeance hereafter in the same manner by some one else. But notwithstanding all this, they, like everybody else, prefer living after their own fashion to being interfered with by Europeans and infidels, and before order is introduced there will be ample demand for saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal!

"They are afraid to do anything by day, but at night they prowl about camp and fire at the sentries and pickets; but as I have these posted pretty strongly, and erect stone breastworks for their protection, we have suffered no loss, whilst we hear they have not altogether escaped. The chief civil officer in camp is Major Herbert Edwardes, and I am glad to say we get on very well, and there is no clashing of authority or difference of opinion. If things go smoothly I may expect to be back about the latter end of May, but until we are away it is hard to say what will turn up."

The force returned on the 21st of May. He writes to his mother on the 27th of May from Kohat:—

"I hope and believe that we have settled matters in that quarter as satisfactorily as could be, and to my mind certainly more so than could have been anticipated. A few days after my letter from Harriet, about 25th April, some Mahomedan fanatics assembled, and

came down to the number of about 1500 to annoy the camp. On some of them entering the plain and attempting to annoy one of our cavalry pickets, I authorised a detachment of cavalry being employed to cut them off, and this was so effectually carried out that, with the aid of a few infantry, the champions of Islam were put to ignominious flight, and we heard and saw no more of them. We had a few men wounded and some horses killed: the Ghazees (champions) left fifteen bodies on the ground. It was a smart little affair, and creditable to the troops, and not its least advantage was that it was accomplished by a handful of men, and in the presence of the inhabitants of one of the largest villages in Meeranzie. A servant who followed me out got a bullet in his hip whilst standing close to me; but he is doing well. *My* casualty was the loss of a pair of inexpressibles from thorn bushes, and the lodgment of sundry thorns! I sent Crawford a copy of my report, and I daresay he has sent it to you. With a Sebastopol on hand, such things are not worth notice, nevertheless it is necessary for the existence of our rule this side the Indus that we should be the conquerors, for there are tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, quite ready to descend from the mountains to put us to the sword. You in England cannot possibly conceive how these wild tribes are incited against us by the most bitter frenzy and fanaticism, and if ever they had the opportunity I doubt if they would even spare our *dogs*, so great is their hatred of us! Nice neighbours, are they not? But so long as our troops are in strength, and tolerably commanded, we have no cause of apprehension. They have numbers and physical strength; but they are poor, they are under no control, have no cannon, are badly armed, without a commissariat, and usually (until united against infidels) every man's hand against his neighbour, so they are powerless except to sweep over the country like a whirlwind."

Two months later, in a letter to his mother, he lays down that the policy which should be adopted on the Punjab frontier should be one of justice and firmness.

"As the English papers thought it worth while to mention my name, I am glad that they considered themselves obliged to do so in an honourable manner, and so as to be gratifying to my mother. The only merit I lay claim to is the desire to do my duty to the utmost of my ability, and to be just towards Government and the nation of which I am a unit, and by being just to all those placed under my command, or with whom I am brought in contact, be they white or black. In the late expedition into Meeranzie, the *difficulty* was to introduce a certain degree of order into the valley without exasperating the people, and without bloodshed. In accomplishing this, we did more good than if we had taken every village at the

point of the bayonet, and put the whole population to the sword. I know those people too well to suppose that however good our intentions may be, they will quietly place themselves beneath the yoke, or that they will altogether desist from bloodshed and plunder, but this I do know, that however depraved they may be, it is *our* first duty to be *just*, and to endeavour by fair means to lead them to our system; and I am also fully convinced that if our own hearts did not teach us to act with justice, that what is termed policy or expediency should do so, for in the long-run justice triumphs over everything! I do hope and believe that we accomplished much, and that we have done something to detach our own subjects from the mountain tribes who surround them. Hereafter gunpowder *will have* to be expended upon the neighbouring tribes, and many expeditions will take the field before they cease to molest our subjects, or make raids across our border, but we shall have our subjects on our side, and if affairs are properly managed, whatever may be the difficulties of mountain warfare, such as the mountains which border Meeranzie, in the long-run wealth and skill must overcome poverty and ignorance.

“It is not weakness or cowardice which makes me disinclined to use the destroying powers placed under my control; for if we are obliged to act, I hope we may do so in the most effective way possible, and once the tribes appeal to arms, no one would be more desirous than myself of letting them feel the full weight of all the miseries of war. Once the sword was found to be the only arbiter between us, I would not sheathe it until they thoroughly humbled themselves before us.

“I should not have entered into these particulars, had not I understood that some paper had not spoken so well of the expedition. If you are as indifferent to the opinions of editors as I am, neither praise or blame will affect you much, so long as you know that I have done my duty to the utmost: any one who does less deserves censure, and as one can never do more, all the praise meted out is a gift which one values according to the estimation in which one holds the giver.

“I came on to this by night stages, the weather being too hot to travel by day. Though not cold here, it is cool enough for light woollen clothing. On the 1st August I turn my head towards Kohat again, but shall remain a few days, till the 12th, with Crawford. I have had one slight return of fever, but I am better than I expected to be when I landed in Calcutta. If I pull through the next two or three months without any severe attack, I shall begin to think I have purchased immunity from future suffering. I have passed my time here very pleasantly in the society of my friend, Captain John Becher (who is Deputy-Commissioner of the district), and Major Edwardes. The chiefs and people greeted my return among them with great kindness, and I was really gratified to find myself back again in beautiful Huzara. You ask how I stand in my regiment. I am now 4th Captain. When I was appointed to the force I was 6th or last

Captain. There is some talk of Colonel Evans going, which will make me 3rd Captain. Unless I get brevet rank, I have no hope of being a General for the next fifty years.

"I have had a difference with Mr John Lawrence on a duty matter, and should have left the command had it not been settled.

"NEVILLE."

The difference with John Lawrence arose out of a disagreement between Neville Chamberlain and John Nicholson. We had left the two friends riding together to the entrance of the Khyber Pass. After the annexation of the Punjab Nicholson was appointed Deputy-Commissioner or Chief District Officer of the country between the Jhelum and the Indus, from whence he had been called away by the Second Sikh campaign. Under his strong administration the district soon became peaceful and prosperous. Nicholson had now fought and laboured for ten years, and the time had come for him to return home for rest. In December 1849 he obtained furlough to Europe, and at the close of 1850 he arrived in England, having on his way visited Constantinople and Vienna. John Nicholson came home to rest, but to a nature like his rest was impossible. During the first year of his furlough he visited the chief capitals of Europe in order to study the military systems of the great Powers, and he was present at reviews on a large scale of French, Prussian, Russian, and Austrian troops. From Berlin he brought away with him one of the new needle-guns, which sixteen years later were to be used with such deadly effect on the wooded slopes of Sadowa. He saw the virtues of the new weapon, and "he tried in vain to stir up our War Office people to the duty of replacing the old short-winded smooth-bore 'Brown Bess' with a light, quick-firing breechloader, capable of killing at 500 yards." On his return from the Continent he paid a visit to his mother's home at Lisburn, and renewed his acquaintance with old familiar faces and places in the north of Ireland. Then, after a short period of rest and happiness at home, the time came for returning to work, and early in

1852 John Nicholson found himself once more chatting with Neville Chamberlain on the verandah of a bungalow outside Lahore. He showed his friend the needle-musket which he had brought from Berlin, and descanted lovingly upon its peculiar merits, and spoke strongly of the imperative need for its introduction into the British army. "He was also full," writes Neville Chamberlain, "of the iniquity of Bourbon rule in Italy, and was desirous of joining in any steps taken to overthrow that dynasty." But work as worthy of the essentially chivalrous nature of his disposition was at hand. In the spring of 1852 he was appointed to succeed the gentle and noble Reynell Taylor as Deputy-Commissioner of the frontier district of Bunnoo. It was in Bunnoo that his friend, Herbert Edwardes, had first shown his power in taming wild tribes. But, as Herbert Edwardes generously wrote, "I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo *forts*. John Nicholson has since reduced the *people*—the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab—to such a state of good order and respect for the laws that, in the last year of his charge, not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not even an *attempt* at any of these crimes." How ignorant, bloodthirsty, and depraved were the people is strikingly illustrated by the following: "Fancy"—he writes to Edwardes, "fancy a wretched little Wuzeeree child, who had been put up to poison food, on my asking him if he knew it was wrong to kill people, saying it was wrong to kill with a knife or a sword. I asked him why, and he said, 'Because *the blood left marks*.'" He tamed these men from their savage ways into order and decorum, and he made Bunnoo a tranquil province.

When Chamberlain took over command of the Frontier Force he was surprised to find that his friend Nicholson avoided meeting him. Early in 1856 a body of Mahsud Waziris raided the border, and slew one of the most trusted of Nicholson's lieutenants, Zeman Khan. Nicholson, in reporting the matter, complained of the negligence of the

Frontier Force, and further stated that the detachments at the outposts did not effectually guard the border. Neville Chamberlain, as in human nature bound, warmly defended his force. Both combatants proceeded to bombard the unfortunate Chief Commissioner with letters. The letters that John Lawrence wrote are a fresh proof that a rugged exterior covered the kindest of hearts. To Chamberlain he writes that his note had given him much pain: "There is no man in the Bengal army whom I would so gladly see at the head of the Punjab Force as yourself, and few for whom I have a greater regard and respect. It is my sincere desire to consider your views and feelings in all matters connected with your command.¹ If Nicholson had said more than the case warranted he must make the amende. I am sure he is too honest a fellow not to do so." He then tells him how frankly Nicholson had acknowledged his superior fitness for the command, and had looked forward to his return to the Punjab.

"Before it was known that you were to have the brigadiership—that is, just after you went to the Cape—he asked me for my interest in the event of its becoming vacant. I replied that, though you never asked for my advocacy, I had voluntarily told you I should wish to see you get the command, and had reason to believe that the Governor-General intended giving it to you. Nicholson replied, by return of post, that he had not thought of your name, and that he would never think of being a candidate while you were available, as he believed you were much more fitted for the post than himself. Now I think that a man who wrote and thought of you in this way would be the last to mean to asperse the force under your orders."²

To Nicholson John Lawrence wrote: "Chamberlain is very sore, and scruples not to say that he will resign unless the amende is made. I think he is somewhat unreasonable. Nevertheless his resignation would be a public loss, and bring much obloquy. I hope, therefore, that you will write and express your regret at having led me to conclude that the detachment in the post had received notice of the affair." But neither Nicholson's letter nor Lawrence's

¹ 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' by R. Bosworth Smith, i. 467.

² *Ibid.*, i. 468.

explanatory justification pleased Neville Chamberlain. He was a voluminous writer, and John Lawrence, who had real humour, instinct with common-sense, writes: "I have got an official letter from Chamberlain putting twenty queries on each of the four raids to Nicholson! Now if anything will bring Nick to his senses it will be these queries. He will polish off a tribe in the most difficult fortress, or ride the border like 'belted Will' of former days; but one query in writing is often a stumper for a month. The pen-and-ink work, as he calls it, does not suit him." But it was difficult to bring "Nick" to his senses. The official dispute raged for some months. At the close of the year John Lawrence wrote to Nicholson: "Two such soldiers ought not to be in a state of antagonism. I think he was wrong in taking exception to your remarks on the post system, and I defend your views both privately and officially to him. Still, the fact that he does not feel convinced by your arguments, and would not concur in our conclusions, is no reason why we should not be friends." Then, being a sound and discerning student of human nature, he quoted what Chamberlain had written to him in his last letter: "I never considered the question personal; and even the official discussion was buried when I last addressed you on the subject. If I am correct he feels cool towards me. But I shall be happy to receive him with the same feeling of respect and admiration which I have all along borne towards him. He has only to come within reach for me to extend both hands towards him, and in doing so I shall be doubly glad, for I shall know that the Government, of which we are the common servants, will be the gainer." The chivalrous spirit of Nicholson was touched. He wrote to his old friend and asked him to meet him at Kohat, and be his guest. The invitation was gladly accepted. Chamberlain afterwards told his sisters that at the meeting Nicholson became so agitated during their mutual explanations that he took up an ivory paper-knife and bit it in two. Chamberlain discovered that Nicholson's original

coolness arose from his not having got an answer to a letter which he had written congratulating him on being appointed commander of the Punjab Force. But it had never been received by him. And they again became fast friends.

In the autumn of 1855 Brigadier Chamberlain had to make another expedition in order to punish the Urakzais, a large and warlike tribe lying between the Afridis and the Waziris. On the 25th of August a force, consisting of the Peshawur Mountain Train Battery (four guns), No. 3 Punjab Light Field Battery (five guns), 4th Punjab Cavalry, 1st and 2nd and 3rd Punjab Infantry, was assembled at Hangu, a valley to the south-west of Kohat. The Deputy-Commissioner, Major Coke, recommended the destruction of the villages of Nasin and Sangar, in the Sammanoghar range, which begins to rise fourteen miles from Hangu. The hamlets belong to the Rubia Khel Urakzais, a clan whose punishment was a necessity. They had raided our frontier, killed our British subjects, and carried off women and large herds of cattle. The village of Sangar was built on a knoll on the crest of the range, and, like most Afghan villages, the houses were constructed for defence. It was surrounded by a low wall, and commanded by a tower of great height. About three quarters of a mile below Sangar was Nasin, situated in the centre of a sloping plateau, and defended by a fort and a high loopholed tower. They also commanded the paths leading up the gorge to Sangar. Neville Chamberlain determined that these villages should be attacked from above and below and at the same time. The first column, under the command of Major J. Coke, consisting of the 1st Punjab Infantry and three companies of the 2nd Punjab Infantry, left camp about 11 P.M., and having gained the crest of the range, came in sight of Sangar at break of day. A rush with a cheer, and the village was ours. The villagers fled, leaving a number of women and children behind, who were protected from all injury. The houses and the tower were, however, destroyed. The second column, under Captain B. Henderson, 3rd Punjab Infantry,

consisting of three companies of that regiment, commenced its ascent of the crest two hours after midnight, and gained its position over Nasin before the day broke. The enemy were alarmed, for they beat their drums, and in vain attempted to ascertain the position of their assailants by firing stray shots. As day broke the second column made a rush on the village, and the enemy, abandoning it, were driven along the highest crest. The main body, under the immediate command of Neville Chamberlain, left camp shortly after the first column, and ascending the same spur as the second column, they came in sight of them at day-break. When the work of punishment had been finished, the Brigadier gave the signal for the retirement of the force. The mountaineers immediately began following them, beating their drums and shouting their war-cry. A sudden and wild rush of some of them, sword in hand, threw into confusion the skirmishers of the 2nd Punjab Infantry as they were abandoning a position, and some eight men were hacked to pieces. Captain Green, who commanded the corps, swiftly and gallantly rallied his men, and retook the position. By sunset the force returned to camp. The combined movements against the two villages had been admirably planned and well executed. "The troops left camp near 10 P.M. as the moon rose, and returned the next evening, having been the greater part of the time on the move, and as in addition to ascending and descending a mountain 3500 or 4000 feet above this valley they marched twenty-eight miles, they had a hard day's work." In a letter to his sister Neville Chamberlain encloses a letter from the Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, which conveys the Governor-General's most cordial acknowledgments and thanks to those who led the several attacks, and the letter closes as follows:—

"To the last has been reserved the gratifying duty of expressing the high satisfaction with which the Governor-General has marked Brigadier Chamberlain's conduct in the direction of this expedition, the judgment and moral courage with which he resolved to act,

though in contradiction to opinions he had previously recorded, the manliness with which he accepted the sole responsibility of action, the skill and ability with which his plans were conceived and executed to their most successful issue."

"ON THE INDUS, NEAR MILLUM KOTE,
18th December 1853.

"MY DEAR HARRIETT,—My last was written from my camp at Dubba, a few lines scribbled off my knees. I returned to Dera Ismail Khan the end of November, and left by water, reaching Dera Ghazee Khan on the 12th of this month, and now I am on my way to a place called Kussurie, which is the most *northern* post held by the Scinde Horse, and nearest military post to our most *southern* one. I go there so that I may march up the whole frontier line and make myself thoroughly acquainted with the country. Dropping down by water is faster travelling than marching, and it eases one's servants, and as mine have ever to be on the move, I find it politic to consider them thus far. The change from Peshawur and Kohat is great, and we appear to have got back to October again. Was it not strange that on landing near Dera Ghazee Khan, the first letter put into my hand was a report of a raid just committed by the Bozdars, and recommending their chastisement? They are old offenders, and very possibly we shall have to enter their country in March, which is the time their crops ripen, to punish them. The mountains here are nothing like so difficult as those about the northern part, nor are the tribes so powerful, so to chastise them is a mere simple business. By an order just issued, the Corps of Guides and Sikh Corps, in Huzara, are placed under the brigadier commanding the Punjab Irregular Force, so that I shall now be able to visit Huzara during the hot weather on duty, and so escape a portion of it, which is no small consideration. India, I believe, is quiet just now, and I suppose you are so also, unless high prices and war expenditure do not sit easy on men's minds. The last news from the Crimea is not worse than I anticipated. If the Russians as a nation are for the continuation of the war, John Bull will have to keep his hands in his pockets for some time to come, for however much renown the capture of Sebastopol may acquire for the Allies, the loss of such a place cannot paralyse the power of Russia."

Neville Chamberlain always held and expressed the opinion that it was a mistaken policy "annexing territories beyond the Indus and incorporating within our jurisdiction lawless tribes ever ready to rise against us, but who now claimed protection against the more fierce and warlike people of the neighbouring mountains, who

had never owned a master, and whose raids and depredations were unceasing." The Bozdars, to whose raid Neville Chamberlain referred in his letter, were, as we have stated, a Biluch tribe adjoining the district of Dera Ismail Khan. They inhabited the outer spurs of the Suleiman Range, and had been paid blackmail by the Moguls, by the Sikhs, and by us on condition of good behaviour. But to rob and to murder was the pastime and occupation of the Bozdars. They not only raided the lowlands, but they also plundered their highland neighbours, who could not retaliate, as the Bozdar country, a network of precipitous hills and defiles, was guarded on all four sides by mountains which could not be penetrated by undisciplined troops. A British force did not enter their territory in March, as the Commander of the Frontier Force anticipated and advised, but as a punishment their cash allowance was discontinued. Chamberlain, however, wrote: "Sooner or later we shall be forced to give them a lesson." During the winter he remained in the Dera Ghazee Khan district, and his time was passed "moving from post to post inspecting the troops at the different stations." He wrote to his sister: "Since I have had the command of this force, I have endeavoured to increase its efficiency, and I hope I have accomplished some good during the eight months I have been on the frontier." A gallant soldier who served for twenty years in the Punjab Frontier Force, and whose name is borne by the illustrious regiment¹ he so long commanded, writes:—

"Under Chamberlain's chivalrous leading and high sense of duty to Queen and country, the Force soon gained reputation as an unusually efficient body of native troops. . . . Neville Chamberlain attached but small importance to the niceties of parade drill, but he demanded constant practice in the open country, and introduced the excellent custom, which was continued as long as I remained in the Force, of requiring the infantry regiments to form camp in the hills nearest their stations for a fortnight in every year, and on the mountain side to practise the common requirements of real warfare."

¹ The 58th Vaughan Rifles (Frontier Force).

It was not till July that Neville Chamberlain was able to take refuge in the mountains of beautiful Hazara from the burning heat of the lowlands which brought back the fever from which he was seldom free. The tour had been most profitable, for he had acquired a living familiarity with the circumstances of the whole frontier and the troops who guarded it. He addressed in September the following letter to his mother:—

“CAMP HUBEEBA, 18th September 1856.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—I came up here from Abbottabad three days ago for change of air, not having been well of late, and I am much better already, and no wonder, considering the freshness of the air and the beautiful scenery. My tent is pitched on the top of a commanding hill and on a grassy knoll, and if I had not business to occupy my time, I could be content to sit idle all day, gazing at the glorious beauty, first on one side and then on another. All, too, is so calm. Not a sound to be heard, except an insect buzzing past, or the distant lowing of cattle which are dotted about on the hillside and look like specks. And then by way of background I am encircled on three sides by glorious mountains, from 12,000 to 17,000 feet high, and on the fourth side stretches away the plain, unbroken till it reaches the sea. It is a heavenly treat to be able to enjoy such a sublime prospect, however much one's heart tells one there is still something wanting, it knows not what, to make one feel perfectly happy. I suppose it is the longing which can only be satisfied in the next world, and which I hope every soul may realise through the mercy of God. My original intention in sitting down to write was to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and to assure you it did not pass uncelebrated by me. You are now getting old, and I wish to tell you with my own mouth, before you die, how deeply grateful I feel for all that you have done for me throughout my life. Now, at six-and-thirty years of age, I recall to mind the prayers you taught me when a little child, and the patient and affectionate way in which you bore with my waywardness then, and for many years afterwards. Latterly God has given me more wisdom, and I have better understood my duty towards you. The fifth commandment is imposed upon us at our birth, and ends only at our death, and though at present I should not be justified in deserting my post, having so lately had leave, and duty requiring I should work while I have health to do so, whenever I can with a clear conscience do so, I shall go home to receive your blessing. . . .

“In August I joined Colonel Edwardes, Major Becher, and the Rev. W. Clarke, missionary, in a trip across the hills to Murree.

We were four days on the road, through beautiful scenery, and though rain fell we were fortunate in our weather. We passed four days with Sir John Lawrence, and returned by a different route. With the exception of this little trip, my residence has been Abbottabad, which is only about an hour's walk immediately below me (I can see people with a glass, and watch the smoke from the muskets, and hear the reports); my days were passed carrying on the routine of duty. This quiet is now to end, for a force is to go into Meeranzie, and the past few days I have been busy making all necessary arrangements. We go pretty strong (5000 men, 14 guns), we hardly know what work will be cut out for us, for we must cross our boundary towards Cabul to punish a tribe under Dost Mahomed's rule, which makes forays into our territory, and which he is not powerful enough to check. If the Ameer can get the tribe to make restitution, well and good. If not, we must either force them to do so, or failing that, burn and destroy their villages, and carry off any cattle we can capture, but they are not likely to give us the opportunity to do this last. This is a barbarous system of warfare, but unfortunately it is the only one open to us, and the blood of our murdered subjects calls for justice, and the ruined herdsmen for restitution. We shall have very cold weather, short days for work, and long nights for the rascals to enjoy the pleasure of sending shots into camp; but I, and many others on this frontier, have been broken into their ways and means, and with God's blessing we will not let them get the better of us. I want a bracing up, and a turn out to the pickets on a frosty night will be as good as Europe. Crawford and I are trying to arrange a meeting before I return to Kohat, and I hope we shall manage it. I hardly like him to accompany the camp for fear anything should happen to him, for I should never forgive myself. . . . Love to my sisters. I envy Harriett having the care of little children, and I wish I could share it with her. . . . But the sun is getting low. I must mount my mule and go and gain strength in the evening air, and charm my eyes by watching the colours change as the sun sinks behind the mountains on its journey towards *home*.

“NEVILLE.”

The tribe under Dost Mahomed's rule, to which Neville Chamberlain refers in the foregoing letter, were the Turis (inhabitants of the Koorum valley), who, from the day we had annexed the Kohat district, had given us considerable trouble. When Herbert Edwardes was negotiating the treaty with the Ameer, he told the Afghan envoy that the Ameer must either control the Turis or the British Government would be compelled to punish them. The Cabul

Government promised to control them, but in 1856 they were guilty of thirteen raids, and the Indian Government sanctioned an expedition against them. On the 21st of October 1856 a force, consisting of 4896 men of all ranks with 14 guns, marched from Kohat. The night before Chamberlain wrote to his mother:—

“We march at 3 o'clock in the morning for Meeranzie; but I cannot go to bed without telling you how greatly I prized your miniature which has reached me in perfect order. It is such a happiness to me, and it is so like what I remember you, it must be a good likeness. I am sending it to Crawford, it would be selfish not to allow him to gaze on it, and it will be in safer hands with him whilst we are in the field than if I took it with me into camp. I feel so ashamed of having broken my promise to Harriett, but I literally am at work morning, noon, and night, and have on my hands more than I can get through satisfactorily with a small staff. Colonel H. Edwardes joined us to-day, and we shall leave Hungoo with upwards of 5000 men and 14 guns on the 23rd. After that our movements are uncertain, but I think there is little chance of our returning for a month or six weeks. As yet we do not know what the Ameer intends doing about our demands on his subjects, the Toorees; but I am inclined to think he will not like our crossing the boundary, and will force them into concession, and in that case our operations will be confined in all probability to one neighbouring tribe, called Zaimookht. Their country is said to be very difficult, but with right on our side, I do not despair of teaching them they must respect our power. . . . I must write to Crawford before I lie down.
NEVILLE.”

The letter to Crawford illustrates the man:—

“KOHAT, 20th October 1856.

“MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—I have started off the coolie freighted with my most precious treasure—our dear old mother's miniature. Take great care of it until I come back to claim it again, and if that is not to be, recollect that it is Harriett's. I return the socks, as they will protect the miniature case,—a much more honourable duty than keeping my feet warm. It never rains but it pours, is the adage, and I find it true; work comes pouring in from all quarters. *Asni* frontier unsettled; *Bozdars* plundering; *Vizeeries* threatening; *Meeranzie* admitting of no delay; relief arrangements to be carried out; cantonment questions at *Asni*, *Dera Ghazee Khan*, *Dera Ishmael Khan*, *Hazara*, all in play,—outposts and forts all requiring attention, &c., &c. I suppose you know that 2nd

and 4th Sikhs are now under me, so that orders are going from Kangra to Asni, they are both moving in Hazara. Add to this and dispatch.
NEVILLE."

On the 5th of November the force halted at Thal, a place familiar to all—and their name is legion—who have read 'Forty-one Years in India.'¹ Three days later they crossed the Koorum, a swift stream which flows through the valley, and varies from 100 yards to 500 yards in width. After marching ten miles up its banks they encamped for the night. On the following day, adhering to the road which ran along the banks on the bed of the river, they marched fifteen miles to Hazar Pir Ziarat. On the 10th they proceeded through the Darwaza defile, and encamped a little more than a mile from the fort, which they found was situated on the other side of the river. Here they halted twelve days, spent in negotiations with the Turis who at last agreed to our claim. The Brigadier, escorted by a large body of cavalry, after a ride of nearly six hours, reached the foot of the Peiwar Kotal² (pass), and ascending it, rode down to the Cabul side. Here they halted until a sketch was made of the country. It was Chamberlain's rule to have surveys and maps made of the then unknown regions through which he passed, and they have often been of the greatest service. On the last day of December the force returned to Kohat and was broken up. The warm approbation of the Governor-General was conveyed to Brigadier N. B. Chamberlain and all who were engaged in the expedition. But it was a new Governor-General. Chamberlain's old friend and master had left India.

On the 21st of February 1856 Lord Canning disembarked at Calcutta under the salute from the fort, and on reaching the Imperial Palace, which Wellesley had built, at once entered on his exalted office with the usual

¹ On the 21st of November 1878 General Roberts made his first advance into Afghan territory, and encamped eight miles from Thal. "The next morning we marched fifteen miles farther up the valley to Hazir Pir."—'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., K.G., ii. 130.

² Kotal, a pass or saddle-back where a road crosses a range of hills.

formalities. Lord Dalhousie's successor had, as Postmaster-General, shown himself to be an energetic and sound administrator, instituting reforms and displaying infinite courage in fighting vested interests. In his speech at the banquet which the Court of Directors used to give in honour of all out-going Governor-Generals, Lord Canning said, and the noble words cannot be too often quoted:—

“I know not what course events may take. I hope and pray that we may not reach the extremity of war. I wish for a peaceful time of office, but I cannot forget that, in our Indian Empire, that greatest of all blessings depends upon a greater variety of chances, and a more precarious tenure than in any other quarter of the globe. We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing bigger and bigger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin. What has happened once may happen again. The disturbing causes have diminished certainly, but are not dispelled. We have still discontented and heterogeneous peoples united under our sway; we have still neighbours before whom we cannot altogether lay aside our watchfulness; and we have a frontier configuration which renders it possible that at any moment causes of collision may arise. Besides, so intricate are our relations with some subsidiary States that I doubt whether, in an Empire so vast and so situated, it is in the power of the wisest Government, the most peaceful and the most forbearing, to command peace. But if we cannot command, we can at any rate deserve it, by taking care that honour, good faith, and fair dealing are on our side: and then if, in spite of us, it should become necessary to strike a blow, we can strike with a clear conscience. With blows so dealt, the struggle must be short and the issue not doubtful.”

Lord Canning had not been long in India when it became apparent that his wish for a peaceful time of office was not destined to be realised. Persia, in defiance of an existing treaty, had taken Herat. Negotiations failed to persuade the Shah to evacuate the city, and in November 1856 the Governor-General, in the name of the East India Company, declared war against him. An army of about 6000 men was despatched from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, to be commanded by Sir James Outram when he returned from England. The war with Persia again raised the undying Afghan question: Should

we give any aid to the Ameer, and if helped, to what extent and upon what condition? The treaty of 1855 bound the Afghans to be "friends of our friends, and enemies of our enemies." After that treaty Dost Mahomed had taken possession of Candahar, and though now stricken in years, he was anxious to march in person against Herat. But he wanted money, and his army wanted food. He therefore sent to Edwardes to propose a meeting with the British authorities. Edwardes was in favour of the interview, John Lawrence against it, on the ground that we could not possibly give the Ameer all he wanted, and a refusal would only arouse his enmity.¹ Lord Canning appreciated the objection, but he considered that we might with advantage attempt to settle the terms on which the Government of India would help him in the struggle against the common enemy. An interview between Dost Mahomed and the Chief Commissioner was arranged to take place at Peshawur.

On the 7th of December 1856 Dost Mahomed left Cabul, and Sir John Lawrence, with a force of about 3000 men, encamped on a wide plain midway between Peshawur and the old fort of Jumrood. Here they awaited intelligence of Dost Mahomed's movements. They were slow, and it was not till the end of the month that information arrived that he had encamped within the Khyber Pass. On the 1st of January 1857, at the Ameer's special request, Sir John Lawrence, accompanied by Herbert Edwardes and Sydney Cotton, who commanded the Peshawur Force, and one or two others, accompanied by two of Dost Mahomed's sons and a mob of horsemen, crossed the British portal of that defile, and rode several miles inside it till they reached the Afghan camp.

"A battery of guns was formed up in front of the Dost's own tents, while his sepoy's dressed in red (armed and accoutred like our own)

¹ John Lawrence remembered that our refusal to restore the Peshawur valley had in days of old made Dost Mahomed our inveterate foe.

manned in countless numbers the lower ranges of hills—the hill tribes in vast numbers covering the upper range. No sooner had the British Commissioner made his appearance in the Afghan camp than an ordnance salute was commenced in his honour, and with it a discharge of musketry from the upper and lower ranges of hills in all directions, and in extent beyond all description, the whole hills being as it were in a blaze.”¹

After a grand durbar, at which John Lawrence was introduced to all the Afghan chiefs of note, wild and weird looking men, the Chief Commissioner returned to his camp, and two days later Dost Mahomed entered British territory and pitched his tents at Jumrood. On the 1st of January John Lawrence wrote to Neville Chamberlain: “The Dost and Azim asked for you, and want to see you.” On the 26th of January was signed “an agreement confirming the treaty of 1855.” The agreement not only confirmed this treaty, but it arranged a present of 4000 stand of arms and the payment of a subsidy of a lakh of rupees monthly by the Indian Government so long as the war lasted or it pleased the Government to continue it. It provided that British officers should reside in Candahar to see that the subsidy was properly applied and to keep the British Governor informed of all affairs, but not to advise or interfere with the Cabul Government. The seventh article, however, stated: “Whenever the subsidy shall cease the British officers shall be withdrawn from the Ameer’s country; but at the pleasure of the British Government a vakeel, *not a European officer*, shall remain at Cabul on the part of the Government, and one at Peshawur on the part of the Government of Cabul.” Dost Mahomed declared that his only objection to a European officer being at Cabul was his inability to protect him. After he had signed the treaty Dost Mahomed exclaimed: “I have now made an alliance with the British Government, and come what may I will keep it till death.” That promise was never broken, even when the Punjab being denuded of Europeans his people called upon him to take back their

¹ ‘Nine Years on the North-West Frontier of India,’ by Lieutenant-General Sir Sydney Cotton, K.C.B., p. 139.

dearly beloved Peshawur, for the possession of which he had once sacrificed his throne; and the priests of Cabul and his own sons asked him to head a crusade against the infidel, and sweep them from the plains of Hindustan.

The Ameer set his face towards Cabul, and the Chief Commissioner returned to Lahore, where many difficult problems relating to the watch and ward of the long frontier awaited him. On the 6th of February John Lawrence wrote to Neville Chamberlain, "I only received your letter of the 2nd this moment, and lose no time in writing to say that I quite agree in your plans for the punishment of both Bozdar and Wuzerees." Six days later he wrote from Camp Rawul Pindee: "We arrived here this morning, and have received a telegraphic notice from Government authorising the Bozdar expedition, so you may set to work at once. I trust you will have the opportunity of giving them a thorough good lesson. I have been obliged to delay my report regarding the Mushood Wuzerees for want of certain information which I have had to write for. But I trust to be able to get the Government orders in time." On the 19th of February he wrote:—

"RAWULPINDEE, 18th February 1857.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I start for Shahpoor to-morrow, and hope to be there by about the 28th. If you want anything urgently write accordingly.

"I have written to Government about the expedition against the Mushood Wuzerees. The letter only went off two days ago, but if a reply comes by telegraph, which I have asked should be done, we can leave by the 1st of March, and M'Pherson will send you notice by express. In any case I give you full authority to go at these fellows should you not hear of the Government's decision in time.

"You will be surprised to hear that Henry goes to Lucknow. It seems to be a great pity.—Yours sincerely, JOHN LAWRENCE.

"Brigadier CHAMBERLAIN, &c., &c., &c."

John Lawrence knew that his brother's health was in a critical state, and that he was preparing to leave for England when Lord Canning offered him the post of Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General in Oudh. He

therefore had ample reason to consider that it was a great pity that he was going to undertake a work which was bound to entail an immense amount of labour and responsibility. Herbert Edwardes held the same opinion. Henry Lawrence writes to him: "You say you are sorry I am going, and so *am I*. I give up a great deal indeed—*all* my private desires, my little daughter, my sons, my sisters, and probably my health."

On the 25th of February John Lawrence in a letter expresses a hope that Neville Chamberlain had made all his arrangements for the forthcoming expedition: "The Governor-General tells me that it is pretty certain that after the rains he will call on the Punjab Forces to furnish its quota for the Bengal Division proceeding to Persia. It is therefore important that we should give the Bozdars and Wuzerees as good a thrashing as possible, so as to leave them no stomach for disturbing the border next year while our troops are absent."

John Lawrence was a strong administrator, a title too often given to one who is merely dull and obstinate. But a great administrator is he who not only has the will to command, but the brain to suggest and receive suggestions. No ruler ever co-operated more with his subordinates. He had also two other qualities which mark a great administrator,—he could obey, and he could assume responsibility when the occasion required. He wrote to Neville Chamberlain:—

"I consider that the Governor-General will be sure to agree to the expedition against the Mushoods. Indeed I will take the responsibility of this on myself. If we do not have the expedition this year we shall not be equal to it next. For the chance is that a portion of the Punjab Force will be in Persia, as you will see by my last note. At the same time, I do not wish you to do anything against your judgment. But so far as sanction to the expedition goes, you may consider that it has come."

On the 5th of March 1857 a large force under the command of Neville Chamberlain assembled at Taunsa, to the

north of Dera Ghazee Khan, and on the following evening the expedition started. At daybreak they reached the mouth of the Sangarh, one of the three main channels by which the Bozdar country can be entered from the plains. It is hardly accurate to call them passes, for they are empty channels by which the rain falling from the mountains had made its way into the plains. The main difficulty in all these expeditions was want of knowledge concerning the country in which operations were to be carried out. No European had visited the Bozdar country. Neville Chamberlain, as was his wont, determined to make a reconnaissance, and set forth in the afternoon accompanied by three hundred men. After a ride of eight miles he came to a pond where the Sangarh *nai* or ravine was joined by another channel—the Drug *nai*. Here his spies told him the enemy intended to make a stand. Riding on, he came to a point where the Sangarh channel swept to the west, and he found it lined on each side by high scarped hills and commanded by precipitous spurs. The mountain hives had sent out their savage swarms, and they could be seen on every jutting rock commanding the defile. An attentive examination convinced Chamberlain that to carry the enemy's position in front he must incur more loss than was justifiable, but close observation confirmed the statement of the guides that the hills could be more easily approached from the Drug *nai*. He resolved to turn the enemy's position by its left. He then returned to camp, which he reached as the sun had begun to set behind the mountains.

In the early morning of the 6th of March the force advanced up the Sangarh nullah, and after a couple of hours' march it halted before the enemy's position. After having made the arrangements necessary to protect his baggage, the Brigadier sent the 4th Punjab Infantry, under Captain A. T. Wilde, to ascend a hill which commanded the Sangarh on the west of the junction of the two ravines. It was accompanied by four field guns of No. 1 Punjab Light Field Battery and the four mountain guns of No. 3

Punjab Light Field Battery. He then instructed Major Coke how he was with the 1st Punjab Infantry to carry out the flank movement. They were with the four mountain guns of No. 2 Battery to advance up the Drug nullah until they found a spur which they could ascend, and so gain possession of the heights on the south of the nullah and lend support to the 4th P.I. Two regiments guarded the junction of the two nullahs. The Bozdars soon perceived the turning movement, and a large body of them crossed the Drug nullah and took up a formidable position on its northern side. They also held in force a precipitous hill on the south, and the nullah between the northern and southern position was barricaded by a strong breastwork. The Brigadier, on seeing what the enemy had done, sent the 2nd Punjab Infantry, under Captain G. W. Green, and four mountain guns to support Major Coke. When the reinforcements arrived the eight mountain guns opened fire on the enemy's position on the left of the Drug, and advancing under cover of their fire the two regiments gallantly stormed the precipitous height. Success was in a great measure due to cool and determined leading. The British officer is a born leader of men, and the history of Indian frontier warfare is a history of brilliant deeds and dashing exploits due to his lead. Major Coke was wounded in the shoulder, but he continued to exercise his command throughout the day. The enemy crossed back to the southern side closely pressed by our infantry. The mountain guns, guarded by a portion of the 1st Punjab Infantry, advanced up the Drug, for they could not be dragged up the perpendicular sides of the rock. The operations on the Sangarh had been equally successful. The 4th Punjab N.I. under Wilde having carried the heights on its right bank, and the 1st Sikh Infantry under Gordon those on the left; No 1 Punjab Light Field Battery, with the 3rd Light Infantry and the detachment of the Light Cavalry, advanced up the channel. On reaching the bend they saw that the enemy,

who held the Khan Band defile, showed signs of giving way. They promptly attacked them in front. The Bozdars, finding themselves attacked in front and their rear threatened by the turning force who had ascended the heights from the Drug nullah, rapidly retreated, and the passage of the great defile which had defied a strong Sikh army under General Ventura was gained. That evening the British force encamped at the western entrance of the Khan Band. During the next two days the troops halted while the wounded were being sent back under strong escort. On the 8th Neville wrote to Crawford:—

“CAMP HURRENBORE, *8th March* 1857.

“We forced the Khan Band yesterday afternoon. It is as stiff a place as any troops could wish to look at, and I felt very grateful to God both for our success and at having accomplished it at so small loss—6 killed and 37 wounded: I am sorry to say poor old Coke is among the latter. His wound is severe, but we are in hopes he will not lose the use of his arm. It is not yet known how far it is injured. The Bozdars behaved well; so did our men, or we should not have driven the Bozdars from their very strong position. Infantry unaided by guns could have accomplished nothing. Even the Afreedies say the country is worse than anything they have at home.

“We are now pitched in a pretty well-cultivated valley. As soon as our doolies return we shall march on to the westernmost portion of the Bozdar country, and we have still a pass to get through; but they say the mountains are not so difficult as those we forced yesterday.—Yours,
N. C.”

On the 13th of March the force, continuing its march up the Sangarh *nai*, encamped at the entrance of the Sangarh Pass, and Neville Chamberlain found the mountains more difficult “than any he had seen in Afghanistan.” The Bozdars, however, had not after their defeat at Khan Band the heart to defend it. They sued for peace, and it was granted to them on easy terms; for Neville Chamberlain always held that leniency based on strength was the best policy for converting wild tribes into peaceful neighbours.

On the 22nd the force returned to the plains.¹ Three days days later John Lawrence wrote to him :—

“LAHORE, 25th March 1857.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I must apologise for not answering your note of the 12th. But I have been so put out with my wife’s illness and work of one kind or another, that I have been greatly bothered. My wife has been very ill, and for some days her life was in great danger ; but she is now much better, though still very weak.

“I was glad to hear from Pollock that the Bozdars had given in when he wrote on the 18th. This shows that they must have been much humbled by their defeat and our subsequent operations in their country.

“I am quite satisfied with your proposal to give up the Mushood expedition, and I have little doubt but that Government will approve. I consider that you are the best judge of the expediency of undertaking it at this season of the year ; and as the Persian war is now over, we shall be able to do the thing well next year. In the meantime it will be well to collect all the information necessary, and to make every preparation which may appear desirable.

—Yours sincerely,
JOHN LAWRENCE.

“Brig. CHAMBERLAIN.”

“LAHORE, 27th March 1857.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I was glad to find by your note of the 21st that you had accomplished the Bozdar affair so completely. There seems now a reasonable chance that this tribe will behave themselves. Should another expedition be ever necessary, I am inclined to think we should have an extra thousand men with it. We might then beat up the quarters of the Katharans if necessary.

“I have no doubt that Government will be quite satisfied with our reasons for giving up the Mushood Wuzereee expedition.

“I am glad that our officers have seen so much of the hills. It will prove, no doubt, of much value hereafter.

“I think you were perfectly right not to move until the Bozdars had made good their quota of *doombas*.² I am delighted to hear that poor Ashe and Meer Jaffa are doing well.—Yours sincerely,

“JOHN LAWRENCE.

“Brigadier CHAMBERLAIN, &c., &c., &c.”

¹ In January 1858 the thanks of the Governor-General in Council were conveyed to Brigadier-General N. B. Chamberlain and to the officers and men who had been engaged in the expedition. Eleven years later the Indian medal, with a clasp for the “North-west Frontier,” was granted to all survivors of the troops engaged in the operations against the Bozdars under Brigadier Chamberlain.

² *Doombas*, sheep with huge fat tails.

Neville Chamberlain followed the advice of the Chief Commissioner and "took a good look at the Wuzeree country." On the 17th of April John Lawrence wrote to him:—

"LAHORE, 17th April 1857.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I was glad to see by your note of the 12th that you had been at Tank, had seen the Khan, and taken a good look at the Wuzerees' country. The Khan was for some years an exile there, and must have a thorough knowledge of its fastnesses. This, however, he may not be able to communicate as clearly as would be desirable; still, he may do a good deal. Judging from what you say of the Wuzeree country, it will be of much importance that the force should enter the country at the time when they can do the greatest possible damage to the enemy. The Khan might be able to decide what this season will be. It is possible that it is not the time when the crops are ripening, but earlier in the year, and it would be well that his attention was directed to this point also. I am glad you think well of him. It has always struck me that he has taken a staunch and decided part in our favour—much more so than any other chief whom I know. His position must be most difficult.

"I hope to get off from this towards the end of the month, and shall go to Sialkote and look at the School of Musketry among other things. Maharajah Golab Singh is ill, and folks say that should he die there will be a row. You ought to come to Murree this year, and thence take a run into Cashmere.—Yours sincerely,

"JOHN LAWRENCE.

"Brigadier N. CHAMBERLAIN, &c., &c., &c."

At the close of the year 1856 the Government of India had decided that the old-fashioned musketry should be superseded by the Enfield rifle. Depots for instruction in the use of the new weapon had been formed at three stations,—Dum-Dum, a cantonment in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and Umballa and Sialkote, in Upper India. At the end of March John Lawrence, on his way to Murree, turned aside to Sialkote in order that he might judge for himself as to the feeling which had been aroused among the sepoys regarding the use of the greased cartridges which had been manufactured for the new rifles. Mutinous symptoms had appeared at various stations of the native army in other provinces, but not in the Punjab beyond the Sutlej. The lesson to be learnt from John Lawrence's visit

to Sialkote is of perennial importance. It illustrates the remark made by a shrewd old native: "There are two persons who know nothing about India—the lad who landed last week and the man who is leaving to-morrow after thirty years' service." John Lawrence had been twenty-eight years in India, he knew the people and their language thoroughly, and he was thoroughly deceived. On the 4th of May he wrote to Lord Canning that he had watched the Regular Infantry firing at the butts, he had perceived no hesitation on the part of any sepoy, and the officers had assured him that no ill-feeling had been shown. On the 10th of May began the wild fanatical outbreak of 1857, and the sepoys at Sialkote shot their officers, who had so profound a belief in their loyalty and goodwill.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mutiny—News of the disasters at Meerut and Delhi reach Lahore, May 12, 1857—Robert Montgomery—Stuart Corbett—Disarmament at Lahore—News of the outbreak at Meerut reaches Sir John Lawrence—Battles at once with the emergency—Letter to Neville Chamberlain—Council of War at Peshawur—Brigadier Chamberlain appointed to command the Movable Column—Letters from Neville Chamberlain—The Movable Column arrives at Lahore—A drum-head court-martial—Execution of mutineers—Neville Chamberlain's speech to the troops—Letter to Crawford—Letter from Sir John Lawrence—Suggests withdrawal from Peshawur in the event of disaster at Delhi—Crawford Chamberlain's masterly feat at Mooltan—Special mention of his conduct—Neville Chamberlain offered the Adjutant-Generalship of the Army—Letters from Neville Chamberlain.

ON the 12th of May 1857 the terrible news of the disasters at Meerut and Delhi were received at Lahore. Sir John Lawrence was then at Rawul Pindee on his way for the summer to the Murree hills, and telegraphic communication between Lahore and Rawul Pindee was for the time intercepted. On Robert Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner, and Stuart Corbett, who commanded the Lahore Brigade, devolved the duty of grappling with the emergency. No men were better fitted for the task. Montgomery had the same strength of will as his great chief; Corbett's seven-and-thirty years of active service in India had not diminished his vigour of body and activity of mind. They acted with promptitude and decision. On the morning of the 13th of May the native troops at Lahore were disarmed, 3000 well-trained soldiers piling their arms "with silent and angry astonishment" before some 400 European infantry with twelve guns. At the same time the fort was occupied by

three companies of Europeans. Before twenty-four hours after the receipt of the telegram announcing the massacre at Delhi were over the capital was saved; the great magazine at Ferozepore, containing upwards of 7000 barrels of gunpowder and immense stores of arms, was secured; the celebrated fortress of Govindgurh, which commanded the sacred city of Umritsur, and which Runjeet Singh had made almost impregnable, was occupied by a company of European soldiers, and the arsenal at Phillour with the siege-train was also transferred to the guard of European troops. It was a magnificent bit of work. "Your Lahore men have done nobly," wrote John Lawrence.

On the morning of the 12th of May the first telegram containing the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached the Chief Commissioner. In a few hours there came a second telegram informing him of the capture of Delhi by the mutineers and the murder of the Europeans. He had for some time been suffering from an acute attack of neuralgia; and the intensity of the pain had the evening before been reduced by the use of aconite, which, relieving the temples, caused sharp agony in the eyes. He was in bed when the fateful news came, and leaving it he proceeded at once to battle with the emergency. He sent telegrams and letters of command, warning, and advice in all directions. On the following day he wrote to Neville Chamberlain:—

"RAWULPINDEE, 13th May 1857.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—With reference to your letter of the 6th, by all means don't send any more detachments to Sialkote. I saw the Punjabi infantrymen who are there under Lieutenant Boswell, and they appear to be in the best temper. I left three Loongees for them to compete for.

"You will have probably heard of the affair at Delhi: we have no further particulars than that the magazine has been taken, Colonel Ripley, Captain Douglas, the Commandant, and several others killed. There appears to be a general insurrection at Delhi, headed by a large party of the 3rd Regular Cavalry, who seem to have deserted. The 54th N.I. were ordered out, and refused to act. Half Meerut had also been burnt down, and yesterday the fire of artillery was heard at Umballa. The European regiments have been ordered

down from the hills, and the native troops at Lahore have been disarmed of all but their bayonets.

"I have proposed, at Edwardes' suggestion, to collect a movable force here of two European regiments of infantry, two irregular infantry, and some irregular cavalry and guns, ready to move on any point, and crush mutiny and rebellion on the instant. I propose 700 picked men of H.M. 27th from Nowshera, 700 of the 24th from this, the Guides, and one Punjab Infantry. This, I suggest, should be Ashe's, but will leave this point to you. You might either do without the corps for the present or order one from Hazara, whichever you may think proper. The regiment should be ready to move directly they receive orders. I propose to send the 55th Native Infantry to Murdan to supply the place of the Guides. Edwardes wanted me to send the 58th from this to supply the place of your corps, but I think the Derajat is better without them. I know that you deprecate employing the Irregular Punjab Force with Native Regulars, and this objection will exist as regards Ashe's corps. But in the first place, it is a lesser evil to send a Punjab corps cis-Indus than a native regular regiment trans-Indus, for there will be no extra *batta* in the former case. Moreover, in the present crisis we must run some risk.

"I have further recommended to the Governor-General that I be empowered to direct that three companies of 80 men be added to each Punjabi regiment, to each Sikh corps, and each Police battalion. That is three companies for eighteen regiments of 4320 men. These companies to form the nucleus hereafter of new Irregular regiments. I have also proposed to raise 1000 Police horse, but this only to be done as a last resource.

"If you could safely spare a corps of Punjab cavalry they might come across at the same time as the infantry. It is said that the King of Delhi has been at the head of the insurrection there. I doubt if he has had much to do with it. He is upwards of eighty years of age, and in his last days had no go, but some of his kinsmen may be at the bottom of it, or have joined subsequently.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

"P.S.—I propose Ashe's corps mainly on his account, supposing he is able to go with them. It is also a good corps for such work, and his influence will be valuable. I will do what you wish about Ashe; which would be best, to ask for brevet rank or a C.B. for him?—Yours,

J. L.

"Brigadier CHAMBERLAIN, &c., &c."

On the same day Sir John Lawrence wrote to the Commander-in-Chief: "Should you not consider that Brigadier S. Cotton can be spared, any able officer you like might

command the movable force. I would name Brigadier Chamberlain, but his army rank is a difficulty."

On Monday night, the 11th of May, Herbert Edwardes wrote to his wife from Peshawur: "The telegraph officer has just sent me a sad piece of news from Delhi, that the sepoys from Meerut had come over and burnt the bungalows there, and killed several Europeans. This is serious, and we must expect the mutiny to spread to every station if not put down with the bayonet at some one cantonment." The following day he wrote to his wife: "The plot is thickening. This morning we got the following telegraphic message from the Deputy-Adjutant-General at Meerut, dated 12 at night of May 10: 'Native troops in open mutiny—cantonments south of Mall burnt—several European officers killed—European troops under arms defending barracks—electric telegraph wires cut.'" On the 12th he also wrote to Sir John Lawrence: "I write a line to tell you that Nicholson and I are of opinion that a strong movable column of reliable troops (Europeans and Irregulars) should take the field in the Punjab at once, and move on the first station that stirs next, and bring the matter without further delay to the bayonet." On the 13th of May Herbert Edwardes despatched an official letter to John Lawrence in which he stated: "Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, who commands the Punjab Irregular Force, and happened fortunately to be at Kohat, was invited over to Peshawur for consultation as to further measures, and he rode in this morning at an early hour." At 11 A.M. Brigadier Cotton, Brigadier Chamberlain, Colonel John Nicholson, and Herbert Edwardes met in a council of war, convened by its president, General Reed, to decide what steps should be taken to ensure the safety of the Punjab. It was proposed and unanimously decided on, subject to the confirmation of the Commander-in-Chief, to form a Movable Column, composed of the *élite* of two European regiments (one to be taken from Peshawur, the

other from Rawul Pindee), with a due proportion of European artillery, and with the Guide Corps, half cavalry and half infantry, and other Punjabi troops and Goorkhas, upon which it was considered that reliance might be placed. It was intended that this column should assemble at Jhelum, a very central position, and there remain ready to fall upon and crush mutineers wherever they might break out. The formation of the Movable Column was approved by the Commander-in-Chief, and carried into execution without delay. The Commander-in-Chief considered that Brigadier Cotton could not be spared from Peshawur, and he appointed Neville Chamberlain to command it. On the 21st of May Neville Chamberlain wrote to his mother:—

“RAWUL PINDEE, 21st May 1857.

“MY DEAR OLD MOTHER.—I write to beg of you not to be alarmed about me and Crawford, for we are in the hands of the true and only God who rules the whole world and all nations, and the convulsion now going on around us must be intended in the end to advance His glory, and therefore as Christians and soldiers our duty is to meet the storm with calm fortitude. I have been appointed to command the ‘movable column’ now assembling at Wuzerabad to move on Lahore, and wherever disaffection may show itself, and I hope that God will give me health and judgment to do all that may be most conducive to England’s welfare. I hope that all will be well in the end, and even if every native soldier in the Punjab was to desert us, I think by good management the European troops might be assembled in one place, and bid defiance to the whole population until rescued from England. At all events I am quite prepared to meet the worst contingency, and there are hundreds of others quite as ready to do so. If our rulers have wisdom this should be a lasting warning to them,—but with Cabul before my eyes I have little faith in any impression being *lasting*. I did my best to prevent Mooltan being destroyed, and in this crisis no soldier can look at the map of the Punjab without seeing the importance of the position.

“I have not heard from Crawford since the mutiny commenced, but have heard from others that he acts as befits a soldier, and that his counsel is relied upon.

“Our worst enemy is the heat, which is excessive, and will continue to be more so until the rains begin. This was of course intended—counted upon,—and if every portion of the plan had been equally well devised, matters would be very much worse than they are. Up to

this time disaffection has not spread to the people of the country, and if the Commander-in-Chief could but strike a blow, or even relieve Meerut, the question might still continue to be with the native army alone. In the Punjab, and at Meerut and at Umballa, we are very strong in European troops compared to the older provinces, so that my fears are more for those east of Agra than anywhere else. For *us men* the worst that can happen is easy, but the blood runs cold when one thinks of what will become of the helpless women and children.

“We are pushing on some of our Irregular infantry from across the Indus, as likely to be staunch; and unless the Mahomedans get up a holy war cry, the Pathans in our ranks are little likely to sympathise with the Hindoos. The correspondence just intercepted shows some of the Moolahs are already at work,—but I hope they are too late in the field. The electric telegraph has been our best friend, and has been of so much assistance as to be another proof of an overruling Providence. God bless you, my dear mother. I still hope to see you again, and perhaps sooner than would otherwise have been the case, for I shall have a right to ask for relaxation after a hot season under canvas.

NEVILLE.”

On the next day he wrote to Crawford:—

“MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—Glad to hear you are getting on so well. If *you* were not so useful below, I think the ‘Canaries’ (1st Cavalry) should have come up to go on to Delhi. As it is Hughes must come, as he can best be spared. Matters progress well up here, but I fear we are going to have a commotion in the Peshawur valley. I go to Jhelum to-night, Wuzeerabad next day, on to Lahore. Tell the girls not to fear. Our enemies have missed the mark this time, and please God they will never have another opportunity. It is the death-struggle between civilisation and barbarism, and Christianity must win. I wish it was cooler. I have only the clothes I have on me—and a suit of Nicholson’s!”

On the 24th May Neville Chamberlain, accompanied by Lieutenant Roberts,¹ his staff-officer, started from Rawul Pindee, and arrived at Lahore on the last day of May. On the 2nd of June the movable column, of which Neville Chamberlain had assumed command, arrived at Lahore. It consisted of Major Dawes’ troop of European Horse Artillery, a European battery of Field Artillery, commanded by Captain Bouchier,² and her Majesty’s 52nd Light

¹ Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G.

² General Sir George Bouchier, K.C.B.

Infantry, commanded by Colonel George Campbell. A wing of the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry and the 35th Native Infantry were attached to the columns. On the night of the 8th of June a spy awoke Lieutenant Roberts, and informed him that the 35th Native Infantry intended to mutiny at daybreak, and that some of them had already loaded their muskets. "I awoke the Brigadier, who directed me to go at once to the British officers of the regiment, tell them what we had heard, and that he would be with them shortly. As soon as the Brigadier arrived the men were ordered to fall in, and on their arms being examined, two of them were found to have been loaded. The sepoy to whom the muskets belonged were made prisoners, and I was ordered to see them lodged in the police station." The Brigadier had them tried at once by a drum-head court-martial composed of native officers. The prisoners were found guilty of mutiny and sentenced to death. That afternoon they were blown away from guns in the presence of the whole column.

"Those men [said Neville Chamberlain, in a manly speech which he addressed to the 35th Native Infantry] have been blown from guns, and not hung, because they were Brahmins, and I wish to save them from the pollution of the hangman's [sweeper's] touch, and thus prove to you that the British Government does not wish to injure your caste and religion. I call upon you to remember that each one of you has sworn to be obedient and faithful to your salt. Fulfil this sacred oath, and not a hair of your head shall be hurt. God forbid that I should have to take the life of another soldier; but, like you, I have sworn to be faithful, and do my duty, and I will fulfil my vow by blowing away every man guilty of sedition and mutiny, as I have done to-day. Listen to no evil counsel, but do your duty as good soldiers."

After the execution Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford:—

"ANARKULLIE, 9th June 1857.

"MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—I hope the task assigned you by General Gowan has been effectually carried out. The orders were issued without reference to me, which makes the charge more honourable. I had to blow two sepoy of the 35th N.I. away from guns this

morning. We march half-way to Umritsir to-night. You will have heard of the Jullundar doings. Our misfortunes are attributable to authority being vested in incompetent hands. I shall be glad to hear of the arrival of the Europeans at Mooltan. Something the matter with the wires. I hope Delhi fell to-day. Mind you see to the proper provisioning of the fort, for if matters go wrong at Delhi, we may expect difficulties in the Punjab. NEVILLE."

On the 7th of June two native corps of infantry and one of cavalry mutinied at Jullundar, and marched for Phillour, where they were joined by the 3rd Native Infantry. The whole body then crossing the Sutlej, did some damage to Loodianah, and then went on to Delhi. John Lawrence was wroth at the want of promptness and energy shown by Brigadier Johnstone, who commanded the station, and he wrote to Neville Chamberlain:—

"RAWULPINDEE, 9th June.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—This mutiny at Jullundar is very unfortunate, and still more unfortunate is the fact that General J. did not crush the rascals, but enabled them to go off as a military body. I much fear that they will go down the road to Umballah, cutting off the communication and destroying our material. I have proposed that the General should follow them; even if he does not overtake them, the move will reassure the country and tend to do good. Brigadier Cotton has got the Sikhs and other Punjabis of the Peshawur regiments together and is raising a battalion. I propose to do the same, and will suggest that the General do this also at Lahore. I have already recommended that he should get the Punjaabee corps of the line together, and call in those on furlough. It seems to me that we must arrange for the whole of the regular native army, with few exceptions, being against us. I would also raise a regiment in the Jullundar under Lake's auspices. We shall then have at—

Peshawur	1	Battalion	}	I would have 400 Sikhs, Hill men, 200 (Mahomedans of the Punjab, not any trans-Indus), Pathans, 400: total, 1000.
Pindee	1	"		
Lahore	1	"		
Jullundar	1	"		
Lodhianeh	1	"		

With these and all our Punjab regiments with their extra companies, we shall have an ample force to hold our own if the Punjab Force only remain loyal. I have told Richard to go on raising horsemen to any extent.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

"Brigadier-General CHAMBERLAIN, &c.

"In the event of any disaster at Delhi, what would you recommend? I would make a virtue of necessity. *Give* Peshawur to the Dost, and bring our European force here from Peshawur, and hold Attok. What say you? It will be well to think of these things beforehand.

"Don't you think that the ladies and the European families should leave Peshawur?"
J. L."

The suggestion to leave Peshawur has caused much discussion, and is a matter of considerable historic interest. But it must be remembered that Sir John Lawrence suggested retirement from Peshawur only in the event of disaster at Delhi. The same day that he wrote to Neville Chamberlain he also wrote to Herbert Edwardes: "I think we must look ahead and consider what should be done in the event of disaster at Delhi. My decided opinion is that in that case we must concentrate. All our safety depends on this. If we attempt to hold the whole country we shall be cut up in detail. The important points in the Punjab are Peshawur, Mooltan, and Lahore, including Umritsur. But I do not think we can hold Peshawur and the other places also in the event of disaster. We could easily retire from Peshawur early in the day. But at the eleventh hour it would be difficult, perhaps impossible."¹ On the 10th of June he wrote to Lord Canning: "The three great points in the Punjab to hold are Peshawur, Lahore (including Umritsur), and Mooltan. If we can hold these firmly we retain our occupation of the Punjab. But if any disaster occurs at Delhi, or even if much delay occurs, and should the Hindostanee Cavalry desert us, I myself do not think that under these circumstances we can do so. . . . I would not give up Peshawur so long as I saw a prospect of success." It required great moral courage to make the suggestion regarding the abandonment of Peshawur, because John Lawrence knew well that it would look to the world as an act of weakness, and be opposed by many of his staunchest friends. It was not their opinion which, however, altered

¹ 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' by R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., ii. 138.

his views. He abandoned it the moment he saw a prospect of success.

Immediately on hearing of the outbreak at Jullundar, Sir John Lawrence determined to disarm the two native infantry regiments at Mooltan, and this was successfully done by Crawford Chamberlain on the 10th of June. Sir John Lawrence wrote to him: "I have to thank you very heartily for the admirable manner in which you disarmed the 62nd and 69th N.I.; it was, I assure you, most delightful news hearing that it had been done. It was a most ticklish thing, considering that it had to be done entirely by native troops. I shall not fail to bring it to the special notice of Government. It would have proved a great calamity had our communications with Bombay been intercepted. I beg you will thank yours and the 2nd Punjab Corps for their conduct."

The Chief Commissioner duly brought Chamberlain's masterly feat to the special notice of Government in the Punjab Mutiny Report, but, as Lord Roberts says, Crawford Chamberlain "was very insufficiently rewarded for this timely act of heroism." The official memorandum, so full of interest, states: "Too much credit cannot well be given to Major Chamberlain for his coolness, resolution, and good management on the trying occasion. . . . As the result of failure would have been calamitous, so the result of success was more favourable. Indeed the disarming at Mooltan was a turning-point in the Punjab crisis, second only in importance to the disarming at Lahore and Peshawur."

On the morning of the 11th of June the movable column arrived at Umritsur, and the same day Neville Chamberlain received a telegram offering him the Adjutant-Generalship of the army in succession to Colonel Chester, who had been killed at the battle of Badli-ki-Serai. He promptly accepted the offer. He did not care for office work, but he wanted to take part in the siege of Delhi.

On the 18th of June he wrote to his mother and sisters:—

“JULLUNDAR CANTONMENT, 7 A.M.,
TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
18th June 1857.

“MY DARLING MOTHER AND SISTERS,—I am just in off the mail-cart from Loodianah, and whilst the signalers are sending messages for me about the troops, I scribble you these few hurried lines. All is quiet in the Punjab up to this time, and so long as too many of our Europeans have not to be drained off to meet the drain which is taking place amongst the gallant band before Delhi, disaffection is not likely to show its head this side of the Sutlej.

“At Delhi they are only keeping their heads above water, but we can hardly expect to do more with only a handful of men, and they dependent upon the Phillour magazine (which is 26 miles from this and 200 miles from Delhi) for ordnance and ammunition.

“Every four-and-twenty hours that rolls over our heads is, however, bringing succour, which, we feel assured, has left Old England on receipt of the news of the outbreak and is coming nearer to us; and though we are few, we do not in the least despair, and with the blessing of God the whole country will be at our feet by Christmas Day. We have learnt a great lesson, and must profit by it. The season is a most extraordinary one—comparatively cool, the rivers unusually low, the bridges all standing. This is of great importance to us; and if the rains only keep off for a few weeks, we shall have nothing to fear.

“All our disasters are attributable to folly and mismanagement, and if Brig. Johnstone had only done his duty, the native troops would never have acted as they have here. He ought to have annihilated them when they first broke out. Up to now I have had command of the movable column. Yesterday I got a summons to go to Delhi to act as Adjutant-Gen. of the army in the place of Col. Chester, killed in the first attack on the intrenchments. I shall be relieved to-morrow or next day, and hope to be at Delhi on the 22nd or 23rd. My health is wonderful! Never better! Can undergo any fatigue or exposure, and do with little sleep. In fact I am able to be here, there, and everywhere. I am very grateful for this mercy, and hope it may be continued. Do not fear for me. I shall be as safe at Delhi as here—unless it pleases God that my bones shall rest there, and if that is His will, why repine? We must all go sooner or later, and to die doing one's duty is the best of deaths. I have lived long enough to be a believer in Christ, and I look to Him for forgiveness of sins. Crawford has done you honour: if all in command had his qualifications, England need not fear for the result. It is a trying time for the poor helpless ladies and women and children. I pity them from the bottom of my heart; they behave beautifully, and many of them have infinitely higher courage than the men. Just received dear Harriett's letter, written the day of the outbreak at Meerut. Ask William to give my news to Sir George

Clerk. . . . Tell Sir George that in my opinion nothing short of double the present number of European infantry and a complete reorganisation of the native army will secure India to us. We must also admit natives to higher posts in the army. I have before this urged the measure on Government. You must also give the posts of trust to competent men, and not make selections because their fathers were bishops or men of county influence. In fact, we must be true to ourselves! Look up my old letters—you will, I think, see that I told you how the struggle would come about. When I went to the Cape in 1853 I told Lord Dalhousie of the *rotten* condition of the army. Also when marching with his camp to Lahore. In Sir Charles Napier's work, 'Indian Misgovernment,' I am the person alluded to as addressed by the Havildar.

"Please God, we will have a chain of iron round India before long. The telegraph saved us from utter destruction.

"NEVILLE."

The following day Neville Chamberlain wrote to his brother:—

"JULLUNDAR, 19th June 1857.

"MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—Nicholson is to be at Lahore to-day on his way to relieve me of the command of the movable column, and as soon as he joins I shall start for Delhi, having been appointed by Gen. Reed to officiate as Adjt.-Gen. of the army. I do not desire the permanent appointment, but as the authorities think I could now be useful as head of the Staff, I am of course ready and willing to obey the summons. I prefer the frontier command to any other appointment, and if they will do things my way I will, in the course of six years, promise them peace from Cashmere to Scinde. I have been at Phillour and Ferozepore arranging about the defence of those places, and seeing to transport of military stores for the army before Delhi. I found it necessary to detain a small European detachment here, for the revolt of the native troops has unsettled men's minds, and the idea was beginning to gain ground that our power was shaken. The movable column is at Khutapore. Fortunately up to this time we have been able to maintain the bridges across the Beas and Sutlej, and both rivers are unusually low—indeed the Sutlej was falling rapidly. Heaven fights on our side, and by November the white Christians will be overrunning the whole land! The Meerut and Delhi massacres sealed the conquest of India, and the blood of the wretched sufferers is the leaven which will in time convert it. Henceforth we shall be able to act boldly, without danger of our acts being misinterpreted, and the day for fearing to do right out of respect to impure creeds has passed away for ever. How often as a youth have I bewailed not having been born in stirring times, and have become disheartened and, I am ashamed

to say, discontented at the idea of never being able to find an avenue to distinction.

“How unjust and short-sighted was this feeling, and maybe if we live there will be no cause to lament want of active work. I am glad to say I keep my health *wonderfully*, and stand the heat and the fatigue as well as anybody.

“Did I tell you that I received full authority to do whatever I thought proper in this part of the country, with the promise of full support? It was the only possible way for me to be able to be of any real use, for nothing can be worse than divided authority. I am sorry the Chief Commissioner has not coincided with me as to disarming the remaining corps in this neighbourhood. Once all the corps going towards Delhi have passed on, and the movable column has returned to Lahore, there will be nothing to prevent the native corps from marching off with colours flying and drums beating.

“Love to Bessie and Miss Annie. They both deserve medals or the Order of Valour.

NEVILLE.”

CHAPTER XII.

The Siege of Delhi—Neville Chamberlain reaches our pickets, June 24—His advent eagerly expected—Lieutenant Alexander Taylor—Death of General Barnard—General Reed assumes command—Letters from Neville Chamberlain—Hard-fought encounter, July 14—Neville Chamberlain wounded—His account of the contest—General Archdale Wilson assumes command—General Nicholson arrives in camp—Battle of Najafgarh—Arrival of siege train—The great breaching battery opens fire—Letters from Neville Chamberlain—The assault—Advance of the columns—Operations of the first and second columns—Operations of the third column—Destruction of the Cashmere Gate—The fourth column fails in its object—Essential service rendered by Neville Chamberlain—Letter to Crawford—Letters from General Wilson—Nicholson wounded—Letter from Baird Smith—Letter from General Wilson—Capture of the town—The Moghul Emperor surrenders to Hodson—Hodson and the Princes—Death of Nicholson—Neville Chamberlain's account of his death—John Lawrence arrives at Delhi—Preserves the Imperial City—Returns to the Punjab accompanied by Neville Chamberlain.

ON the 24th of June Neville Chamberlain reached our pickets at Delhi. His advent was eagerly expected at camp. Colonel Keith Young writes: "We are all so glad in camp to hear of his safe arrival, and hope there will be some generalship now."¹ "He ought," wrote Hodson, "to be worth a thousand men to us." Chamberlain brought with him Lieutenant Alexander Taylor of the Engineers, gifted with great courage, united to rare professional judgment; his advice was always sought by his chief under all circum-

¹ Delhi, 1857. The siege, assault, and capture, as given in the Diary and Correspondence of the late Colonel Keith Young, C.B., Judge-Advocate-General, Bengal. Edited by General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., and Mrs Keith Young.

stances of difficulty and doubt, and to him was entrusted the onerous task of supervising the work of the engineers. Reinforcements from the Punjab also began to arrive, and the effective strength of the British force now amounted in round numbers to nearly 6000 men of all arms. The enemy also at this time received a formidable reinforcement. On the 1st and 2nd July the Rohilcund mutineers arrived at Delhi, marching across the bridge of boats within full view of the spectators from our camp posted on the ridge. They consisted of four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, a horse battery of two post guns, and were commanded by Bakht Khan. He was well known to many officers of that army in camp. They described him as a big fat man, obsequious, fond of the society of Europeans, and very intelligent. He soon gained a great influence over the old King of Delhi, and Neville Chamberlain, who got possession of two of his orders, states: "He styled himself Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General, and he actually made the king give him a grant of the title for him and his heirs for ever." The rebel force now amounted to about 30,000 men. Their guns were numerous, and their ammunition appeared inexhaustible.

On the morning of the 4th of July Sir Henry Barnard, worn out in mind and body, fell an easy victim to cholera. He had gained the admiration and respect of his soldiers by his heroic courage, for under fire his bravery made him conspicuous even among the brave men he commanded; and he had won their love by his gracious and easy manners and his unremitting zeal for their welfare. The command devolved on Major-General Reed, C.B. He was incapacitated for work by severe and continuous sickness, and on Neville Chamberlain, as Adjutant-General, fell the chief labour of the command. All the bridges crossing the canal were now blown up, except one which we retained for our own use, and watched with vedettes of cavalry. The Phoolchudder aqueduct, a work of great solidity, through which the canal water flowed into the city, was also blown up. A

strong force was also sent on the 8th July to destroy the bridge over the Najafgarh Jheel cut, which was effected without opposition. "When the explosion took place it was beautiful," writes Baird Smith, "and the necessary demolition of the most perfect kind."

On the 6th of July Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford:—

"CAMP BEFORE DELHI,
6th July 1857.

"MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—We have just returned from committing poor Gen. Barnard's remains to mother earth. We all feel his loss, for he was so kind and considerate and unselfish—always thinking of everybody else's comfort, and unmindful of himself. Indeed his fault was being too kind and impressionable, and not sufficiently stern in seeing his orders carried out.

"He was one of those brave open-hearted men you could not know without becoming attached to. How he lasted so long is a wonder,—in the sun all day, about all night, never hardly resting, and unlike many he could not command sleep at the moment of leisure, and though of a most cheerful disposition, still allowing little matters to keep his mind always on the stretch. Poor man! I hope he sleeps in Christ. What a blessed hope that is for us all as the termination of our struggle in this world! Just before breakfast I was in his tent writing for him, an hour or so afterwards he was given over, and in a few hours a corpse. Fortunately he suffered little pain, sunk rapidly, and for the last two hours was unconscious. Even in the struggle with death his mind wandered towards the preservation of his troops, and he spoke and gave orders incoherently about an attack on our right flank.

"Since I last wrote the Bareilly mutineers made a flank march by night and attacked and plundered Allypore. . . . A force left camp at 2 A.M. to attack the enemy, which they did at daylight as they were retiring towards Delhi. The mutineers showed little pluck. Had all our cavalry been true, we must have captured their guns. Unfortunately the 9th are not to be depended upon. I appealed to days long gone by, but it was at once apparent that they were no longer the 9th of 1842. Indeed I felt I was more secure with a few Sikhs and Pathans than with them. Wuzeer Khan and some others may be right, and some of the men, but the sight of Delhi seems to have a fatal influence over the minds of all Hindustanee Mahomedans. . . . The heat of the day was most excessive. How the European soldiers stand it is wonderful! but out of a small detachment some twenty-seven men were struck down by the sun. We had a very heavy fall of rain last night and again this morning. This may have interfered with the attack we are threatened with

as positively to come off to-day or to-morrow, simultaneously, on three sides. Their field artillery is their only real strength, and were it not for their having guns, they would do us little harm.

“Captain Barnard is to leave for Mooltan this evening. I have told him to go to you. He is a very nice young fellow,—served on his father’s staff in the Crimea. I know you will treat him as you would me.
NEVILLE.”

On the 11th of July Neville Chamberlain wrote to his brother:—

“CAMP BEFORE DELHI, 11th July 1857.

“MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—A line in a great hurry to say I am all right. On the 8th I accompanied a force which went out to destroy a bridge about eight miles to the right of our camp, by which the enemy moved when desirous of annoying our rear. We accomplished our object without firing a shot, and I got back to work at 12 o’clock, the troops returning in the evening.

“On the 9th, just as we had swallowed our breakfast, our camp was entered by the rear by a party of horsemen, who created a little confusion. They were the 8th Irregulars, and being dressed like the 9th were mistaken for them, until they commenced to cut down all they came across.

“The 9th are accused of admitting them, but I believe this to be false. When they were retreating I was for letting Scott’s 9-pounders into them, but Brigadier Charles Grant said they must be the 9th, and shortly afterwards they received Hodson in the coolest way possible. This is one of the difficulties of our position, and none know better than they how to take advantage of it. About the time the cavalry came into our rear, the mutineers attacked our right in great numbers under a heavy fire of artillery, and this was kept up until about noon, when I was allowed by General Reed to take a force and drive them out of their position, our party from camp taking them in flank, whilst Major Reid’s detachment on duty on the right took them in the front.

“After two hours’ hard fighting we accomplished our task, driving them right into the town, and only halting on the crest of the glacis when we came under fire of grape and musketry from the walls.

“Our loss was of course heavy, for the enemy were very numerous and fought fairly, and the shelter afforded by the houses, gardens, and walls and trees, is equal to a planned fortification. Indeed, nothing can be stronger. Our loss is 40 killed, 172 wounded, 11 missing—all but one of the latter being natives. It was a drenching wet day, and I was not sorry to have some warm clothing to put on on my return to camp at 4 P.M., my traps having arrived that morning. At times the shot flew fast and thick, but it was *not* God’s will that I was to be hit, so I am all ready for the next occasion! I hope to be guided to do what may be best to advance the cause of

Christianity and civilisation, for that is the real gist of the present struggle.

"Yesterday and to-day are quiet, and very little firing from the batteries, and no shells thrown into our position at night. The 9th have been sent out of camp, and I purpose collecting them at Karnal and making them useful in collecting supplies in that neighbourhood. Tombs and Hills¹ of the Artillery behaved most gallantly when attacked by the mutineer cavalry. Both deserve the Order of Valour. . . .

NEVILLE."

On the 14th of July there was another hard-fought encounter. In the morning the mutineers, supported by a heavy fire of artillery from the walls, came out in great force to storm the pickets under Hindoo Rao's ridge² and at the Sabzi Mandi.³ Our troops remained on the defensive till the afternoon, when a column was formed to drive the enemy out of the suburbs. It consisted of six Horse Artillery guns, under Major Turner and Captain Money, the 1st Fusiliers, under Major Jacob, and Major Coke's corps of Punjab Rifles, with a few of the Guides' cavalry, and Hodson's Horse, and the Kohat Risala. Brigadier-General Chamberlain accompanied the column, and on passing the front of Hindoo Rao's ridge it was joined by Major Reid with all the available men from his position. Under a shower of grape the troops moved on till they came to a wall lined with enemy, and they stopped short instead of pushing up to it. "Then Chamberlain, seeing that the men hesitated to advance, leaped his horse clean over the wall into the midst of the enemy, and dared the men to follow, which they did, but he got a ball in his shoulder."⁴

¹ Now Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hills-Johnes, G.C.B., V.C. See 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' by G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., i. 103, 104. Tombs also received the Cross of Valour.

² The most prominent post on the ridge was Hindoo Rao's house, which was held throughout by Major Reid with a party of his own Gurkhas and the 60th Rifles.

³ Sabzi Mandi, a village on the extreme right.

⁴ Hodson's letter dated July 16.

Lord Roberts writes: "We moved on under a very heavy fire until we reached an enclosure the wall of which was lined by the enemy. The troops stopped short, when Chamberlain seeing that they hesitated called upon them to follow him, and gave them a splendid example by jumping his horse over the wall. The men did follow him, and Chamberlain got a ball in his shoulder."—'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., i. 192.

While the Fusiliers and Coke's men were driving the mass of the enemy through the gardens to the right, Hodson went with the Guides, Gurkhas, and part of the Fusiliers along the Grand Trunk Road leading right into the gates of Delhi. "We were exposed to a heavy fire of grape from the walls, and musketry from behind trees and rocks; but pushing on, we drove them right up to the very walls, and then were ordered to retire. This was done too quickly by the artillery, and some confusion ensued, the troops hurrying back too fast. The consequence was the enemy rallied, bringing up infantry, then a large body of cavalry, and behind them again two guns to bear on us." Hodson managed to get eight of his horsemen in front, and to rally some of the Guides' infantry; Greville and Major Jacob coming up at that moment, brought forward a few scattered Fusiliers. A body of the enemy's horse now advanced to the charge, but at Hodson's command, his scanty band opened fire and the rebel cavalry stopped, reeled, turned, and fled in confusion. Their guns were left deserted, and Hodson attempted to steady his men for a charge to capture them.

"We were within thirty paces," he writes, two days after the event, to his wife; "twenty-five resolute men would have been enough, but the soldiers were blown, and could not push on in the face of such odds, unsupported as we were, for the whole of the rest of the troops had retired. My eight horsemen stood their ground, and the little knot of officers used every exertion to aid us, when suddenly two rascals rushed forward with lighted port-fires in their hands, and fired the guns loaded with grape in our faces; and when the smoke cleared away we found, to our infinite disgust and chagrin, that they had limbered up the guns and were off at a gallop. We had then to effect our retreat to rejoin the column under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, and many men and officers were hit in doing it. I managed to get the Guides to retire quietly, fighting as they went, and fairly checking the enemy, on which I galloped back and brought up two guns, when we soon stopped all opposition, and drove the last Pandy into Delhi."

Our loss was 15 men killed, 16 officers and 177 men wounded. Among the wounded were "Chamberlain shot

through the arm, and little Roberts." Little Roberts, while helping the artillery-driver to keep the horses quiet under an incessant fire, suddenly felt "a tremendous blow on my back, which made me faint and sick, and I was afraid I should not be able to remain on my horse. The powerless feeling, however, passed off, and I managed to stick on until I got back to camp. I had been hit close to the spine by a bullet, and the wound would probably have been fatal but for the fact that a leather pouch for caps, which I usually wore in front near my pistol, had somehow slipped round to the back: the bullet passed through this before entering my body, and was thus prevented from penetrating very deep."¹

A letter which Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister after the siege contains an account of the contest which is of historic importance, as it differs in some important respects from any other narrative:—

"As regards the 14th July, the facts are simply these: General Reed, who was then provincial Commander-in-Chief, and in command of the force before Delhi, was too ill and feeble to discharge the duties of his position, and as his Chief of the Staff, and by brevet rank the next senior officer in camp, I had then for some days carried on the duties. Indeed so certainly was my position recognised by poor General Reed, who was completely prostrated by disease and sickness, that all the Staff were in attendance upon me. All reports were addressed to and received by me, and I issued orders without reference to any one, merely telling the General what was going on. The mutineers having threatened and annoyed our right flank throughout the 14th, and it being necessary that the troops employed there should be afforded rest and time to eat their food, I determined upon driving them out of the Sabzi Mandi and Kissengunge suburbs, and to this end issued an order to Brigadier Showers (drafted with my own hand) to assemble certain named infantry and artillery near the mound (a battery on an old brick-kiln which defended our right and right rear flank of camp) at 4 P.M., and to move to the attack. I met the column before it came under fire, and upon the first bullets coming amongst us (as I was riding ahead) I turned round, and pointing out to Brigadier Showers the loss likely to occur if he

¹ 'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., i. 194.

moved up the road in column, requested him to throw out stronger parties of skirmishers to the right and left, and to allow two guns to be immediately advanced to the front to open fire upon numbers of the mutineer infantry who were upon the road and crossing over it to occupy the gardens and buildings which bound it on the right side. My request was carried out, and I continued to lead and direct the troops in their advance up the main road until we entered upon the open ground in front of the Cabul gate of the city, and about 400 yards from the walls. It then became necessary to retire to avoid the direct fire from the works, and this again was commenced under my orders, and was being carried out under my instructions when I was disabled by my wound. Indeed when I was struck I was proceeding to see that two guns had been placed as ordered by me at the cross-roads to cover our retirement, and after I was wounded, and whilst making for our nearest picket, I passed the place above alluded to, and not finding the guns there I sent back another order to the artillery officer to lose no time in so doing, and requested one of the General's A.D.C. (who about this time joined me) to see to its being done, and he came to me at the picket shortly afterwards and reported that the guns were in position. I did not see Brigadier Showers after the commencement of the advance, and I have always been under the impression that he accompanied the troops engaged to my right. Just as we were commencing to retire I said to Major Turner, who commanded the troop of horse artillery employed, that I should go towards the right and see how matters got on there, and his reply was, 'Pray remain here, for there is no one else to command us,' and I did so at his request, and was shortly afterwards struck. Brigadier Showers is a much older officer than myself, has always borne a high reputation, and has invariably exhibited the highest courage: there was, therefore, every reason and desire on my part to show him the utmost consideration. It was never my wish to step in between him and any distinction, and had I not been wounded would certainly have requested him to send in his report of the affair. As it is I have never yet even seen the said dispatches, and your letter first acquaints me of its purport. I certainly am surprised to hear that I am only alluded to in it as amongst the wounded! Not on account of personal feeling, except that as Brigadier-General and Adjutant-General of the army, the omission of any further notice might be misinterpreted to my professional disadvantage, or be set down as tantamount that I misconducted myself on the occasion.

"To conclude this long story, and to prove to you that I did not forfeit the confidence of the force, I may mention that Lieutenant-Colonel Baird Smith,¹ our Chief Engineer, on paying me

¹ A skilled and accomplished Engineer,—a man of great ability, resource, and courage,—Baird Smith became from the day of his arrival one of the most trusted counsellors in all matters relating to the siege.

a visit shortly after I was brought into camp, told me that we had better have lost 500 soldiers, and the sympathy shown me by all the senior officers certainly indicated a good feeling and respect towards me on their part. So highly do I prize the respect of my brother officers, and especially those amongst them whom I respect, that if I felt I had lost it I would leave the profession to-morrow and gain my livelihood by breaking stones, or any other humble but honest means.

“If I have not been done full justice to, mine is not the only exception: there are others with far higher claims. Take, for instance, Captain Taylor of the Engineers. From the day of his arrival in camp to the fall of the place, he was ever foremost, and a host in himself. In short, we are more indebted to him for the result of the short siege than to any other individual. He certainly is alluded to in General Wilson’s dispatch, but who will ever know the services he rendered? I might also cite other instances.”

Another letter to his sisters gives a vivid sketch of the state of affairs in camp, and a too modest account of how he was wounded:—

“MY DEAREST LARRY,—It is a long time since I have had a good chat with you, such as I used to indulge in when seated on the fore-chest of my waggon in the wilds of South Africa, but I dare say you have often felt a desire to be informed on many little details connected with our life in camp before this place which the public prints have never properly revealed, so I cannot devote a leisure hour to a better purpose than fulfilling this wish. I joined the camp on the 24th June when affairs looked as unprosperous as they ever did. The previous day the mutineers had struggled from sunrise to sunset to obtain the mastery, believing that as our power in India was founded at Plassey a hundred years before, so it was fated to terminate on the anniversary of the centenary. A few days before that an attack on the rear of the camp had been met with difficulty: the mutineers sent cannon-balls into camp, one lodging in the kitchen of the general commanding.

“Of the original small force many had been killed or wounded, and many had died of cholera. The supply of everything in camp, from ammunition to food for man and beast, was extremely limited, and every one felt that no trust could be placed on any single Hindustanee in camp, whether soldier or camp-follower. Furthermore, at this period of the rebellion it was impossible to say what course the Sikhs and Afghans would pursue, every one acquainted with native character knowing that if disturbances arose in the Punjab, they might either side against us or return to their own

country. This was the real state within the camp, whilst without a line of some miles had to be defended by a handful of men against vastly superior numbers, and whilst our troops and guns had little or no shelter from the mutineers' fire, the latter were protected by the works of the fort and the suburbs. In short, no greater inequality can be conceived, but notwithstanding these disadvantages our eventual success was never doubted. The officers were as cheerful as if quietly in cantonments, and never have I been in a camp where there were fewer croakers! On going round with poor General Barnard it was impossible but to come to the conclusion that the means thus at his disposal were quite inadequate to the object in view, and I of course told him so. I have since heard that on his returning to camp, he mentioned to a brother officer that I did not give him much consolation; but the result has proved that I took a fair estimate of affairs, for had either an assault or approaches been attempted we should not, in all probability, have lived to see our patience crowned with success. Two or three days before my arrival an assault *had* been determined upon, but fortunately it was prevented by an officer hesitating to carry out an order. After my arrival also, General Barnard was on the point of risking all in opposition to his own judgment, the letters and messages he received from Calcutta, Agra, and Lahore being of a character to unhinge most men, and make them mistrust their judgment; but here again Providence stepped in to uphold us, and the encampment of a large force outside the walls made the idea impossible. Thus, then, there was no course but to remain where we were or to retire, but, with rare exceptions, all felt that there was in reality but *one* plan,—and that was to conquer or let our bones bleach on the hillside.

“With this conclusion our attention was directed to strengthening our position and acting purely on the defensive, except when the communication with our rear was threatened, when of course it became necessary to encounter and defeat the mutineers at all hazards, and at any sacrifice of life. In this manner were the troops doomed to an inactivity of all others most trying to English soldiers (and this under a burning sun), and for ten weeks or more were the soldiers constantly under arms ready to meet attacks, both officers and men being struck down by the mutineers' fire, and the men in a proportion, I believe, greater than that suffered at Sebastopol; and having every third or fourth day to expel the mutineers from a line of suburbs which it was impossible to allow them to retain permanent possession of without imperilling our safety. All this time too cholera was carrying off its victims, and all these causes worked together to thin our ranks, and deprive England of many noble and gallant sons who now sleep their last sleep side by side until the coming of that time when there will be no evil, no wrongs to resist. It was on one of the occasions of

driving the mutineers out of the suburbs of Subzee Mundee that I received my wound, and in this wise. After we had followed them up to the glacis it became necessary to retire to avoid the fire of the works, and I had turned round to see that two guns I had ordered to be placed at a cross road, by which we should have to retire, had been placed, when I received the tap on my shoulder! The blow shattered the bone and caused my arm to twist round in a most uncomfortable manner, but after the first few seconds the muscles relaxed a little, and I was happily able to make the elbow counter-march to its usual place, which relieved me greatly. Finding myself getting faint from loss of blood, I made over the command and rode towards our nearest picket, where I was glad to alight and take advantage of an officer's bedding and brandy-and-water—on these occasions brandy is real *eau-de-vie*, for it gives fresh life. The cry for stretchers for the soldiers was met with difficulty, so I sent my orderly to camp for one.

“It was one of those charming evenings we sometimes have in India during the rainy season, and as I was being borne back to camp, I could not avoid contrasting the exquisite beauty and calm of Nature with the scene I had left. When getting out of the doolie to reach my bed I fainted and fell, and might have aggravated the injury but did not. After the surgeons had examined the wound and removed as much of the fractured bone as they could, I was left to myself, and the next two or three days were passed in a half state of stupefaction from morphia, when the arm was pronounced safe. From this time until the bone had sufficiently united to allow me to sit up, I was fixed to the broad of my back; but somehow or other we soon suit ourselves to circumstances, and had it not been for a boil (carbuncle) on my shoulder, produced by the ropes of my bed rubbing the skin, I should not have found the position so irksome. In this way eight weeks passed, my interest in the struggle being confined to listening to the fire, and afterwards being told of what had gone on. I had the very best medical attendance, and many luxuries a soldier has no right to expect, and friends came daily to see me, so I was not so much to be pitied. Nevertheless it was a heavy blow to be knocked down early in the day, and I felt it, but these occasions are favourable opportunities for thinking, and I hope I derived some benefit from this one. Myself and two staff-officers left camp together that day, and it was somewhat strange that all three of us should return wounded.”

On the 17th of July Major-General Reed was compelled by the state of his health to proceed on sick leave to Simla. He made over command of the force to Brigadier Archdale Wilson of the Artillery, who was known to be an energetic skilled artillery officer, conferring on him the rank of

Brigadier-General in anticipation of the sanction of Government; for as a colonel, Brigadier Wilson was not the senior officer with the troops at Delhi.

Nothing occurred save the usual artillery fire on both sides and the skirmishing at our advanced breastworks till the 1st of August, the great Mahomedan festival of the Bakra Eed, which, according to the history of Islam, commemorates the day when Abraham intended to sacrifice Ishmael. On that day the unbelievers were to be exterminated. In the afternoon, wild with religious enthusiasm, the rebels poured forth from the city gates, which were closed behind them. Their zeal rekindled by the loud cries which rang from the minarets of the city mosques, the intrepid fanatics, shouting the old Moslem battle-cry which had struck dismay in the ranks of the Roman legion, threw themselves upon our works. A deadly fire from our breastworks checked their advance and broke their ranks. Again and again the assailants rallied and rushed upon the breastworks, but the steady volleys stopped their charge. All that August night the battle raged, the batteries from four bastions poured forth without ceasing their shot and shell, and the ridge was lighted by the flashes of our guns as they sent forth their reply; the air rang with the wild cries of the fanatics and the rolling of musketry. The day dawned and the fight still continued, and it was past noon when the enemy, who had fought manfully, retired baffled. Their loss was great. In front of a breastwork at the right of the "Sammy House," where the fiercest struggle took place, 197 dead bodies were counted.¹

The enemy returned to the city, their hearts sick with deferred hope. By no art and no bravery could they drive us from the ridge. The nature of the struggle was now transformed. We became the besiegers and not the besieged. On the 7th of August John Nicholson arrived in camp. On the 22nd of June he succeeded Neville Chamberlain as commander of the movable column, and disarmed the

¹ 'Indian Mutiny,' by G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., i. 112, 113.

native troops at Phillour, thus preserving the only arsenal in India which could supply the army before Delhi. His next exploit was the pursuit and annihilation of the mutineers, who had murdered many Europeans at Sialkote. On receiving the welcome orders to march for Delhi he pushed forward with all speed, and on reaching Umballa he hurried on in advance of his men to consult with General Wilson. After taking counsel with the Chief he returned to the column, and on August 14 he marched into camp at the head of it. And now "a stranger of very striking appearance was remarked visiting all our pickets, examining everything, and making most searching inquiries about their strength and history. His attire gave no clue to his rank; it evidently never cost the owner a thought. . . . It was soon made out that this was General Nicholson, whose person was not yet known in camp; and it was whispered at the same time that he was possessed of the most brilliant military genius."¹ One who took part in the siege describes him "as a fine imposing-looking man who never speaks if he can help it; which is a great gift for a public man. But if we had all been as solemn and as taciturn during the last two months, I do not think we should have survived. Our genial jolly mess-dinners have kept up our spirits."

On the 24th of August a large body of the enemy, with eighteen guns, left Delhi, with the avowed intention of intercepting the siege-train. At daybreak on the following morning a column under Brigadier-General Nicholson was despatched to follow them and bring them to action. It consisted of about 2000 infantry and cavalry, with 16 horse artillery guns. The march was wearisome and fatiguing to the men. The rain was falling in torrents, and the roads were mere quagmires. It was only by putting their shoulders to the wheels that the artillerymen got the guns through two wide swamps. At noon a halt was sounded, but the General, hearing that the rebels were about twelve miles in front at a place called Najafgarh, determined if possible to overtake

¹ 'History of the Siege of Delhi,' by an Officer who served there, p. 223.

and rout them before nightfall. The men were worn by the morning's march, but their discipline was good, and eager to meet the foe, they cheerfully responded to their General's call and pushed forward. At sunset they reached a branch of the Najafgarh Canal, which the rains had flooded into the depth and dimensions of a river, and found the enemy posted on the other side to the left of the line of advance. Their position extended from a bridge over the main canal to the town of Najafgarh, a distance of a mile and three-quarters or two miles. "Their strongest point was an old *serai* on their left centre, in which they had four guns; nine more guns were between this and the bridge." The stream was full and rapid and the ford difficult and deep, and with much difficulty and some delay the passage was effected under a heavy fire from the enemy. The evening was far advanced before all the troops had crossed, and Nicholson had only time to make a very hasty reconnaissance. He quickly determined to attack the *serai* and force the left centre, and then changing front to the left to sweep down their line of guns towards the bridge. One hundred men of each corps were left in reserve, and the 61st Foot, the 1st Fusiliers, and the 2nd Regiment Punjab Infantry were formed up, with four guns on the right and ten on the left flank, supported by the squadrons of the 9th Lancers and the Guides Cavalry. General Nicholson rode down the line, and speaking to the men in his clear commanding voice, warned them to hold their fire till within close quarters, and ordered them to lie down below the low ridge on which the guns were posted; but he himself kept his saddle, and remained in the centre until the moment came when he could lead them forward. The English batteries now began to play with astonishing activity and accuracy, and after a few rounds Nicholson gave the word, and the men rose alert from the ground and rushed over the hillock. Then, amidst a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, they worked their way forward through the deep morass. They gained ground only by degrees, and many fell beneath the

storm of grape, canister, and musketry. But they fired not a shot; they went forward. Nicholson, riding in front, cheered them on till they came within thirty yards of the enemy's batteries, and then he gave the word "Charge," and with a volley and a loud English shout they rushed the guns. Close and desperate then was the fight, but the British soldiers won their way and carried the *serai* at the point of the bayonet. Then changing front they swept down the enemy's line towards the bridge. The rebels, finding the whole position of their guns had been turned, made little resistance, and were soon in full retreat across the bridge, with our guns playing upon them. Our troops followed hard, and thirteen of the rebel guns were captured.

After this defeat at Najafgarh the enemy made no further attempt to molest the siege-train, which was slowly wending its way down from the Punjab, and on September 3rd over thirty pieces of heavy ordnance, with ample supplies of ammunition, arrived in camp. About the 5th or 6th of September Neville Chamberlain was able to go out in a doolie. "I used to ascend the ridge morning and evening, my friend Nicholson frequently accompanying me. Poor fellow, there he was full of life and hope!" By the 6th of September all the reinforcements had arrived, and it was determined that the siege should be at once commenced and prosecuted with the utmost vigour. On the 7th of September in the dusk of the evening the first battery was silently traced out 700 yards from the Moree Bastion. Four days later the great breaching battery, about 160 yards from the Water Bastion, opened fire, and as the shot told and the stones began to fly a loud cheer burst forth from the artillerymen. The Cashmere Bastion attempted to reply but was quickly silenced, and the bastion and curtain came rushing down on all sides. On the 12th of September fifty guns and mortars from four batteries poured their shot and shell upon the city. Night and day was the overwhelming fire continued. But the garrison did not allow the bom-

bardment to proceed without interruption. Unable to work a gun from any of the bastions, they brought them into the open and enfiladed our batteries. They got a gun to bear upon our front from a hole in the curtain wall. They sent rockets from one of their Martello towers, and they maintained a perfect storm of musketry from their advanced trench and from the city walls. No part of the batteries was left unsearched by their fire. Though three months' incessant work in them had made our men skilful in using the cover they had, many were laid low by the deadly fire of muskets and enfilading artillery. Our loss during the six days the trenches were open was 327.¹

On the 13th of September Neville Chamberlain wrote as follows:—

“CAMP BEFORE DELHI, 13th September 1857.

“MY DEAR SISTERS,—Thanks be to God, our guns are at last thundering away against the defences, and for the past eight-and-forty hours there has been little intermission between the booming of cannon and rattle of musketry. We were fortunately able to establish our batteries unknown to the mutineers, and this good luck has saved us many valuable lives. The faces of the bastions which have so long bid us defiance already wear a different aspect, and if things go rightly, I hope, within the next eight-and-forty hours, to be able to address my correspondence *from*—not *before* Delhi.

“I am most sanguine of our assault proving successful, but at what cost of life must of course depend upon the nature of the resistance offered inside the town.

“I am much better, and able to walk a little, but of course still weak, and obliged to take great care of my arm. Neither of the orifices have yet closed, but the bone has united sufficiently firmly to support the weight of the arm. My condition unfits me also from taking any part in the assault, so that you will have little to feel proud about as far as I am concerned. The recapture of Delhi will be a mortal blow to the rebellion, and my belief is that the ship will then speedily right.

“Much, however, will have to be done, and much avoided, for notwithstanding the atrocities committed upon our unhappy countrywomen and men, it will never do to wage a continual war upon either Hindoo or Mahomedan, or throw ourselves into the hands of Sikhs or Pathans.

“The regeneration of a very wonderful country is before us,—and

¹ ‘Indian Mutiny,’ by G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., i. 131.

if England will but interest herself in the matter, as she does about a parish squabble at home, a mighty change might be expected during the next ten years.

"You will see I have been appointed Adjutant-General of the army.¹ There are many reasons why I prefer to retain the command of the frontier, and unless I am told the interests of the public service require my accepting my new appointment, I shall beg to be allowed to retrace my steps trans-Indus.

"I know I can give satisfaction there, and I am very doubtful that I should be able to do so as Adjutant-General, more especially under the new *régime*. . . .

NEVILLE."

The same day he wrote to Crawford:—

"CAMP BEFORE DELHI, 13th September 1857.

"MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—Very sorry to hear of you all being laid up. The construction of the batteries took longer than the Engineers calculated, hence a greater delay in our assault than I led you to expect.

"For the last three days I have been well enough to visit our first batteries on the ridge, and morning and evening I take my airing in a doolie, and watch the effect of our and the mutineers' fire. The first night I passed on as far as Hindoo Rao's house, in the battery just beneath which was poor Fagan of the Artillery firing salvos on the Moree Bastion,—no man had come out better in this camp, and he had earned quite a reputation with all ranks for his energy, courage, and cheerfulness. It was quite a gratification for me to shake his hand and congratulate him on his good fortune in having escaped unscathed. Last evening, when on my way to the ridge, I saw a doolie pass with a soldier by its side, and asked if it contained a wounded man. Imagine my horror on hearing the abrupt reply—'Captain Fagan, sir,—killed.' He had been sent to the breaching battery within 180 yards of the wall, and had just laid a gun and looked over the mantel to see if the aim was correct, when his brain was penetrated by a musket-ball. Please God, we shall soon hear no more cannon or musketry, but before this takes place many fine spirits will pass away, and a severe retribution taken upon the mutineers and rebels in Delhi. I have a poor young fellow in my tent, shot through the mouth and smashed jaw. He was doing duty with the Sirmoor Battalion, and was struck whilst laudably and gallantly

¹ On the 20th of July Neville Chamberlain was confirmed in the post of Adjutant-General. Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, who, on the death of General Anson, was summoned to Calcutta to act as Commander-in-Chief in India, wrote to him: "You owe your appointment entirely to your own great merit and distinguished service, and it cannot fail, therefore, to be the more acceptable to you."

trying to put out a fire in our battery. He can only swallow a few mouthfuls of liquid at a time, and my invalid cup is in full swing again. His name is Lockhart, of the 7th N.I.

“I have written myself tired—so adieu, send on my letter to the girls.
NEVILLE.”

On the night of the 13th September four Engineer officers were sent down to examine each of the two breaches near the Cashmere and Water Bastions, and having reported them to be practicable, orders were at once issued for the assault to take place the coming morning.

The infantry of the storming force was organised in five columns. The first, under Brigadier-General Nicholson, was to storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion and escalate the face of the bastion. The second, under Brigadier Jones of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment, was to storm the breach in the Water Bastion. The third column, under Colonel Campbell of Her Majesty's 52nd Regiment of Light Infantry, was to assault by the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown up. The fourth, under Major C. Reid commanding the Sirmur Battalion, was to attack the suburbs of Kis-sengunge and Paharipore, and support the main attack by effecting an entrance at the Cabul Gate. The fifth or reserve column, under Brigadier Longfield, Her Majesty's 8th Regiment, was to await the result of the attack, and, on the columns entering the city, to take possession of the posts which the General had previously assigned to it.

Long before dawn broke the assaulting columns had taken their appointed places. It was intended that the assault should be delivered at the break of day, but many of the men belonging to the different regiments of the storming force had been on picket duty all night, and it took some time for them to join their respective corps. The sun had risen high over the horizon before Nicholson gave the signal. The Rifles with a loud cheer dashed to the front in skirmishing order, and at the same moment the heads of the storming columns appeared from the Kudsia Bagh and moved silently and steadily against the breaches. No

sooner were their front ranks seen by the rebels than a storm of bullets met them on every side, and officers and men fell fast on the crest of the glacis. For ten minutes it was impossible to get the ladders down the ditch, but the stubborn British soldier accomplished it. After one or two vain attempts they reared them against the escarpment, and amidst showers of stones and bullets they ascended, rushed both the breaches, and for a few seconds along the battlements the conflict raged furiously, but the rebels were hurled back, and the ramparts which had so long defied us were our own.¹

The third column had in the meantime advanced towards the Cashmere Gate and halted, while the small band of heroes who were to blow in the massive gateway went forward in the very teeth of a hot fire of musketry from all sides.

“Covered by the fire of Her Majesty’s 60th Rifles this party advanced at the double towards the Cashmere Gate; Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants John Smith and Carmichael and Havildar Madhoo, all of them sappers, leading, and carrying the powder-bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and a section of the remainder of the party. The advanced party reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing across the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder, Havildar Madhoo being at the same time wounded. The powder being laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to perform its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully performed his duty. Havildar Tiluk Singh, of the sappers and miners, was wounded, and Ram Nath, sepoy of the same corps, was killed during this part of the operation.

“The demolition having been successful, Lieutenant Home, happily unwounded, caused the bugler to sound the regimental call of the

¹ For details of the columns and the assaults, see ‘History of the Indian Mutiny,’ by G. W. Forrest, i. 134-142. Also ‘Selections from the State Papers, Indian Mutiny,’ vol. i., Delhi, edited by G. W. Forrest (1893), pp. 81, 82, 472.

52nd Regiment as the signal for the advance of the column. Fearing that amid the noise of the assault the sound might not be heard, he had the call repeated three times, when the troops advanced and carried the gateway with entire success."¹

Salkeld, mortally wounded, handing over the port-fire and bidding his comrade light the train, is one of the most heroic incidents which illustrates the annals of England.²

The first three columns carried out their task with perfect success, but the fourth column failed in its object. Under Major Reid it advanced from the Sabzi Mandi towards Kissengunge, the Cashmere Contingent co-operating in two divisions; the main body acting as a reserve, and a detachment attacking the Eedgah on the right. The latter were so sharply attacked by the insurgents, who were in great force, that after losing a great number of men and four guns it was completely routed. Major Reid, finding the Jummoo Contingent engaged, moved down the road towards Kissengunge to their support. The enemy opened fire from the bridge over the canal and from behind walls and the loopholed *serai* of Kissengunge. Major Reid fell wounded in the head. The fall of their gallant leader checked the advance of the Goorkhas. The Fusiliers came to the front at the double. For a moment Rifles and Fusiliers were in possession of the breastwork at the end of the *serai*, but unsupported they were unable to maintain their position under the heavy flanking fire to which they were exposed. The enemy, elated with their success, attacked the column vigorously in great numbers from the Lahore Gate. There was grave danger of their breaking into our unguarded

¹ From Lieutenant-Colonel R. Baird-Smith, Chief Engineer, Delhi Field Force, to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Delhi Field Force, dated Headquarters, Delhi, 17th September 1857.

² Just outside the Cashmere Gate that fine soldier Lord Napier of Magdala has erected a simple tablet to the men who took part in that brave deed. On it are inscribed the names of the four sepoy. Two were wounded and one was killed, as the official dispatch records. It is meet and right to honour the memory of those who, in spite of terrible temptation, remain faithful to their colours. The history of the Mutiny abounds with examples of heroic deeds wrought by Englishmen; it also abounds with examples of noble self-sacrifice displayed by sepoy for their officers.

camp or turning the flank of our storming-parties. But a smart fire of shrapnel, opened on them from a battery of light guns on the ridge, checked their advance, and Neville Chamberlain, who, unable to take part in the assault owing to his wound, had come to Hindoo Rao's house to watch the operations, on seeing the repulse of Reid's column and the danger which threatened our rear, hurried down in a litter, took command, got the corps separated, told off the different defences, and so made safe the right of the ridge. Captain Daly and a Sikh native officer of the Guides, named Khan Rosa Singh, being incapacitated from active duty by wounds, were with him at Hindoo Rao's house. Daly also descended, and though able neither to ride nor run took charge of the picket.¹ The essential service which Neville Chamberlain rendered that day has never been sufficiently recognised. In a memorandum, and in a letter written to Crawford the same afternoon, he described what happened:—

“From the roof of Hindoo Rao's house we three watched for the breaching batteries on the left of our frontier to cease firing, as we knew that this would be the signal for the advance of the storming columns; and I may add that great was our anxiety to watch the increasing daylight and still to see the shells flying in the air towards the city walls.

“When the shelling ceased Reid's attack began. Daly, Khan Singh, and I watched their operations from the roof of Hindoo Rao's house. We saw the repulse of Reid's column, and could not fail to admire the conduct of the mutineer native officers as they rode along in front of their regiments endeavouring to incite their men to press home their advantage against the Cashmere Contingent, which was clearly visible, as it was acting in the comparatively open ground. So critical did affairs then look that it seemed possible the enemy might succeed in passing through, or might turn our right defences and attack them from the rear. I therefore called on to the roof the small guard which had been left to protect Hindoo Rao's house, and Daly, Khan Singh, and I were each prepared to have to use a musket. The house was filled with wounded men, and in the underground storey was the magazine for the (*then*) unmanned battery situated to the right of the house.²

¹ ‘Memoirs of General Sir Henry Dermot Daly,’ by Major Daly, p. 177.

² The gunners had been withdrawn for duty elsewhere.

“At this time the Moree Bastion (of the city) was still in the possession of the enemy, and they, being aware of the repulse of Reid’s column, endeavoured to help their comrades outside by keeping up a fire on the Hindoo Rao position, until driven out of the bastion by the advance of Nicholson’s column. We then entered into communication with Nicholson, and I learnt that up to that time he was uninjured.

“On seeing Reid’s column being driven back, I sent word to General Wilson, and applied to him for help. He sent me the Belooch Battalion, but before it could arrive, Reid’s disordered column having got under the cover of our right defences, it was re-formed, and order was restored.

“Some cavalry in the more open ground behind and below our right rear no doubt helped to deter the mutineers from passing in that direction. From Hindoo Rao’s we were able to forewarn our cavalry as to the urgent call for their services, and to ask that they should be joined by any other cavalry available. Every infantry soldier had been withdrawn from the camp and defences in order to strengthen the columns of attack.

“By the time the Belooch Battalion reached us there was no longer any urgency for its retention, and to the best of my recollection I ordered it to proceed to the help of some infantry which had been sent to capture guns posted below us, and which had been firing upon Grant’s force of cavalry and horse artillery whilst drawn up in the hollow between us and the city walls. These guns were subsequently turned upon us. The infantry had got surrounded, and were defending themselves in a garden enclosure, being unable to return.”

At 3 P.M. Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford:—

“HINDOO RAO’S, 3 P.M.,
14th September 1857.

“MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—Thank God! our assault has so far been successful that we hold from the Water Bastion to the Cabool Gate. The column which was told off to take the Jumma Musjeed was driven back. We are now taking in heavy guns and our mortars to shell the portion of the town in the possession of the mutineers, as also the Palace and the Selim Garh. The guns we found on the bastions are also being turned on the town. Our loss has been heavy in the town. Both Nicholsons wounded and a number of officers killed, they say. I made this my place, as likely to be more useful, more than elsewhere, and it was well I came. Reid’s column attacked Teylu Walla at the same time as the breach was assaulted. He was wounded. The Jummo troops bolted, lost the whole or a portion of their guns, came back on our men, created a panic, and we were driven back in confusion, leaving our killed and some

wounded (I believe) behind. The loss was severe—poor M^cBarnett killed, Murray 42nd, and another officer, several wounded.¹ At such a crisis it was not time to think of arms or weak legs or anything else, so down I hurried in a litter and took command, and got the corps separated and told off the different defences. In a short time all was quiet. We see few mutineers, though the guns occasionally give us a shot.

“We have still tough work before us, but I cannot doubt but God will side with us. I have not returned myself as well, but shall do so now. Jacob is wounded, and they say almost every officer of the corps. The escapes to-day have been wonderful. I am astonished at my strength and activity. A few days ago a yard sufficed to tire me. Now I have an unnatural strength and elasticity.
NEVILLE.”

Soon after our troops had entered Delhi, General Wilson, owing to “our great loss in officers,” says Neville Chamberlain, “and the check sustained in the attack on the great Mosque and Lahore Gate, as also the disorganisation of the troops from loss and fatigue,” sent him the following note in pencil:—

From General Wilson.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—Pray send me back the Belooch Battalion. I am very weak here. I have directed Brind to withdraw the guns from his battery. I hope you will help him with some men in limbering them up. I hope we shall be able to hold what we have got. But our men have lost much heart.—Yours sincerely,
A. WILSON.

“14th September 1857.”

Some hours afterwards Neville Chamberlain received at Hindoo Rao's house another note from General Wilson:—

From General Wilson.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—Can you do anything from Hindoo Rao's house to assist us, or are the Pandys still too strong for you

¹ Lieutenant A. W. Murray, 42nd N.I., attached to the Guides. “And Lieutenant A. W. Murray of the Guides was killed while gallantly seconding his immediate superior, Lieutenant Shebbeare, who was himself struck by two balls.” From D. D. Muter, Her Majesty's 1st Battalion 60th Royal Rifles, to Major R. T. Ewart, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, dated Camp, Delhi, 17th September 1857.

in Kissengunge? Our numbers are frightfully reduced, and we have lost so many senior officers that the men are not under proper control; indeed I doubt if they could be got to do anything dashing. I want your advice. If the Hindoo Rao picket cannot be moved, I do not think we shall be strong enough to take the city. I have just heard you have returned to camp, but still ask your opinion and advice.—Yours sincerely,

A. WILSON.

“14th September.”

Neville Chamberlain understood General Wilson's second letter to imply that he contemplated withdrawing the troops from the city, and he dictated a reply based on this supposition to his aide-de-camp, Captain Turnbull, who took it to the General.

“Its purport was that we had no alternative but to hold the town until the fall of the last man. That General Wilson should bear in mind the great value of the success, in capturing the defences the mutineers had for three months trusted to, the possession of so many of their guns, the moral depression which was certain to be the result in the ranks of the mutineers; that they would now be like a rope of sand, and be more disorganised and demoralised as hour succeeded hour; and that we had only to persevere to succeed. I was going to add that the way was to press the mutineers with every available man, but Captain Turnbull begged me not to add this, saying that in the General's excited state of mind it might induce him to act in the opposite direction and do something rash.”

All being right now at Hindoo Rao's house, Neville Chamberlain went to camp to see John Nicholson, who, he heard, was dying fast. Nicholson's orders were to force his way to the Ajmere Gate by the road running inside the city walls, and to clear the ramparts and bastions as he went. When the first column had made good its lodgment on the walls it swept along their circuit, taking the Moree Bastion and the Cabul Gate. On reaching the head of the street at the Cabul Gate the enemy made a resolute stand, but were speedily driven forward. A portion of the first column was halted here, and proceeded to occupy the houses round the Cabul Gate, while the remainder continued the pursuit. At the end of the ramp which led up to the Cabul Gate, the road becomes a narrow lane,

bounded on the right by the wall of the city, and on the left by houses with flat roofs and parapets which afforded convenient shelter for sharp-shooters. Sixty yards from the ramp the wall and lane suddenly bend, and on the city side there is a strong lofty house with a blank wall, broken by only two windows. At the bend the road was blocked by a brass field-gun, and 100 yards farther on there was another gun which commanded it. Behind both were bullet-proof screens, and projecting from the wall was the Burn Bastion, armed with heavy field-pieces, and capable of containing a large body of men. As the troops advanced up Rampart Road, the enemy opened a heavy and destructive fire from the guns on the road and a field-piece planted on the wall. The English soldiers, raising a shout, rushed and took the first gun on the road, but were brought to a check within ten yards of the second by the grape and musketry with which the enemy plied them, and by the stones and iron shot which they rolled on them. Seeking all the scanty shelter they could find, the men retired, leaving behind the gun they had captured. After a short pause they were re-formed, and the order was given to advance. Once again the Fusiliers, scathed with fire from both sides, charged up that lane, and after a sharp dispute seized and secured the gun.

They again advanced, and had gone but a few yards when their gallant leader, Major Jacob, fell mortally wounded. As he lay writhing in agony on the ground, two or three of his men wished to carry him to the rear, but he refused their aid, and urged them to press on against the foe. The officers, bounding far ahead of their men, were swiftly struck down, and the soldiers, seeing their leaders fall, began to waver. At this moment the heroic Nicholson arrived, and springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to follow him, and instantly he was shot through the chest. Near the spot grows a tall graceful tree, and Nicholson ordered himself to be laid beneath its shade, and said he would

wait there till Delhi was taken. But for once he was disobeyed, and removed to his tent on the ridge.¹

Neville Chamberlain found him lying stretched on a charpoy, helpless as an infant, breathing with difficulty, and only able to jerk out his words in syllables at long intervals and with pain. "He asked me to tell him exactly what the surgeon said of his case; and after I had told him, he wished to know how much of the town was in our possession, and what we proposed doing. Talking was of course bad for him and prohibited, and the morphia, which was given him in large doses to annul pain and secure rest, soon produced a state of stupor." Before returning to Hindoo Rao's house, Neville Chamberlain again saw him about 11 P.M. "He was much the same, but feeling his skin to be chilled, I suppose from the loss of blood, and two hand punkahs going, I got him to consent to my covering him with a light Rampore blanket."

The following morning Neville Chamberlain received the following letter from Baird Smith:—

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—The General is very, very tired, and ought, if possible, to have some relief and rest. Do you think that you could volunteer to come down here for the next six or eight hours and carry on work for that time? You could remain quietly here in Skinner's house without moving at all, as it is a man to think that we need just now; and if you thought it would give no offence your offering to *act* for a little time, I am sure that much good would result from it.—Very sincerely yours,

BAIRD SMITH.

"15th September 1857."

Chamberlain wrote to Wilson as suggested, and got the following answer:—

From General Wilson.

"MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—I cannot say how thankful I shall be for a day's rest, for I am completely done, but don't much relish your

¹ The above account of Rampart Road and the wounding of Nicholson was first published in the Introduction to the 'State Papers' (1893), and was written after visiting the lane in the company of Lord Roberts, who discussed with me what took place.

coming here in your weak state. You must keep here and not move about. Head is what is wanted. I highly approve of the camp being concentrated on this side of the nullah.—Yours sincerely,

“A. WILSON.

“15th September.

“P.S.—I am arranging for taking the Magazine to-morrow morning.”

The last paragraph alludes to Neville Chamberlain having moved the camp into a strong position. At dawn on the 16th of September the following Field Force order was issued by General Wilson: “During the absence in camp of Major-General Wilson, all reports of the troops in the city of Delhi will be made to Brigadier-General Chamberlain.”¹ The same day Wilson wrote to Neville Chamberlain:—

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—Becher’s intelligence confirms that of Hodson’s that the palace is quite deserted. If further intelligence which may reach Hodson to-night makes this certain, I think it would be advisable to run some risk to occupy it. A few volunteers to feel the way, followed by the rifles and Wilde’s corps, would be all that is required. If the volunteers, which need be only a small party, find opposition, they can fall back, and no great harm done. I would go into it through Selim Gurh if there is no other [way?] on the river-side.—Yours sincerely,

A. WILSON.

“CAMP, 18th September 1857.”

On the afternoon of the 19th of September, the gates having been blown in, the Palace of the Moghul, which had witnessed the cruel murder of English men, women, and children, was occupied by our troops. Next day the Emperor, who had allowed that foul massacre to take place within the palace, was taken prisoner, and the bodies of his sons lay on the spot where four months before had lain those of the unfortunate victims. When the British troops stormed the walls of his city, the old Emperor and his sons fled to the Imperial Mausoleum of his ancestors, six miles beyond the southern gate of Delhi. Hodson

¹ Neville Chamberlain wrote: “The Field Force order explains itself, but I had previously held command while the General rested. This was on the 16th instant.”

offered to go out at the head of his troopers and capture the old king. The General did not consider his proposal prudent, and would not consent to his undertaking it. "I went to General Wilson," says Neville Chamberlain, "and urged on him the necessity of the endeavour being made. He said angrily that I was urging him to assent to a thing that I would not myself. I kept my temper with great difficulty. After my continuing to urge the point he at length agreed." Hodson rode to the tomb along a road crowded with many thousands of armed fanatics, incited by eloquent and fanatical fakeers. After a long parley "the trembling old creature put the sword he had into the powerful hand of Hodson," who carried him through the mob of raging fanatics to Delhi, and handed him over to the authorities. The daring officer volunteered next morning to return to the camp and capture the king's two sons, believed in camp to be among the basest murderers known in the mutiny.¹ This time the danger and difficulty was far greater. The road was more crowded than before. The courtyard was filled with armed men. Hodson had promised the king that his life should not be taken, but he determined not to give anything like a promise that the lives of those whom he believed had the chief share in the murders of women and children should be spared. After hours of waiting and uncertainty the princes surrendered, and were taken in charge of Hodson's second-in-command towards Delhi. Hodson remained behind to compel—as he did by mere force of character compel—a large body of fanatics to pile arms, after which he galloped on and joined his little force. When near the city the crowd (so said both Hodson and Lieutenant Macdowall, second-in-command) pressed closer, as if meditating a rescue. The princes were in a rude native cart. Hodson ordered a halt, drew up

¹ General Wilson, on the 20th of September 1857, wrote: "Three of the Shah-zadas, who are known to have taken a prominent part in the atrocities attending the insurrection, have been this day captured by Captain Hodson and shot on the spot."

two portions of his little force across the road,—one before and the other behind the cart,—ordered the princes to leave the cart, and after taking off their upper garments to re-enter it. Then after a brief speech, in which he stated that the prisoners were base murderers, he rode forward and shot them with his own hand. It would have been better for Hodson's reputation if he had brought them, or could have brought them, into the city to be tried and hanged, for, as Hope Grant states, "there is little doubt they would have been sentenced to death." General Sir Henry Daly enters in his diary: "The old king is in our hands, and had our information been worth anything, his sons also would be prisoners. . . . We shall get them yet, I hope; that Mirza Mogul must be hanged as high as possible." It is hard for those who have not undergone the fiery ordeal to understand the avenging spirit which fills the heart of man when women and children have been murdered. Men who heard the blood of the innocents calling out for vengeance did not stop to weigh words—nor even deeds. It will be remembered to the credit of John Lawrence and Neville Chamberlain that they saw that this fierceness of vengeance was not only repugnant to justice, but to expediency. We had to govern India when all was over. A loud cry had been raised that Delhi should be razed to the ground and all its inhabitants slain. "I am ready to pass sentence of death," says Neville Chamberlain, "against all rebels and mutineers against whom any single murder or participation in any act of gross cruelty can be proved, but I would sooner resign my commission than stand a passive spectator of indiscriminate slaughter." John Lawrence wrote to Chamberlain: "I am myself averse to destroying the city. There were thousands and tens of thousands of its inhabitants who had nothing to do with the rebellion. Many of them would also have sided with us if they had dared." Regarding the shooting of the princes, he wrote: "I am by no means an advocate for slaying Shahzadahs

or any other like Haramzadahs (bad characters) without trial. I might have sent a shot after the old king when he was bolting, but I would not have put him to death otherwise. Indeed I have always been inclined to think he was the victim of circumstances."

The news of the capture of the Moghul palace and the complete acquisition of the city consoled the death-bed of Nicholson. From the first the surgeons feared the wound was mortal, and yet something like a hope did break upon his friend when he saw him on the day after the assault. "He breathed more easily, and seemed altogether easier." His brother, Charles Nicholson, whose arm had been amputated on account of a wound which had literally shattered the bone to pieces, was brought in a litter and laid on a bed by his side. "How the two brothers loved each other!" said Henry Daly. "The great one used to come down to see me when I was wounded, and the little one found out the hour, and used to drop in as if quite by accident and say, 'Hilloa, John, are *you* there?' And John would say, 'Ah, Charles, come in!' And then they'd look at each other. They were shy of giving way to any expression of it, but you saw it in their behaviour to one another." Before joining General Wilson inside Delhi Neville Chamberlain had John Nicholson removed to one of the serjeant's bungalows, "and the change was effected without putting him to much pain." But his suffering was great, and day by day he grew weaker. He knew that his life was over, but of death itself it is needless to say he had no fear. As his time grew near he sent a message of humility to Herbert Edwardes, his oldest and dearest friend, and one to his mother, counselling her to be patient for his loss.¹ On the 23rd of September the noble and fearless spirit of John Nicholson was at rest. "He looked so peaceful," wrote Neville Chamberlain. The Sirdars of the Mooltanee Horse and some other natives were admitted to see him after death, and their honest praise could hardly find utter-

¹ 'Indian Mutiny,' by G. W. Forrest, i. 149.

ance for the tears they shed as they looked on their late master.

He was buried in the old cemetery near the Cashmere Gate, not far from the breach through which he had led his soldiers. The body was brought on a gun-carriage; but no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp, no martial music was heard; only a few officers of the garrison, his personal friends, followed him to the grave, for the demands of the hour were too exigent and stern. Neville Chamberlain "stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner." Thus they buried John Nicholson without pomp and show. The story of his death, as told by the comrade who first knew him when he was a lad at Ghuznee, and watched by his death-bed, cannot be read too often by Englishmen:—

"DELHI, *October 25th*, 1857.

"MY DEAR EDWARDES,—My conscience tells me that I have been guilty of great unkindness in having delayed for so long to give you an account of poor John Nicholson's last days. The truth, however, is that the intention to discharge this sad duty has never been absent from my mind, but whenever I have attempted to do so I have felt so unequal to the task that I have given it up, in the hope that I should be better able to do it justice at another time. This is how days have mounted up to weeks, and weeks to a month, for more than a month has now elapsed since our dear friend closed his eyes for ever upon this life. Knowing what an affectionate interest you took in all that concerned him, I will commence my letter by giving you an outline of how his time was passed from his joining the camp before Delhi to the day of the storm.

"Of all the superior officers in the force, not one took the pains he did to study our position and provide for its safety. Hardly a day passed but what he visited every battery, breastwork, and post; and frequently at night, though not on duty, would ride round our outer line of sentries to see that the men were on the alert, and to bring to notice any point he considered not duly provided for. When the arrival of a siege-train and reinforcements enabled us to assume the offensive, John Nicholson was the only officer, not being an engineer, who took the trouble to study the ground which was to become of so much importance to us; and had it not been for his going down that night, I believe that we might have had to capture, at considerable loss of life, the positions which he was certainly the main cause of our

occupying without resistance. From the day of the trenches being opened to the day of the assault, he was constantly on the move from one battery to another, and when he returned to camp he was constantly riding backwards and forwards to the Chief Engineer endeavouring to remove any difficulties. This is the character of our dear friend as a soldier and as he was known to all; but I must describe him when at leisure, and as a friend. When he first arrived in camp I was on my back and unable to move, and only commenced to sit up in bed on the siege-train arriving. Under these circumstances I was, of course, only able to associate with him when he was at leisure, but out of kindness to my condition he never failed to pass a portion of the day with me, and frequently, though I would beg of him to go and take a canter, he would refuse, and lose the evening air. My recovery, after once being able to sit up, was rapid, and by the time our first battery opened I was able to go out in a doolie on to the ridge and watch the practice. He would frequently insist upon escorting me, and no woman could have shown more consideration,—finding out good places from which to obtain the best view, and going ahead to see that I did not incur undue risks, for he used to say no wounded man had any business to go under fire.

“On the 12th of September, or two days before the storm, all the principal officers in camp were summoned to meet at the General’s tent at 11 A.M. to hear the plan of the assault read out and receive their instructions. Nicholson was not present, the cause of his absence being that he had gone down to see the opening salvos of the great breaching battery within 160 yards of the Water Bastion, and the Engineers had been behind their promised time. That evening he accompanied me on my tour along the ridge up to Hindoo Rao’s house, and on our return insisted upon my going to his tent and dining with him. After dinner he read out the plan of assault for the morning of the 14th, and some of the notes then made by him I afterwards found among his papers. The 13th was, of course, a busy day for everybody, but I saw a good deal of him, as he rode over to my tent two or three times to get me to exert my influence with General Wilson in favour of certain measures expedient. On returning from my evening tour on the ridge I found him in the headquarters’ camp, whither he had come to urge upon the General the importance of not delaying the assault if the breach should be reported practicable. We sat talking together for some time, and I begged him to stay and dine with me, but he said he could not, as he must be back in his camp to see his officers and arrange all details. This was about 8 P.M. or later, and we did not meet again until the evening of the 14th, when he, poor fellow, was lying stretched upon a charpoy, helpless as an infant, breathing with difficulty, and only able to jerk out his words in syllables at long intervals and with pain. Oh, my dear Edwardes, never can I forget this meeting, but painful as it would have been

to you I wish you could have been there, for next to his mother his thoughts turned towards you! He asked me to tell him exactly what the surgeons said of his case; and after I had told him he wished to know how much of the town we had in our possession, and what we proposed doing. Talking was, of course, bad for him and prohibited, and the morphia, which was given to him in large doses to annul pain and secure rest, soon produced a state of stupor. That night I had to return to Hindoo Rao's house, as I held the command on the right, after Major Reid's column being driven back and his being wounded. Before returning I, however, again saw him about 11 P.M. He was much the same, but feeling his skin to be chilled, I suppose from the loss of blood and two hand-punkahs going, I got him to consent to my covering him with a light Rampoor blanket. The next evening I again returned to camp and saw him; he breathed more easily, and seemed altogether easier,—indeed his face had changed so much for the better that I began to make myself believe that it was not God's purpose to cut him off in the prime of manhood, but that he was going to be spared to become a great man, and be the instrument of great deeds. On this evening, as on the previous, his thoughts centred in the struggle then being fought out inside Delhi; and on my telling him that a certain officer did allude to the possibility of our having to retire, he said, in his indignation, 'Thank God, I have strength yet to shoot him if necessary.' That night I slept in camp, and the next morning, before going to join General Wilson inside Delhi, I had the poor fellow removed into one of the sergeants' bungalows (a portion of which had not been destroyed by the mutineers when the cantonment was fired on the 13th May), as he complained of the heat. The distance was not great, and the change was effected without putting him to much pain. He was thankful for the change, and said that he was very comfortable. Before quitting him I wrote down at his dictation the following message for you: 'Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both.' What purer gratification could there be in this world than to receive such words from a dying man? I can imagine no higher reward; and long, my dear Edwardes, may you and your wife be spared to each other and to the world, to teach others the lesson you imprinted so forcibly on John Nicholson's true and noble heart. Up to this time there was still a hope for him, though the two surgeons attending him were anything but sanguine. He himself said he felt better, but the doctors said his pulse indicated no improvement, and notwithstanding the great loss of blood from internal hemorrhage, they again thought it necessary to bleed him. I always felt more inclined to be guided by what he himself felt than by the doctors, and there-

fore left him full of hope. One of the surgeons attending him used to come daily to the town to dress my arm, and from him I always received a trustworthy bulletin. From the 17th to the 22nd he was sometimes better and sometimes worse, but he gradually became weaker, and on the afternoon of the 22nd Dr Mactier came to tell me there was little or no hope. On reaching him I found him much altered for the worse in appearance, and very much weaker; indeed so weak that if left to himself he fell off into a state of drowsiness, out of which nothing aroused him but the application of smelling-salts and stimulants. Once aroused he became quite himself, and on that afternoon he conversed with me for half an hour or more on several subjects as clearly as ever. He, however, knew and felt he was dying, and said that this world had now no interest to him. His not having made a will, as he had proposed doing the day before the storm, was a source of some regret to him, and it was his wish not to delay doing so any longer, but as he said he then felt too fatigued from having talked so much, and was too weak to keep his senses collected any longer, he begged me to leave him to himself until the evening, and then arouse him for the purpose. On this afternoon he told me to send you this message: 'Say that if at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish, my wish would be to have him here next to my mother.' Shortly after writing down the above to his dictation, he said: 'Tell my mother that I do not think we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief.' Late in the evening, when I asked if he could dictate his will, he said he felt too weak to do so, and begged that it might be deferred until the following morning, when he hoped to be stronger. But death had now come to claim him. Every hour he became weaker and weaker, and the following morning his soul passed away to another and a better world. Throughout those nine days of suffering he bore himself nobly; not a lament or a sigh ever passed his lips, and he conversed as calmly and clearly as if he were talking of some other person's condition and not of his own. Painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have seen him, poor fellow, as he lay in his coffin. He looked so peaceful, and there was a resignation in the expression of his manly face that makes me feel that he had bowed submissively to God's will, and closed his eyes upon the world, full of hope.

"After he was dead I cut off several locks of hair for his family and friends, and there is one for Mrs Edwardes and one for yourself. It is a great consolation to think that he had the most skilful attendance, and was waited upon as carefully as possible. Nothing was left undone that could be done; but God had willed that he was not to live to see the result of a work he had taken so prominent a part in bringing about. His remains rest in the new burial-ground in front of the Cashmere Gate and near Ludlow Castle. It is near the scene

of his glory; and within a few yards of his resting-place stands one of the breaching batteries which helped to make the breach by which he led his column into the town. Ludlow Castle was the building used by us on that day as a field hospital; and here the two brothers met,—having shaken hands and parted near the same spot, both full of life and health and hope, a few short hours previously,—the one mortally wounded, the other with his arm dangling by a shred!

“I think you will agree with me that the spot where our dear friend sleeps his last sleep cannot be marked too plainly and unostentatiously, and I am therefore going to erect a monument of the most simple description. I wish you would kindly write a suitable inscription. This is the end of my account of our poor friend’s last days, and I deeply regret that my duties did not permit of my being more with him.

“My only solace is that he knew and appreciated the cause, and when the afternoon before his death I said to him he must have thought me very neglectful, his reply was: ‘No: I knew that your duty to the service required your being at headquarters, and I was glad to think that you were there to give your counsel.’

“Hereafter, if it is ordained that we are to meet, I shall have much to tell and to talk to you about that I have not been able to include in a letter, and if it were only on this account the sooner we meet the better, for I know how dear to you is everything connected with the memory of John Nicholson. Our good friend Becher begged me to give him some account of poor Nicholson’s last days. I daresay you will not object to giving him such extracts of this letter as you may think will interest him.—I am, yours affectionately,
NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.”

John Lawrence wrote on the 26th of September: “What an eventful fortnight this last one has been. We have lost many good and true soldiers, but none of them to compare with John Nicholson. Poor fellow! May he rest in peace. Pray write and tell me how he died. Did he get my telegraphic message? I fear not. He was a glorious soldier. It is long before we shall look on his like again.”

On the 23rd of September, the day Nicholson died, John Lawrence had sent the following message to Chamberlain: “I have just received your message. Give my love to Nicholson, and say how deeply we shall deplore his fall. He is a noble fellow. Tell him to think of his Saviour, and pray for His aid which alone can save him.” Nothing more redounds to the credit of John Lawrence than the

way in which he kept his temper with the fiery Nicholson, who was constitutionally ill-fitted to serve under a leader. By nature he was intended for chief command. Two months after the death of Nicholson John Lawrence wrote: "There is not a single passage in my intercourse with him which, were it to come over again, I would alter. What was done originated from a sense of duty and principle, and from no other feeling. He wrote to me after he left Rawul Pindiee on his way down that so far as he was concerned all was forgotten between us."

It was a sore trial to Neville Chamberlain to have to remain at Delhi while the troops he had taught the business of war were marching to take part in the capture of Lucknow. His wounds, to which sufficient attention could not be given while the siege was progressing, had got into a very bad state, and debarred him at first from being fit for active command. Besides the multifarious duties of his office, Neville Chamberlain had, as President of the Special Commission appointed to try State prisoners, a great deal of work to do of a very difficult and delicate nature. He insisted on a fair trial to all. On Sundays he went for rest and quiet to the Kutub Minar, the Tower of Faith, which soars far above the ruins of ancient Delhi. "It is my favourite retreat," he wrote to his sister, "and I often go there on a Sunday morning and only return to sleep. There is a secluded garden there owned by Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, and in addition to the grounds being pretty, the trees are full of little birds of many kinds which delight me with their pretty notes, and there is something very charming to me in the extreme peace one is able to enjoy there; and then there are the ruins left by those who preceded us to wander amongst, and they extend many miles and afford endless variety; each spot suggests a new thought." Neville Chamberlain had not only a fine eye for the military character of a country but an enthusiastic love for natural beauty. Not peace, however, but "action, action, action" was his natural element. Without it he lost his spirits and health.

But work full of danger made him a new man, animated him with fresh life. Long before his arm had quite healed and while the diseased bone was still coming away he reported himself for active service, and asked to be allowed to take a part suitable to his rank in the operations for suppressing the mutiny in Oude and Rohilcund. His great desire was to again lead in the field the troops to whose welfare and efficiency he had devoted some years of his life, but his request was not granted. As he told his sister, he preferred the command of the frontier to being Adjutant-General, and he asked to be allowed to trace his steps trans-Indus. On the 16th of November he wrote to his mother:—

“I am still here and uncertain of my movements, not having received a reply to my letter begging to be permitted to resign my appointment as Adjutant-General of the army. . . . My arm is much the same; bone comes away, and more has to come before it can heal. I have not been well, but I hope a move northwards will soon set me to rights. I should have left this before, and have awaited the reply at Umballa, but the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, Sir John Lawrence, expressed a wish I should remain, and I have therefore done so.”

But many months were to pass before he was able to make his move northwards. On the 16th of December he writes to his sister:—

“Still here, you see, and still uncertain about my future movements, having heard nothing about my resignation, and until I do here I must remain. Every day’s additional delay makes me the more regret not having accompanied the column which left for Cawnpore after the fall of this place. . . . My wound is not yet healed, and I am still annoyed by pieces of bone coming away; but I am fast regaining a little use of my hand and arm, and I hope to recover full use of it in the course of a few months more. This is a great pleasure for me to look forward to, for the loss of an arm is a serious disadvantage to a soldier. By degrees we are clearing the North-Western Provinces of mutineers, but this morning came the grievous news of the death of General Havelock. In him we have lost the best General we had.”

On the 16th of December the Government ‘Gazette’ announced that his resignation had been accepted, and

that "the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council is pleased to reappoint Lieutenant-Colonel N. B. Chamberlain of the 16th N.I. (Grenadiers) to be Brigadier-Commandant of the Punjab Irregular Force." On the 17th of December a General Order stated, "The Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council is pleased to appoint Brigadier N. B. Chamberlain, Commandant of the Punjab Irregular Force, to be a Brigadier-General." On the 19th of January he wrote to his mother:—

"You will be glad to hear that the rank of Brigadier-General, conferred upon me by the late C.-in-C., has been at length confirmed by the Government of India, and I am told (I have not seen either order as yet) that I have been reappointed to the same rank. I certainly did feel the injustice of the long omission on the part of Government to pay any attention to General Anson's appointment, for no position could be more painful to a soldier than to hold a rank, as it were, on sufferance; and it was an injustice to myself and the officers I superseded to allow the matter to remain so long in abeyance. Had I possessed the power to *ignore* the rank, I should certainly have done so, out of respect to myself and those I superseded; but an officer is as unable to *divest* himself of rank as to *assume* it without due authority, therefore I was in every way most unhappily situated. But all is well that ends well, and I am happy at the release."

In February Neville Chamberlain received the following letter from the Governor-General:—

"CAMP ALLAHABAD, *February 1858.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me much pleasure to be called upon to convey to you the accompanying packet, containing the grant by the Queen of the Companionship of the Bath.

"Never certainly has the honour been more abundantly earned than by yourself.—Believe me, my dear Sir, with much respect, yours very faithfully,
CANNING."

Honours did not recompense Neville Chamberlain for being kept away from the field of action. He telegraphed to Cecil Beadon, Secretary to the Government of India, "Will you kindly inform me whether it is intended by Government to give me active employ in the North-West Province. A large proportion of my force is in the field

south of the Jumna; I am recovered from my wound and desirous of employ. If I am not to be employed I solicit that I may be told so in order that I may return to the frontier, for I am in a false position and have nothing to do here." On the 10th of February he received the following telegram from the Military Secretary to the Government of India: "The Governor-General has not any employ to give you in the North-Western Provinces. His lordship wishes you to resume your command on the frontier." The same day Neville Chamberlain wrote to Cecil Beadon:—

"PALACE, DELHI, 11th February 1858.

"MY DEAR MR BEADON,—Your message duly reached me, and yesterday evening I received Colonel Birch's reply, which, I regret to say, deprives me of all hope of further active employ. I cannot but feel deeply pained by the decision which sends me inactive to the frontier, whilst so many of the corps constituting my force are either actually in the field against the mutineers or hurrying to the scene of action; but my duty requires unquestioned obedience to any order issued by the head of the Government, and I return at once to the Punjab. My object then in addressing you is not to cavil at the Governor-General's order, but simply to bring to notice how seriously this decision is likely to prejudice my professional career, and the more especially if it is to be considered as constituting a precedent in the future.

"Without wishing to claim any peculiar merit to myself, I may say that as Military Secretary to the late Board of Administration I worked hard in helping to organise the Punjab Irregular Force, and as its Brigadier during the past three years my best endeavours have been devoted to advancing its efficiency. Indeed I may say that I have thought and cared for little else, and you may therefore understand how keenly I feel being now deprived of the honour of heading my men in the field. Undoubtedly every Government has the right to appoint its leaders unquestioned; but if I am to be passed over on such occasions, I must confess that I shall cease to regard my command as one of any honour, and self-respect will therefore leave me no alternative but to resign, however poignant my regret at having to quit a position I have, up to this time, held with so much pride. It may be said that 'active service' is the one great prize of my profession,—every order issued, every parade, has for its object efficiency in the day of battle; and if I am not to be permitted to participate with my officers and men in their dangers and victories, I can never claim to command their obedience and respect in cantonments; and unless I can do so as in right in virtue of my position

as their leader in the field as well as in quarters, I am not fit to be at their head.

“It would be easy for me to specify otherwise how heavily this decision bears upon my professional interests, but I have no wish to trouble you further.

“I shall feel much obliged if you will be so good as to make known the purport of this letter to the Governor-General in whatever manner your experience may suggest as most proper and most respectful; and in conclusion I may state that I have addressed you in preference to Colonel Birch, as being better known to me.—I remain, my dear Mr Beadon, yours faithfully,
NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

“To CECIL BEADON, Esquire,
Secretary to the Government of India, Calcutta.”

On the 24th of February John Lawrence reached Delhi, and after a stay of three weeks, during which he did noble work in saving the imperial city, he set forth for the Punjab: Neville Chamberlain accompanied him. When they reached Umritsur Sir John Lawrence received from the Commander-in-Chief the following telegram:—

“General Grant having been appointed to command in Oude, I wish Brigadier-General Chamberlain to come and take command of all the cavalry about to be employed in the Rohilla campaign under myself. Would you communicate this to him and send him down to Futtyghur without delay? He shall live with me and I will provide him with a tent. . . . I shall be at Futtyghur on the 23rd, when the advance will take place immediately the Roorkee column under Brigadier-General Jones has crossed the Ganges and is ordered to advance on Moradabad.”

The next day Sir John Lawrence telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief the following reply:—

“Brigadier-General Chamberlain is not strong. He does not consider his health to be at present such as would justify his accepting such a command as that of the cavalry, which will demand constant exposure and fatigue. He therefore hopes that you will be so good as to permit him to decline the post. He would have gone to England this summer, but that I thought it better that he should remain.

“The Brigadier-General begs to be allowed to express his sense of the kind terms in which your Excellency’s offer is made.”

The Chief of the Staff replied :—

“The Commander-in-Chief is sorry that General Chamberlain’s health prevents his taking command of the cavalry in Rohilcund. That must not be sacrificed.”

Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister :—

“You may appreciate my regret at having to resign such a chance ! But justice to the service left me no alternative but to decline,—for to have discharged the duties of such a command efficiently, and in such a manner as would have satisfied me, would have necessitated my being constantly in the saddle, and constantly exposed to such a sun and burning heat as you in Europe have no conception of ; and though my spirit would willingly have carried me through any discomfort, my flesh would have failed me,—and failure implied injury to the service, injustice to the Commander-in-Chief, and loss of honour and self-respect for me.

“I think I could have managed something quieter, and where I, on horseback, would have had to act with men on foot. But the cavalry [leader] should be of a steel frame. Unfortunately this is no longer my condition, and the only way I can hope to return to it is by undergoing a bracing up in Europe for at least a couple of years. The offer, however, is satisfactory ; it proves I have not remained unnoticed, or I may say superseded. It is to my mind the most conclusive evidence that I have suffered a wrong, and had just cause for dissatisfaction,—and human nature is such that there is something pleasurable in such a feeling ! However I bear no malice, and a soft word, as the Scripture says, turneth away wrath. I would now gladly do the utmost in my power to assist the Commander-in-Chief and meet his wishes. We are now on our way to look at the head of a new canal under course of construction, and shall then ascend the hills to visit a new sanatorium near Chumba, called Dalhousie, after the late Governor-General. The mornings and evenings cool but the sun very hot, and tents getting unbearable.”

So Neville Chamberlain returned to the frontier, to show again by many expeditions into the mountain strongholds of wild tribes that capacity for command which won the love and honour of the soldiers he led. His services at Delhi had been of no common order, but they were never sufficiently recognised. In the official dispatch the General who had sought his advice and aid at a supreme moment merely records his very deep obligations. “To that very distinguished officer, Brigadier-General N. B. Chamberlain,

Adjutant-General of the Army, who though still incapacitated by a severe wound previously received, proceeded to the ridge at Hindu Rao's and performed essential service after Major Reid had been wounded and it became necessary to resume that position." A gallant comrade who too had been wounded at Delhi has borne more generous witness to the services he rendered. "Neville Chamberlain, severely wounded in July, had never ceased to cheer the army by his presence, and was the moving spirit in the dark days between the storm and capture,—14th and 20th September."¹

¹ 'The Punjab Frontier Force,' by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B., C.I.E.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sikh soldiers conspire to murder their officers—John Lawrence on the danger of too many Sikh troops—Neville Chamberlain leaves Murree for Dera Ismail Khan to suppress the conspiracy—Takes prompt and stern measures—Letters from John Lawrence—Assassination of a native commanding officer—Letter from Neville Chamberlain—His services in crushing the conspiracy acknowledged by the Government of India and the Secretary of State—The Punjab constituted a Lieutenant-Governorship, 18th January 1859—Tour on the frontier—Letters from Neville Chamberlain—Expedition against the Cabul Khel Waziris—Expedition against the Mahsud Waziris in 1860—Reynell Taylor accompanies the force as political officer—Attacked by Waziris—Lumsden's defence of the camp at Palosin—Contest at the Barari Pass—Column halts near Kaniguram—Burning of Mukeen—Letter from Lord Canning congratulating Neville Chamberlain on the success of the expedition—Sir Bartle Frere on frontier policy—Lord Canning's letter to Bartle Frere—Remark of Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State for India—Sir Hugh Rose succeeds Lord Clyde as Commander-in-Chief—His tour on the frontier—Letter to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab—Offers Neville Chamberlain command of the Indus Division—Meeting of the four brothers.

AT Lahore Neville and Crawford met for the first time since the Mutiny. "Although we passed our time together in a wretchedly hot, dirty, dark bungalow," Neville wrote to his mother, "it went very happily, and I think all of us look back to the meeting with much pleasure. Crawford has such a never-ceasing fund of mirth flowing through him that even I, who am generally so impassive, become ready to embark in any fun or mischief as if I were a boy of fourteen." From Lahore Neville Chamberlain travelled to Rawul Pindee, where Herbert Edwardes joined him, and they started together for Murree. At Murree they lived in the same house, and they worked hard every day in assisting

John Lawrence to draw up a memorandum on that difficult and delicate subject,—the reorganisation of the Indian Army. On July 28, 1858, Herbert Edwardes wrote: "Just fancy, ninety-one more questions about the army reorganisation came in yesterday! The worst of it is I get all the writing; John and Chamberlain talk their ideas, and leave me to express them on paper." Three days later Neville Chamberlain left Murree at a moment's notice to grapple with a crisis which a Government with a mercenary army must always be prepared to meet. Some of the Sikh soldiers at Dera Ismail Khan had embarked in a conspiracy to murder all "the European officers at that station, seize the fort and magazine, re-arm the disarmed Hindustanee corps located there, and then hoping they would be joined by the other regiments across the Indus, they purposed marching on to Mooltan and on to Lahore, raising the disarmed corps and population as they went." It was a most grave and dangerous conspiracy, but at the time it was thought wise to say very little about it. It conveys many pregnant lessons. John Lawrence fully realised its importance. He had been compelled to use the Punjab as a recruiting-ground for a vast army, but he was fully alive to the danger of the step. He wrote to Lord Stanley: "Contrary to sound policy, but driven by the sheer necessity of our position, I have raised large bodies of Punjabi soldiers, and have still to raise more. I have 57,000 of these troops on my rolls. We have only Punjabi troops with which to hold the country and aid in reconquering Hindustan. The troops have behaved admirably hitherto, but it's not in human nature that they should not see of how much importance they are to us, how much the success of the present struggle depends on them. It is not wise, it is not politic that this should go on." He also wrote to Sir Colin Campbell: "It strikes me that there is some danger that our officers, in their horror of John Pandy, may go into the other extreme and make too much of John Singh. We can no more rest our trust on the Punjabi than on the Hindustani."

After the capture of Lucknow the Punjabi troops began to boast that they had reconquered Hindustan for us, and that there was no reason why they should not be masters of the continent. The conspiracy at Dera Ismail Khan was a manifestation of their spirit. Neville Chamberlain, like John Lawrence, feared lest the Punjabis should see and feel their strength. On hearing of the conspiracy at Dera Ismail Khan he left Murree at once, and on his joining he wrote to his mother:—

“RAWUL PINDEE, 4th August 1858.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—It has been discovered that some of the Sikh soldiers at Dera Ismail Khan had embarked in a conspiracy to murder all the European officers there, seize the fort and magazine, rearm the disarmed Hindustanee corps located there, and then hoping they would be joined by the other regiments across the Indus, they purposed marching on Mooltan and on to Lahore, raising the disarmed corps and population as they went.

“The time for such a scheme to succeed has happily passed, but the plan is so far fortunate, as it will open the eyes of our present feeble Government and prevent them from throwing themselves too entirely into the arms of the Sikhs or any other natives. Sir John Lawrence and I, and others, have ever since the fall of Delhi done our best to prevent the employment of too large a body of Sikhs, but a lesson of this kind will be more effectual than if we had written quartos on the subject.

“I am thus far on my way towards Dera Ismail Khan to inquire into the matter, and ascertain the state of the troops in that quarter. I leave this evening to embark at Khooshalghur (on the Indus), and drop down by water.

“It is a hot and unpleasant season to be travelling about in, but there is no help for it, and my six weeks in the hills has given me something to go upon. In my last letter [lost] I was able to tell you that my wound was closed and as I was in hopes for good. It has, however, reopened, and more bone must have to come away.

“NEVILLE.”

The rapid journey to Dera Ismail Khan sorely tried Neville Chamberlain owing to the heat, the weak state of his health, and an open wound. On his arrival at the station he found the situation “as bad as could be.” He at once took prompt and stern measures for the suppression of the conspiracy. The risk he ran was considerable; and

he was warned of the danger that he incurred in ferreting out the plot. He wrote to his mother:—

“The object for which I came here is progressing slowly—it is most difficult to get evidence. The worst characters I have transferred to the fort for safe custody, the others are in solitary cells in jail. In a few days I shall bring them all to trial before a military commission. The Sikhs are no longer what they were. The events of the past eighteen months have made them think of the possibility of another Sikh empire; and we shall have to keep them down. So much impressed am I with this altered state of feeling, that I have asked for a European garrison for the small fort here. At present we are tenants at will, and this is not a safe lease in these times! The weather, thank goodness, is getting a little colder mornings and evenings. In Europe you think the world is going to be burnt up when the thermometer rises in a few hours to 94 or 95. Here we have had it little less than 98 throughout the day all August, and the nights only a few degrees cooler. Nothing but mop, mop all day, and by way of keeping my head cool I have my hair clipped short once a-week. My scalp will be fit for a door-mat.

“This reminds me that I have been cautioned that I do not lose my scalp for my pertinacity in ferreting out the late plot. But I have no fear of this. I never go out unarmed, and at night my sword is alongside of me under the sheet, and my revolver on a chair by my side; and by way of extra precaution I have a Colt revolving-rifle on the table. Is it not a nice state of society to live in, when if one awakes and hears a noise, one puts one’s hand out to feel that the pistol is handy?

“For my own part I must confess that it does not disturb my rest, for having put out my hand and felt that all is handy, I recompose myself to sleep without a thought.

“Another of our good officers has lately lost his arm in an affair near Bareilly. If the mutiny continues much longer we shall not know where to turn for officers competent to lead native troops. We have now only a few good men left, and when they are consumed the candle will be burnt out as far as native assistance is concerned, for native soldiers cannot be led by *any one*. NEVILLE.”

The prospect in the Punjab was gloomy. But John Lawrence, as his letters show, met the situation with the same calm foresight that he had encountered the greater storm.

“MURREE, 17th September 1858.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—On receipt of your note of the 12th last night, I despatched a telegram to Brigadier Corbett, requesting

him to march off the following force to Derah Ismail Khan at once, in anticipation of the orders of Government :—

A wing of 7th Fusiliers ;
A squadron of 7th Dragoon Guards ;
A troop of Horse Artillery.

These troops can be spared from Lahore, and it is better to have a good body, as no one can foresee what they may have to do. I have proposed to Government that these troops shall remain at Derah until the approach of the hot weather, and until we have, however, two companies—one of European Infantry and the other of Artillery—in the fort.

“The Royal Artillery at Pindee go at once to Peshawur, where they are to get Bengal 9-pounders. When I proposed to send this battery I had supposed that they had already received the new guns. They had, however, better go to Peshawur, for I see that the old Ameer looks as if he intended to show his teeth now that the subsidy has been stopped.

“*After* this force has reached Derah Ismail Khan, I would be for sending two guns from each of the Punjab batteries to Rawulpindee, but not until then.

“If you can get Runjode Singh given up you may give as many Wuzerees as you like in exchange. If he comes in, and will make a clean breast, you might promise him his life, though not his liberty. It would be a great object ascertaining the real facts of this affair.

“I strongly recommend that you do not bring to trial and sentence any men until the European troops arrive. It is much better that delay should take place, by which you will have a good force at your back, than that any risk of an *émeute* should take place.

“Black telegraphed to Sir J. Cotton for a second Artillery officer for Bunnoo. I hope he will be sent off sharp. General Cotton, however, is sometimes a little contrary.

“I should like very much to read Sir George Clerk’s letter and see what he says of affairs in England. It seems to me that they have no real idea of the state of things in India. While discussing petty details and matters of trivial importance, they will let India slip through their fingers, or what is nearly as bad, allow it to drift into a state which it will require years to remedy.

“I see by the last overland telegram that I have been made a baronet. Had it been offered me I should have declined, as I did years ago. However, I do not see what I can now do. The Court are going, I hear, to give me £2000 a-year for life. I will take this, however, and go home as soon as I can and turn farmer. Talking of going home, I do not see how any of us can do so yet awhile.

“I go down to Rawulpindee so as to get there about the 3rd. If you like Black might go on and join you. He has been very useful, and done a lot of executive work. Still, it is just as well that he should join you, particularly now that the European force will throw

additional work on your shoulders. If necessary he can start at once.

“Duke is up here and looks quite jolly.—Yours very sincerely,
“JOHN LAWRENCE.

“Brigadier-General CHAMBERLAIN, C.B.”

Besides being made a Baronet, John Lawrence was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath and a Privy Councillor. The Court of Directors granted him a special annuity of £2000, and the freedom of the City of London was also bestowed on him. Sir Colin Campbell and a great many other people rightly thought he should have got a peerage. Sir Frederick Currie, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, had written more than once to tell him that a peerage would probably be offered. A baronetcy was not an adequate recognition of his services. “As to the baronetcy,” he wrote to Neville Chamberlain, “it is like putting off a man who has a claim on you for a good dinner with a cold shoulder of mutton. If I can refuse I would do so, but I fancy it is in the ‘Gazette.’” But John Lawrence was too big a man to vex himself. The news about the state of the troops was far more important to him, and he writes: “I am sorry to hear what you say about the troops in the Derajat and Kohat. But it is only what is natural, and what I have long apprehended. It is just on a small scale and in a partial way what occurred in Hindustan.” John Lawrence had for some time felt the tremendous strain which he had endured since the day the mutiny broke out at Meerut, and he knew the time had come when his health demanded rest in England. But he would not leave his post as long as there was any sign of danger in the Punjab. He wrote on the 7th of September to his trusted friend: “I feel very averse to going home just now with affairs in their present state, but I also think I may get an attack of paralysis if I do not; whereas that by going now a year’s rest will put me all right.” On the 18th of September he again wrote to Neville Chamberlain:—

“MURREE, 18th September 1858.

“MY DEAR CHAMBERLAIN,—Yours of the 14th instant just in. By all means go up to Shaikbudin. I wish we had a few more men

like you. It would be a consolation to me! What indeed is to become of the country when all of us walk off? I assure you that I feel as if I was behaving ill. I have just written a long letter to the Governor-General telling him the state of my case, and recommending that Montgomery should succeed me. At the same time I have said that if there be any row, or danger of a row, when the time comes, I will stay, and that he shall be the judge whether I can go or not. Less than this I cannot do.

"Black is off to a picnic with the two nephews. I will pack him off sharp. He will be down long before the European troops arrive.

"I think it must be a mistake about the seventeen European corps of cavalry, or perhaps the Home Government will make them up to seventeen. We must now have eight or nine in the country.
—Yours sincerely,
JOHN LAWRENCE.

"You may well say that God gave us the victory on the 14th September 1857. We ought to hold a fast that day and humiliate oneself before Him for the next hundred years.
J. L.

"Brigadier-General CHAMBERLAIN, &c., &c., &c."

John Lawrence decided he ought to stay another year. The evidence before the Court of Inquiry tended to show that the mutinous conspiracy was widespread, and the assassination of a native commanding officer, who was in the confidence of John Lawrence, was an event of no little significance. The murdered officer had in one of his letters written to him, "If anything went wrong, I would be the first man to be killed." The murderer "was formerly in the artillery, and was a favourite both of my brother Henry and Reynell Taylor's. Was he not a tall thin man, with a pleasant expression of countenance?" Swift punishment was meted out to the assassin.

"DERA ISMAIL KHAN, 12th October 1858.

"MY DEAREST LARRY,—I am horrified to find that another mail is about to depart and I no letter to send by it.

"A few days ago we had a most vile case of assassination, and my time has been almost exclusively occupied in endeavouring to penetrate to the cause and object of the deed. There were many circumstances connected with it which lead me to believe that it was intended as the forerunner of an extensive combination; but if it was the case the cowards feared to carry out the plan, and the murderer was blown

to pieces and his shreds cast into the river, in the presence of his accomplices, within two hours of the deed, not a soldier saying a word. You need be under no apprehension on my account, for no one goes till God calls him, and then no one can remain.

“The unfortunate commandant who was killed neglected no precaution to secure himself against assassination—guards, personal orderlies, who remained near him night and day,—and yet he fell in the midst of his regiment at one blow that severed him from the shoulder to the heart!

“I have no guard, and no orderlies, and take no precaution, save a pistol and sword near my bed at night, and I sleep unharmed. In a few days we shall have a small detachment of European troops here, and then the mutineers connected with the former plot will have to be punished.

“It is a horrible thing to have to take men’s lives in this way, but the spirit of demoralisation has so spread over the military class that we *must* at all cost either assert our supremacy or make up our minds to quit the country. Had it been God’s will that India was to sink back into barbarism and infidelity, our exertions would have been useless in the late crisis, for the victory was due to God, and not to any soldiers or any generalship. Believing this as firmly as I do, I have great faith in the future—though, if anything could make me doubt, it is the braggadocio style of the English press and the lukewarmness of the English people, when so much still remains to be done ere we can call India our own. Of a truth, if the Afghans and Jummo and the Nepaulese government sided against us even *now*—to say nothing of the Nizam and others in Central India—I am sure I do not know how we should find troops to resist them. And yet in England they are already half tired of their undertaking. We are at the end of the hot weather. Thank goodness! As I write the thermometer only stands at 82°, to which it keeps pretty steadily for the twenty-four hours—inside the house.

“Generally I have cared little for the heat, but this year it has oppressed me a good deal. With the change of the weather I am getting health and strength, and the wound appears inclined to heal again.

NEVILLE.

“*P.S.*—Is not the comet a beauty? With our clear starlight nights we see him throughout his course every evening. He is travelling south—express.”

The good work Neville Chamberlain had done in unravelling so dangerous a conspiracy and crushing it was acknowledged by the Government of India and the Secretary of State, who wrote: “Brigadier-General Chamberlain is considered to be well entitled to the thanks of her Majesty’s

Government for the zeal, ability, and earnestness he displayed, by coming forward when in bad health and with an open wound, the moment danger threatened, and leaving Murree at the most insalubrious season of the year repaired to Dera Ismail Khan, and there, under many disadvantages, exerted himself day and night for the public service."

At this time there was a strong probability that Neville Chamberlain would be offered the post of Military Secretary in the India Office, and he determined to decline it "without a moment's hesitation whatever the salary."

"My natural calling is with men and action, not pens and ink (I often wish the inventor had not registered his patent), and I will never be a slave of the pen if I can avoid it. The difficulty is to avoid it, though, for there are so many persons to be informed and satisfied on the least occasion of any exercise of authority, that one ought to have quills growing out of the ends of one's fingers, with a never-failing supply of ink. I declare to you I quite dread any disturbance or difficulty, *not* on account of the thing itself, or for the responsibility or trouble it involves, for either of them is not worth a thought, but because of the sheets of foolscap they necessitate, and the retracing one's way through every argument, long after one has come to a conclusion, is wearisome in the extreme, and nothing but a sense of duty makes me put my shoulder to this portion of my work with zeal. We require some reformer to arise to combat this evil in official life—like Martin Luther did in the Church."

On the 1st of January 1859 the territories under the administration of the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab were constituted a Lieutenant-Governorship, and on the same date the 'Gazette' announced that "the Right Honourable the Viceroy and Governor-General of India has been pleased to appoint the Honourable Sir John Lawrence, Baronet, G.C.B., to be the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab and its Dependencies." But the time had come for John Lawrence to enjoy his well-earned repose. On the 26th of February 1859 he left Lahore to join his family in England, and Henry Montgomery, as was fitting, ruled in his stead. Neville Chamberlain was at the time marching up by the frontier forts, and could not come to the capital to bid his old chief farewell. The winter tours on the frontier were to Neville

Chamberlain a perennial source of delight. The crisp, cold weather gave him fresh life, and he loved a blue sky. "I would sooner be a bushman gazing at a beautiful sunset in South Africa than a duke in a London fog." His strong human sympathies enfolded all sorts of people, and Beluchis, Hazaras, Ghilzais, Afridis were all men whose friendship was to be won. On reaching some village the tribesmen who knew him brought him a present, a little honey, apples, nuts, and almonds, and he sat and conversed with them. He discussed the chase and war, old customs and feudal rights. One evening an old chief spoke to him about the growth of the British. It had advanced little by little. They had heard of it coming nearer and nearer until it had reached them. "But," said the old chief, "look at this grass," pointing to a species of grass that had very deep roots and was difficult to eradicate. "When the storm comes the grass bends before it. But when the storm is over it rises up again. So it is with us. Many conquerors, like the storm, have swept over us and they have passed away leaving only a name, and so it will be with you. While we poor people are like the grass, we remain, we lift up our heads again." Neville Chamberlain's frontier policy was one of conciliation, backed by a thorough efficient force able to defend and to strike. A gallant soldier, he hated bloodshed. A punitive expedition to him was a grave though necessary evil which he strove to avoid. Often when it seemed inevitable he invited deputations from the tribes who were on the war-path to visit his lines and see his preparations. A visit often checked their ardour to pillage and burn.

After a tour of three months Neville Chamberlain returned to Dera Ismail Khan on his way towards Hazara. But it was not till June that he reached Abbottabad. On the 5th of August he writes from Shirwan Hazara :—

"How can I express the grateful feeling on enjoying the cool breeze and the beautiful scenery after the great and constant heat and the *toi!* I had gone through since the end of March! But, alas! we are strange mortals! Up to then I had never failed, and done my duty

though often feeling very weak and out of health, and where I expected to find health and buoyancy I, instead of that, regularly broke down. I was so unwell for some days that I was unable even to receive the officers, and longer before I could attend to outdoor duties. I picked up, however,—got about—had nearly done all that I wished—when a relapse made me feel I must seek change again, and accordingly, on the afternoon of the 19th ultimo, I mounted my horse (with a doubt of my physical ability to stand a ride of fifteen miles over hill and dale), and got off at the door of this little house just as it was getting dark.

“There was no dinner—no preparation of any kind—so I fell asleep, and on being awoke at 10 P.M. to have some food, I found I had a better appetite than all the time at Abbottabad. Nine years had passed since I had visited this place, and as I gazed out upon the dark shadows of the mountains, many and curious were the thoughts that crossed my mind. How much left undone that ought to have been done, and how much I could wish undone! I was always fond of this spot, although it was here I caught the fever, which I may say has *never* abandoned me altogether since.

“The house is perched upon a hill, and from its windows there is a beautiful view to the north and west over broken hills and deep gullies in the foreground below me with the mountains beyond. It was a fine moonlight night, a cool wind came from the north, and all around the deep stillness and sense of peace, which one can never realise except in the wilds. I felt thankful to God for permitting me to enjoy this great pleasure, as I thought of the many who had been summoned to depart this life during those past nine years. Ever since that evening I have continued to improve in health and strength,—the temperate climate is perhaps better suited to me than a higher altitude.

“My days are passed in carrying on my public correspondence and bringing up arrears. In the evening I stroll out, followed by a servant carrying a gun, to shoot partridges should any come handy—and a pony. I walk down the hills and along the level ground, and mount to return home, dine at eight, and to bed at eleven. During the interval I scan the papers, and before going to sleep I sit out in the open air, and watch the herdsman’s fires that light up the mountains here and there, and I look at the stars in the clear heavens—in short, I am thoroughly happy, and feel that past toil is amply repaid by the enjoyment of the peace and exceeding beauty of this spot. My arm remains much the same; more bone has to come away: it will never heal until this comes to pass. Now if you are not tired of me I know I feel ashamed of having covered so many pages with so much egotism.

“There seems, I am delighted to think, every chance of Crawford’s and my meeting in Cashmere: nothing but some great emergency will prevent my going.”

A letter to his sister from Camp Abbottabad, 13th November 1859, informs us that the two brothers met at Cashmere:—

“ I returned here on the 4th after a pleasant eleven days’ trip from Sirinagar, the capital of Cashmere. The first two days I dropped down the river Jhelum so that I might go on the Wooller Lake, which I had had only a distant view of before. From Baramoollah, after which the river is not navigable, I marched back by the road I had gone. I may say I have enjoyed my trip amazingly, and but for the parting with Crawford it was a perfect holiday of happiness. You will be glad also to hear that I have returned in better health, and altogether stronger than I have been for a long while. Having accomplished my work here I shall be leaving for Kooshalghur, the ferry on the Indus, on the direct line between Rawul Pindee and Kohat. It was my intention to embark there, and drop down the Indus to the most southern point of the frontier, and then march up the line of posts—inspecting as I went. The barbarous murder of one of our artillery officers by some Waziris, a few days ago, whilst travelling between Bunnoo and Kohat, will, however, in all probability cause me to alter my plans; for Government is certain to require reparation, and as the murderers will never be surrendered, there will be no option but to make the innocent suffer with the guilty, by calling the whole tribe to account. For my own part I do not like embarking on these expeditions, but with such ruthless savages to deal with, what is to be done? Not to resent would be set down to want of power or fear; and once this opinion gained ground there would be tumult and bloodshed from here to Scinde!

“ The unfortunate officer killed (Captain Meham of the Artillery) had only just returned from England full of life and hope. He was an accomplished soldier and a gentleman, and having been a universal favourite is of course much regretted. He was hacked to pieces by swords before he could discharge more than one chamber of his revolver. . . . Some of my letters must have miscarried, as you say I have never acknowledged the ‘Duchesse’ and other things. I am free of such unmannerly ingratitude I assure you. I thanked the old mother and all of you for your souvenirs.”

After a careful inquiry the Government determined to hold the Cabul Khel Waziris responsible for the cruel murder. They had sheltered the robbers who had done the deed, and were called upon to give them up, but this they declined to do, and a force, consisting of about 4000 men and 13 guns, under the command of Neville Chamberlain, was sent to coerce them. On the 15th of December the force left Kohat,

and five days later it crossed the Koorum river. The Cabul Khels had removed their families, flocks, and herds to a high mass of hills, called Maidani, whose highest peak towered some 5000 feet. Through this mass runs a long narrow valley, terminating at either end in a gorge by which the valley is entered. On the 21st of December the Brigadier-General with a strong body of cavalry made a careful reconnaissance towards the southern or Zaka entrance. It was found to be about sixteen miles from camp and most difficult for troops to enter. Neville Chamberlain therefore determined to pierce the valley by the eastern or Gandiob gorge. At dawn the troops were in motion, and when they approached Maidani the hill-tops were seen to be lined with the enemy. The left column, under the immediate orders of Neville Chamberlain, consisting of the Guide Infantry, the 4th Sikh Infantry, and the Peshawur Mountain Train Battery, ascended the hills on the left. The right column, under Major F. W. Lambert, consisted of the 1st and 3rd Punjab Infantry, supported by the Hazara Mountain Train Battery. The main body of the Cabul Khels had posted themselves at the southern or Zaka gorge. They thought that owing to the reconnaissance being made in that direction the attack would also be delivered there. They had also neglected to fortify the ranges; and Major Lambert, sweeping along the ridge, was enabled to outflank the breastworks on the opposite range. These were defended with great gallantry by the mountaineers. But they could not contend with success against disciplined troops. In the last extremity they hurled down stones upon their advancing assailants, and when they could not check their advance they rushed forth from their breastworks and died fighting sword in hand. Durani was gained, and the next day Neville Chamberlain with the main body passed through the southern gorge. On the 29th of December the Davesta Sar, 5114 feet high, which was considered by the Waziris as one of their impregnable strongholds, was visited by our troops. The Cabul Khel Waziris having been taught that British troops could traverse their mountains and punish them, the column

returned to Kohat. Neville Chamberlain and the force received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council for the promptitude and success with which the operations were conducted. After two years had passed the Indian medal, with a clasp for the North-West Frontier, was granted to all survivors of the troops engaged in the operations against the Cabul Khel Waziris.

A few months after the troops had returned from the expedition against the Cabul Khels, Neville Chamberlain was called upon to lead a force against the Mahsuds, one of the most powerful of all the Waziri tribes. They inhabit a large tract of the wildest hill country lying between the Bunnoo and Tank valleys to the westward of the Gabar mountain. The whole tribe were robbers, notorious for daring and cruelty, and they lived almost entirely by making raids upon their neighbours. In the year 1859 Neville Chamberlain wrote to the Governor:—

“In the course of my annual tour I see much of all classes of the people, and nowhere do I hear the cry for justice until I come within reach of Waziris. Then commences a train of injuries received and unredressed, and I know of no more pitiable sight than the tears and entreaties of a family who have lost their only means of enabling them to accompany the tribe (the Pawindahs) on their return back to summer quarters. Supposing that our backwardness arises from fear, several times have the men, and even women, counselled courage, saying we will assist you; they cannot stand before guns and percussion firearms.”

Neville Chamberlain proposed in the winter of 1860 that punitive measures should be adopted. Like all Asiatics the Mahsuds regarded forbearance as weakness. They had from year to year become more aggressive, they had harboured criminals from our territory, and they had sheltered the leader of the band by whom Captain Meham had been murdered. The Governor-General, who was touring in the Punjab at the time, refused to sanction an expedition. The border was quiet. In February Lord Canning held a durbar at Sialkote for the wild chieftains of the frontier. Among the heads of

the clans who were present was Shah Nawaz Khan, Nawab of Tank. Some three thousand Mahsuds, taking advantage of his absence, came forth from their mountain strongholds to attack his capital, situated on a plain some five miles from the foot of the hills. News of their approach had, however, reached a gallant native officer, named Saadut Khan, who commanded the portion of the 5th Punjab Cavalry then holding Tank. He went forth at once with only 158 sabres and 37 mounted levies to meet them. He found they had penetrated the pass and were encamped about half a mile from its entrance. But they were too near their mountain lair to suit Saadut Khan. He determined to draw them farther into the plains. When the Waziris saw the troopers they opened fire, and Saadut Khan and his men retired. The Waziris with shouts of derision followed them. A mile was passed. Then swift as the falcon swoops on its prey the troopers wheeled round, cut the tribes off from their retreat, and charged their pursuers. Surprised by the sudden attack of the cavalry, the Waziris were thrown into confusion. The troopers tramped under their horses' hoofs a multitude of straggling fugitives, and cut them down as they attempted to reach the pass. Three hundred Mahsuds were killed and many more wounded. Among the slain was the leading chief of the whole tribe. It was a gallant feat of arms, and Ressaldar Saadut Khan right well deserved the sword of honour which was presented to him.

To put off an expedition any longer was impossible. Neville Chamberlain had secured his leave to England and Colonel Lumsden had been nominated to command the Punjab Frontier Force during his absence, when Lord Canning wrote to Chamberlain requesting that he would lead the force against the Waziris. On the 16th of April 1860 the force, consisting of 5196 of all ranks, was assembled at Tank. Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Taylor, the Commissioner of the Derajat, was to accompany the force as political officer. On the 17th of April Neville Chamberlain struck his camp and

the columns entered the hills by the Tank Zam,¹ a huge ravine, the bed of which is paved throughout with boulders and stones. "In fine weather a clear stream from two to three feet deep winds down it, requiring to be crossed at every few hundred yards; after rain the whole bed suddenly fills, and is impassable even by an elephant." After a march of eleven miles and a half the camp was pitched on a strong plateau; the next day the troops marched to Palosin Kach, some nine miles, and destroyed the walled village of Shingi Kot. On the 19th the camp was pitched at Palosin, about twenty miles from Tank. So far the force had encountered no obstacle, but news now reached the political officer that the chiefs had met in council at their capital, Kaniguram, sixty miles away, in the heart of the mountains, and had resolved to contest every inch of ground with their foe. Neville Chamberlain was determined to reach Kaniguram and "make the hills resound to his bugles." Before advancing on the capital he deemed it advisable to penetrate up the Shahur Zam towards the Kundighar mountain. His object was to gain a better knowledge of the country in that direction, and to punish certain sections of the tribe who were most notorious for plundering on the Tank border. On the 20th of April the Brigadier-General and a strong body of troops started for the Shahur Pass with eight days' supplies. No man knew better than Neville Chamberlain that the success of a frontier raid depended on secrecy. On reaching the defile they found the passage through it was the bed of a mountain torrent; the sides of the hills were so close that artillery was of little use, and the heights had to be crowned to secure the safety of the troops. After a weary tramp of three miles the column emerged on a small valley, where it encamped. Taylor rode on to look at the country beyond, and going round a corner he came suddenly on the tail of the party that had been firing on our troops in the pass. A Waziri chief seeing him shouted to his followers: "Now is the time to die for our faith, and to show the kind of men whose country

¹ *Zam*, a river.

is invaded." In another second three Waziris came back upon him.

"'I drew my sword,' says Reynell Taylor, 'and called on all to come on, but we were in a narrow road, and the Wuzerees, who were desperate, pushed on so bravely that they literally hustled us back for ten or twelve yards. A scuffle then ensued, which lasted for several minutes, and most gallantly did the Wuzerees dance about and ply their weapons. Their advantage was that with a hollow on one side and a hill on the other our men could not get at or round them. The end was that we killed the whole three, for there were only that number, but they did us a lot of damage. . . . I saved one man's life with my revolver by shooting another who was pressing him. I put two bullets into him before he fell, and even then he remained hugging the man whom he had previously wounded, and they were not separated till the skirmish was over.'"¹

On the 23rd of April the force arrived at Barivani. The next day it pursued its way up the bed of the ravine, which was the only practicable road, until it reached Jangi Khan's fort. He was the head of the whole Mahsud tribe, who with his son and his nephew had been killed by Saadut Khan and his troopers on the plains of Tank. His fort was blown up and the village belonging to another robber chief destroyed. Hard by there was the residence of another chieftain who had taken no part in the attack on Tank, and his home and property were scrupulously respected by the invaders. The Waziris had to be taught that no mountains nor rugged defiles could prevent the British from traversing the country, blowing up the strongholds of the guilty, and razing their villages, but we spared the innocent. By advancing up the defile the capital might have been reached, but Neville Chamberlain knew that the Waziris had assembled in numbers to defend the gorge in front of him, and he did not care to force it at a heavy cost. He had seen and caused to be surveyed an important section of the country, he had punished the chief offenders, and he determined to return to Palosin. As the troops were falling in at daybreak,

¹ Letter dated Camp Sahoor, April 20. 'Reynell Taylor: A Biography,' by E. Gambier Parry, p. 238.

24th April, a spy brought the news that the Waziris had made a sharp attack on the camp, and that they were occupying the Shahur Pass. Neville Chamberlain pushed on, and the next day he again reached the western entrance of the gorge. Again the heights were crowned, but the enemy only made some attempts to harass the rearguard, and the detachment without any casualty passed through it. On the 26th of April the two sections of the force were reunited.

The attack on the camp proved to have been a more serious affair than even the spy described it, but we must let Lumsden tell his own story:—

“I had closed in my camp to make it compact, thrown out pickets with inlying pickets to support and make myself as snug as I could though ready to move at any moment. During the night a few stray shots were fired by the sentries at intervals, but all appeared tranquil until, just as the *réveillé* sounded at daylight on the 23rd April, the camp was alarmed by a volley fired from the rear picket, and 3000 Waziris overpowered our pickets, rushed on camp, upset some irregular levies of the Buner district, and dashed sword in hand on the Guides. I had my clothes half on, ready for any emergency, and immediately took my inlying picket out to the ridge and placed them so as to rake the face of the ridge down which they were coming, and then returned to my Guides, who, though surprised in their tents and the half of them unaccounted, still made a respectable resistance, falling back inch by inch on the guns (two 9-pounders and two howitzers). Here Bond and Lewis of the Guides contrived to get together some 200 men and formed them into line across camp, called on them to advance, which the men did with fixed swords and a cheer (which would have done your heart good to hear, for it was an earnest to me that though taken aback my lads were far from beaten), bearing down all before them and clearing the camp. While this was going on on the right, the Goorkhas and the 4th Sikhs had time to form, and being brought up on the flank of the enemy by Major Rothney, commanding the Goorkhas, soon turned the enemy's repulse into complete rout.”¹

The sick and wounded were now sent back, and in order to carry out the march to Kaniguram, fifteen days' rations for man and beast were collected, together with powder and shot, 4000 shoes for the men, and shoes and nails for the horses.

¹ ‘Lumsden of the Guides,’ by General Sir Peter S. Lumsden, G.C.B., and George R. Elsmie, C.S.I., p. 260.

On the afternoon of the 1st of May a deputation of Mahsud maliks, or headmen, arrived in camp and desired to treat. Every effort was made to arrange honourable terms. The Wuzerees must pay a fine for the cattle stolen during the past eight years, and give hostages for future good conduct, or they must allow the force to march to the capital unmolested. The first warred against their cupidity, the second against their sense of honour. "Kings have come and gone for many years," they said, "but hostile eyes have never seen Kaniguram." "The deputation," wrote an eyewitness, "numbered some twenty men, fine martial-looking fellows, apparently sternly unconcerned. The General and Reynell Taylor endeavoured to reason with them, and finding it useless to say more, persuaded them to stay in camp that night and give their answer the next morning. In the early dawn the maliks appeared and again declined to accede to our terms. 'We shall meet at the pass,' they said, and then turned and rode slowly out of camp, a splendid picture of manly resolution."¹

On the 2nd of May the encampment was broken up, and the force advanced up the Shingi valley. As the advanced guard approached the fort of Shingi, the maliks, who were slightly in advance of the force, were met by the tribes, and Reynell Taylor gives the following vivid account of the scene:—

"The effect was most dramatic. In front of the whole of our column rode the little band of maliks, rough warlike-looking fellows as need be seen. A short distance in their rear followed the advanced guard, and with it the Quartermaster-General and his camp colourmen. On a sudden we were surprised to see the whole of the hills at the head of the valley alive with men, before unseen, and as the maliks advanced the tribesmen crowded down to hear the result of the mission, and then retired in a body to Unai."²

¹ 'Reynell Taylor,' by E. Gambier Parry, p. 242.

² *Ibid.*, p. 243.

The maliks did not return as they promised and sent no message. The following morning the advance was continued, and the force halted at the southern entrance of the Ahnai Tangi.¹ One more attempt was made to come to a peaceful settlement with the tribes. But our messenger, a Waziri chief, was threatened and insulted and his horse hacked to pieces. On the 4th of May, soon after the break of dawn, the force again moved forward, and after marching four miles up the defile, entered a narrow cultivated dell, at the farther end of which, about a mile distant, was the Barari Tangi, which the enemy held in strength. The position was strong by nature and had been taken advantage of to the utmost. "A thick grove of trees concealed the actual mouth of the pass, but we could easily conjecture, from seeing low lines of sangars immediately over it, that something difficult had been prepared there also. It proved eventually to be a strong abattis, composed of large stones and felled poplar-trees, forming a massive barrier, completely closing up the pass, and one on which our guns would have but little effect." Neville Chamberlain, after a patient and thorough examination of the enemy's position, matured his plan of operations. On the right of the mouth of the pass and overhanging it was a very steep craggy hill crowned by a tower. Beyond it for a short distance there was a small plateau, and then arose the steep spur of a high ridge whose precipitous sides could not be scaled. Between the tower and the steep spur, and for some distance on its sloping sides, sangars had been erected, terraced one above the other. Above them were the sharpshooters crouching among the lofty ledges. The position occupied by the enemy on their left was also steep, but some of its spurs were practicable for infantry and mules. Neville Chamberlain determined to make a vigorous attack on the mountaineers, and at the same time to threaten in force their right. Two columns were formed, the right being the command of Lieut.-Colonel G. W. G. Green, and the left under

¹ *Tangi, tangai*, a narrow defile.

that of Lieut.-Colonel H. B. Lumsden,¹ and they proceeded to ascend the heights. The column on the right reached, without any loss, a plateau about 300 feet below the top of the hill. Three ridges with ravines between them led to its crest, fortified by a strong line of breastworks. The 3rd Punjab Infantry were ordered to advance, covered by the fire of the mountain guns; the field guns with the centre support remained in the gorge below. Two companies in skirmishing order swarmed up the spur. The fire from the sangars, filled with expert marksmen, laid many low. The remaining companies of the 3rd Punjab Native Infantry were sent to support them. Lieutenant Ruxton, with the leading men of the Punjab Native Infantry, made a gallant dash forward towards the sangars. A few more yards and they were reached. But the last 12 or 15 feet could not be scaled. From the breastworks a stream of bullets and stones were sent down on them. They began to give ground and seek shelter behind the rocks. The Waziris raised a yell of triumph, leapt from their breastworks, and rushing down with sword and shield drove back their foes. On they rushed towards the mountain battery and reserve. But Butt and his brave men stood to their guns, and served them as calmly as they did on a field-day in the Hazara mountains. A critical moment. Then Keyes, putting himself at the head of some of his men, charged and cut down the Waziri leaders already on the flank of the guns. Hard fighting, and the mountaineers leaving the ground thick with dead

1

LEFT COLUMN.

Advanced Body.

6th Punjab Infantry, 300 bayonets. Lieut.
tenant W. P. Fisher.

Support.

Guide Infantry, 250 bayonets. Lieut.-
Colonel H. B. Lumsden, C.B.
Peshawur Mountain Train Battery, 4
guns. Captain F. R. De Bude.

Reserve.

Wing, 6th Police Battalion, 300 bayonets.
Lieutenant I. W. Orchard.

RIGHT COLUMN.

Advanced Body.

3rd Punjab Infantry, 300 bayonets.
Lieutenant A. U. F. Ruxton.

Support.

2nd Punjab Infantry, 500 bayonets.
Lieut.-Colonel G. W. G. Green, C.B.
Hazara Mountain Train Battery, 4 guns.
Captain F. R. Butt.

Reserve.

1st Punjab Infantry, 300 bayonets. Cap-
tain C. P. Keyes.

retreated up the hills, and so hotly pursued that the 1st Punjab Infantry captured the main breastwork, and the right of the position was won. When the enemy on the left heights saw what had happened they also began to retire. In less than two hours the enemy had been forced from every strong point, a gap had been made on the abattis, and the column encamped three miles beyond the defile. When the light of the moon shone they laid to rest in a wild and secluded spot the young officer who had fallen early in the day.¹ On the other side of the mountain stream many fires disclosed their beams, made by the burning of the bodies of the Sikhs and Hindus who had died fighting that day.

On the following morning the column, encumbered by a long train of sick and wounded, pushed on up the country, and after a march of fifteen miles halted near the town of Kaniguram, built on the southern slope of a low hill. In front of it ran a bright stream, bordered with willows and poplars, and opening on each side from the stream were gardens full of walnut- and apple-trees, pomegranates and oranges. But they were untended and fast falling into decay. The inhabitants said they could not reap the fruit, as the Mahsuds robbed the orchards. Above the gardens were terraces, green with corn, and the slopes of the mighty hills were dotted with olives and oaks.

“Renewed efforts were now made to induce the Mahsuds to come to terms, and a deputation was sent to Makin to point out to the maliks there assembled that we were not anxious for war, that we had spared many villages on our way up, but that if they did not make peace we should most assuredly destroy all those on our return. It was still further impressed upon them that, by our march to Kaniguram, we had taken satisfaction for the past, and that all we now required was security for the future. But affairs assumed a new

¹ Lieutenant J. M. Aytoun, 94th Regiment, attached to the 2nd Punjab Infantry. “Amongst the killed was a *doolie*-bearer of the 2nd Punjab Infantry, shot whilst assisting, under a sharp fire, to tie up Lieutenant Aytoun’s wound.”—‘Record of the Expeditions Against the North-West Frontier Tribes,’ by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Pagett and Lieutenant A. H. Mason.

aspect when it was discovered that the maliks had sent to ask help of the Ameer, representing at the same time that our object in invading their country was the annexation of territory."

Stern measures must be taken. Mukeen, the headquarters of the tribes who had raided our borders and robbed and burnt and slain, must be destroyed. On the 10th of May the valley of Mukeen was reached, and the following day the town was burnt, and the maliks' towers burnt amid shouts and yells from the Waziris on the mountains. A week after the burning of Mukeen the force emerged from the passes and reached Bunnoo, and the expedition was brought to a close. A force composed entirely of native troops, a considerable portion of whom were tribesmen commanded by their hereditary chiefs, led by Neville Chamberlain with a few English officers, had marched, taking with them their own supplies for sixteen days "through a country which no native had ever dared to enter, 160 miles through clefts, over crags and mountains peopled by desperate marauders, watching and contesting every peak and point. Yet such was the force of discipline and system that three camp-followers and as many camels were the only losses *en route*."¹ The casualties in action were 450.

For his services in the conduct of these operations Neville Chamberlain received the degree of Knight Commander of the Bath. But three years passed before the honour was bestowed on him. A month after the expedition had been brought in its immediate objects to a successful close Lord Canning wrote him the following private letter:—

"CALCUTTA, June 23, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I have heard from Sir Robert Montgomery that it is likely that some time may elapse before I shall receive through him the official report of the late operations against the Mahsood Wuzeerees. I do not write for the purpose of hurrying you in this matter. When an officer has *done* such good work it would be

¹ Description by Sir Henry Daly, quoted in 'Lumsden of the Guides,' by Lumsden and Elsmie, p. 259.

hard that he should not be left fair leisure to write about it. But as I cannot desire the thanks of the Government to be conveyed to you officially until the report is received, I desire to lose no time in assuring you in a less formal way of the admiration which I feel for the manner in which your difficult task has been discharged, and of my gratitude for your good services.

"I heartily rejoice that you had not passed out of reach before the need for you was felt; and the doubt which I entertained as to the expediency of taking active measures against the tribe this season has been entirely dispelled, and not only by the result of your operations, but by the intractable temper which the Wuzerees have displayed. This last fact is conclusive as to its having been better to avoid delay.

"I hope that your health has not suffered materially from this unexpected service. I need not say that you are more than ever entitled to consult your own wishes as to taking leave of absence. I congratulate you upon the admirable manner in which you were seconded by those who were joined with you in the service. The manner in which our old frontier reputation and authority have been sustained in this instance is especially valuable at the present moment. Believe me, my dear sir, with much respect, yours very faithfully,

"CANNING."

On an imperfect official report of the operations reaching the Government of India, Sir Bartle Frere, a member of the Governor-General's Council, wrote a minute expressing his doubts "whether any permanent good is likely to result from a system of laying waste the country and destroying crops in the fashion described in this report." Bartle Frere had always attacked the policy which prescribed these expeditions. But Frere had no personal knowledge of the Punjab frontier. Two years later, when he wrote a memorandum containing a severe attack on the frontier policy pursued in the Punjab, John Lawrence wrote: "I do not know from whom Frere takes his information. I know he has no personal knowledge of the country himself. His own knowledge is limited to that of the Sind frontier, which in many essentials is different to that of the Punjab. From the borders of Sind northwards the character of the people both in the hills and on the plains differ as you go along." Bartle Frere never would see that it was folly to apply the same policy to revengeful, fanatical, marauding Pathans with their tribal councils as you applied to the equally brave but less bigoted Belooch tribes under their

hereditary chiefs. On the Punjab frontier the British Government had to deal with a whole tribe, and in order to teach a whole tribe a lasting lesson must be inflicted: towers, houses, crops must be relentlessly destroyed. Lord Canning wrote to Frere:—

“November 8, 1860.

“Here is a very interesting paper which I have left too long—Brigadier-General Chamberlain’s account of his expedition against the Mahsood Wuzerees.

“I know that you have much to say against the policy which prescribes these expeditions, therefore I have not as yet written any note upon this paper, in order that if the policy question be raised I may write on the two points—(1) policy, and (2) Chamberlain’s individual execution of the work—at once.

“Upon the latter point I think there can be no doubt that the greatest credit and praise is due to him and to those under his command, in any case.

“Upon the former it appears to me that the measures which have been carried out do not, although they were on a large scale, exhibit a strong case against the policy, because the provocation from the Mahsood Wuzerees have been unusually great, and their strength and inaccessible position and character are such as to make gentle measures more than usually hopeless, and because pains have been taken to make the punishment discriminating in a roughish way.”

In his reply Frere stated: “Of Chamberlain’s share in the business, and of the whole expedition as a military operation, it is impossible, I think, to speak too highly. . . . Nor as a part of the general frontier policy do I find fault with General Chamberlain’s own proceedings as narrated by himself.” Neville Chamberlain, however, resented the attack, mainly because it prevented the force he had led from receiving a due acknowledgment of the services they had rendered. He wrote to his mother: “However, it does not signify, for we upheld the credit of our arms and country, and the result has been peace on a border which was previously given over to rapine and bloodshed. The next force that goes to Kani-guram and returns as successfully will, I hope, be more fortunate, for I know its services will deserve acknowledgment.” When, three years after this Mahsud expedition, he

was created Knight Commander of the Bath, he strongly resented that the services of those who served under him should not be recognised, and he wrote to Sir Hugh Rose, then Commander-in-Chief in India, that he "felt disgraced at being singled out." In his official report on the Waziri campaign, he said: "Any man might be proud and happy in the knowledge that he commanded such troops, willing and able to perform such gallant services;" and Sir Charles Wood, then Secretary of State for India, who was not given to sentiment, responded: "A government must be happy and proud who commands the service of such a leader."

Soon after the conclusion of the Waziri campaign Lord Clyde handed over the chief military command in India to Sir Hugh Rose, who had by his genius, dash, and energy recovered British supremacy in Central India. At the close of the year the new Commander-in-Chief marched through the Punjab inspecting the different stations for troops, and rode along the Derajat frontier examining the different out-posts. Lord Roberts writes: "We visited every station from Kohat to Rajanpoor, a ride of about 440 miles. Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain, who was still commanding the Punjab Frontier Force, met us at Kohat, and remained with us to the end. We did from twenty-five to forty miles a-day, and our baggage and servants, carried on riding camels, kept up with us." On the 18th of January 1862 Neville writes to Crawford that he had just returned from seeing the Commander-in-Chief on his road towards Peshawur.

"All went off well in Huzara and at this place, and I hear indirectly from his Staff that he is satisfied. At Abbottabad we fortunately had fine weather, but there has been a good deal of rain. I hope it has cleared for the present; I am just off to Nowshera *en route* to Peshawur. H. E. gave me a most pressing invitation to be his *guest* there, but I told him I had my own camp, and without placing him to inconvenience could accompany him to his reviews, and dine with him whenever he was pleased to invite me. So I hope I have got off the infliction of being in the big camp. I shall have to be *artful*, for when taking my leave he told General Becher to look out for a place

for my tent, as they would be in Peshawur before me. I have treated him just as I should any other superior officer, and spoken plainly upon all points he has asked my opinion upon. I think, however, that he is desirous of gathering opinions and obtaining information, and that my having met him will be beneficial than otherwise to the public interest, which is all I care for. Nothing can be nicer than his manner, and I never saw a more thorough gentleman in his personal intercourse with officers. The camp is to be seven or eight days at Peshawur, and then moves to Kohat."

On the 30th of April Neville Chamberlain sent to his sister, Harriet, a copy of Sir Hugh Rose's letter to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab on the subject of his late visit to the Indus border, "in order that you may read it to our old mother, and thereby satisfy her that her son had not neglected his duty:"—

"26th March 1862.

"The Commander-in-Chief desires me to say that in the sense of a previous private letter to his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, he now ventures to request Sir Robert Montgomery to have the goodness to convey to Brigadier-General Chamberlain, C.B., and the officers of the Punjab Irregular Force, his most sincere thanks for the singular kindness and hospitality which he and the officers of his Staff experienced at their hands during his visit to the trans-Indus frontier.

"Nothing could be more perfect than the arrangements that were made, and nothing could exceed the kindly feeling which displayed itself in every single arrangement, made with so much care and trouble, to ensure his rapid and most agreeable journey from station to station. His Excellency begs me to add that he was very much pleased with the state and appearance of the fine force under Brigadier-General Chamberlain, particularly with its British officers, and Sir Hugh Rose hopes he may be allowed to say that the defence of the frontier could not be in better or abler hands than those of Brigadier-General Chamberlain, who combines in a singular degree all the qualifications which are necessary for that peculiar and difficult command.

"The Commander-in-Chief begs me to add that whilst returning thanks for his most kind reception in the Punjab, he certainly ought not to forget how much he owes in that respect to His Honour Sir R. Montgomery and the civil officers under him, who, imitating his example, vied with each other without a single exception in acts of kindness and hospitality.—I have the honour, &c., &c.,

*"H. O. S. BURNE,
Lt. Mily. Secy."*

In a letter to his mother Neville Chamberlain writes:—

“Of course he finds some holes to be mended, but nothing of importance, and possibly a deeper insight into some of the subjects might induce him to modify his opinions. The fact is, I abhor all the eyewash of our profession, and care for nothing but what is of practical value in the field, having seen enough of service to be thoroughly convinced that show and frippery of all sorts is worthless, and that battles are won by stern discipline and organised courage: the polish all evaporates before the smoke of the first cannon. It may be that my wild life has blinded me as to the value of display, but if so I can only say that if I cannot rise to the Horse Guards standard in times of peace, I find mine the useful one in times of war, and those who do not know it are very useless until instructed. Were I at the head of a commission to revise the system, I would do away with half the drill book, and of those charming show (ladies) parades. I would exercise all branches in marching and field duties until they could excel in them. I feel that if we were to meet the French our wretched show functions would be found very faulty, although the ties may be pointed to perfection, and the little finger be in a line with the seam of the trousers.”

In another letter, written some months later, Sir Hugh Rose, after entering into detail on some part of his frontier policy, writes: “I have recommended that the whole trans-Indus Forces, Peshawur included, and the troops on the Indus, as well as at Abbottabad and Mooltan, should be formed into one, ‘the Indus Division,’ and placed under you, under the Commander-in-Chief in India; and [obedience?] to the Governor of the Punjab to be given at once by the officer commanding the ‘Indus Division,’ without reference to the Commander-in-Chief, if the case should be urgent. I observed that the retirement of Sir Sidney Cotton would favour this arrangement.” He puts in a postscript: “I hope you are quite well. Both your brothers doing very well with their regiments. Your brother Charles went through here the other day with his Muzbees, the 23rd N. I., to develop the Thibet road and adapt it more to commercial purposes. He was looking very well.”

Neville Chamberlain was pleased that the Commander-in-Chief should recommend him for the Indus Division, but in his letter thanking Sir Hugh Rose, he felt it to be his duty to

inform him that he doubted whether his health would stand the strain of another hot season. He wrote from Abbottabad on the 28th of July 1862:—

“I cannot sufficiently express to your Excellency how much I feel honoured by, and how highly I prize, the distinction of your having thought me fit for the command of the Indus Division, and the honour is so much the more valuable as I know that all your recommendations are based purely upon public grounds and for the good of the service. My fear, however, is that your Excellency has formed too high an estimate of my qualifications, for the highest pretension I can claim is the desire to discharge my duties to the best of my abilities impartially and to the advantage of the public interests. And now to reply to your Excellency's kind expressions as regards my health. In fairness I am bound to say that I am far from feeling strong, and at times doubt my having another year's work in me. In the cold weather I am well enough, and especially when in strong exercise, but my constitution is no longer what it was, and I cannot stand exposure to heat. Indeed I believe that both for the Government and myself I shall do well to make way for some one stronger and fresher this cold season. For such to be the case just when likely to succeed to so honourable preferment is excessively disappointing, but I am bound to reply to your Excellency in perfect frankness, and to place before you my true state.”

In October Sir Hugh Rose wrote to Neville Chamberlain: “You will be very glad to hear that your brother Charles did very well in the command of the Muzbees, and as he deserved a reward for his excellent conduct in the field and was suited to the command of the Mooltanee Cavalry, I gave it to him. I *hope* sincerely that it is not true that you are going on leave. I hoped to see you in command of the Peshawur Division.” Neville Chamberlain sent the following answer:—

“In reply to your Excellency's allusion to the command of the Peshawur Division, you will I am sure excuse my frankly stating that, though highly prizing the honour conferred by such preferment, I would rather, if left to consult my own feelings, seek rest and recreation—as my health will not allow me to serve any longer in the plains during the hot weather; and, furthermore, I would rather not be in any way connected with the present system of frontier policy. At the same time should it be considered that, notwithstanding these drawbacks, my knowledge of the Indus border makes my employment as Sir Sidney's successor advisable, my duty would not admit of my

declining the position, and I would endeavour to work to the best of my ability: how long that might be I cannot tell, but it is only right to repeat that, though in fair health in cold weather, the return of heat prostrates me.

“I am now here on a visit to my brother Crawford, and all four of us brothers managed to meet, not having done so for the past twenty-six years.

“I was very glad to see my brother Charles appointed to Colonel Cureton’s regiment, and I have every hope that your Excellency will have cause to rest satisfied with the nomination.”

The four brothers, who in so many respects resembled the Napiers, had a happy meeting in October 1862 at Crawford’s house at Delhi, where the 1st Irregular Cavalry, which he had commanded with such notable success throughout the Mutiny, was quartered. Tom Chamberlain was now a city magistrate at Lucknow, and Charles Chamberlain commanded the 23rd Punjab Pioneers. On the 16th of January 1863 Neville Chamberlain wrote to his mother from Government House, Lahore:—

“14th January 1863.

“You will long ago have heard from others of the meeting of your four Indians at Delhi, but I do not think I can do better than refer to that happy event. The whole time we were together was one continued round of fun and mirth, and even when we left the drawing-room we used to have a second meeting in Charlie’s room, and it was midnight ere we broke up. Our childhood’s pranks at school, and, I am ashamed to say, at home,—anything that gave a point to fun, was raked up and gone over again, and Hindoo Rao’s house never resounded before to such peals of laughter. Crawford and Charlie being of course the great promoters of it, whilst old Tom and I acted more as audience. In short, we were boys again.”

CHAPTER XIV.

The Umbeyla campaign—The origin of the fanatics of Sitana—They attack the Guides at Topi—The British Government resolve on an expedition—The plan of campaign—Neville Chamberlain assumes command—The force moves upon the Umbeyla Pass—Encamps on the crest—Reconnaissance in the Chamla valley—Probyn's gallant charge—Description of the position—The Bunerwals make a general attack, but are repulsed with heavy loss on both sides—Gallantry and devotion of the native troops—The enemy capture the Crag picket, which is retaken—Neville Chamberlain's despatch to the Government of India—He changes his position—The enemy again assault and capture the Crag picket, which is again retaken—Neville Chamberlain severely wounded—Death of Lord Elgin—The Supreme Council orders the withdrawal of Chamberlain's force—Sir Hugh Rose remonstrates against the proposed withdrawal, and sends reinforcements to the frontier—General Garvock assumes command—Crawford Chamberlain reaches the camp—His letter—Neville Chamberlain's dictated letter—Sir John Lawrence appointed Governor-General—Lands at Calcutta, 12th January 1864—General Garvock defeats the enemy—The burning of Malka, the settlement of the fanatics—Termination of the campaign.

IN March 1863 we find Neville Chamberlain once more on the border. "I am travelling lightly with only a change of clothes," he wrote to his mother, "making long rides between the posts and trusting to the officers for food and shelter." From the border he proceeded to Abbottabad, where he was attacked by his old enemy, malarial fever, and in August he informed Sir Robert Napier,¹ then military member of the Governor-General's Council, that he proposed "taking sick leave this cold weather." On the 11th of September he tells his mother: "I have just received a courteous letter from Lord Elgin to the effect that he had received the star of the

¹ Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, G. C. B., K. C. S. I.

K.C.B.-ship, and he had to name a day, a date for summoning me to his presence, in order to confer it upon me with all due ceremony. . . . A hundred expeditions would be preferable to such a show."

On the 27th Neville wrote to Crawford:—

"I may escape, but it looks as if my last days in the frontier are to be spent in fatigue and exposure. If 'duty' *really* requires the sacrifice I cannot repine, but after the neglect shown to my recommendation in the last expedition, I have no wish for active service, but want to turn my sword into a shepherd's crook. Both the Mahabun and Black Mountain will have to be tackled.

"The following ominous telegram came last night: 'The Governor-General wishes to know whether, in the opinion of Gen. C.'s medical attendant, he is capable of undertaking the command of the forthcoming expedition.' I have said I am not desirous of being employed, and to any officer named I should willingly afford all the assistance my experience suggested, but I do not feel free till I am actually out of the wood."

The Governor-General, however, did insist on Neville Chamberlain taking in person the command of a frontier expedition that became a frontier war known as "the Umbeyla campaign." Neville Chamberlain was urgent that the expedition should be deferred until the spring, but Lord Elgin, who had succeeded Lord Canning as Governor-General, set his face directly against them. "I wish," he wrote, "by a sudden and vigorous blow to check this trouble on our frontier while it is in a nascent condition." But it was not in a nascent condition.

The trouble on the frontier was due to a colony of fanatical Mahomedans founded by Sayyid Ahmad, whose preaching in 1821-22 was, as we have stated, passed unheeded by the British authorities. In 1824, on his return from Mecca, Sayyid Ahmad, accompanied by 100 Hindustani followers, arrived by way of Candahar and Cabul among the Yusafzai tribes of the Peshawur border. The bigoted Pathans listened eagerly to the preaching of the holy man (Sayyid). "Their avarice was enlisted by splendid promises of plunder; their religion by the assurance that he was divinely commissioned

to extirpate the whole infidel world from the Sikhs even unto the Chinese." Against the body of Hindu sectaries who had so cruelly persecuted the followers of Islam he at once proclaimed a *jehad* or holy war, and the surrounding mountaineers flocked to his standard. The Sayyid was not unacquainted with the business of war, for he had been the companion-in-arms of a famous Pindaree leader. By a series of well-planned and daring exploits he established his influence over the neighbouring tribes, and kept the Sikh armies for many years actively employed. In 1829 Peshawur fell into his hands. The Sikhs, realising the danger of his growing power, sent a strong army against him, and on the Hazara border the Hindu fanatics were in 1831 completely routed, and a merciless slaughter was exercised upon the fugitives, of whom about 1000 fell on the field and in the pursuit. Among the slain was their leader, the Sayyid. Those of his followers who survived the defeat and a subsequent general massacre of their fellows by the Yusafzai people, found their way to Sitana, a village at the foot of one of the spurs of the great Mahabun mountains, which stand on the west bank of the Indus, about forty miles from Attock. The village belonged to Sayyid Akbar Shah, one of the lieutenants of the slain prophet, who, having acquired the veneration of the north-western tribes as a hermit and ascetic, obtained from them grants of land, which were to be neutral ground for ever, whither the man with the avenger of blood behind him might always flee for refuge. Sayyid Akbar Shah welcomed the fugitives, allowed them to settle on his land, and to found the fanatical colony famous in the military annals of the border.

Recruited by soldiers of the faith and aided by the mountaineers the fanatics made numerous raids upon their Hindu neighbours, burning and murdering wherever they went. The conquest of the Punjab brought the Indian Government face to face with the Sitana fanatics, who stirred up as many coalitions of the tribes against our power as they ever did against our Sikh predecessors. In 1852, owing to their

numerous misdeeds, Colonel Mackeson crossed the Indus from Hazara with a force largely composed of irregulars and levies, and expelled them from the fort of Kotla, near Sitana, but he did not burn their headquarters. He thought their ignominious flight would sufficiently damage their prestige with the tribes. It was a grave blunder. A frontier expedition should be swift in execution and severe in chastisement. The fanatics soon returned to their deserted homes, and renewed their special work of keeping up the spirit of fanaticism along the frontier and inciting the border tribes against the British power. During the Mutiny they openly formed a coalition against us, and at its close their settlement became a rallying point for mutinous sepoys and traitors in arms, who had to flee from British justice. The fanatics renewed their depredations on the frontier, and in 1858 another expedition, under the command of Sir Sidney Cotton, was sent against them. He burnt the villages of their allies, blew up two most important forts, drove them from Sitana, and razed their dwellings to the ground. The fanatics retired farther into the interior of the mountain fastnesses and settled at Malka, on a northern spur of the Mahabun. But Sitana and Malka were merely the frontier headquarters of these enemies of British power. Patna in Behar was the heart and brain of a conspiracy which had been organised for some time without the Indian Government discovering it. As Sir Henry Maine has said: "The one great danger to the British Indian Empire is ignorance of facts." The Wahabi conspirators had their head centres and their district centres, who corresponded with one another, with their chiefs, and with the exiles at Sitana, in a sort of ciphered language borrowed from the ordinary transactions of Indian trade. "A battle is called a lawsuit; God, the law agent; gold mohurs were called large red rubies, large Delhi gold-embroidered shoes, or large red birds; remittances in gold mohurs were spoken of as rosaries of red beads, and remittances in money as the price of books and merchandise; drafts or money orders were called white stones, the amount being intimated

by the number of white beads, as on a rosary.”¹ The transmission of recruits was done with equal cleverness. As they marched across the provinces of the North-West and Punjab, some thousand miles, they found Wahabi hospices established along the route. “The heads of the wayside hospices were men of diverse ranks, but all devoted to the overthrow of British rule, and each the president of a local committee of conspirators.” It was after it had plunged us into a second frontier expedition that the machinations of this widespread conspiracy were laid bare. It is a lesson which ought never to be forgotten.

After Sitana had been destroyed the Wahabi leaders continued with renewed zeal to supply the rebel camp beyond the border with money and men. The number of fanatics increased so rapidly, that three years after they had been driven by Sir Henry Cotton to Malka, they again came down and fortified themselves at Siri, a peak just above their old haunt at Sitana. The tribes who, contrary to their engagements, had allowed them free passage through their territory, were strictly blockaded, and this led them to make fresh engagements and to force the fanatics to return to Malka. In July 1863 they, however, reoccupied Sitana, and made frequent raids into British territory, attacking the frontier villages and slaying or carrying off for the sake of ransom peaceful traders. Two months later they attempted to attack the camp of the Guides at Topi, and the Government could no longer delay the day of reckoning. For the future peace of the border this hornet’s nest of priests and fanatics must be destroyed. In the campaign of 1858, it is true, we had destroyed Sitana, but we had left open a safe retreat into the hills, and they had swiftly formed another nest. This must not occur again. In order to prevent it they must be attacked from the north, and destroyed or forced across the Indus in face of troops stationed on the opposite bank to meet them. The occupation of the valley of the Chamla apparently offered the best facilities for carrying out this plan. The

¹ ‘The Indian Musalmans,’ by Sir William Hunter, K.C.S.I. (Official Papers.)

base of the British operations would be in the friendly Yusufzai territory; the Chamla valley was tolerably level throughout its length, and well adapted for the rapid motion of a considerable force; and it was no man's land, being occupied by mixed clans, who were said to be friendly to us. But in order to reach the Chamla valley, the belt of mountainous country which, commencing at the range of the Gooroo mountains, extends southwards till it unites with the south-western spurs of the Mahabun, had to be crossed. It was pierced by three passes—the Daran, the Umbeyla, and the Kanpoor Passes, but the last was then unknown to the British. The Daran had been explored by Sir Henry Cotton in 1858, and it was ascertained that no force accompanied by artillery and encumbered with baggage could proceed beyond a certain point. It was also reported that the neighbouring tribes, thinking the Daran Pass might again be entered by our troops, had erected stockades which were held by them. The Surkhawai or Umbeyla Pass was stated to be of a more open and level character, and that by a forced march it would be possible to reach Malka, the stronghold of the fanatics, in two days. There was, however, one very grave objection to the use of the Umbeyla Pass. It was marked red on the map, but it was claimed as their own by the Bunerwals, a jealous and powerful warlike tribe, who lived on the other side of the Gooroo mountains. The Government of India were assured that no hostilities need be feared from the Bunerwals, as they had been peaceful neighbours for fifteen years; they had no sympathy with the fanatics, as they differed on points of doctrine, and they were under the sway of the Akhund of Swat, who hated the fanatics, and denounced them as Wahabis. Acting on the information of the civil authorities, it was decided, on military grounds, that two columns should be employed, the base of one being in the Peshawur valley and that of the other in Hazara. The Hazara column was to overawe the tribes on both banks of the Indus and protect the Hazara frontier. The Peshawur column, under the personal command of Neville Chamberlain, was to

assemble at Nawakila, about six miles from the Daran Pass, in order to lead the enemy to think that it was going to enter the hills by the same route as Cotton, but when ready to march it was to surprise the Umbeyla Pass about sixteen miles away, and passing through it rapidly, attack on the third day Malka, the stronghold of the fanatics.

In order that the tribes might be confirmed in their impression that the Daran Pass was to be entered, Neville Chamberlain sent on the 18th of October the Peshawur Mountain Train Battery, the Hazara Mountain Battery, 1st Punjab Infantry, and the 5th Goorkha Regiment, under the command of Major Keyes, to the mouth of the Daran Pass, where he encamped. On the afternoon of the 19th a proclamation was forwarded by Colonel R. G. Taylor, the acting Commissioner, to the tribes, informing them that a force was to enter the Chamla valley by the Umbeyla Pass, because it was the most convenient route by which to reach the stronghold of the fanatics. The British Government, it stated, had no intention of doing them any injury or of interfering with their independence. But the fanatics had forestalled us. The moment they heard of the movement of large bodies of troops in the Yusafzai valley they foresaw their object and destination. They sent forth their Moolvies, or doctors of the sacred law, to preach the coming of the twelfth Imam or spiritual head amongst the people, and to proclaim a holy war. They effected a reconciliation with the Akhund of Swat, whose position with regard to the tribes is compared by Neville Chamberlain to that held by the Pope in relation to Catholic countries. The fanatics made special overtures to the Buner tribe for help or an asylum from their enemies. They foretold to them that a British force would enter the hills in the neighbourhood of their country, and they warned them that if they permitted them a free passage their country would be seized, and their territory permanently annexed by the British, as was the well-known custom of those infidels. The issue of the proclamation, at a time when it could not possibly reach them before the seizure of the

Umbeyla Pass, was regarded by the Buners as a bit of sharp practice. The intelligence that the fanatics had given them had proved true, the warning that their country would be permanently annexed might also be confirmed. The Umbeyla Pass gave access to the key of their own country, the Buner Pass, and they determined to oppose our advance through it. Neville Chamberlain, however, was not answerable for the political policy of the Punjab Government. In order not to alarm the frontier tribes, he was asked not to join the force he was to command until the last moment. When he did join he found, as he wrote to Crawford, things in a most unsatisfactory state:—

“CAMP YUSAFZAI, 19th October 1863.

“I never before had such trouble or things in so unsatisfactory a state. Carriage, supplies, grain-bags, all deficient. Some of our guns, and the five-and-a-half-inch mortars have to be sent back as useless, after having taken the pick of men and animals to equip a half-inch battery of R.A. Our 1st L.F. Batteries have to be stripped to make the Half Battery R.A. efficient. But go we must, delay would be very prejudicial to our character and the object we have in view. I hope all will go right.”

The initial check in the campaign was due to the equipment, and it was the Government and not the commander who were answerable for the troops not being better equipped.

At 9 P.M. on the 19th of October 100 sabres, Guide Cavalry; 100 sabres, 11th Bengal Cavalry; the Guide Infantry; 5th Punjab Infantry; and the 20th (Punjab) Native Infantry effected a junction with the troops which had been sent to the mouth of the Daran Pass, and the united detachment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde, moved upon the Umbeyla Pass. As the sun rose above the mountains the column entered the mouth of the defile and halted in order to rest the men, who had all night been marching across country. After an hour's halt the troops again went forth, the Guide Infantry and the 1st Punjab Infantry leading, supported respectively by the 20th Punjab Native Infantry and the 5th Punjab Infantry. The 5th Goorkhas escorted the two mountain guns.

Three hours after the advance column had moved towards the pass the main column, composed of the following troops,

Half C Battery 19th Brigade R.A.,
71st Highland Light Infantry (550),
101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers (500),
Company of Sappers and Miners,
3rd Punjab Infantry,
6th Punjab Infantry,
32nd Punjab Native Infantry (Pioneers),

marched from Nawakila. The road, a village track at best, gradually became merged in fields and cultivation. A line of fire lit by the villagers, however, guided them on their way. "At last came the chill wind that always precedes the first streak of day, so well known to every one who has marched by night in India; then a greyish light and the first note of some wild bird from the jungle, and then the jagged hill-line began to show out, high against the eastern sky, like a ruined wall, seemingly close to us. Presently the day broke, the force mounted a long slope and halted in echelon of regiments on high ground above Rustam bazar." A hasty meal finished, the column was again on foot, and after leaving the round tower and mud walls of Rustam to the left, one small valley after another opened upon them, and after crossing a small clear stream at Surkhawi, they gained the mouth of the pass. The road through it, they had been told, "was easy in the extreme." But road there was none. Here and there was a narrow path which lost itself now in the bed of the stream, now in the dense jungle. "The hills on either side grew higher and closer together, and masses of rock, seeming at first sight to bar all further progress, had to be worked round or scrambled over. The column which had been moving in sections was soon reduced to fours, then to file, and at last men scrambled alongside independently as best they could, and this not for a few hundred yards but for more than three miles." As they advanced the pass proved more difficult and intricate of passage. But fortunately they found no enemy to oppose them. The advanced guard of Wilde's

column crowned the heights on both sides and dislodged the enemy from their coign of vantage, while the main body moved slowly up the gorge. About 2 P.M. the advanced column gained possession of the top of the pass, and a little beyond it, on some comparatively open and clear ground, Wilde encamped his men. About three hours later the men of the main column, who had been sixteen hours on foot, began to join them, but it was near midnight before the guns reached the head of the pass. The original plan had been that the force should descend from the pass into the Chamla valley and encamp near the village of Umbeyla about three miles away. But when Neville Chamberlain saw that his guns and baggage could not arrive before darkness set in, he determined to encamp on the crest of the pass half a mile from the valley. He thus described the spot selected:—

“On the left the position was enclosed by the Gooroo mountain, which divides the Umbeyla Pass from Buner. This mountain, which is estimated roughly to be 6000 feet, rises in a succession of ridges, steep, but not precipitous, running generally parallel to the pass; occasional plateaus and knolls are found on its sides which afforded convenient and safe situations for our pickets, and about 1000 feet above the camp was a very remarkable heap of enormous granite rocks, which formed a conspicuous object from the entrance and throughout the pass, and marked the point at which the crest or watershed is reached which separates Yusafzai from Chamla. The sides of the Gooroo mountain were clothed with fir-trees of large growth, interspersed on the lower slopes with the wild fig and date-tree—a remarkable mixture of the vegetation of a cold and a tropical climate. To the front of the camp the pass widened as it descended and opened out into little plateaus which at last met the plain of Chamla. The latter was distant about three miles from the camp, and had the appearance of being well cultivated, with a stream flowing through the middle of it, the head of which gave water to the camp. A range of hills much lower than the Gooroo was on the right, and was crowned by our pickets. To the rear, but far below, was seen the plain of Yusafzai.”

The next day Colonel Alexander Taylor, R.E., who had rendered such splendid service at Delhi, accompanied by Lieutenant R. G. Sandeman, who twenty years later transformed Beloochistan from a region of incessant feuds and

bloodshed into a peaceful province of the Empire, went out to reconnoitre. Taylor had with him a body of cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Probyn,¹ who had won the Cross of Valour in the Mutiny, and the 20th Infantry under Major C. Brownlow,² which occupied the gorge of the pass while the cavalry pushed down the valley. On his advance Taylor met with no opposition, but as he passed the Kotal or saddle-back leading to Buner, he saw it was occupied in force by the tribes. On his return, as he approached the foot of the Umbeyla Pass, he found a large number of the enemy had descended from the hills and were about to take possession of some broken ground near the mouth of the gorge. A gallant charge led by Probyn dispersed them. Major Brownlow then occupied the broken ground with two companies, and the cavalry returned covered by the infantry, who were closely pressed by the enemy. Sword in hand the mountaineers dashed into their ranks, and many a mortal tussle took place. So they fought on, and moonlight had spread over the hills before they reached the camp.

“The enemy were in some strength, and tried to force their way into the lines [writes an eyewitness]; but by this time every one was ready for them, and they were met by a sharp file-fire from the Enfield rifles and grape from the mountain-train guns. The night attack formed a curious and picturesque scene: the dark line of the jungle to the front, on the right and left the two port-fires of the mountain-train shining like stars, whilst between them a dim line of infantry stretched across the valley. Suddenly comes a wild shout of Allah! Allah! the matchlocks flash and crack from the shadows of the trees; there is a glitter of whirling sword-blades, and a mob of dusky figures rush across the open space and charge almost up to the bayonets. Then comes a flash and a roar, the grape and canister dash up the stones and gravel, and patter amongst the leaves at close range. The whole line lights up with the fitful flashes of a sharp file-fire, and as the smoke clears off the assailants are nowhere to be seen; feeble groans from the front, and cries for water in some Pathan *patois*, alone tell us that the fire has been effectual. Presently comes another shot or two in a new direction. A few rolling stones on the hill inform the quick ears

¹ Later the Right Honourable Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I. P.C., &c., Keeper of the Privy Purse.

² Later Field-Marshal Sir Charles Brownlow, G.C.B., &c.

of the native troops that the enemy is attempting to take us in flank, and they push up to meet them at once ; and so the line of fire and sharp cracking of our rifles extends gradually far up the dark and precipitous hill-side ; and the roar of battle, multiplied a thousandfold by the echoes of the mountain, fills the long valley from end to end. Then there is another shout and charge, more grape and musketry, which end as before. But this time a dark group, which moves slowly through our line and carries tenderly some heavy burden, tells us that *their* shooting too has told.

“Presently from near the centre of the line comes a voice, so full of command, that all stop to listen and prepare to obey. The order is, ‘Cease firing ; let them charge up to the bayonet, and then——’ The rest is lost, but every soldier knows well how the sentence ended, and stays his hand, waiting in deep silence, which contrasts strangely with the previous uproar. High up on a little knoll well to the front we see the tall form of the General towering above his staff, and looking intently into the darkness before him. Apparently, however, they had had enough, and but a few straggling shots from time to time told that an enemy, of whose numbers we could form no idea, still lay in the jungle before us. Presently these also ceased, but long afterwards we could hear their footsteps and the stones rolling on the hills as they retired, and judged that they must be carrying off their dead and wounded or they would have moved more quietly.”

There was no longer any doubts as to the temper of the tribes, and Neville Chamberlain set to work with characteristic energy to improve his position. He fortified his front by a breastwork and guns in position, and he also secured the rear from attack. On his left rose the Gooroo mountain, whose spurs came down to the camp, and on them he placed in well-chosen positions defensive pickets. The principal one on the left was the Eagle’s Nest, which Neville Chamberlain has described “as occupying the top of a very steep rocky knoll which rises out of the southern face of the Gooroo, and is the apex of that portion of the mountain which overlooks the left flank of the camp.” On the right the hills were lower, and here the General also found some good positions for his pickets. The main position on this side, called the Crag Picket, was however as commanding as the Eagle’s Nest, and towered up into the sky, a pinnacle of huge rocks scantily clothed with pines.¹ Round these two points centred

¹ ‘Sitana,’ by Colonel John Adye, C.B.

the chief part of the fighting. The general charge of the left pickets was assigned to Colonel Luther Vaughan, and those to the front and right to Colonel Wilde.

On the morning of the 25th the enemy showed in force on a ridge of hills in front of the advance pickets on the right. Major Keyes, with only 200 men of the 1st Punjab Infantry (the Coke's Rifles of Delhi fame), at once took the offensive, and drove them from height to height till they retreated across a valley about 200 yards broad, and took up a position on a conical hill on its other side. Only 700 yards separated the summit of the hill from the range. The valley began to fill rapidly with the enemy. Keyes sent at once to camp for reinforcements and ordered his men to keep under cover. Some hours, however, passed before 150 men of the 71st Highland Infantry and 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers¹ arrived, and the marksmen were placed along the ridge. The Punjabees were withdrawn and drawn up with the 5th Goorkhas out of sight. It was four in the afternoon when the Peshawur Mountain Battery made their way over the rough ground and climbed up the ridge unseen by the enemy. The guns were now dragged up into position by hand and opened fire with shrapnel. The first shell knocked over a standard and several of the enemy on the top of the hill. The marksmen opened fire quickly and steadily. The enemy began to waver, and Keyes with the Punjab Infantry dashed across the plain, stormed the hill, and drove the tribesmen down it. A brilliant exploit, managed with great skill, as Neville Chamberlain said in his despatch.

From the information he had received the General expected that day a simultaneous attack on the left and on the front, and he reinforced the pickets on the spurs of the Gooroo by sending up 200 men of the 71st Highlanders, the 5th and 6th Punjab Regiments, and a mountain battery. The heights above them were crowned with large bodies of the enemy, but no attack was made. When dawn broke Luther Vaughan swiftly placed in position the reinforcements he had received

¹ Now the Royal Munster Fusiliers.

to meet the threatened attack. What followed is best told in his own words:—

“The troops were hardly in position when a very large body of the enemy rushed down the steep slopes of the mountain above, and with loud cries attacked at once the picket and the troops. The mountain-train guns fired upon the enemy with shrapnel, common shell, and round-shot, and this fire checked those who were advancing against the troops in position, but not those advancing against the picket. The latter was attacked with the greatest determination, and two of the enemy's standards were planted close under the parapet which crowns the steep sides of the picket hill.

“All the efforts of the picket failed to dislodge the enemy from the position for some time, notwithstanding that the direct fire from the picket was aided by a flanking fire from the mountain-train guns and from the Enfield rifles of the 71st. But as the attack upon the picket will form the subject of a separate report from Major Brownlow, I shall only remark here that so desperately was it attacked, and so hardly was it pressed, that it became necessary for me to reinforce it in the course of the action with the company of the 71st Highland Light Infantry and a company of the 5th Punjab Infantry. When the enemy had been checked by the guns they were charged by the 6th Punjab Infantry, but the regiment was unfortunately carried too far in the ardour of pursuit, and lost heavily before it could regain position.”

Whilst this struggle was taking place on the steep mountain-side Major Brownlow was holding against repeated attacks the small breastwork on the Eagle's Nest. He writes:—

“About twelve o'clock (noon) the Bunerwals, who had hitherto fired only an occasional shot, commenced to move down from their position, matchlockmen posting themselves most advantageously in the wood, and opening a very galling fire upon us; while their swordsmen and others advanced boldly to the attack, charging across the plateau in our front in the most determined manner, and planting their standard behind a rock within a few feet of our wall. The steady fire, however, with which they were received rendered their very gallant efforts to enter our defences unavailing, and they were driven back and up the hill, leaving the ground covered with their dead, their matchlockmen only maintaining the fight and continuing to harass us much.”

Many a brave man lay on the earth. Lieutenant Richmond of the 20th Regiment was shot whilst encouraging his men under the hottest fire of the day. Lyons, the surgeon of the

20th, placed the dying man under the shelter of a fallen tree, and sat beside him exposed to the storm of bullets from the hill.¹ At the Eagle's Nest, besides Richmond, thirteen men were killed and thirty-six of all ranks wounded. Lieutenant Clifford, who had joined the force as a volunteer with the 3rd Punjab Infantry, was killed while heading a sally against the enemy from a position among the rocks below the Nest. Among the foremost fighters fell Subadar-Major Meer Ally Shah at Brownlow's side, recommending, as dark night began to veil his eyes, his son to his commander's care. That day another native officer led his company under a heavy fire, and when his commanding officer was struck down remained to defend him and saved his life. Neville Chamberlain in his despatches bears testimony to the gallantry and devotion of the native soldiers during this campaign. In the ranks of the native regiments there were men of almost every tribe of the frontier, including those who were fighting against us, but through the weary trial of bad success they stood by the colours, and they were always eager to fight the foe. In fact, sons of one side fought against their fathers on the other, and brothers often met in the midst of the fray and cut one another down. After one of the earlier fights an orderly of Colonel Probyn's went over the field of battle to look at the dead, and amongst them recognised the body of his father.

On the following day, the 27th, the Bunerwals came down at our invitation to carry off their dead. The chiefs conversed freely with Neville Chamberlain and Aleck Taylor: they had suffered severely in the stubborn fight at the Eagle's Nest, yet it was evident from their manner and speech that their resolution to oppose our advance had not been shaken. On the 27th of October the General telegraphed as follows:—

“All goes well, and I entertain no fear as to final result if supported by more infantry and kept in supplies and ammunition. Tribes losing men, and will tire first. The Akhoond of Swat having joined coalition is serious, because his influence extends as far as Kohat, and other tribes may take up the fanatical cry. I recommend your sending

¹ 'The Calcutta Review,' xl. 214.

trans-Indus as many troops as can be spared from below. Any backwardness now might cause great inconvenience, whereas, if the tribes hear of the arrival of troops, those tribes not committed are likely to keep quiet."

The sick and wounded were sent back on the 28th to Rustam, and the next day there arrived in camp the 4th Goorkhas and two guns of No. 3 Punjab Light Infantry, a small but timely reinforcement.

On the night of the 29th the summit of the Crag Picket was occupied by twelve men of the 1st Punjab Regiment under a non-commissioned officer. It was all that the platform could hold. A body of Hindustani fanatics under the leadership of a native officer of one of the mutinous Bengal regiments, taking advantage of the darkness, crept silently towards the post and slowly collected among the brushwood and ravines to its front. About half an hour before daylight they opened fire, made a sudden rush, and drove the small picket from the summit. Driven down by the weight of numbers, the twelve men bravely took up a position at the base of the perpendicular rocks and returned the fire of the tribesmen. Major Keyes on hearing the firing knew that the picket would be closely pressed, and, accompanied by Lieutenant H. W. Pitcher, Adjutant of the 1st, and twenty chosen men, hastened to their assistance. On arriving at the base of the rocks he found nine of the picket, and placing his men under cover he determined to await reinforcements and the break of day. At daylight Major Brownlow with the 20th Punjab Infantry reached the main picket. He was the senior officer, and Keyes suggested to Brownlow that he should advance by a ridge which ran to the right of the crag, and threaten the enemy in the rear, while Keyes attacked them in front. Brownlow assented. This flank movement greatly disconcerted the enemy. Meanwhile Keyes, ordering his men to fix swords, led them up a path which, owing to the rocks, was so narrow that only one or two men could pass at a time. At the same moment Lieutenants Fosbery¹ and Pitcher with

¹ Now Lieutenant-Colonel G. V. Fosbery, V.C.

a few men pushed up two paths equally difficult, equally narrow. Pitcher, as he led his men up the last rock, was knocked down by a stone and stunned. Fosbery was the first man to gain the top of the crag. The tribesmen fought with their back to the rocks. A few minutes the combat lasted and fifty-four of the enemy lay dead and seven wounded in and around the spot. The losses of the storming party amounted to fifty-five; their commander was among the wounded. It was, as Neville Chamberlain said, "a gallant exploit." He considered that Fosbery and Pitcher were deserving of the Victoria Cross, and on them the Cross of Valour was bestowed.

The next day, 31st October, Neville Chamberlain forwarded a despatch to the Government of India showing how entirely the situation had altered since the force entered the Umbeyla Pass, and giving the reason why it could not, without substantial reinforcements, make an advance into the Chamla valley.

"In my letter of the 25th instant," he says, "I mentioned that the people of Buner had applied to the Akhoond of Swat, to aid them in resisting the advance of the force, and stated my opinion that, in the event of his doing so, the object with which the force had adopted the route of the Chamla valley would, of course, be rendered very difficult of attainment. I have now to report that the Akhoond has actually joined the Buners, and that he has brought with him upwards of 100 standards from Swat, each standard representing, probably, from 20 to 30 footmen; and, it is said, 120 horsemen. Besides the tribe with which he is more immediately connected,—viz., the Swatees,—he has summoned the people of the remote country of the Bajour, on the border of the Cabool territory, the Mullazyes of Dher, under their chief, Ghuzzan Khan, and other distant tribes, whose names even are hardly known, except to the officers who have served long on the frontier. There is, in fact, a general combination of almost all the tribes, from the Indus to the boundary of Cabool, against us. Old animosities are, for the time, in abeyance; and under the influence of fanaticism, tribes usually hostile to each other are hastening to join the Akhoond's standard, and to fight for the sake of their common faith. The Akhoond has hitherto been opposed to the Sitana Moolvie, who represents an exceptional sect of Mahomedans; but at present the two are understood to be on friendly terms, and it is certain that the whole of the Hindustanee colony are either at, or on their way to, Umbeyla.

“It is necessary that I should place the state of affairs thus distinctly before His Excellency, in order that he may understand how entirely the situation has altered since the force entered the Umbeyla Pass ; and that, instead of having to deal with the Mahabun tribes, with a view to the expulsion of the Hindustanees from that mountain, we are engaged in a contest in which not only are the Hindustanees and the Mahabun tribes, but also the Swatees, the Bajourees, and the Indus tribes north of the Burrendo, with a large sprinkling of the discontented and restless spirits from within our own border. I feel certain that His Excellency will approve of my not making an advance into the Chamla valley, with my present force, in the face of the above coalition. I could only do so by giving up the Umbeyla Pass. If the force moved into the valley with a view to continue its advance towards the Mahabun, and to carry out the original views of the Government, it would be exposed to the enemy's incessant attacks, both by night and day, in flank and rear ; and it would be impossible, in the face of such numbers, to protect adequately a long line of laden animals, to which would be added daily an ever-increasing number of sick and wounded. On the other hand, if the force merely moved into the valley with a view to take up a position in the open ground, it would still lose its communication with the rear ; and whenever it required fresh supplies of provisions or ammunition, or to clear the camp by sending sick and wounded to the rear, it would have to retake the pass, and to re-occupy, at great sacrifice of life, the very ground from which it had advanced.

“Further, I have felt it right not to forget that if this force should be seriously compromised by a hazardous movement in advance, there are not, within a very great distance, the troops necessary to meet any difficulty which would be certain, under such an eventuality, immediately to arise either within or beyond the border. In fact, my judgment tells me that, with our present numbers, the only way to uphold the honour of our arms and the interests of the Government is to act on the defensive, in the position the force now holds, and trust to the effect of time, and of the discouragement which repeated unsuccessful attacks are likely to produce upon the enemy, to weaken their numbers and to break up their combination.

“The first result of the combination between the Akhoond and the Moolvie was an attack upon the right pickets of the camp, early yesterday morning, by the Hindustanees, and an almost simultaneous attack upon the front of the camp by the Swatees. The front attack was repulsed, under my personal superintendence, without difficulty, by the good practice of the artillery under Captain Tulloh, and the fire of Her Majesty's 71st Highland Light Infantry, and the 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers, which lined the breastworks, under Colonel Hope, C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel Salusbury, respectively. Some of the enemy behaved with considerable boldness, and afforded an opportunity for the 5th Goorkha regiment to make a spirited charge.

They left forty dead bodies on the field, which have been recognised as men from Swat and Raneezye; and must have lost heavily in addition, though, according to custom, they carried off as many of their dead as they could.

“The attack by the Hindustanees on the right was directed against the extreme right picket, known as the Crag. A little before daylight the picket was attacked in force by the enemy, and its garrison driven in. It was, however, brilliantly retaken by Major C. P. Keyes, commanding the 1st Punjab Infantry, as soon as the day broke, at a loss to the enemy of nearly sixty killed.”

During the first days of November the enemy contented themselves with firing into the breastworks. Taking advantage of the lull, Neville Chamberlain commenced a road from our right defences to the rear, over the slopes of the Mahabun, which, when finished, would render us independent of the Umbeyla Pass. Looking forward with firm confidence to the day when he would advance, he also began to construct a rough path down one of the rocky spurs of the Mahabun running into the Chamla valley. The working parties on these roads were covered by strong detachments of Europeans and natives. It was, however, impossible, on account of the spurs and ravines, to keep the covering parties in touch, and for them to be acquainted with the movements and position of the enemy. On the 6th, Major Harding, 2nd Sikh Regiment, commanded the detachments covering the working parties on the road which was being made towards Umbeyla. A picket of 100 men of the 20th Punjab Native Infantry, under Lieutenant J. Bartleman, covered the front of the working parties who were working at the foot of a ridge. On the head of another spur above them a picket, consisting of 100 men of the 1st Punjab Infantry, under Lieutenant Unwin, was posted. About noon Major Brownlow, who commanded the advanced pickets on the right, heard that Harding was anxious that Unwin should be strengthened, as he was afraid the enemy might occupy a position above the detachments. A company of the Guides, under Lieutenant Battye, was sent to reinforce Unwin. Soon after this Colonel Wilde, who (as we have stated), commanded the

right defences, gave orders that the working parties should be withdrawn and the covering parties retire to the hill. The working parties were withdrawn, but not the lower covering parties. The reason why the order was not obeyed is a matter of much uncertainty. At the time it was conveyed to him Harding was on the top of the hill, and the better opinion undoubtedly seems to be that on coming down he found his lowest detachment outnumbered and hotly engaged. The chivalrous soldier would not abandon the wounded. The 4th Goorkha regiment was sent to reach him across the ridges. Colonel R. G. Taylor writes: "It was on seeing the approach of the 4th Goorkhas that Major Harding finally resolved on retiring. I saw myself the detachments fall in very steadily for retirement and move off, a portion being engaged all the time with an enemy we could not see." Harding was the last man to leave the picket. The greater part of his men reached camp, but their commander, to whose coolness and determination they owed their safety, never came back. He had been shot in the neck, and a brave Goorkha sepoy was carrying him on his back when he was killed. Ensign Murray of the 71st and Lieutenant Dougal of the 79th also fell; and Lieutenant Oliphant of the Goorkhas and Battye of the Guides were wounded.

In the course of the next few days the enemy showed in large numbers about Umbeyla, and the pickets on the right were reinforced and strengthened. The Crag picket had already been enlarged, and could now hold a garrison of 160 men. It was also supported by the guns of the Peshawur Mountain Battery, placed in the main picket about 250 yards below the Crag. On the afternoon of the 12th, Major Brownlow assumed command of the post, the garrison at the time consisting of 15 men of the 101st Regiment, 30 of the 14th Native Infantry, and 115 of the 20th Punjab Native Infantry. About 10 P.M. the enemy delivered their attack. But we must let Brownlow tell his own tale:—

"Before dark I had every man in his place for the night, with strict orders as to the nature of his duties, and the direction of his fire in

case of attack. About 10 P.M. their watch-fires showed us that the enemy were in movement, and descending in great numbers to the hollow in our front, which in half an hour was full of them. Their suppressed voices soon broke into yells of defiance, and they advanced in masses to our attack, their numbers being, so far as I could judge from sight and sound, at least 2000. I allowed them to approach within a hundred yards, and then opened a rapid and well-sustained file-fire from our front, which I believe did great execution, and soon silenced their shouts and drove them under cover,—some to the broken and wooded ground to our left, and the rest to the ravine below us. In half an hour they rallied, and, assembling in almost increased numbers, rushed to the attack, this time assaulting on our front as well as on the left. They were received with the greatest steadiness, and again recoiled before our fire. These attacks continued until 4 A.M., each becoming weaker than the last, and many of them being mere feints to enable them to carry off their dead and wounded. During the night I received very valuable assistance from Captain Hughes's mountain battery. From his position, about 250 yards below, and in the right rear of the Crag, he made most successful practice, being guided, as to direction and range, by voice from our post. Before the attack commenced he pitched two shells into the watch-fire of the enemy, which must have done considerable damage."

About 8 A.M. on the 13th, Brownlow's men, completely worn out by watching and fighting, were relieved by a detachment of the 1st Punjab Infantry under the command of Captain Davidson. Two hours later the enemy delivered another attack in greater force and drove the small garrison down the hill. Davidson died fighting at his post. "A Buner man, after peace was made, told us that he was engaged in this attack, and describing Davidson's appearance exactly, said that the sahib had given them much trouble, and was a terrible fellow to encounter. He had observed him fighting alone in one part of the Crag, and saw him wounded in the forehead with a spear after he had killed two of the enemy with his own hand." Keyes saw the men of the Crag picket rushing down the side of the hill. He immediately rushed to the breastwork across the road leading to the main post, rallied the men, and opened a heavy fire, which was taken up by the Peshawur Mountain Train Battery. He could not lead the way as he had done before. The breastwork was

too important for the officer in command to desert it. But the enemy continued to come on in numbers, and ordering a few men to remain in the breastwork, Keyes commanded the rest to charge; and the foremost men, led by Young, again commenced to scale the perpendicular heights. Pitcher fell severely wounded. The fire was too deadly, the force too small to take the Crag picket, and the men had to seek shelter in the rocks beneath it. Neville Chamberlain was in the camp below when the Crag picket fell into the hands of the enemy, "and," he writes, "my attention having been accidentally drawn to the unusual dust and confusion caused by the rush of camp-followers and animals down the hill, I felt convinced that some reverse had occurred, and immediately sent forward Her Majesty's 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers, which was fortunately under arms for another purpose." The old Bengal Fusiliers again showed the same cool valour they had so often showed on the ridge at Delhi and the capture of Lucknow. The ascent was steep, the enemy poured upon them shots and rocks, but they neither halted nor broke,—up they went till they stormed the crest.

For the next few days the enemy remained comparatively quiet, and Neville Chamberlain took advantage of the lull to make an important change in the disposition of his force. The road over the Mahabun mountain to the rear was now practicable, and being easier than the Umbeyla Pass, the supplies and supports were moved from Rustam to Permouli, a village near to our frontier. The abandonment of the route by the Umbeyla Pass rendered it unnecessary to maintain a hold on the Gooroo mountain. Neville Chamberlain therefore determined, with a view of strengthening his position, to abandon the pickets on that mountain and to concentrate his force on the ground already held on the slopes of the Mahabun. "There can be no doubt but that, in a military point of view, this was a judicious arrangement. Instead of holding a series of straggling posts, perched up on rocks on two separate mountains, with his main body down in a hollow gorge, he would now have his troops well in hand; the

different works could be reinforced with comparative ease, and only one vital point (the Crag) remained to be defended.”¹ At earliest dawn, 1st November, the pickets were removed from the Gooroo mountain without firing a shot,—a most difficult operation, considering the nature of the ground and the vigilance of the enemy, conducted with the utmost skill by Luther Vaughan. The camp was also moved from the gorge. When the enemy found our left deserted they thought it was the precursor of a general retreat, and they rushed into the gorge in great numbers, both from the Gooroo and the Chamla valley. They attacked some small breastworks on the side of the hill which were held by 130 men of the 14th Native Infantry under Major Ross. Greatly outnumbered, this small band at first gave way, but on being reinforced retook the post. The enemy, however, continued to make successive attacks till four o'clock, when the position was relinquished and the troops fell back on the main defences. Our losses on this occasion were very considerable. Among the killed were Captain C. F. Smith of the 71st Highland Infantry; Lieutenant T. S. Jones, attached to that regiment; Lieutenant H. H. Chapman, Adjutant of the 101st Regiment; and Lieutenant W. F. Mosley of the 14th Native Infantry. When the few men of the 14th who first held the picket had fired away their ammunition, Mosley and his remaining men leapt over the breastwork and charged the enemy. Thirty-four of them were killed and fifty-one wounded out of 135. Chapman, on seeing Captain Smith on the ground badly wounded, went to help him, and while thus engaged was himself shot. He begged Major Ross to get Captain Smith carried off and not to mind *him*, as he knew he was mortally wounded.

On the 19th of October the General sent the following telegram to the Government: “The troops have now been hard worked both day and night for a month, and having to meet fresh enemies with loss is telling. We much need reinforcements. I find it difficult to meet the enemy’s attacks and provide convoys for supplies and wounded sent to the

¹ ‘Sitana,’ by Colonel John Adye, C.B., p. 61.

rear. If you can give some fresh corps to relieve those most reduced in numbers and dash, the relieved corps can be sent to the plains and used in support. This is urgent." About 9 A.M. next morning the enemy began to collect in great numbers near the "Crag" and "Water" pickets, and opened a heavy matchlock fire. The Crag was held by 100 men of the 101st Fusiliers and 100 men of the 20th Punjab Infantry, commanded by Captain Delafosse, one of the two male survivors from the Cawnpore garrison. All the forenoon the enemy were kept in check by shells from the Peshawur Mountain Battery. Bodies of the tribes, however, gradually advanced under cover to within a few yards of the breastworks and displayed their standards. About 3 P.M., by a sudden and overwhelming rush, they gained possession of the upper portion of the picket on the crest. The officers and men in the tower held it gallantly until two-thirds of them being killed or wounded it was no longer possible to maintain their hold. Ensign A. R. Sanderson and Assistant-Surgeon Pile of the 101st were both killed while rallying their men at the breastwork. Captain Rogers of the 20th Punjab Native Infantry, regardless of the enemy which swarmed around, held his men together, and Delafosse showed the same surpassing courage that he did when he lay under the burning ammunition-wagon at Cawnpore and put the fire out.¹

Thus for the third time was the Crag picket lost. It had become known in the country as "*Kutlgar*," or the place of slaughter. It was soon again won. When Neville Chamberlain at the main camp saw what was happening at the Crag he immediately ordered the 71st Highland Light Infantry and the 5th Goorkha Regiment to proceed to the upper camp. At the same time he directed Captain Griffin's half-battery (C, 19th R.A.) and the two 24-pounder howitzers of No. 3 Punjab Light Field Battery under Captain Salt to open fire on the Crag. Hughes' mountain guns were already playing from the plateau on the height, and the combined fire was delivered with such exactness

¹ 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' by G. W. Forrest, i. 449.

that the enemy dare not make another attack, and had to lie close under cover of the rocks on its summit. On reaching the plateau the General spoke to the Highlanders and aroused the spirits of every man. Then he directed Colonel Hope, their commander, to lead them straight up the rocky path which led to the crags. He also directed Colonel Luther Vaughan¹ to lead the 5th Goorkhas and his own regiment (5th Punjab Infantry) up the hill by a slight circuit. Under a storm of matchlock balls and showers of rocks the Highlanders, led by Colonel Hope, marched steadily straight up the steep height. With the same stubborn valour but in less compact order, owing to the nature of the ground, the Goorkhas and the 5th Punjab Native Infantry breasted the ascent. Among the leading climbers was Neville Chamberlain, encouraging and directing the men. He had ordered his troops to undertake a desperate but vital task, and he thought it a duty to share the risks. Bearing onwards through every obstacle, Neville Chamberlain had guided his troops almost to the crest when a bullet struck him in the forearm. He, however, continued to direct the advance and guided the men into the work. Hope and Luther Vaughan's column having united, drove the tribesmen for some distance over the heights. When further pursuit was useless the troops returned towards the Crag, and the gallant Hope was severely wounded whilst superintending the reoccupation of the picket, which, at his special request, was garrisoned for the night by 200 of his Highlanders. It was only when victory was won that Neville Chamberlain was induced to return to camp and have his wound dressed.

The next day, while Neville Chamberlain lay in his tent badly wounded, Major James, who had relieved Reynell Taylor as Commissioner of Peshawur, brought him a telegram of the previous day from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, authorising the withdrawal of the force to Permauli should General Chamberlain consider it desirable on military

¹ 'My Service in the Indian Army and After,' by General Sir J. Luther Vaughan, K.C.B., p. 140.

grounds. "The General was at the time suffering from his wound," Major James writes, "and unable to discuss the question in detail, but he signified his opinion that such a step would be most inadvisable." On the 22nd a telegram was sent to the Punjab Government stating that the force was determined to hold its position, and that though the difficulties were great, the General was sure of ultimate success.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab was placed in a position of unusual difficulty. The Governor-General was in a dying state in the interior of the Himalayas, cut off from telegraphic communication, and unable to transact business. The day that Neville Chamberlain was wounded Lord Elgin died at Dharmsala. "He was cut off, as those felt most keenly who were most capable of judging, 'just at the moment when his best qualities were about to show themselves'; just when the information and experience which he had accumulated were beginning to ripen into confidence in his knowledge of the country; and to the historian his figure must remain as an unfinished *torso* in the gallery of our Indian rulers."¹ Six days after the death of the Governor-General the Supreme Council ordered the withdrawal of Chamberlain's force as soon as it could be done without the risk of military disaster or without seriously compromising our military reputation. Sir Hugh Rose, who was at Lahore, wrote to his colleagues at Calcutta remonstrating against the proposed withdrawal, pointing out the danger of such a policy and the loss of prestige which would necessarily follow. He not only remonstrated but he acted. He ordered large reinforcements to proceed by forced marches to the frontier. On the 2nd of December Sir William Denison, Governor of Madras, who became Governor-General on the death of Lord Elgin, landed at Calcutta. He was both a soldier and a statesman, and he saw that "a movement in retreat" would be considered by the mountain tribes as equivalent to a victory, and the moral

¹ 'Letters and Journals of James, Eighth Earl of Elgin,' edited by Theodore Walrond, C.B., p. 464.

effect upon our troops would be of the worst description. He therefore induced the members of the Supreme Council to reconsider and ultimately to cancel their first decision. He also telegraphed to Lahore expressing his entire confidence in the measures of the Commander-in-Chief, and desired that the military operations might be continued with vigour,

The third attack on the Crag picket proved to be the last assault of any importance: the enemy had fought stubbornly and been beaten with considerable slaughter, and they now began to lose heart. The fresh arrival of troops increased their despondency. Neville Chamberlain, owing to the severity of his wound, had to resign the command, which was exercised by the next senior officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Wilde. On the 30th November Major-General J. Garvock,¹ an officer of experience in Cape warfare, who commanded the Peshawur Division, arrived in camp and assumed command of the Yusafzai Field Force. On the 6th of December the 93rd Highlanders and the 23rd Punjab Native Infantry (Pioneers), the last of our reinforcements, marched into camp. The latter was commanded by Charles Chamberlain. A few hours later Crawford was also with his brother Neville.

“CAMP PERMOULI, 11th December 1863.

“MY DEAR TOM,—Whilst Neville is asleep I hasten to answer your letter. I was charmed to find him as well as he was, but I think this was due to the excitement of Charlie's and my both reaching him on the same day—he at 9 A.M. and I at 6 P.M. I stayed nowhere on the road, and landed here in five days from Goorgam, doing the last forty miles in an *ekha!* I am most thankful to say that Dr Buckle is satisfied at the progress of the wound, and as soon as his general health has improved a bit he hopes to have him up. The wound was more serious than at first supposed, but the granulations are doing well. It is not yet known whether the bullet is in or out, and Buckle wishes to leave him alone until he is stronger, when probably it will give signs of presence. Yesterday he had slight fever.

“The weather is very enjoyable to us who are well, and the bracing air must do him good also. There has been no fighting since he was wounded! but on that occasion things looked very dismal, and after

¹ The late Sir John Garvock, G.C.B.

haranguing the 71st Highland Light Infantry on the necessity of taking the Crag picket at any sacrifice, he put himself at their head. He says he weighed it in his mind and thought it a duty to share the risks! If the Crag picket had not been taken the Water picket would have been sacrificed, and then—God knows what might not have followed. Whilst on the summit, his right arm powerless, though he still kept his ground, a stalwart enemy went at him and was in the act of cutting him down when a soldier of the 71st knocked up the weapon and shot his assailant. After the fight he tried to find out the man but never could, and he fears the brave fellow must have fallen later in the day. We heard from the front camp this morning that the Bunerwal are desirous of peace. The Akhoond of Swat and one Ghuzzan Khan, chief of Bajour, are hostile and have some 8000 men in the valley,—the Buner will have lost 700 killed, and his Bajouries' pluck is supposed to have oozed out in consequence. We have now 14 guns, 400 cavalry, 4 European and 11 native regiments in the camp in the pass—in all about 8000 or 9000 men.

“Neville had only 5000 and beat the enemy off. Sir Mordaunt Wells has just called to know if he can see Neville. I send telegram to Versailles.—Your affectionate
CRAWFORD.”

On the 15th of December 1863 Neville Chamberlain dictated the following letter to his mother:—

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Crawford was fortunately able to send you a telegram by last mail to counteract the false reports as to my state, and I am sure you will be very much obliged to him for his thoughtfulness. With my usual luck I got wounded in the arm on the 20th November when ascending with a column to recapture a picket that had been taken possession of by the enemy. I did not think much of the injury at the first, and hoped to continue in command of the force, but my arm took a change for the worse which caused the doctor anxiety, and my general health so failed me that I became quite prostrate and unable to exercise the command. You may imagine what mortification it was to have to give in and make way for another at a time when reinforcements were beginning to arrive and the force was about to be placed in a position to act upon the offensive. Up to that time we had had no help for it but to act upon the defensive, the enemy being constantly reinforced by fresh men whilst ours became reduced in numbers and had to be on duty day and night. At first Government (especially Sir Robert Montgomery) were anything but satisfied with me, because I was unable to carry out the original programme, and I received anything but the encouragement and support I had a right to expect under the circumstances. The fact was that from day to day of our taking possession of the Umbeyla Pass circumstances became entirely altered, and, instead of merely having to march to meet the tribes of the Mahabun mountains, the

whole of the tribes of the northern side beyond the Peshawur valley took up arms to oppose us, and the spirit extended to the tribes within our border, many of whom joined in what became a holy war against us. In this way we had to stand purely on the defensive, during which time a succession of attacks were made upon our position, the last of which was on the day I was wounded. Since then the enemy have been entirely inactive. Unfortunately Lord Elgin became too ill to attend to business, and his secretaries became what was nominally called the Government. Sir R. Montgomery was too disappointed and vexed to comprehend the completely altered nature of events, so that nothing but the most unpleasant telegrams reached me from the head of the civil Government: however, as a soldier and General in command of a force, I felt that my own judgment was the only proper guide, and we continued successfully to defeat the enemy, keep ourselves in supply and ammunition, send away our wounded, and keep open communications with the rear. All these latter became practicable from my having opened out a new line of communication from the rear (the pass we advanced by having been too much under the command of the enemy). The Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Rose), who had been travelling in the hills beyond Simla, was unaware of all that was going on, but was fortunately recalled to join the Governor-General, and as soon as he arrived he at once understood the nature of our position, and used his influence in having reinforcements sent up and in getting the civil Government to comprehend the nature of the crisis.

“ I do not think, my dear mother, that you need fear my being blamed, but on the contrary, as more light becomes thrown upon the subject, it will be fully conceded that I had no other course than that I adopted. An onward move would have hazarded the safety of the force. Our advance was merely the spark to set up the flame of fanaticism which has long been ready to burst out along this border. I was accompanied from camp by my good friend and excellent medical adviser, Dr Buckle, who has treated me with the greatest skill and kindness, and I have no doubt that under his management I shall soon pick up. You may suppose how glad I was to be joined both by Crawford and Charlie, who arrived the same day. Charlie could not stay long, as he had to go on to join his regiment in the front. I thought him looking very well, and in capital spirits at the idea of going on service. Crawford is kindly nursing me. I am sorry he is obliged to leave about the 23rd. As soon as I am well enough I shall commence travelling down country *en route* to Europe.—With best love, &c., your most affectionate son,

N. C.

“ This is his sign manual with his left hand.

= - - -

“ Your devoted and dutiful son,

CRAWFORD.’”

The fact that a strong force had been locked up in a mountain pass for two months; that it had been subjected

to attack by night and by day, made by a vast horde of brave mountaineers; and that in one of these attacks our commander, well experienced in mountain warfare, had been wounded, created in England many misgivings. When news came that Lord Elgin was dead, it was universally felt that the ruler of the Punjab, who had during the mutiny shown courage and fertility of resource, and had for many years kept in order the turbulent tribes of the frontier, should succeed him. "On the morning of November 30th, 1863," says his biographer, "Sir Charles Wood looked into Sir John Lawrence's room at the India Office with the pregnant announcement, 'You are to go to India as Governor-General. Wait here till I return from Windsor with the Queen's approval.'" It was not till long after office hours that Sir Charles returned with the warm approval which he had sought and had obtained. On the 9th of December John Lawrence started from London, and on his way through Paris he sent a message by his brother, George Lawrence, to Neville Chamberlain's mother, then living at Versailles (the message has been preserved by Neville's sister), "that had any one but Neville been in command, he should have the greatest fears as to what might happen, but that he had immense confidence in Neville as a man who had more experience than any other in hill warfare, but above all because he had character and would take upon himself responsibility; he was therefore comparatively at ease, and hoped all would go well." On the 12th of January 1864 Sir John Lawrence landed at Calcutta, but by that time the Umbeyla campaign was over.

At daybreak on December 15th General Garvock led two brigades, the one under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde of the Guides, the other under Colonel W. W. Turner of the 97th Regiment,¹ to attack the village of Laloo, two miles from the Crag picket. He found the enemy strongly posted on the conical hill, whose natural strength they had increased by stone breastworks. On the left column under Wilde arriving

¹ The late Brigadier-General Sir W. W. Turner, K.C.B.

in front of the enemy's position dispositions were made for the assault, and the Peshawur Mountain Battery moved up and opened fire to keep down the matchlock fire from the height. "The advance was sounded," says Colonel Adye, and

"At that signal 5000 men rose up from their cover, and, with loud cheers and volleys of musketry, rushed to the assault—the regiments of Pathans, Sikhs, and Goorkhas all vying with the English soldiers as to who should first reach the enemy. From behind every rock and shrub at the foot of the conical peak small parties of mountaineers jumped up and fled as the advancing columns approached them. It took but a few seconds to cross the open ground, and then the steep ascent began, our men having to climb from rock to rock, and their regular formation necessarily becoming much broken. Foremost among the many could be distinguished the scarlet uniforms of the 101st Fusiliers, which, led by Colonel Salusbury and Major Lambert, steadily breasted the mountain and captured the defences in succession at the point of the bayonet, the enemy's standards dropping as their outworks fell; whilst here and there the prostrate figures of soldiers scattered about the rocks proved that the hillmen were striking hard to the last. Nothing, however, could withstand the impetuosity of the assault; and although many of the enemy stood their ground bravely, and fell at their posts, their gallantry was of no avail; and ere many minutes had elapsed the peak from foot to summit was in the possession of British soldiers."

On the morning of the 16th 400 sabres of the 11th Bengal Cavalry and Guide Corps, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Probyn, arrived from camp, and the order was given to advance towards the plain. On descending into the open country, after a tedious and difficult march, Wilde's column, which was accompanied by Major-General Garvock, found the enemy posted on a low ridge of hills which completely covered the approach to Umbeyla. The position was well chosen and strong, but the General, after a careful examination of the ground, determined to attack it and turn the enemy's right. Turner's column had now begun to descend into the plain on the enemy's left, and they seeing a column in front, and this vital flank movement, abandoned their position, and moving along the edge of the hills made for the pass leading to Buner. Turner, who was now near the village of Umbeyla, was ordered to cut off the rear of the

enemy from the pass.¹ With the 23rd Pioneers and the 32nd Pioneers in line, and the left wing of the 1st Fusiliers in reserve, he advanced towards the hills. When the regiments arrived within about 800 yards of their base, the tribesmen opened a rattling fire upon them with their matchlocks and *zamburaks*. They went on returning the fire as they advanced. Turner now saw that large bodies of the enemy were moving to his right, and he promptly then placed two companies from the reserve of the Royal Fusiliers to cover his left flank. Probyn at the same time placed a body of his men so as also to protect the left. But the ground was broken and covered with jungle, not fit for cavalry. At that moment some 250 blue-clad fanatics burst forth from a ravine, waving their banners and brandishing their swords. The Pioneers were checked for a moment by the sudden and desperate onslaught, but they soon turned on their assailants. A stubborn fight lasting about ten minutes and 200 fanatics were laid in the dust.² Lieutenant Alexander was killed and Major Wheeler, Captain Charles Chamberlain, Lieutenants Noll and Marsh wounded. General Garvock in his despatch writes: "I would draw His Excellency's attention to the mention made by the Brigadier of the good service rendered by the 23rd Pioneers under the command of Captain Chamberlain, who was wounded at its head, displaying the accustomed courage of those who bear his name."

¹ Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., then Major Roberts, V.C., R.A., Assistant Quartermaster-General, who was with Wilde's column, conveyed the order. He writes: "I was told to inform Turner that he must try and cut them off from the Buner Pass as they retreated. I found Turner close to Umbeyla and delivered my message."

² "Just at that moment a band of *Ghazis* furiously attacked the left flank, which was at a disadvantage, having got into broken ground covered with low jungle. In a few seconds five of the Pioneer British officers were on the ground,—one killed and four wounded: numbers of the men were knocked over, and the rest, staggered by the suddenness of the assault, fell back on the reserve, where they found the needed support, for the Fusiliers stood as firm as a rock. At the critical moment when the *Ghazis* made their charge, Wright, the Assistant Adjutant-General and I, being close by, rushed in among the Pioneers and called on them to follow us; as we were personally known to the men of both regiments, they quickly pulled themselves together and responded to our efforts to rally them."—'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., ii. 18.

After the mortal fight was over the mountaineers retreated up the hill towards the Buner Pass, and the three field-guns, which had been brought down on elephants and horsed in the valley, sent shot and shell after them. The firing ceased about half-past four, and the troops bivouacked for the night. "Very cold it was. Some of the officers had their greatcoats; but the men, poor fellows, had parted with theirs in the morning; and few, tired though they were, attempted to sleep on the cold rocky ground in the heavy dew. They crouched or stood round the fires all night, gossiping and joking, maintaining the character of the British soldier for being jolly under the most trying circumstances."

In the absence of the greater part of our troops the enemy made a spirited attack on the camp. "But the force left to defend it," writes General Garvock, "under that very excellent officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan, well discharged its important duty." He also drew the special attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the distinguished gallantry of Major Keyes and of Lieutenant Unwin.

During the night, while our men were bivouacking at the foot of the hill, tribe after tribe were fleeing towards their homes. Next morning the Buner *jirga* (deputation) came into camp, not to treat but for orders. It was decided that the Buner chiefs should accompany a small party of British officers to Malka, and that they themselves should set fire to the settlement of the Hindu fanatics. To Reynell Taylor the task was given of carrying it out; "and an important and delicate duty of this kind," writes Major James, "could not have been entrusted to safer and more chivalrous hands." On the 19th of December Reynell Taylor, escorted by the corps of Guides under Lieutenant F. H. Jenkins, and accompanied by six British officers,¹ set forth from Umbeyla for the fanatical settlement. The distance was only about twenty-six miles, but owing to the severity of the weather it was not till the evening of the 21st that they reached Malka. It was

¹ They were Colonel Adye, C.B.; Colonel A. Taylor, R.E.; Major Roberts, V.C.; Major Wright, Major Johnston, and Lieutenant Carter.

found to be a large "handsome village, recently built of pine-wood, standing high on a northern slope of the Mahabun, whose snowy crests rose precipitously behind it, whilst in its front a vast panorama of mountains stretched away as far as the eye could reach."¹ On the morning of the 22nd Malka was burnt in the presence of the English officers, and of a great concourse of the neighbouring tribesmen. "The spectacle," writes Reynell Taylor, "of a tribe like the Buners doing our bidding and destroying the stronghold of their own allies in the war at a distant spot, with British witnesses looking on, must have been a thoroughly convincing proof to the surrounding country of the reality of our success, and of the indubitable character of the prostration felt by the tribe which had been the foremost in opposing us."

The aim of the Umbeyla war had been accomplished. The officers and their escort returned on the morning of the 23rd December to the camp which had been removed to its former position at the head of the Umbeyla Pass, and on Christmas Day the greater part of the force had reached British territory, not a shot being fired on its homeward journey. So ended the last of Neville Chamberlain's campaigns: in it he again showed that he had the qualities of a great military captain. In the first Afghan war he had when a lad received his first wound while gallantly leading his men against a host of enemies; twenty years later he received his seventh wound when leading his men up the side of a steep Afghan mountain. Brave and daring he always was, but in his last campaign he displayed an even nobler virtue. He showed a high calm courage, was unperturbed in a perilous position due to no action of his, and confidently took the way out of it which he conceived the better. That the Umbeyla campaign did not end in disaster was due to the pluck and discipline of our soldiers — British, Pathan, Sikh, and Goorkha, — the loyal confidence they had in their officers, and the inspiring energy of their commander.

¹ 'Sitana,' by Colonel Adye, C.B., p. 89.

CHAPTER XV.

Neville Chamberlain returns to England—Interview with the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Charles Wood—Purchases the schooner *Diana*—Cruises among the Shetland Islands—Invited to accompany H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh during his stay in India—Returns to India—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh lands at Calcutta, 22nd December 1869—Visits Benares—Tiger-shooting—Narrow escape of Neville Chamberlain—The Royal party reach Lucknow—Shooting in the Terai—Sir Jung Bahadur—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visits Jubbulpore, Bombay, and Madras—Sails from India—Neville Chamberlain joins his sister at Ems—The Franco-German War—Summoned to Osborne—Visits the battle-fields in Alsace-Lorraine—His description of them—Arrives in London—Goes down to Osborne—Describes his visit—Joins his sister at Cannes—Tour in Algiers—Returns to London—His marriage—Accepts the command of the Madras army.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S energy had been tasked to the utmost to bear up a frame weakened by disease and exposure, and to face an almost hopeless situation. When he had dealt the enemy a last crushing blow he was prevented by his severe wound from enjoying the light and cheer of final success. Perhaps he was as near despair as his brave nature was capable of being. He longed to die, and the feeling of great weakness surpassed all other sufferings. He used to say that if he had been able he would have resisted the efforts of the doctors to keep him alive by pouring stimulants down his throat. In this state of body and mind it was impossible for the doctors to perform any operation, and it was not till the 17th January that the bullet was extracted.

Four months, however, passed before his health allowed him to reach Calcutta and embark on board the French steamer *Alphéc* for Marseilles. In July he found his mother and

sisters at Versailles. "He was sadly altered in the eighteen years he had been away, but it was only in looks he was altered. He was the same kind brother, with the same charming simple ways as when he was a boy, the same old-world courtesy that became him well." Great was the enjoyment of a man of Neville Chamberlain's warm-hearted earnest nature in finding himself again in the society of his mother and sisters and of children. He took a great interest in the education of his nephews, and he found occupation in improving his knowledge of French. After he had spent some peaceful months at Versailles and grown stronger by the rest, he went to London. As in duty bound he called upon the Duke of Cambridge. "He received me very kindly, and picked my brains upon most of the questions of interest connected with the administration of India, especially those of a military nature." From that time Neville Chamberlain became a trusted adviser of the Duke on all matters relating to the Indian army. Neville Chamberlain also had an interview with Sir Charles Wood, then Secretary of State for India. "Sir Charles asked me about the frontier and the force and the matter of control, and I was able to explain these matters better to him than he had gathered from correspondence." In visiting old friends, in making new ones, in dining, in going to the theatre and seeing Fechter ("who is more than a mere actor, he has natural force of character, and would be good in any walk of life"), the time was pleasantly spent. London was not, however, the place for Neville Chamberlain, who had been accustomed to long marches on the frontier, to the freedom of camp life, to the sports of the field. The state of his arm prevented him from holding a gun, but his old love for the salt water revived, and he again explored "the moist ways of the sea." The love of nature was from his constitution a predominant instinct, and the presence of the ocean, the stars, and the mountains, was necessary to his physical and mental health. In 1866 he purchased the schooner *Diana*, "a pretty craft," and "a handy good sea boat," and sailed in her from Portsmouth

to the Island of Mull, where his brother-in-law, Arbuthnot Guthrie, who belonged to an old Scots family, had bought the estate of Duart. At Duart he spent some of the brightest days of his life. During the summer he took sundry cruises among the "wind-swept Orcades" and the Shetland Islands.

The year 1868 opened most sadly for Neville Chamberlain. On the 2nd of January he writes to Crawford: "Alas! it is true, too true, our mother has left us." The tenor of their correspondence shows the love and veneration her soldier sons had for her. Throughout her life, however far sundered they might be, they were never divided from their mother. On the last day of the year she was buried in the cemetery at Versailles at the foot of the wood of Satory. "The day had been fine but bitterly cold, and there was a cold cutting north-east wind, accompanied occasionally by a slight sprinkling of snow. Just, however, as we were bringing to a close the last offices to the dead, the sun set behind the wood beautifully bright and clear, recalling to our minds the character of our dear lost mother."

Neville Chamberlain sold the *Diana* that season, but he went in the autumn to the Island of Mull, and enjoyed some boating. On the 1st of August he writes: "The best news I have to give you of myself is that I am able to use a gun." He adds: "I have taken out a shooting licence, the first I have ever had, and we have had some fair shooting." In October he shot his first stag. During the close of his stay at Mull he received a confidential communication which required grave consideration. Early in the autumn of 1868 it was intimated that Lord Mayo had been appointed, on the recommendation of Mr Disraeli, to succeed John Lawrence as Governor-General. In November Neville Chamberlain received the following letter from his old friend and chief, Sir George Clerk:—

"There is to be a clasp for North-West Frontier and another for Umbeyla. Where the dickens will you find room for them, *mon cher*?

"But here is a question which you alone can solve. It may require



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consideration, and luckily there is no hurry about it. I saw Lord Mayo at his request t'other day. Among other subjects he broached this, in these words: 'When I saw the Queen yesterday she asked me if I thought Sir Neville Chamberlain would join the Duke of Edinburgh on arrival of the *Galatea* in Calcutta in October, and be with him during his stay in India. She added she thought it ought to be a general officer, and that he was a fit person for it. Of course I could not then answer the question, but said I would enquire.' And so Lord Mayo wishes me to write to you confidentially on the matter. I told him of many qualifications which I knew you to possess, but that the position had its peculiarities, and therefore you might wish for time to consider it. I then told Sir Stafford Northcote, and he agreed that the matter did not press. If you like to discuss it with me, we will do so when next we meet, fully."

Neville Chamberlain went to town, and on being assured that there could be no question as to the dignity and independence of his position, and that his duties would be of a purely public nature, he accepted the post. At the close of November Neville Chamberlain reached Bombay, and after a stay of a few days proceeded to Calcutta. On the 22nd of December His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh landed at Calcutta. Ten years only had passed since bloody strife had been finished, and now great chiefs came to welcome the first prince of the blood royal who ever set foot in India. Multitudes swarmed from their mud huts to see the Queen's son. On the 30th of December His Royal Highness was admitted with all the pageantry of chivalry to the Order of the Star of India. On the 7th of January he left Calcutta, and in camp, near Moorshedabad, he was introduced to the most royal of all sports—pig-sticking—and had the supreme delight of gaining his first spear. A few days later he shot his first tiger. On the 17th of January he met Lord Mayo at Benares, and they spent the morning going through the narrow lanes of the Hindu metropolis and visiting the numerous shrines which crowd the ancient city.

The next morning the Duke and his party went to Chukia, a hunting-seat of the Maharaja of Benares, about twenty-five miles from the city. After breakfast they proceeded to the neighbouring jungle. The Viceroy and the Maharaja

occupied one *machan* or elevated platform, the Duke, the Maharaja's son, and Colonel Fraser another. As a tiger rushed by the Duke's platform he knocked him over with a shell from his rifle. "Thus seriously wounded, the tiger managed to roll over into a ravine and made off. He was followed on foot by the Duke and several of the party, who traced him for a considerable distance by the blood, which had been flowing freely from the wound, over the broken ground and through the long jungle and ravines; but as it was getting late and dark they were obliged to relinquish the chase and return to camp." Shooting a tiger from a platform is not a dangerous sport, but following a wounded tiger on foot is attended with considerable danger. On one occasion Neville Chamberlain was advancing to give the *coup de grâce* to a tiger which had been mortally wounded when it sprang up and charged. Neville Chamberlain with a steady aim pulled the trigger. The rifle missed fire. In a second the infuriated brute would have been on him. Some powerful dogs, "something between a greyhound and a mastiff," which were with the beaters, rushing in, turned him back. "We closed in and a few more shots finished him. He was a fine male tiger."

From Benares the royal party proceeded to Agra, and devoted some days to viewing the royal palaces and mausoleums,—monuments worthy of the imperial dynasty which erected them. On the 17th of February the royal party, after a tour through Northern India, reached Lucknow. The following day the Duke paid a visit to the Residency and saw the relics of that memorable defence, one of the noblest achievements in the annals of our race. From Lucknow the Duke proceeded, on the 21st of February, to a camp pitched on the banks of the Mohun, a narrow stream that separates British from Nepaul territory. On the other bank the Prime Minister, Sir Jung Bahadur, the most famous of the line of soldier-statesmen who have *de facto* governed Nepaul from the time of the Goorkha conquest, was encamped. The important work done by the force under his command in

the Mutiny is recorded in history. The morning after the Duke's arrival the Prime Minister crossed the river by a bridge thrown over for the occasion and rode into camp. "The Maharajah, who is a slight, active, and wiry-looking man of about fifty-three, with fair Mongolian features, was dressed in a military uniform and decorated with the Grand Cross of the Bath. His head-dress was made of the most costly jewels, said to be worth about £15,000." After the exchange of a few formal compliments the ceremonial came to an end. Soon after the Minister's departure the Duke crossed the river on his elephant, and was joined by Sir Jung Bahadur in a plain blue cotton shooting-dress with a broad solar hat. Eight days passed pleasantly in the Terai, and the bag was varied, consisting of five tigers, a large number of deer, and two pythons. One of the pythons was 17 feet long and 24½ inches in circumference. "It required six or eight men to lift it on the pad."

On the afternoon of the 27th of March the Duke arrived at Jubbulpore, the commercial capital of the Central Provinces, where he met the Viceroy and Governor of Bombay, and about 8 P.M. he drove in by torchlight the last key which connected the great Indian Peninsula Railway from Bombay and the East India Railway from Calcutta, and the communication between the capital of Western India and the capital of Bengal was completed.

At Bombay the Duke laid with pomp and ceremony the foundation-stone of the palatial Home for Sailors which was built partly through the munificence of Khundi Rao, Gaekwar or ruler of the Baroda State, in honour of the visit of His Royal Highness. On the 9th of March the royal party went on board the steamer for Beypore, and after "a pleasant but warmish passage" landed there the following day and proceeded by rail to Madras, where they were received by the Governor of Madras, the Governor of Pondicherry, a large number of the officials, and a guard of honour. His Royal Highness drove through the main streets, and the natives turned out in thousands to see and to welcome the son of the

Queen-Empress. During his brief stay in that great Indian city, entertainments, splendid and magnificent, were diversified by hunting expeditions into the country.

On the 20th of March Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister: "Yesterday at half-past eight the *Galatea* steamed out of the roads, and I returned to shore, my duty at an end! You know how reluctantly I accepted the office, and as I did so mainly at your suggestion, I owe it to you that I have never regretted it. . . . His bearing has been befitting his high rank, and his kindness to myself makes me feel personally attached to him. His visit has promoted loyalty to the crown."

Neville Chamberlain stayed on in Madras, undecided whether he would settle in India or return to Europe. He spent his time chiefly in reading: "I think I am beginning to like reading and study better than anything else in life, and to care less for sport." In May he determined to return to "rotten old Europe," and he joined his sister at Ems, just in time to witness the famous "Ems incident." On the 13th of July 1870 war was declared. "The French who were at Ems," writes his sister, "received the news with shouts of joy, whilst the famous Red Prince stood on the steps of the Kursaal looking on with a grim and sorrowful face." Before the Chamberlains could leave, the trains were bringing the wounded and French prisoners. When the health of a nephew permitted it they went to Switzerland and spent the winter at Montreux. In the progress of the war Neville Chamberlain took the keenest interest. He wrote to Crawford on the 18th of September: "I read of it by day and dream of it by night, and though it may seem strange of me to say so, I am certainly more morally and mentally interested in it than I was as an actor in the Mutiny." In the spring of 1871 Neville Chamberlain was summoned to Osborne, and on his way to England he visited the battlefields in Alsace-Lorraine, and he viewed the scenes of the great strife with the eyes of a soldier well acquainted with the business of war.

“EMS, 23rd June 1871.

“I left Montreux on the 7th, came to Strasburg by Mulhouse and Colmar and the little fortified town of Schlestadt; traces of burning and trees cut down show signs of the strife.

“At Strasburg the destruction of houses is not as great as I expected to see, and but for a mark of a shot or a shell here and there, one would never guess that the bombardment had lasted for weeks together. But it is a large town, the streets in parts narrow, and the houses high, and thus they protected one another from anything but a shot or shell falling perpendicularly. Other portions are a ruin, as is also the citadel and many Government buildings. History never can forgive the harm done to the Cathedral, though with time and money they say that all can be repaired. But it was a disgrace to make a mark of it, and the carved stone-work is smashed and knocked about at a height which shows it must have required great elevation to reach.

“There stand the pontoons on their carriages (many with a shot or splinter of shell through them) with which Napoleon was to have crossed the Rhine. The Arsenal is filled with handsome brass siege pieces of the old patterns, and piles of shot and shell.

“Now a Prussian Sergeants' Guard takes care of them, until they are converted into something more suited to modern requirements. I could not help moralising and experiencing a sense of pity as I looked upon these trophies, and I thought to myself whether some day England would not be humbled in the same manner, and from the same cause of overweening security and inability to look things in the face. If our turn is to come in our day, I hope a bullet may save me from seeing the humiliation.

“From Strasburg I went to Weissenburg. A cheerful, prettily-situated little town of some 3000 inhabitants. Here again one sees relics of their short suffering, in the shape of fragments of shells and shot for sale. I found the position which was defended by the French much more assailable, and the ascent very much less steep than I had gathered from the descriptions,—in fact nothing more than the summit of a long slope of arable land, up which guns could be taken at a trot, and without an obstruction of any single sort, not even a hedge. The Turcos must have fought most bravely here, and the people are loud in their praise. The townspeople decorate their graves with flowers, and have put up little wooden tablets giving some of their names, surmounted by a crescent, as the Mahomedan emblem. It seemed odd to find Christians recording the death, thus—‘Mahomed-ben-Isa,’ as died of wounds. I thought it spoke well of the kindness of heart of the people, though perhaps that was not the only incentive. It marks the feeling of the people. The German dead have nothing but the sod atop of them. I took a day for Wörth, about two and a half hours' drive from Weissenburg through a beautiful hilly country, clothed with woods. My guide was formerly a Carbineer,

an Alsatian, who had taken his discharge before the war broke out, and became proprietor of the 'Black Horse' inn, situated just at the entrance of the village, and in front of which the French and Germans met, hand-to-hand, and he declares the Zouaves had the best of the bayoneting, and drove the Germans half-way back through the village, where they were supported by guns and reserve.

"The French Marshal's position was very strong, and if attacked by an equal force and in front, almost unassailable, but, as far as my judgment goes, M'Mahon ought not, under the circumstances, to have offered battle there; having occupied it, it ought to have been turned by the Crown Prince and not assaulted in front. In fact, the French were in a false position, possibly tempted into it by the formation of the ground; from the moment M'Mahon saw the Germans, he must have *winned* for his right flank, which rested on the village of Reischwiller, and which once turned or occupied made a rout and *sauve qui peut* the only ending. The French soldiers must have been sufficiently intelligent to be aware of this, and it must have operated against resistance towards the close of the battle. I cannot understand why the French did not hold the village, or why they did not throw up some earth-works to protect their field artillery and make trenches along the vine slopes. Nothing was done to help the natural difficulties, although a very little would have helped so greatly, and the French were days on the ground awaiting the enemy. The vine slopes are steep (the ascent not long), so steep that the gradient protects the assailant from direct fire. I lay down on the ground and found that I could not have used a rifle until a man topped the ridge, unless I stood up, when those below might have shot me. Only fancy what a couple of rows of trenches would have done here? I think 'The Times' correspondent, or I saw it in some paper, alluded to the French using the vine walls. I looked for them but could not find a single one, not even a stone; it is all heavy soil, and free of enclosures. The spaces occupied as orchards are the only shelter, and these have no walls. The fault of the position is its being too broken in upon by ridges and slopes, which prevent anything in the shape of a flanking fire by artillery, or even musketry, and [*illegible*] small locality not being able to see what is taking place elsewhere. Short of from a balloon it would have been difficult to know where to send support to. As the Germans got nearer and nearer so they became more sheltered, though doubtless to get near, with open fields to cross, the loss must have been great."

He adds: "The Battle of Dorking has interested me. The Channel once crossed, I believe in all the uncertainty and indecision told by the Volunteer. Except the few, who know what war is, we are as far from appreciating our state of unpreparedness to resist an organised army like the Prussians,

as the French were last year." On the 23rd July he writes from Luxemburg:—

"I have been doing hard work since I left Mayeuse. From Saarbrück I saw the ground made celebrated by the baptism of the Prince Imperial, and the folly of the fire upon that town. Also the heights of Spicheren, where the French ought to have repulsed the Prussians. Thence to the stony little Fortress of Bitche, on to Metz and the battlefields of 14th, 16th, and 18th August.

"What a fortress and what battlefields! A few words explains all. On the one side skill, preparation, courage, and a rigorous discipline; on the other nothing but the courage of the individual soldier, ill-led, ill-fed, ill-supplied in ammunition, and wanting altogether in discipline and cohesion.

"I am sure I should have cancer of the heart were I a Frenchman. I should waste away. The more I see the more I appreciate the immense power of the Germans as developed by a militarism such as before never existed. Dry up the Channel and one Battle of Dorking would crush us as surely as the Battle of Hastings sufficed to do in 1066! From Metz I went to Thionville, and then past the Fort of Montmédy to Sedan.

"This was the fool's mate!

"I felt sorry for M'Mahon as I stood on the spot where he was struck, though the splinter saved him from the necessity of signing the surrender. Perhaps, too, I even pitied the Emperor when I saw the four Napoleons, now framed in a glass case, which he gave the weaver's wife when about to descend the narrow stairs leading from the room in which he and Bismarck held their conversation.

"Luxemburg is a very strong place, it will soon be a bone of dispute. Its destruction is simply an impossibility. As well destroy the hill of Portland or render Gibraltar untenable as a fortress. The masonry could be knocked down and the ditches filled in, and still it will be a position either Germany or France would like to get possession of."

At the end of the first week in August Neville Chamberlain was again in London. He went down at once to Osborne, and described his visit in a letter to his sister:—

"It is since I wrote that I paid my visit to Osborne. It is a long story to repeat in writing, but I will tell you all about it when we meet. The salient points were that the Queen received me most graciously; that I dined with her; that after dinner I was introduced to the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and with him I had a pleasant chat. The Queen came up whilst I was talking to the Crown Prince; when he retired I had a conversation with her Majesty for some time, and on all sorts of subjects, at the conclusion again receiving her thanks for 'my kindness to her son.' The Duke of Edinburgh paid me

every possible attention throughout my stay, and I have certainly not had to repeat the formula of not putting trust in princes. It was very late before I reached Osborne, but as soon as the Duke could leave the Queen he joined me in the equerry's room, and after I had finished dinner accompanied me to my suite of rooms. On the drawing-room table was a double rifle with everything complete, which he presented to me, and also a handsome travelling rug of the royal hunting tartan, he on some occasion having drawn his own over me when travelling in India, when I admired its texture and warmth.

“On leaving Osborne I accompanied the Duke at his invitation, crossing and travelling up to London in the same carriage with him and the Crown Prince. Like all the rest of the world I have been captivated by the Crown Prince,—such a fine, manly, simple-minded man, one could not in imagination form a finer model of a soldier-prince; and we know too that he was always for mercy and moderation in dealing with a vanquished and humiliated foe. If all princes were like him there would be less chance of the decline of government by monarchy.

“On the way to town I had a most interesting conversation with him about the battlefields, and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. I will tell you all this when we meet. The Duke of E. was about starting for the moors. He asked me, though, to luncheon to meet the Prince of Wales, who shook hands with me. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne were there: she seems very nice and simple, and the young lord agreeable and friendly. The Grand Duke Constantine was also there. The Russian admiral in attendance—Pophoff—I liked, a man full of vigour and intelligence. I have a sort of an idea he commanded the *Vladimir* at Sebastopol, and there first brought himself into notice. I intentionally remarked to him, by way of gathering what he would have to say on the subject, that in the future I supposed the great struggle between Russia and Germany must take place. His reply was that he thought Russia was stronger and better able than France had been to meet Germany, because of the enormous extent of her territory and the rigour of a northern winter.”

At the end of autumn Neville Chamberlain joined his sister at Cannes, and after a short stay started for Algiers. He passed some months in gaining a general knowledge of the whole province, and it was not till the close of 1872 that we find him again in London offering “to go to the borders of Russia to find out what was the real state of things in the Turkestan frontier.” But the India Office did not regard the proposal with favour.

Neville Chamberlain had come to the conclusion, some-

what late in years, that "the more real and solid home in this life is with a wife." On the 26th of June 1873 he married Charlotte Reid, daughter of Sir William Reid, a distinguished Engineer officer, who had also made his mark as Governor of Bermuda and Malta. Neville Chamberlain had purchased the small property of Lordswood, four miles from Southampton, and while alterations were being made in the house he spent a great deal of his time walking between that town and his future home.

"I return at dark after the men have left. These solitary walks, and guiding myself by the light above the trees and the sound of a stream, remind me of other days in other far-off countries, and of times when I have gone alone to see that the sentries were about, and never knowing whether the next step would not be met by the flash of a rifle fired by a lurking foe. There is something captivating in darkness and in danger, and I do not know whether there would not be more zest in these, my walks, if I had to feel the trigger or clutch the handle of my sword as one passed the most lonely spots."

In January 1875 Neville Chamberlain removed from Southampton to Lordswood, and his desire to have a permanent abiding-place seemed to be fulfilled. He was to enjoy the ease he had so well earned. He had the two things which so greatly conduce to a man's happiness, books and a garden. "We have unpacked some of the books, and when the workmen have left and the shelves are full I shall not need for occupation of a genial kind. . . . Soon the little land I hold will need attention." He was looking for a cottage in the neighbourhood for his sister Harriett. "Thank God that nothing but death can sever the bond which unites us. Let us hope that we may be able to see much of each other, until the one or the other of us is called away." But the pleasant dreams of a quiet country life were quickly shattered. In the summer of 1875 he was offered the command of the Madras army, which important post he accepted after considerable hesitation. He wrote to Crawford :—

"LORDSWOOD, 14th October 1875.

"I wonder whether you will be very much astonished to hear that I have been asked whether I would go as C.-in-C. to Madras, and

have said yes! Sir George Clerk wrote first to me on the subject. I went up to him last week to the India Office and then assented. I said I had long given up the idea of being offered employment again.

"The reply was that after annexation it had been ruled that two of the three commands were always to be held by officers of the British forces, and that consequently up to this time there had been no opportunity of offering me work. It seems, too, that it is not intended to allow two Indians to hold the chief command in succession, or I might have been considered eligible to follow Lord Napier.

"The arrangement seems to be that Haines is to go to Bengal, and I am to succeed him. Before assenting I asked whether any great reductions or changes were in contemplation, or the carrying out of someone's system; if so, I thought the proper thing was to send the man whose system was to be introduced. The answer was No; the future of the native army was still in abeyance, and a man was wanted in whose judgment the Government can repose confidence and in whom the native army can trust.

"I replied, 'Why not send a Madras general? I know nothing hardly of the Madras army and Presidency, and have my lesson to learn.' Answer: 'All the better; party spirit runs high in that Presidency, and the native army and the Government would prefer an unbiassed judgment.' I replied: 'It seems to me that the system I have been accustomed to is foreign to the idiosyncrasy and long-accustomed habits of the Madras people,—that the irregular system must be natural to the people to be of any solid good in time of trouble or war, and that its introduction or maintenance in Madras, merely because it was found to work well elsewhere, is to act and repose trust in a most erroneous principle.' It seems that the Madras cavalry is regular as far as the men being mounted by Government, but with the reduced complement of officers. Also that the forty regiments of Madras infantry have the small complement of officers and little or no reserve to fall back upon. We know right well that native officers of the irregular stamp are not to be produced by the old system, and that where all the enlistments, as in the Madras army, are made from a low and poor class of the people, it is next to impossible, in continuous times of peace, to select the men who, by nature, are best formed to command and lead their fellows.

"Well, the end was that I was to go and judge for myself."

In the year 1873 Neville Chamberlain was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and in the following year he had the honour of being invested with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Most Illustrious Order of the Star of India. The year that he was appointed to the command of the Madras army he was advanced to the first class of Military Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

CHAPTER XVI.

Neville Chamberlain returns to India as Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army—The story of the native army of Fort St George—Neville Chamberlain's work of reform—Famine in Southern India—Neville Chamberlain contracts cholera—His life in danger—Recovers from his illness—Visits Secunderabad—Sir Salar Jung—British policy towards Afghanistan from 1863 to 1872—Lord Northbrook Governor-General—Fall of Khiva, 1873—The Ameer requires a guarantee of his territory against foreign invasion—The Duke of Argyll, Secretary of State for India, declines to give it—The second Disraeli Cabinet, 1874—Lord Salisbury Secretary of State for India—Lord Northbrook resigns the office of Governor-General—Lord Lytton appointed as his successor—Instructed to offer Shere Ali active countenance and protection—Assumes office at Calcutta, 12th April 1876—Decides to send a Mission to Cabul—The Ameer declines to receive the Mission—A letter of remonstrance sent to the Ameer—Interview between Sir Lewis Pelly, as representative of the Viceroy, and the Afghan envoy—Death of the Afghan envoy puts an end to the Peshawur Conference, March 1877—War between Russia and Turkey, April 1877—Russian army encamps before Constantinople, January 1878—War between Russia and England imminent—A Russian Mission received favourably by the Ameer—The British Government determines to send a Mission to Cabul—Neville Chamberlain selected as British envoy—He proceeds to Simla—Letters to his wife and sister—The British Mission assembles at Peshawur, 12th September 1878—Neville Chamberlain's letter to the Afghan commander at Ali Musjid—His reply—Major Cavagnari and his party turned back from Ali Musjid—The Mission returns to Peshawur—Neville Chamberlain's letters to Lord Lytton and his wife—Returns to Simla—Acts as Military Member of the Viceroy's Council—The Second Afghan war—The Peiwar Kotal—Neville Chamberlain's return to Madras—The Treaty of Gundamuk, 26th May 1879—Lord Lytton's comments on the territorial clauses—Neville Chamberlain's answer—Murder of the British Embassy at Cabul, September 1879—Renewal of the war—Defence of Sherpur—Lord Ripon Governor-General, 8th of June 1880—Neville Chamberlain's Memorandum on Afghan affairs—Abdurrahman recognised as Ameer, July 1880—Lord Roberts' march from Cabul to Candahar—Defeat of Ayub Khan—Close of the Second Afghan war—Neville Chamberlain's last General Order

—Returns to England—Account of his interviews with the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Hartington—Visit to Windsor—The Queen's knowledge of Indian history—Neville Chamberlain settles at Lordswood—He is made Field-Marshal—His death and funeral.

IN the beginning of February 1876 Neville Chamberlain returned to India as Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army. He had made the force which guards the northern marches of our Empire a splendid fighting machine, and he was now sent to infuse new life and vigour into the army which was the principal means by which the foundations of that Empire were laid. The story of the native army of Fort St George is a noble tale of loyalty, attachment, and valour. Under Stringer Lawrence, and Clive, the Madras sepoy for two years on the wide veldt below Trichinopoly held the French troops at bay and checked the fortunes of France in India. It was a wing of the Madras sepoy who stormed in gallant style the Sugar-Loaf Rock, and the French battalion was broken by a bayonet charge of the Grenadiers. In the campaigns of their well-beloved commander, Eyre Coote, they suffered the greatest hardships, but their patient courage and their fidelity never gave way in the hour of trial. After the battle of Porto Novo Eyre Coote wrote: "The spirited behaviour of our sepoy troops did them the greatest credit, no Europeans could be steadier; they were emulous of being foremost on every service it was necessary to undertake." In the campaign against Tippoo Sultan the Madras sepoy rivalled their European comrades in the field. It was the first battalion of the light regiment of Madras Infantry, which was the favourite corps of the Duke of Wellington. They were with him on every service, and the men of the regiment used to call themselves "Wellesley Ka Pultan" (Wellesley's Regiment): and at Assaye, which made us masters of India, they proved themselves worthy of the proud title.¹ During the campaign against the Mahrattas and Pindaris in 1817 and 1818, and in the territories of Ava, the Madras sepoy evinced the same attachment to their colours,

¹ 'Sepoy Generals—Wellington to Roberts,' by G. W. Forrest.

the same gallantry which had so long distinguished them. The battle of Mahadpoor (21st December 1817) was the last general action on a large scale fought in Southern India. The theatre of operations of our future Indian wars was in the north, too far away for the Madras army to take part in them. There was no new scope to the energy and valour of the Madras sepoy, and their officers were lacking in the experience derived from recent campaigns. They spent their lives in performing routine tasks, and they rose to high commands because they refused to die. "It has been, and is from top to bottom a seniority system," wrote Sir Neville Chamberlain, "and it is no use giving a man high pay because he has been born with a good constitution and average moral character. From the senior colonel down to the junior drummer, the great majority would prefer stagnation to seeing a brighter and better man promoted over their heads. It is the result of long peace and the consequent stagnation of ideas (military). There is too much love of ease and too little thought of the interests of the public service." To a man of Neville Chamberlain's fine temperament there was much that was distasteful in the work of reform that was before him. It requires no small courage to attack old abuses, especially when their destruction involves the material injury to individuals. But Neville Chamberlain, whilst he endeavoured to render the operation as little offensive as possible, determined to suffer nothing to turn him aside from his appointed work. He writes to his sister :—

"I am sent here to do my duty, and I am certain that no army can be efficient which is not kept up to the mark. I have had to come down on several officers since I came, but my justification is that I have proved right on every occasion, and been supported by the Government and the Horse Guards. The sufferers and all the useless ones will condemn me as a brute and a tyrant, but I hope and believe I am supported by the opinion of those whose opinion is worth consideration."

Neville Chamberlain had not been many months in command of the Madras army when a mighty famine arose

in extensive provinces of Southern India. The momentous subject of how to deal with it demanded his active interest because it affected his native troops and the peace of the province. The great calamity was incessantly on his mind, harassing and afflicting him. Lord Lytton, who had succeeded Lord Northbrook as Governor-General two months after Neville Chamberlain had assumed command of the Madras army, had decided that the new title of Empress of India, which the Queen had assumed, should be announced at a great assemblage on the historical plain near Delhi on January 1, 1877. Lord Lytton was a man of great ability and high accomplishments, but his temperament was that of a poet and his training that of a diplomat. He was desirous of realising at Delhi a vision of ancient pageantry, and he hoped to rouse the enthusiasm of the great feudatories by symbols, and to secure their loyalty by diplomatic intercourse. Seventy-seven of the ruling chiefs and princes of India and three hundred native noblemen and chiefs were invited to be present. The heads of every government in India and the commanders-in-chief and the leading civil and military officers were bidden to the spectacle. Fourteen thousand British and native troops were to assemble on the plain where twenty years before a handful of British soldiers had maintained the supremacy of our Empire. Neville Chamberlain saw that an assemblage of this nature was not without disadvantage. It fell with heavy expense on the native chiefs. He wrote to Crawford on the 19th of November 1876:—

“The Nizam will have to spend, so — — writes me, some twelve or thirteen lacs, and the other nobles will be in proportion: there are sure to be heartburnings and also great personal inconvenience and discomfort. Even the Viceroy will not have eyes to take in the meaning and the delight of chiefs crowded together like herrings in a barrel! Beyond a few in the front rank all will lose their individuality. Finding the dearth so great on my return, I telegraphed to Sir F. Haines to say I should not go to Delhi unless I was required to do so as an urgent military duty. Great pressure had already fallen on the native troops as well as upon the people, disorder was showing itself in the afflicted districts, aid was being

asked of the native troops by the civil government ; in short, every indication of a *strain*, with the impossibility of saying what might follow. I could never have retained any feeling of self-respect had I not indicated to the suprême Government what seemed to me to be my only proper course of action. In reply I got a telegram saying that Sir F. Haines was away from the Viceroy and the Council, but that he personally was willing to leave me to be the judge of what I ought under the circumstances to do. Yesterday I received a letter from Haines to the same effect, but implying that the decision would probably be settled by Lord Lytton, in communication with the Duke, as Governor of this Presidency. Whether, then, I am to go or not to go I cannot as yet decide for certain, but certainly I ought not to go."

Neville Chamberlain did not go to Delhi. He remained at Madras and assisted, as a member of the Government, in conducting a campaign against a famine which, both in respect of the area and population affected and the duration and intensity of the distress, proved to be the most grievous experienced on British soil since the beginning of the century. The Famine Commissioners state in their report that the mortality exceeded five and a half millions. It is hard for those who reside in England to imagine all the people of London melting away by a lingering death. Neville Chamberlain bears testimony to the stoic courage and patience with which the people bore their sufferings. "Their passive submission to the will of God has something in it that must be acceptable to Him. What signifies it, say they, a little sooner or a little later? Thy will be done. In their ignorance of creeds and dogmas this comes from their hearts! There is no reproach towards God or man. All they ask for is fuel sufficient to keep the fire burning—nature bids them ask this much."

Thousands smitten with the plague of hunger made their way to the city of Madras and brought with them the pestilence which follows in the wake of famine. In February 1877 Neville Chamberlain, while visiting the Children's Hospital, contracted cholera. The fell disease swiftly assumed its most virulent form. "From 11 P.M. (last night, Sunday)," wrote his wife, "until 3 o'clock this morning, Monday, we hardly

expected he could live on from one moment to another." Then there came a change for the better, and his recovery was in a great measure due to his energy of will. At the moment when his life was supposed to be swiftly ebbing away he insisted on dictating a letter to his well-beloved sister, and "then signed the paper himself." As soon as his strength would permit of it Neville Chamberlain went to Ootacamund. The half-English Neilgherry air soon brought him strength, and he writes to his sister in May: "Yesterday I went to see the hounds throw off and joined in the run—the first good ride since I was ill,—and I am none the worse for it to-day."

Early in the following year Neville Chamberlain went to Secunderabad, four miles from the Nizam's capital Hyderabad, to inspect the large force which is stationed at that British military cantonment. The young Nizam was present at the review of British troops, and Neville Chamberlain could not help being struck by the demeanour of the people who crowded to see their sovereign. "It was not common curiosity only, as is so plainly the case when these people crowd to see *our* princes or high officials. They looked and salaamed and paid a respect which would only be given to a native. He was one of themselves, bone of their bone, not a white man whose predecessors came from no one knows where." At Hyderabad Neville Chamberlain met Sir Salar Jung, one of the ablest statesmen whom India has produced in modern times. It was the fashion then to criticise him somewhat harshly on account of his persistent endeavours to obtain the restoration of the Berars, which he considered to be his young master's territory. Neville Chamberlain always formed an independent opinion, and he considered that the great services which Sir Salar Jung rendered us in the Mutiny demanded that he should be treated with the utmost consideration.

"I can of my own knowledge say that had Sir Salar Jung thrown in the weight of his influence against us in 1857 the conquest of India would have had to be overtaken again. Hyderabad is the greatest of the native states, and stands at the head of the Mahomedan principalities. It is true that the population is chiefly Hindoo—Maharatta

—but any one who knows the native mind, whether Hindoo or Mahomedan, must be alive to the fact that, with all our desire to do justly and to love mercy, the great majority of the people would be glad to see us depart, and would rejoice to return to the state of things we pride ourselves on having delivered them from. We are aliens. We are wanting in every bond which unites different peoples together. Further, we are conquerors, and we are of a stamp who say and act as if whatever we think or do is best.”

On his return from Hyderabad Neville Chamberlain spent the winter in making inspection tours throughout the Presidency. In April he went to Ootacamund, for it was laid down that it was the Commander-in-Chief's duty, when not “on tour,” to be with the Governor. He was busy attempting to solve the difficult and intricate problem of organisation when he received a letter from the Viceroy informing him that the Government of India was about to send a British Mission to Cabul, and asking him if he would go as our envoy.

In 1863 Dost Mahomed, who had been “by turns the rejected friend, the enforced enemy, the honourable prisoner, the vindictive assailant,” and the faithful ally in the most desperate hour of our fortunes, died well stricken in age. He had just captured Herat after a long siege, and reduced all the provinces of Afghanistan to his sway. The Dost had chosen as his successor Shere Ali, his third son, who was in Candahar when Neville Chamberlain was there. He always claimed the Chamberlains as friends of former days. Shere Ali ascended the throne according to his father's choice, but he had to fight his elder brothers to maintain his hold of it. After having twice fled from the field of battle, and taken refuge in Candahar and Herat, he managed by the aid of his friends in Turkestan to recover, in September 1868, his capital. He at once wrote to the Governor-General informing him, and also announcing his desire to continue the relation of amity and friendship which had been established between Dost Mahomed and the British Government. Sir John Lawrence wrote him a friendly letter congratulating him on his success, and stating that he was not only prepared to maintain the bonds of amity and goodwill, but, so far as might be

practicable, to strengthen these bonds. As a substantial proof of his friendship the Governor-General sent the Ameer a present of £60,000 and 3500 stand of arms. The Ameer was desirous of going to India and meeting Sir John Lawrence, but he could not safely quit his newly-recovered dominion. On the 12th January 1869 John Lawrence ceased to be Governor-General, and on the 19th of January the worn veteran left the land which he had so faithfully served for forty years. His successor was Lord Mayo, a man who will stand high in the roll of illustrious statesmen who have administered the Government of India. Shere Ali had now put down his enemies, and he proposed an interview with the new Governor-General. On the 27th of March 1869 the historic meeting between Lord Mayo and the Ameer took place at Umballa with all the pomp and state of an Indian durbar. Lord Mayo had a difficult and delicate part to play. It was desirable to have the Ameer as a friend, but it was impossible to grant him all he desired. He wanted a fixed annual salary; he wanted assistance in arms or in men to be given "not when the British Government might think fit to grant but when he might think it needful to solicit it." He desired a treaty "laying the British Government under an obligation to support the Afghan Government in any emergency; and not only that government generally, but that government as vested in himself and his direct descendants and no others."¹ Lord Mayo granted no treaty to Shere Ali. He told him "that under no circumstances shall a British soldier cross his frontier to assist him in coercing his rebellious subjects." In the place of a fixed subsidy or money allowance for any named period he gave the Ameer the second sum of £60,000, which Sir John Lawrence had promised him, together with an additional present of a heavy battery of artillery, a mountain train battery, and 10,000 stand of arms and accoutrements, which were of the utmost service to the Afghans when, only nine years later, we had to wage war against Shere Ali.

¹ 'The Administration of the Earl of Mayo as Viceroy and Governor-General of India,' by Sir John Strachey, G.C.S.I.

Early in 1872 Lord Mayo fell by the assassin's knife in the Andaman Islands, where he had gone on a mission of mercy to alleviate the lot of the exiled criminal. His successor was Lord Northbrook, a man of considerable business capacity, endowed with more imagination and sympathy than a somewhat cold exterior would lead one to expect. In 1873 Khiva fell, and the non-fulfilment of the Tsar's personal promise that it should not be retained made the ruler of Cabul apprehensive for the safety of his own dominions. The Ameer's envoy asked the Viceroy for a guarantee of his master's territory against foreign invasion. Lord Northbrook telegraphed home, and proposed to assure him that the Government would help the Ameer with money, arms, and troops if necessary to repel any unprovoked aggression. But the Duke of Argyll, who was then Secretary of State for India, entirely declined to sanction any such undertaking.¹ Lord Northbrook, not permitted to give any promise of substantial assistance, supplied the envoy with assurances and promises. But an oriental ruler required a precise pledge. He wanted the British Government to definitely state that, in the event of any aggression on the Ameer's territory, they would consider the aggressor an enemy. Lord Northbrook replied that the assurance given was sufficient. In diplomatic correspondence such expressions, he said, were always avoided, as they caused needless irritation. A memorandum, recapitulating what had been said to the envoy, was drafted, to be laid before the Ameer. With regard to the suggestion of the envoy that Russia might demand the location of Russian agents in Afghanistan, the Ameer was informed that Prince Gortchakoff had officially intimated that, while he saw no objection to English officers going to Cabul, he agreed with Lord Mayo that Russian agents should not do so. Though the Ameer was told to dismiss the contingency of Russian aggression from his mind as too remote, he was also informed that it was highly desirable that a British officer should be deputed to examine the northern boundaries of Afghanistan,

¹ 'Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,' by Lady Betty Balfour, p. 4; also, 'Autobiography of Sir T. Douglas Forsyth, 1887.'

and to communicate with His Highness at Cabul regarding the measures for the frontier security. The Ameer replied that there were general objections to travellers in his country.

In the Ministry that succeeded Mr Gladstone in March 1874, Mr Disraeli became, for the second time, Prime Minister: Lord Salisbury undertook the office of Secretary of State for India, and Lord Derby succeeded Earl Granville as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the autumn of the same year the Ambassador of St Petersburg reported that the whole of the country between Khiva and the Attrek was regarded as annexed to Russia. In 1875, only two years after the Ameer had been told to dismiss the contingency of Russian aggression from his mind as too remote, the whole of Khokand was incorporated in the Russian dominion. At the same time General Kaufmann, the Governor-General of Turkestan, entered into frequent communications with Shere Ali, who had assumed an attitude of sullen reserve towards the Indian Government. A policy of abstention could no longer be pursued. Lord Lytton, who had been appointed Governor-General on the resignation of Lord Northbrook, was therefore instructed "to offer to Shere Ali the same active countenance and protection which he had previously tolerated at the hands of the Indian Government." This was only to be done, however, on the condition that Shere Ali was prepared to allow a British agent or agents access to positions on his territory (other than to Cabul itself) where, without prejudicing the personal authority of the ruler, they would require information, trustworthy information, of events likely to threaten the tranquillity or independence of Afghanistan. The British Government could not, as Lord Salisbury stated, secure the security of the Ameer's dominions unless His Highness afforded them every reasonable facility for such precautionary measures as they might deem advisable; but they could not devise precautionary measures without their agencies having full access to his frontier position.

Lord Lytton, on assuming the office of Governor-General of India (12th April 1876), at once took steps for carry-

ing out his instructions. He decided to send to Cabul a Mission to announce the Queen's assumption of the title of Empress of India. It was not only ostensibly but essentially "one of compliment and courtesy." The Ameer was, however, afraid that a proposal might be made to send a permanent envoy to Herat. He declined to receive the Mission, on the ground that all questions affecting the two States had been sufficiently discussed. If there was anything new to be proposed, he suggested that his envoy should visit the Viceroy and hear what was proposed. A warm letter of remonstrance was despatched to the Ameer. "My friend," wrote Lord Lytton, "the Viceroy cannot receive an agent from your Highness when you have declined to receive His Excellency's trusted friend and envoy." In reply the Ameer suggested that our native agent at his capital should be summoned to his own Government, to expound to them the state of affairs at Cabul, and hear from them all their desires and projects, returning then to Cabul to repeat to the Ameer the result of such intercourse. On October 6, 1876, the agent reached Simla. He had two interviews with the Viceroy, who authorised him to tell the Ameer that he was willing to give him, if he wished it, a treaty of friendship and alliance, to afford him assistance in arms, men, and money, and to give to his heir the public recognition and support of the British Government. "But we cannot do these things, unless the Ameer is on his part equally willing to give us the means of assisting him in the protection of his frontier, by the residence of a British agent at Herat, or such other parts of the frontier most exposed to danger." When the agent reached Cabul the Ameer declined to discuss business with him, and he would not answer the Viceroy's letters. An agent from General Kaufmann was then at his Court, and was believed to be in constant communication with him. After several months news reached the Viceroy that the Ameer would consent to enter into negotiations with the British Government, and in January 1877 a meeting took place at Peshawur between Sir Lewis Pelly, as representative

of the Viceroy, and the Afghan envoy. After much fencing the envoy rejected the *sine qua non* condition, that a British agent should reside at Herat or other parts of the frontier of Afghanistan. Sir Lewis Pelly reported the envoy's decision to the Viceroy, and awaited His Excellency's reply. The death of the Afghan envoy in March 1877 put an end to the Peshawur conference. In April 1877 war broke out between Russia and Turkey, and in January 1878 the Russian army had passed the Balkans and encamped before Constantinople. War was imminent between Russia and England. Shere Ali wished to be neutral, but if he joined either side it would be Russia. From the day Lord Northbrook, acting under the instructions of the Home Government, had refused to make a definite alliance, the Ameer had lost all faith in the military strength of the British Government to protect him or to attack him.

Early in August 1878 the startling intelligence reached India that a Russian mission had, after the lapse of forty years, visited Cabul, and had been received favourably by the Ameer. The Government were bound, for the integrity of our Indian Empire, to exclude Russian influence, and restore English influence in Afghanistan. Prestige, the basis of our power in India, demanded a counter-demonstration. So it was determined to send at once a Mission to Cabul. On the 3rd of August Lord Lytton wrote to Lord Cranbrook, who had succeeded as Secretary of State for India Lord Salisbury, who had become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

“Much will depend on the man selected as our envoy. I am strongly inclined to choose Sir Neville Chamberlain. There is, I think, very much to be said in favour of such a choice. Sir Neville is an able, resolute man, of exceptional experience in all frontier matters. He is personally acquainted with the Amir. He knew the Amir's late father, Dost Mahomed, and he knows many of the present notables. He is thoroughly familiar with native character, and has had long intercourse with Afghans and Pathans of all kinds. He is a man of strong presence and address, and one whose name would carry great weight with the public at home. He has been to Kabul before; he knows the country well. His military experience and ability would be invaluable if Shere Ali (which is most improbable, however) at-

tempted to place any obstacle in the way of the Mission's return to Peshawar. His selection would, I think, be agreeable to Lawrence and the whole Punjab school, whose favourite hero he is, and would probably tend to conciliate, or impose moderation on, those members of your Council who are most likely to write disagreeable minutes about the Mission or its results if they get a chance of doing so. Moreover, his official rank and status, and his reputation along and beyond our Afghan frontier, would give especial authority and influence to his presence at Kabul. I am not sure whether he would care to undertake this Mission, or whether his health would enable him to do so. But I shall have telegraphed to you full information on the subject long before you receive this letter."¹

On the 8th of August Lord Lytton wrote to Sir John Strachey: "I have obtained telegraphic permission to insist now on the Ameer's immediate reception of a British Mission, the charge of which I have offered to Sir Neville Chamberlain, who has just accepted it." On the 2nd of September Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SIMLA, 2nd September.

"My DEAREST SISTER,—I have been here a week, most kindly treated by both Excellencies, but it would be better for everybody if they did not keep such late hours. All is being got ready for our start to Cabul, and I am busy learning my lesson, and brushing up my knowledge about Afghan affairs. The Viceroy has on more than one occasion expressed his satisfaction and gratitude to me for having accepted the duty. I can only hope that success may attend our endeavours, though it is quite impossible to say how it is to end.

"I think we are furnished with a good cause, and happily it is to be plain speaking, though couched in most courteous words. We cannot permit Russia to be our rival in Afghanistan, and by sending this Mission she has left us no alternative but to take up the glove. To this minute I cannot realise why the Viceroy so desired that I should accept the duty. At first I thought I was merely to be the gilding of the pill to be administered to the Ameer, but now I am inclined to think that is not the case, at least not to the extent I had supposed. I am impressed by Lord Lytton's ability, and nothing could be more straightforward than all he has said to me: this is especially satisfactory to me, as from it I infer I can count upon his support, and shall not be made a scapegoat of in the event of things not turning out as desired. It is thirty-five years since I was here: the place is overbuilt and overcrowded, and has lost much of its

¹ 'Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,' by Lady Betty Balfour, p. 259.

beauty. I suppose I shall be through the Khyber Pass by the time you get this. I shall try to recognise the place I was wounded from in the Khyber, and again between Jellalabad and Cabul."

On the 6th of September Neville Chamberlain wrote to his wife:—

"SIMLA, 6th September.

"The dispatch of a Mission is out of the regular line of business. The Foreign Secretary is new to his work. It was counted upon that I should arrange details—in fact, that I should guide rather than follow instructions on all those matters which form the *externals* of the duty I am to undertake.

"Our Mission will now consist of a larger number of persons. A Hindoo and a Mahomedan nobleman will take part in it; the presents will be more suitable than I found had been arranged for. We shall have the means of satisfying the desires of the avaricious persons, willing to aid, and I shall go with a retinue more befitting the dignity of the nation I represent and of my office as envoy extraordinary. Externals are doubtless not everything, but they are something everywhere, and we have not the plea that our Mission is a flying one, like that of the Russians, far from its base of operations, and hurried on so as to be a surprise. The number of the Mission, then, has been increased, the escort diminished, like the cook's motto—*il faut mettre assez, et pas trop*. Enough to give dignity as a bodyguard, not to inspire the impression that we hold out a visible sign of a threat, or that we are prepared to force a passage. It has only been by repeated interviews and conversations with the Viceroy that I have been able to realise to the full his views and wishes on all the points that are certain to come under discussion with the Ameer, and until thus informed, it was impossible to know what would be approved of, or the reverse. At the first confidential meetings which took place, I found the tendency to be to answer unpleasant questions by the remark that the envoy would reply as he thought best, or the answer might be left to the envoy! If questions were not easily answered here, I felt that the difficulty would not grow less by distance from the head of the Government, so I made set questions on all the important points which occurred to me, and asked the Viceroy to give me written answers to them, confidentially. I told him I needed such an *aide-mémoire* for the good of the State, as well as wherewith to refresh my memory. This I now have, and with it I feel that I am less likely to act in contravention to his Lordship's wishes, whilst it is a refuge for the present and a shield in the future: by the present I mean when at Cabul; the future, when I am weighed in the balance. I must, in justice to Lord Lytton, say that he has by his frankness and finesse won my confidence. I think I can trust him: nor has he been chary in his expressions of satisfaction at my having accepted the task, I might say of gratitude. Now that the native agent has been passed

on, Lord Lytton inclines to confidence as regards the future. I reply that we must not count our chickens before they are hatched. I do not *despond* of success, but I feel that I have to make a *sine qua non* of what may wreck all at the threshold. However, I think I may say, without conceit, that if I fail in bringing about the desired end, the fault will not lie with me. I know the man, I know the idiosyncrasy of the nation, and I am inclined to hope that the Russians have made a move which may help to smooth away our difficulty. Our *great end is a peaceable solution*, any other would be a great misfortune forced upon us. You are now nearly as wise as I am, to say more would be a breach of trust. Major Cavagnari is here. I think we shall pull well together; he is clever, and I am most ready to accept him as a colleague, and one well able to aid materially in carrying out to a successful issue the work we have before us."

On the 7th of September a special meeting of the Viceroy's Council was held to approve of the instructions given to Neville Chamberlain. "I attended it," says Neville Chamberlain, "and spoke out quite freely, and Lord Lytton told me he was glad I had done so. Captain Hammick said he did not like the gloomy look of Lord Lytton as he came out of the Council. In the evening was a farewell party for me: most of my old friends were present. The Viceroy drank my health and success to the Mission. As regards myself, he spoke in a eulogistic speech which made me feel very uncomfortable; he accompanied me to the road below Government House, an act of great courtesy for the Viceroy." The next morning Sir Neville Chamberlain left Simla, and on the 12th of September the British Mission¹ assembled at Peshawur.

Two days before the Mission reached Peshawur the native emissary, Nawab Ghulam Hasan Khan, who had been sent

¹ CABUL MISSION, 1878.

General Sir Neville Chamberlain.

Major Cavagnari.

Surgeon-Major Bellew.

Major O. St John.

Captain St V. Hammick.

Captain F. Onslow.

Lieutenant Neville Chamberlain.

Maharajah Pertab Sing of Jodhpur.

Sirdar Ubed Ulla Khan of Tonk.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. Jenkins and Captain W. Battye were in the escort.

to Cabul to convey to the Ameer a letter from the Viceroy to announce the coming of the Mission, and a letter of condolence on the death of Sirdar Abdulla Jan, the heir-apparent, arrived at Cabul and was hospitably received. The death of his youngest son was a severe blow to Shere Ali. He knew that the Indian Government favoured his son Yakub Khan, and one of the reasons why he intrigued with the Russians was that he thought they would be more likely to support his nomination of Abdulla as his successor. All his hopes were now shattered, all his machinations had been in vain. "The Amir's embarrassments have been so great of late," wrote Cavagnari, "that I should not be at all surprised to hear that the death of the heir-apparent has produced the same mental derangement he suffered from after the death of his elder and favourite son, Ma Ali Khan." On the 12th of September the native envoy saw the Ameer, to whom he delivered the Viceroy's letters.

The Mission had been directed to leave Peshawur on the 16th, or as soon after as possible, so as to reach Cabul about the end of the month, by which time the full period of mourning and of the Ramazan¹ fast would have ended. Cavagnari was negotiating with the maliks or headmen of the independent Khyber tribes for the safe-conduct of the Mission through the pass as far as Ali Musjid, at which place it would come into contact with the officials of the Ameer, when on the morning of the 14th he was informed that Faiz Mahomed Khan, the commandant of the Ameer's troops stationed at Ali Musjid, had sent to Peshawur to summon back to the pass all the headmen. They informed Cavagnari they feared to disobey lest their allowance from the Ameer should be stopped. Neville Chamberlain wrote the following courteous and friendly letter to the Afghan commander:—

"15th September 1878.

"I write to inform you that by command of H.E. the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, a friendly Mission of British officers, with

¹ *Ramazan*, the ninth Mahomedan lunar month—viz., the month of the fast.

a suitable escort, is about to proceed to Cabul, through the Khyber Pass, and intimation of the dispatch of this Mission has been duly communicated to H.H. the Amir by the hand of the Nawab Ghulam Hasan Khan.

“I hear that an official from Cabul has recently visited you at Ali Musjid, and he has doubtless instructed you in accordance with H.H. the Ameer’s commands. As, however, information has now been received that you have summoned from Peshawar the Khyber headmen with whom we were making arrangements for the safe-conduct of the British Mission through the Khyber Pass, I therefore write to enquire from you whether, in accordance with the instructions you have received, you are prepared to guarantee the safety of the British Mission to Dakka or not, and I request that a clear reply to this enquiry may be speedily communicated by the hand of the bearer of this letter, as I cannot delay my departure from Peshawar.

“It is well known that the Khyber tribes are in receipt of allowances from the Cabul Government; and also, like other independent tribes on this frontier, have relations with the British Government. It may be well to let you know that when the present negotiations were opened with the Khyber tribes, it was solely with the object of arranging with them for the safe-conduct of the British Mission through the Khyber Pass, in the same manner as was done in regard to the dispatch of our agent, the Nawab Ghulam Hasan Khan, and the tribes were given clearly to understand that these negotiations were in no way intended to prejudice their relations with H.H. the Ameer, as it was well known that the object of the British Mission was altogether of a friendly character to H.H. the Ameer and the people of Afghanistan.

“I trust that, in accordance with the instructions you have received from H.H. the Ameer, your reply to this letter will be satisfactory, and that it will contain the required assurances that the Mission will be safely conducted to Dakka. I shall expect to receive your reply to this letter not later than the 18th instant, so please understand that the matter is most urgent.

“But at the same time it is my duty to inform you in a frank and friendly manner that if your answer is not what I trust it will be, or if you delay to send an early reply, I shall have no alternative but to make whatever arrangements may seem to me best for carrying out the instructions I have received from my own Government.”

On the 16th of September Faiz Mahomed replied:—

“Your friendly letter, which you sent me by the hands of Arbab Fateh Mahomed Khan, has reached me to-day, the 17th Ramazan (16th September). I was gratified by the perusal thereof, and feel obliged.

“Kind (sir) you mention therein that you have been ordered to

proceed on a friendly mission to Cabul, and that you are negotiating with the Afreedees for an escort to Dakka. But the Afreedees are a faithless (*lit.* fearless), covetous race. No confidence can be reposed in their engagements. Their headmen and chiefs are all with us and in receipt of allowances from H.H. the Ameer. The letter which my kind friend Major Waterfield, Commander of Peshawar, wrote on the subject of the advance of a friendly mission to Cabul, I have forwarded by the hands of my servant to the Mir Akhor (Master of the Horse), our superior and chief at Jalalabad, but as yet we have received no orders from Cabul or Jalalabad (which we might communicate to you) whether to let the British Mission proceed or to stop it. When we hear that the Ameer has no objection (to your going) we shall do you good service and escort you to Dakka, whether there be any Afreedees or not, for the friendship between you and the late Ameer sahib is clearer than the sun. When we receive orders from the capital (Cabul) to invite you, we shall be bound to serve you well. But as yet we have received no orders to let you go. We are servants to carry out the orders (of our master). Should you come without his Highness' permission or orders, it will lead to a collision between us and the Afreedees on one side, and you on the other. All hopes of friendship will be lost.

"While I was writing this letter a man arrived from Dakka with news that the Mir Akhor would shortly be here with two sowars. As he is a great man he may have brought some orders which he, by way of friendship, will communicate to you. He will also learn your views (*lit., jawab-o-sawal*). What I have stated above is all that I have to communicate. Further, you are at liberty to do what you like, whether you stop at Peshawar until the Mir Akhor arrives and has a friendly communication with you, or you proceed at once by force, you can do what you choose."

On the 18th of September news of the Mir Akhor's arrival reached Neville Chamberlain, and it was reported that his object, instead of being of a friendly character, was to see that Faiz Mahomed did not flinch from the execution of his orders. On September 17, 18, and 19, letters were received from Ghulam Hasan Khan at Peshawur. In his first letter he announced his arrival at Cabul, and that he had presented the letter of the Viceroy to the Ameer at a private interview, no one else being present. The Ameer, who was very wroth, declared that the Mission was coming as if by force. "I do not agree to the Mission coming in this manner, and until my officers have received orders from me how can the Mission come? It is as if they wished to disgrace me. It is not proper

to put pressure in this way. It will tend to a complete rupture and breach of friendship. I am a friend as before, and entertain no ill-will. The Russian envoy has come, and has come with my permission. I am afflicted with grief at the loss of my son, and have had no time to think over the matter. If I get time, whatever I consider advisable will be acted upon. Under these circumstances they can do as they like." At subsequent interviews with the Ameer's minister the native envoy was told of the rage of the Ameer and of the many grievances which he considered he had suffered at the hands of the Indian Government. The Ameer was, however, good enough to acknowledge that the Indian Government had some cause of complaint against him. The native envoy was again told "that the Russian Mission had come with the sanction of the Ameer, and he was informed that it would be honourably sent away after the Eed of the Ramazan,¹ and that as to the English Mission, it should not be pressed upon him inopportunately; but that His Highness claimed the right to have time to consider the matter as to its reception, and that, if after reflection its reception should prove agreeable to him, that he would then fix the time for its arrival and make suitable arrangements to receive it honourably." The native envoy expressed a hope that the answers to his letters would, God willing, bring about a reconciliation between the two Governments, but that if the British Mission started on the 18th or without the previous sanction of the Ameer, matters would assume a different aspect. Nawab Ghulam Hasan Khan, however, contrived to send a separate letter, in which he stated that his official letters had been dictated by the Ameer, that no one was allowed to communicate with him, and that his food was supplied by the Ameer.

Neville Chamberlain had by telegram and letters persuaded the Viceroy to delay the advance of the Mission. "The question," he wrote, "is whether, for the sake of a day or two's delay, we should risk the certainty of an open rupture

¹ Eed (*Arab. Id*), a Mahomedan holy festival. The Id of the Ramazan—viz., the termination of the annual fast.

with all its consequences, or give the short additional time in the hope that it may enable the Ameer to act with reason whilst (according to Afghan ideas) preserving his dignity." He now saw that further negotiations would be fruitless. The Ameer was pursuing tactics well known at all times at all Oriental courts. - Neville Chamberlain presented the case to the Viceroy in a short but decisive form.

"It is now quite evident," he wrote, "that the Ameer is bent upon stretching procrastination to the utmost, and determined upon asserting his claim to total independence of action by making the acceptance of the Mission dependent upon his sole pleasure, and dictating when it shall be received. If these points be yielded, then he holds out the hope to us that he will hereafter at his own time send a person to bring the Mission and receive it honourably. It has been said in the clearest language by the Ameer himself, by his minister, and by his officers in command of his outposts, that they will if necessary stop the advance of the Mission by force; that determination is just as clear in my mind as if half of our escort had been shot down. Unless your Lordship accepts the position all chance of a peaceful solution seems to be gone. The Ameer is bent upon upholding his will and dignity at any cost to the dignity of the British Government."

The dignity and authority, not to say the honour and integrity, of the Indian Government required that the Ameer's relations with the British and Russian Governments should be brought to the earliest and most decisive test. The Russian Mission still remained at his capital, "as a studiously insolent and significant advertisement to all India and all Central Asia of the impunity with which he could slight the friendly overtures and brave the long-restrained resentment of the British Government."¹ The Viceroy determined that the advance of the Mission should no longer be delayed.

On the 20th of September Neville Chamberlain telegraphed to the Viceroy: "The Khyberees agree to escort the Mission to Ali Musjid, or to any nearer point until we come into contact with the Ameer's authorities. They do not hold themselves responsible for what may then happen. They will also, if necessary, give us safe-conduct back." The

¹ 'Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,' p. 271.

following morning the Mission moved to Jamrood, three miles from the mouth of the pass, but within our own territory, and encamped there. Neville Chamberlain did not desire that the whole Mission should advance beyond our territory, because "it is my strong conviction that resistance is intended, and every native thinks so also," and he wished to minimise the danger of a conflict and the loss of prestige which being "openly turned back" would entail. On the previous day he had informed the Viceroy: "A small party will suffice to test the state of things as well as the whole escort, and I consider it most desirable to reduce to a minimum any indignity which may be offered to our Government." So on the 21st, after the Mission had reached Jamrood, Major Cavagnari, with Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Jenkins in command of the escort, Captain W. Battye of the Guides Cavalry, and twenty-four men with certain maliks, rode on to within a mile of Ali Musjid. Here he was met by a body of Afridees, who warned him that if he advanced further he would be fired upon. Cavagnari halted. He was writing a letter to the commander of the fort stating that he intended to push forward until he was fired upon, and that Faiz Mahomed, as the Ameer's representative, would be held responsible for the act, when a message from the Afghan commander reached him. Faiz Mahomed was coming to a ruined tower in the middle of the stream just below where they had halted. On his arrival he would send for Cavagnari and three others and hear what he had to say. Cavagnari, ardent, headstrong, void of fear, was also a match for the most wily Afghans. He was not going to wait until the Afghan commander sent for him. He was not going to be dictated to as to the number of men that should accompany him. Taking Colonel Jenkins with him, and one or two of the Guide cavalry and some of the Khyber headmen, he promptly descended into the bed of the stream and advanced to meet the Afghan commander. A party of Afridis, headed by a malik, attempted to stop him. "I rode past him, telling him that my mission concerned the Cabul officials, and that I desired to have no

discussion with the Afridis." On meeting, the two commanders exchanged salutations, and Cavagnari pointed out what he considered a suitable place for an interview: "It was a watermill, with some trees close by it, and on the opposite side of the stream to the spot originally named for the place of meeting." By a strange coincidence it was near the spot where Neville Chamberlain had been wounded on returning with Nott's force. The Afghan commander was most courteous and most firm, but no arguments could move him. "He was only a sentry, and had no regular troops but only a few levies, but that such as his orders were he would carry them out to the best of his ability, and that unless he received orders from Cabul he could not let the Mission pass his post." Colonel Jenkins, in his official report, thus describes the close of the interview:—

Major Cavagnari said to the Sirdar: "We are both servants; you of the Ameer of Cabul, I of the British Government. It is no use for us to discuss these matters. I only came to get a straight answer from you. Will you oppose the passage of the Mission by force?"

The Sirdar said: "Yes, I will; and you may take it as kindness and because I remember friendship, that I do not fire upon you for what you have done already." After this we shook hands and mounted our horses; and the Sirdar said again, "You have had a straight answer."

Major Cavagnari and his party at once rejoined the camp at Jamrud and the Mission returned to Peshawur. On the 22nd of September Neville Chamberlain wrote to Lord Lytton as follows:—

"PESHAWAR, 22nd September 1878.

"MY LORD,—The first act has been played out; and I do not think that any impartial looker-on can consider that any other course has been left open to us consistent with dignity than to openly break with the Ameer. I assert that no person was ever more desirous than I have been to preserve the peace by bringing about a friendly solution of differences, and I think it was only when I plainly saw that it was the Ameer's fixed intention to drive us into a corner, that I told your Lordship that we must either sink into the position of merely

obeying his behests on all points, or stand upon our rights and risk a rupture.

“The difficulty was to bring a British officer face to face with an officer of the Ameer; and this it was only possible to do yesterday, unless we were prepared to dispute the independence of the Pass tribes and throw them into the scale against us. Yesterday, through the aid of a section of the Khyberes, Major Cavagnari was given the opportunity of having a personal interview with Faiz Mahomed Khan, commanding the troops of His Highness the Ameer at Ali Musjid; and the result was the most positive and repeated assurance that if the Mission advanced it would be stopped, and if necessary be turned back by force of arms. Nothing could have been more distinct. Nothing more humiliating to the dignity of the British crown and nation. Reports by Major Cavagnari and Colonel Jenkins of this interview accompany this letter, and they speak for themselves. I will only add that the native border officials and the Khybery safe-conduct who accompanied these officers confirm to the full all that is stated by them; and I further believe that but for the decision and tact shown by Major Cavagnari at one period of the interview, even the lives of the British officers, as also the lives of their small native escort accompanying, were in considerable danger.

“After this meeting it only remained to abandon all idea of advancing and to return to this place. Early this morning, before striking camp, I sent a letter to Faiz Mahomed Khan, informing him of my intention of stopping the advance of the Mission, with my reason for doing so. I also, in compliance with your Lordship’s instructions, sent a letter to Nawab Ghulam Hasan Khan, directing him to take leave of the Ameer and to return at once to Peshawur.

“I trust that what has been said to Faiz Mahomed Khan, and the mode adopted for communicating to the Nawab the cause of the return of the Mission, will meet with your approval.

“Before leaving Jumrood this morning I saw the Khybery maliks, who were in our camp as hostages for the safe-conduct of the Mission as far as Ali Musjid. I told them that they were held to have performed their part in full, just the same as if they had seen our last baggage-animal safe into camp at Ali Musjid. They expressed themselves as well satisfied, but asked what would be done if the Ameer exhibited his displeasure upon them for having agreed to render this service to the British Government. Your Lordship is well aware that up to this time I have been scrupulously careful in avoiding giving any just cause of offence to the Ameer of Cabul, because of our relations with this border tribe, but I felt that after what had taken place all cause for such caution had been removed, and that in justice, in honour, and for political considerations I was bound to give them a clear and distinct pledge as to the trust they might in the future repose upon us. I therefore took it upon myself to tell them that I had your Lordship’s authority to say that the British Government would aid

them with its last soldier and spend its last rupee should the Ameer attempt to visit them with his anger for having assented to see the Mission safe as far as Ali Musjid.

“I am fully sensible as to the nature of the pledge I have thus given, but these wild mountaineers do not understand anything but plain speaking, and it would be hopeless for us to expect to exercise any real control over the independent border tribes unless we showed ourselves as willing and able to befriend those who served us, as we are willing and able to punish those who evinced hostility to us. In a previous letter I have mentioned to your Lordship what importance I attach to detaching the Khyber tribes from the Ameer, and I must admit that I was glad of the opportunity given this morning of making the first move—at least I hope it may prove so—in that direction.

“On getting back here this forenoon I sought by telegram your instructions as to the disposal of the Mission, and orders on one or two other matters which seem to me to need early attention.

“After what has taken place the *status quo* cannot, I think, continue without loss of dignity, if not loss of prestige, and I hope that such steps as are within our reach may at once be taken to prove to the Ameer, and to the border tribes, and to our own native chiefs and people, that the British Government loses no time in resenting a gross and unprovoked insult.

“Copies of telegram, &c., which have been sent since I last wrote accompany this letter.—I remain, your Lordship’s obedient servant,
“NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.”

The following day he wrote to his wife:—

“PESHAWAR, 23rd September.

“The telegram I sent yesterday to General Elmhirst will have told you that the Mission had come to an end. The Ameer’s troops would not allow us to pass, and, as it was useless to sacrifice life or limb by any exhibition of active hostility, I had to return. What I have done has been approved of by the V. R.—there is truth in what his Excellency says as to events having marched fast since I came to Peshawar. It has been continuous hard work. I leave to-morrow for Simla. If the Ameer wants terms *he* will have to come *here*, and Lord L. says he would wish me to conduct the negotiations. I think the Ameer’s pride would sooner send him to Russia than that he should appear here as a suppliant. He will have to make his choice! At all events, I am not to be back in Madras for a while.”

He enclosed the copies of two telegrams from the Viceroy:—

“I have first of all to convey to you my own most cordial thanks and those of the Government for the great service rendered by your

Mission, which, though affronted, has not been disgraced. The affront, which was not unforeseen, will not be unpunished. I consider the result much more satisfactory than any which could have been anticipated from negotiation at Cabul, under conditions now clearly ascertained, and this result could not have been otherwise secured. I shall be grateful if for the present you can wait at Simla, or within close reach of headquarters, for reasons explained in the accompanying cipher telegram, but in any case pray rejoin me here before you return to Madras. Grateful thanks for your letters up to date. I have entirely concurred in all your views and suggestions, and my appreciation of present situation is the same as yours."

"SIMLA, 24th September.

"Your old rooms at Peterhoff will be ready for you and necessary carriage arrangements. You will return to Simla, having rendered during your short absence, by a personal sacrifice which is most gratefully appreciated, a service of the highest importance to India."

Neville Chamberlain had not been many days at Simla when he wrote to his sister:—

"Lord Lytton met me on my reaching this: he is full of thanks for what I did; so far there has been no want of personal success in what it was in my power to perform. I wish, however, I could think better than I do of our political situation in Afghanistan; it seems to me very unsatisfactory, and the worst feature is that there is little likelihood of the Ministry at home boldly facing the difficulty and placing Afghanistan without the sphere of possible interference on the part of Russia and her satellite Persia. Now we have Russian officers securely seated at Cabul and employed in undermining us, with our largest military cantonment of Peshawar only 150 miles distant, our Mission scornfully rejected, and the Ameer's troops holding the Khyber, close to our frontier post of Jumrood. All that we have done in the past towards securing our North-West Frontier seems suddenly to have crumbled away, and all the advantage to be on the side of Russia. This is because we have never had any policy, nor indeed have we at the present moment one directing power, the Ministry, the India Office, the Viceroy and his Council all at work, and as often at disaccord as agreed."

The absence of any definite official position at Simla consonant with his rank as Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army was very trying to Neville Chamberlain, but he confessed himself repaid by the thought that he was assisting the Governor at a great imperial crisis. Every day he had

“a talk with Lord L.”; he attended all councils held on Afghan questions, and “I speak out plainly when asked to do so.” The wise decision regarding an offer made by the native princes received his warm approval. “The offer made by the native princes to assist with their troops will be accepted. I am a strong advocate for this. It will turn them to account, give them an interest in our cause, and please the princes.” It was not the Indian Government nor the native princes but the Government at home which caused him the greatest anxiety and perplexity. The Cabinet hesitated, doubted, and wavered. On October 19th the Nawab Ghulam Hasan returned from Cabul bringing with him the reply of the Ameer to the letter which the Viceroy had sent him so far back as August 14th. On October 21st Neville Chamberlain wrote: “The Ameer’s answer is more saucy and more to the point than I expected. All the better it should be so, as now the ground is cut from under the feet of even Lord Lawrence. The fact is we gave the Ameer too much play, as well as declined to do things he might have expected us to do, so he has gone clean out of our hands and passed over to the Russians.” Six days later Neville Chamberlain wrote:—

“SIMLA, 27th October.

“The Ministry at home seem to forget the old proverb that procrastination is the thief of time. The V. R. has received orders to send another letter to the Amir, giving him the opportunity of apologising and offering to receive a resident officer at his Court at Cabul, and this letter to be telegraphed to England for approval previous to being sent off.

“I never heard of any order so derogatory to the authority and position of a man placed at the head of a Government. Were I V. R. I should telegraph back to the Cabinet that if I was not considered competent or to be trusted to carry out such an order, without submitting my draft first for approval, that I begged they would telegraph me out the name of my successor and the date he might be expected to reach India. I must add in fairness that the order also says the assembling of troops is not to be delayed. The Ameer is no more likely to comply with the requirements than he is to be expected to turn Christian and apply for a bishopric. It is only going through an idle form, which will seem to him (which it is) vacillation and weakness, and confirm him in the opinion that he has done wisely in

throwing us overboard! and gives strength to the idea prevailing in Russia and in Europe that anything may be said or done to us, as nothing can bring us to the scratch! The Nawab from Cabul has arrived here. He tells me it is fortunate we were stopped at the pass or harm might have come to us had we gone on. The Ameer's mind had long been made up, and any hopes he ever held out of reconciliation were nothing but snares to mislead us and gain time. Only fancy the Ameer's impertinence in telling the Nawab that he did not intend to reply to the Viceroy's letter as His Excellency was only a servant of the home Government. The Nawab urged that the Viceroy was at the head of an immense Empire and controlled an immense revenue, and that he ought to answer his letter, and eventually the Ameer did so."

On November 2 another letter to the Ameer, which had been approved by the home Government, was delivered to Faiz Mahomed at Ali Musjid, a duplicate copy being sent to the Ameer by post. It was an ultimatum. A full and suitable apology must be offered for the repulse of the Mission "in writing, and tendered on British territory by an officer of sufficient rank." He must consent to receive a permanent British Mission within his territory. He should undertake that no injury should be done to the tribes who acted as guides to the Mission, and that reparation should be made for any damage they had suffered from him. Unless these conditions were accepted fully and plainly by the Ameer, and his acceptance received by the Viceroy not later than November 20, "I shall be compelled to consider your intentions as hostile, and to treat you as a declared enemy of the British Government." The political crisis was approaching its agony. Neville Chamberlain was occupied "reading up books on the Afghan campaign 39/42 to be able to answer questions about supplies and carriages."

"Yesterday at 3 o'clock there was a sort of caucus in the Viceroy's room on the subject of military preparation and arrangements. Mr Egerton, Sir F. Haines, Sir Samuel Browne, and the Foreign Secretary, Mr Lyall, present. Colonel Colley is always present on such occasions, but sits away and says nothing. I feel all the time that he has given the Viceroy the key to the discourse, and is his real military mentor,—and one cannot help admiring his reticence and apparent indifference to all that is said, and his being content to be a nobody."

Lord Lytton was most anxious to retain Neville Chamberlain as his official responsible military adviser. As the Viceroy put it, "He was unwilling to cut adrift so reliable an anchor." He therefore proposed that Neville Chamberlain should act as Military Member of the Viceroy's Council.

"I gave no answer, and he said, 'Well, think it over.' Next day Colonel Colley came to my room whilst I was dressing for dinner, and said the Viceroy would like to have my answer. I replied I came from Madras at the call of duty, and I was prepared now, as then, to do whatever might seem best to His Excellency, but that I would on no account, in act or appearance, do aught to displace any officer from his rightful position; that I had no desire to be Military Member of Council, either temporarily or permanently, but if General Browne was named to the higher command, and the place thus became vacant, I would not decline it."

On November 6 Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford: "I have taken my seat as Military Council, Sam. Browne has gone to the frontier, and I hope he may have the taking of the Khyber. I should have *far preferred* military duty, but one has to do what one is told, and up to this time there is no command big enough for a C.-in-C." Neville Chamberlain accompanied the Viceroy to Lahore. As no communication was received from the Ameer at our outpost on the 20th of November, orders were issued to the generals commanding the Khyber, Kuram, and Quetta columns to cross the frontier and advance the following morning. On the morning of the 21st of November General Sir Samuel Browne entered the Khyber and attacked Ali Musjid. "The fire of the fort was well sustained and directed; and the defence made by the garrison of Ali Musjid for several hours was creditable to its spirit. But the position, having been turned during the night, was precipitously abandoned by the enemy, with the loss of all his stores and camp equipage."¹ Sir Samuel Browne advanced to Dakka without molestation, and on the 20th of December a force was again encamped on the plains of Jellalabad.

¹ Viceroy's Despatch, June 1879.

On the day that Browne entered the Khyber General Roberts entered the Lower Kuram valley, about sixty miles long and three to ten miles wide. Continuing his advance up the valley he, on the 28th of November, approached the Kotal or pass over the Peiwar ridge. A reconnaissance in force, under the command of Colonel John Gordon of the 29th Punjab Infantry, showed that the enemy's position, concealed by a high range of pine-clad hills and precipitous cliffs, was almost impregnable in front, a position strong by nature having been made more strong by pine-trees and breastwork. Roberts knew the Kotal must be captured,—a front attack might lead to disaster, it certainly must lead to heavy loss of life, and he therefore determined to turn the position by a flank movement. By that intuitive perception which distinguishes great commanders, he decided on the best course to follow. In following it he took the legitimate risk which every general must take who wishes to win a complete victory. And at Peiwar Kotal the success was decisive. On the 5th of December Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford:—

“Up to late last night nothing from Roberts. I shall not be at peace until we hear all is right. He is far away, and weak, and in a false military position if seriously attacked. His best security is the good information he is likely to obtain from the chiefs. Just heard of the telegram from Roberts announcing his victory. I am now quite easy. Nothing could be better, and his success has not been dearly bought considering the enemy's advantages. In fact, both at Ali Musjid and now the Peiwar Pass, we ought not to have been surprised at double the loss. In both cases it was the flank movement gained us the day.”

On December 19 the Viceroy and his party moved from Lahore to Calcutta. Neville Chamberlain halted at Lucknow in order to spend a few days with Crawford, who now commanded the Oudh Division. Hard work at Lahore had so told on him that, without any warning, he was taken seriously ill, and could not continue his journey for some depressing weeks. Lord Lytton wrote to Lady Chamberlain a letter,

which illustrates the writer's habitual consideration for the feelings of those over whom he exercised rule:—

“BARRACKPORE, 5th January 1879.

“DEAR LADY CHAMBERLAIN,—I cannot let the first week of this year pass by without telling you how much it has been saddened for myself and Lady Lytton by the knowledge of your dear husband's illness. The sad account of his health contained in your letter to my wife has been, indeed, to me a threefold source of distress,—first for his own sake and yours, then because I much miss the advantage of being able to consult him on some of the new aspects of various questions, on the treatment of which he has so ably advised and efficiently helped me. But most of all, because I cannot help reproaching myself for the overwork which may, I fear, have contributed to bring on his present attack. I often thought he was overworking at Lahore, and wished to persuade him to take his work less eagerly. But you know the nobleness of his temperament, one might as easily persuade a thoroughbred racer leading the course, and in sight of the winning-post, to canter instead of galloping. I shall be grateful if you will kindly keep me informed of the condition of your beloved patient, and I sincerely trust we may soon receive good news of him. My other work is just now so much lighter than usual that I have not thought to act on Sir Neville's suggestion about General Strachey. When he is well enough to rejoin us how glad we shall be. It may interest Sir N. to know that the Queen and Lord Cranbrook have unreservedly expressed to me their satisfaction and approval of the restrictions which, with his valuable support, I was able to place on the number of troops detached for the operations of this winter. The questions we shall now have to consider, with reference to our position next spring, are mainly of a political character. I hope to be able to talk them all over with Sir Neville when we meet.—Your husband's grateful, attached friend,
LYTTON.”

On the 9th of February Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford from Government House, Calcutta: “My reception by Lord Lytton was most kind.” In a letter to the Duke of Cambridge he states: “Before I recovered sufficiently to travel, Sir E. Johnson had resumed his seat as Military Member of Council; and as my condition was then such as to forbid the prospects of my services being available for re-employment on the Afghan border, I returned to Madras. I left to Surgeon-General Gordon the decision as to whether I was fit to retain my post as Commander-in-Chief of the

Madras army, and as he was of opinion that my return to England was not indispensable, I have remained at my post." The state of his health rendered it necessary that he should proceed to Coonoor, one of the most pleasant hill-stations in India. On the 3rd of April he wrote to his sister: "I cannot tell you anything that will give you greater pleasure than that I am greatly improved in health and strength, indeed more so than I expected could be the case in so short a time. Nothing can be more pleasant than the climate we now have. Neither hot nor cold." A month later he writes: "The Viceroy has been referring some matters to me, connected with Afghan affairs, and I have sent him a long memo. in reply."

When Shere Ali heard of the news of the defeat of his troops he released his imprisoned son Yakub, and fled across the Oxus into Russian territory. On the 21st of February kindly death put an end to his troubles, and Yakub reigned in his stead. On the 26th of May at Gundamuk a treaty was signed in the British camp by the Ameer and by Major Cavagnari on behalf of the British Government. By the Third Article the English undertook the entire control of the Ameer's foreign relations, and in order that all the foreign intercourse of the Afghan Government should be conducted under British advice, the following article provided for the residence at Cabul of a British representative, and for the right to depute British agents as occasion might require to all parts of the Afghan frontier. The British Government agreed to pay the Ameer an annual subsidy of six lakhs of rupees. In return the districts of Pishin Sibi and Kuram were retained by the British Government under an agreement, the Ameer receiving the surplus revenue after payment of the administrative expenses. As a necessary adjunct to this stipulation the British retained the control of the Khyber and Michni Passes. The towns of Candahar and Jellalabad were restored by the Treaty of Gundamuk to the Ameer of Cabul. On the 8th of June Lord Lytton wrote to Neville Chamberlain: "Ere this you will have read the full text of

the Cabul Treaty, which I meant to telegraph to you, but I was ill at the time and forgot to do so. I am in hopes that, on the whole, you will think it satisfactory." The territorial clauses, he goes on to state, went further than Neville Chamberlain's recommendations, but very much less far than those of other distinguished experts. "To my eyes," wrote Lord Salisbury, "the wise constraint in which you have held the eager spirits about you is not the least striking of your victories." The Governor-General made the common discovery that "no two experts seem to hold the same opinion. The professed strategists, both here and at home, differ widely from each other; and as for our best politicals, each crows loud for his own dunghill." He mentions that he had been urged to retain Candahar, but "I could never see any advantage in the permanent retention of Candahar, nor did I ever contemplate such a measure." When the main object of the Treaty of Gundamuk—direct control over the foreign relations of Afghanistan—had been defeated by the massacre of our Mission at Cabul, then Lord Lytton advocated the retention of Candahar. It was a part of his policy of disintegration. It is the mark of administrative genius to see further than ordinary men what has to be done and to do it. "I am anxious," wrote Lord Lytton, "as soon as funds can be found, to construct a railway from Sukkur to Quetta. I have no doubt that such a line would eventually be extended to Candahar, thus conferring upon Afghanistan the inestimable advantage of a seaport and direct commercial communication with the European markets by uniting Candahar to Kurachee, greatly to the benefit of the Cabul treasury. In any case this route is destined, I think, to become ere long the great commercial highway for the whole trade of Central Asia." Work was at once set on foot to carry out the scheme. Before the end of the year the line was completed from Sukkur to a point 24 miles beyond Jacobabad, and on January 14, 1880, it was opened to Sibi, beyond the Kurachee desert, 140 miles from the Indus. Two lines of railway now carry the traveller from the foot of the Baluch Hills to Quetta. The

Khojak range has been pierced by a great tunnel, and 124 miles beyond Quetta station the Quetta-Candahar line ends. Only 70 miles intervene between Chaman and Candahar. The line is bound some day to be extended to the capital of Western Afghanistan, and what Lord Lytton's administrative genius discerned completed. At the close of his letter Lord Lytton wrote: "The first on the list of recommendations I have just sent home for honours on the 'War Gazette' is your own, and I heartily hope and expect that your unpleasant but patriotic journey to Jumrood, though it did not lead to Cabul, will lead to a peerage."

Neville Chamberlain replied:—

"OOTACAMUND, 7th July 1879.

"MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—When your long letter of the 8th of June reached me I was suffering from an attack of fever and ague, and this must partly account for the delay in my reply. I will begin by alluding to what I may call personal matters, in saying how sorry I was to hear that you had been ill. I see by the papers that you have been in camp, and I trust that the change will have set you up again. I know that a Viceroy has always more work thrust upon him than it is possible for any man to get through, and therefore there is the greater reason why every one should wish that you should retain your health.

"We are still crossing the ford, and therefore not in the position to 'swop horses,' and I very much question if we shall be so previous to the expiration of your Lordship's Viceroyalty.

"The information conveyed in your letter that you had recommended me for honours was quite a surprise to me. I never expected or desired any further recognition than that which was accorded to me by your Lordship in the 'Gazette' published just previous to the outbreak of the war. The part I was called upon to play was an easy one and was soon over, and I have never looked upon anything that I was able to do other than as a simple act of duty. Should anything come out of your recommendation I shall have no hesitation in respectfully declining it, for I have neither the income or broad acres or any of the other adjuncts which ought in my opinion to be associated with a peerage. But although I thus frankly tell you my own opinion on the subject, I should be very sorry for you to suppose that I did not appreciate at its full value the estimation in which you are so good as to hold my services, and the generous feeling which prompted your Lordship to recommend their being so honourably rewarded.

"That there should be any question as to my brother Crawford's claim for being made a K.C.B. is a matter of surprise and disappointment to me, for I know for a certainty that his energies have during

a long service of forty-one years been devoted to forwarding the interests of the State, and he has in the course of his career, both in quarters and in the field, been placed in positions where he has been able to render services certainly equal if not superior to those rendered by many officers now wearing the distinction he considers to be his just reward.

“I have no interest either at the Horse Guards or at the India Office, and if I had I really should feel ashamed to have to urge it in such a cause on behalf of my brother, and were he to know that he had only obtained the distinction through such means, I feel that he would prefer to remain without it.

“Your Lordship has, I think, full reason to be satisfied with the terms of the treaty accepted by the Ameer, for you have obtained all the results that could be desired. The treaty gives to us the right to exclude Russian interference in Afghan affairs, and if she hereafter interferes the matter must be settled between herself and us. Our best security for being able to repose trust in the assurance of the Ameer is, I think, to be found in the circumstance that Yakoob Khan has realised the fact that he must choose between us and Russia, it being impossible for him seriously to entertain the idea held by his father of remaining neutral, playing off one Power against the other in furtherance of that object.

“The continued occupation of Lundi Kotal is still, in my opinion, not a necessity, and therefore I should like to have seen the withdrawing of all our troops from the pass. The less we are brought into contact with the Khyber tribes the less likely we are to have causes of difference with them, and it will never be prudent to leave Lundi Kotal weak, or for us not to be in a position to support it in strength when needed. Its occupation involves increased expenditure and increased risks, and I have lived sufficiently long on the frontier to know that a time *does* come when one feels the benefit of not being committed to a single outpost more than is indispensable for internal security. The frontier tribes are not to be trusted, and however peaceful things may at the time seem to be, the words of Longfellow, ‘Trust no future however pleasant,’ ought never to be forgotten. The Kurrum line of communication ought to meet all our wants. It will run away with a good deal of money, and will not, I fear, for many a day to come, leave us altogether free from troubles with the neighbouring tribes.

“I have not been able to gather whether your Lordship intends to occupy permanently or not the Thull-Chotiali route, but for the reasons I have above given I should be averse to its occupation.

“The existence of rail communication between Sukkur and Quettah would no doubt be of military advantage to us ; but I question whether its construction would be of the advantage you seem inclined to hope to the trade of Afghanistan and Central Asia. Those countries are miserably poor—the only fertile parts are, as it were, oases in a great

desert, and if you now could run a train daily between Herat and Sukkur, I do not believe you would find any solid increase of traffic beyond that which is brought in time of peace by the ordinary caravans.

“As Sibi cannot now be given to the Khan of Khelat, I am glad that he is otherwise to be rewarded. Good relations with the Beloochis are an important element in our future frontier policy. I should never have told the Ameer that we asked for Sibi in order to cede it to Khelat,—for every Afghan feels himself bound in honour to do anything rather than humble himself to a Beloochi.

“Pishin is no doubt, as stated by General Stewart (for Afghanistan), a granary, but I would rather that we consumed the grain without becoming responsible for the administration of the district. It would have been quite possible to have secured the former without being involved in the latter. Do what you may, your Lordship will find the expense of administration exceed the revenue; and besides this, you must always count upon some trouble arising with the tribe itself or with the neighbouring tribes, whilst no soldier ever takes the field without putting Government to increased charges.

“Besides this, it is another step in advance beyond the natural point it is indispensable for us to hold in that quarter.

“I have read with great interest all that your Lordship has said with regard to the Military Commission on Reduction and Army Reorganisation. The subject is one which I also conceive to be of the greatest importance both in a pecuniary and a military point of view. It shall receive my earnest attention, and I think that you will find this Government ready to help in carrying out your views.

“I daresay you will recollect that when I first saw you at Coonoor I stated my conviction of the urgent necessity of keeping the presidential armies as much as possible separate from each other; and I am very glad to find that you fully accept this principle by speaking of that system as that of the ‘water-tight compartments.’

“The question of redistribution and reorganisation of the Madras army was referred to by me in a minute which I wrote in May last year, when this Presidency was asked to send a regiment to Cachar, and as that paper may not have come before your Lordship’s notice, I now send a printed copy for your perusal.

“Nothing has as yet come out of what I said, save that I was thereby fortunately able to prevent a Madras regiment from being sent to Cachar.

“For any good to result from the proceedings of the Commission, I am inclined to think that your Lordship will have to put down your foot firmly in the matter of inter-presidential and provincial jealousies.
—Yours affectionately,

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

“To H.E. The LORD LYTTON, G.C.B., &c.,
Viceroy and Governor-General.”

In pursuance of the Treaty of Gundamak, Major Cavagnari, who for his recent services had been created a Knight-Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, was appointed "Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary" at the Court of Cabul. On the 22nd of May Neville Chamberlain wrote:—

"Cavagnari did very well with me, and we got on admirably together. He is a clever fellow, with great will, and untiring energy,—more of the Nicholson style than any man I know; he is inclined to be hasty and imperious, and more likely to control those he is brought into contact with through his force of character and through fear than from any personal attachment. I should say he is more the man for facing an emergency than one to entrust with a position requiring delicacy and very calm judgment. I think he has very strong fixed ideas, and that his action would be to make events lead up to his views. If he were left at Cabul as our agent, I should fear his not keeping us out of difficulties. We shall need there a man who will see everything, and be content with only reporting to Government what it is indispensable it should know."

On July 24th Cavagnari, accompanied by Surgeon A. H. Kelly of the Guides as Medical Officer, and Mr W. Jenkins, I.C.S., as Political Assistant, and Lieutenant Walter Hamilton, Military Attaché, in charge of a carefully picked escort of twenty-five cavalry and fifty infantry of the Guides Corps, entered Cabul and was assigned quarters in the Bala Hissar. The same day he wrote to the Viceroy: "Nothing could have exceeded the hospitable treatment we have experienced since we left the Kurum frontier, and our reception was all that could be desired." But mutterings of the storm that was about to burst were soon heard. On August 30th Cavagnari wrote to the Viceroy: "I have been quite bewildered sometimes with the stories that have been brought me hinting that no trust should be placed in Yakoob Khan, and that he is only temporising with us." Early in August six regiments of infantry had arrived from Herat, and Cavagnari was told that the Herat soldiers had been ordered to abuse the *Kafir-Elchi* as they marched through the streets of Cabul. "Never fear," was the answer to the native officer who warned him; "keep

up your heart : dogs that bark don't bite." " But these dogs do bite : there is real danger," urged the man. Cavagnari quietly said : " They can only kill the three or four of us here, and our deaths will be avenged." In the first days of September these Herat soldiers came to the treasury in the Bala Hissar for their pay. Failing to obtain the full amount, they proceeded to the house occupied by the British Embassy where they were told was lots of money and attacked it. The garrison made a desperate resistance. But courage against a host of well-armed and trained men was of no avail. Cavagnari, his staff and escort of heroic Guides, after defending themselves with desperate gallantry, perished to a man. This was the fate of our second Embassy to Cabul.

The base and cruel murder of every member of the Mission led to a renewal of the war. A month after the murder of Cavagnari with his staff and escort, Sir Frederick Roberts by a bold and daring march entered Cabul, and within three days Candahar was reoccupied. On the 21st of October Neville Chamberlain wrote to his nephew, Lieutenant Neville Chamberlain, who was on General Roberts' personal staff :—

" I have, of course, followed General Roberts' footsteps with great interest, and was glad to see he occupied Cabul with so little loss. . . . Our difficulties in Afghanistan have been, and will, I think, continue to be political, and not military. Badly armed unorganised tribes cannot resist disciplined troops in the field, but when the popular feeling of the country is strongly opposed to interference on the part of strangers, it is always possible for them to give the invaders great trouble, and the more especially in a mountainous and poor country like Afghanistan. It is impossible to destroy a whole male population, nor can any civilised Government think of punishing the innocent with the guilty, and therefore all that remains to be done is to extinguish each fire as it burns out, and I shall be much surprised if your general is not constantly being called upon to suppress insurrection somewhere or another, to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping the line of communication free from molestation and attack."

His words soon came true. The tribes broke out into insurrection around Cabul, and in December 1879 they

made a combined advance on the capital. After some hard fighting General Roberts was forced by sheer weight of numbers to evacuate all his isolated positions, and with 5000 men to hold a position which, owing to "the great extent of its perimeter, more than four and a half miles, made it a very difficult place to defend."¹ If our troops had been systematically assailed they would have found it extremely difficult to have held their own inside the immense enclosure to which they had been committed. The enemy, however, did nothing but indulge in firing of a desultory kind, until they heard that General Gough with reinforcements was approaching, and then they delivered their one real attack. On the morning of the 23rd December the signal-fire was lighted on the Asmai Heights. As it died out a brisk fire was opened upon the south-west angle of the camp. This, however, was only a feint. Led by their Ghazis, the main body of Afghans, wearing swords and knives and shouting their war-cry, advanced on the north-east angle. As they came on the bullets fell thick on the besieged, but our soldiers patiently and silently waited the order to fire. When the enemy arrived within a few yards of the wall a sustained and well-directed volley struck the head of the Afghan host. The dead and wounded filled the trench, the survivors took shelter behind walls and trees from which they commenced a fusilade which did but little damage. Once again did a few fanatics attempt to face the murderous fire from our ramparts, but even fanatical zeal could not nerve them to endure it. Then news reached the Afghans of Gough's reinforcing column, and the counter-stroke delivered by General Roberts, when he ordered all the available cavalry in camp to advance and attack them in flank, turned the besiegers into a mob of fugitives.

Thus ended the investment of Sherpur. The next day the enemy disappeared; our troops were in Cabul, and communications with India reopened. On the 29th of December

¹ 'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., ii. 243, 244.

Neville Chamberlain wrote to Crawford that the previous evening a telegram announced the attack on the Sherpur cantonment and the defeat of the Afghans. "Of course this is so far so good, but we have 52,000 men now in the field, and yet we cannot be said to be doing more than holding our own at certain principal places. It is only where we are strong that we can be considered to rule; and even with all the dissensions which exist between the tribes and amongst each separate tribe, Lord Lytton has no easy task before him to hold the country and realise its revenue." But Lord Lytton had no desire to hold the country. He wanted to discover a capable and friendly ruler to whom he might hand over the government of Afghanistan. In March Abdurrahman, son of Shere Ali's elder half-brother, appeared on the scene. The prince, who had the reputation of being an able soldier, had taken a prominent part in the hostile operations conducted by his father against Shere Ali, but when the latter had crushed all opposition, Abdurrahman became a fugitive in Russian territory, where he resided ten years. The Government of India had no cause to oppose the claim of Abdurrahman to the throne of Cabul, and conciliatory messages were sent to him. He was told that at no place but the capital could final arrangements be satisfactorily and quickly made. But before final arrangements could be made Lord Lytton had ceased to be Viceroy.

On April 28th Mr Gladstone succeeded Lord Beaconsfield as chief Minister of the Crown, and the Marquis of Hartington replaced Viscount Cranbrook as Secretary of State for India; Lord Lytton, whose policy had been vigorously attacked by Lord Hartington and Mr Gladstone, resigned, and on the 8th of June Lord Ripon arrived at Simla and assumed the charge of government. On the 3rd of July Lord Lytton sailed from Bombay for England. Events have justified some of the measures for which he was most severely blamed by inconsiderate critics. Only those who have studied his State papers can understand his capacity for work, his power of grappling with intricate and difficult problems, his fore-

sight as a statesman who thought not of the day but of the morrow.

On the voyage from Aden the new Viceroy wrote to Neville Chamberlain asking his opinion about the following important points: The selection to be made of a new Ameer of Cabul; what terms should be made with the person selected; what was to be done with the territory recently acquired by us from Afghanistan; if our engagements with Shere Ali rendered us free to withdraw our troops from Candahar, would he recommend this to be done? At the close of his letter his Lordship says: "I am sure that I need not ask you to give me your opinion frankly and without hesitation. It is only opinions so given that are of any value." Neville Chamberlain had always the courage of his convictions. He had supported Lord Lytton against his old friend and chief, John Lawrence, in his first Afghan policy, but he frankly and without hesitation expressed his disapproval of the policy of disintegration, and the unfettered easy intercourse with Lord Lytton ceased. On the 14th of June he sent Lord Ripon a full and important memorandum, and in the general views expressed in it the Viceroy concurred. With regard to the permanent occupation of Candahar, he wrote: "The idea of occupation of one portion of Afghanistan would, I conceive, be found to be untenable in practice. The previous mountain barrier passed, we shall find no solid halting-ground short of the Persian frontier and the Oxus. To occupy Candahar without also taking possession of Herat, or to occupy Cabul without securing Turkestan, is to advance into positions infinitely more exposed to attack than those previously held—without even the security to be derived by coming into contact with the neighbouring Governments." He considered that "the tribes are far too homogeneous and too strongly allied by ties of race, religion, language, and intercourse to be split up at our pleasure, and no arrangement of the kind will be submitted to by them, save as the result of conquest. Whilst to bring them into such a state of sub-

jection would, as I have before said, tax our military strength and resources, and then, until the whole population had been disarmed, nothing in the shape of permanent subjection could reasonably be counted upon." Neville Chamberlain added: "There is no analogy between the Ameer Dost Mahomed and his brothers having amicably divided the country between themselves, and a forced division of the land by order of a foreign conqueror. No division of the kind can ever be brought about or be maintained at our dictation unless backed up by the power of the sword." Above all, Neville Chamberlain considered that "England must have a fixed policy, and must make clear what is her intention, when, if war must be waged in support of the independence of Afghanistan, it should be declared at St Petersburg and not at Cabul. A clear understanding on this point is likely to save much future unpleasantness between the two countries, and much anxiety and money to India."

On the 22nd of July 1880, Abdurrahman was formally recognised as Ameer at a durbar held near Cabul. He was given grants of arms and money, and what Shere Ali had asked seven years before was now granted, after a vast expenditure of life and treasure, to Abdurrahman,—a formal promise of support against foreign aggression. The British troops were just starting on their return to India when news reached Cabul that Ayub Khan, Shere Ali's younger son, had defeated a British force at Maiwand, not far from Candahar, and was beleaguering the garrison within the walls of that city. On the 6th of August the Cabul-Candahar field force began its famous march. On August 31 Sir Frederick Roberts, who commanded the expedition, reached Candahar, and on September 1 defeated Ayub outside the walls. In order to relieve the beleaguered garrison, General Roberts had given up all reliance on a base of operations, and with a force of 10,000 men marched through the heart of a hostile country 318 miles in twenty-three days. Such a feat will always be remembered. Neville Chamberlain, who was not in accord

with his old staff-officer's political actions, wrote to his sister : " I like Roberts personally, and consider him a brave dashing soldier and general." On the 2nd of November Neville Chamberlain wrote : " This day three months my period of five years' tenure of this command will expire, and I suppose General Roberts will rule in my place." On the 23rd of December he wrote : " Three days ago we heard by telegram that Sir Donald Stewart is to be Sir F. Haines' successor. It seems to be likely : as for me, I must have declined it on the score of health, for I find I cannot stand the heat of this place even now." The time had come to take off his harness.

On the 3rd of February he published his last General Order, and it is characteristic of the man. While admitting the British soldier of the day to be fully the equal of those of the past, he gave a word of warning against the propensity to drink, which he described as the root of all military crime. The Madras sepoy he considered intelligent, tractable, faithful, and ready to serve wherever required. He then pointed out several reforms which he considered necessary for the promotion of the efficiency of the native army. There should be more regimental officers (an urgent need even at this time), and native officers and non-commissioned officers should be appointed and promoted by selection. The same day there was issued a Gazette Extraordinary, placing on record " the high sense entertained by the Government of Fort St George of the value of his services while in command of the Madras army, which must not only be proud of its association with so distinguished a soldier, but feel indebted to him for his constant and earnest advocacy of all its just claims, and for his untiring energy in maintaining its high standard of efficiency." On the evening of the 3rd February the Governor and a numerous party of friends went to the pier-head to wish Neville Chamberlain a final adieu and bid him God-speed from India. He had first landed at Madras forty-four years before.

On his return to England Neville Chamberlain was received with marked attention, and leading soldiers and statesmen

asked him for advice as to Afghan and military affairs. Soon after his arrival he went to see the Duke of Cambridge, and he tells his sister:—

“His manner was most friendly. He told me he had always desired, and even still desired, that I should succeed Sir F. Haines as C-in-C., but the idea had prevailed at home that the state of my health did not justify my being nominated. The Duke talked to me about most of the military questions of the day, including, of course, that of the evacuation of Candahar. On that point I could not agree with him, and I gave my reasons. He admitted the force of what I said, but stuck to the advantages he supposed would be derived by placing ourselves near Herat. He asked me about Lord Lytton, Sir F. Haines, General Roberts, Sir D. Stewart, and Sir G. Wolseley. I suppose it is by thus picking different men’s brains that a judgment is come to as to men’s qualifications and characters, and the place as servants of the Crown assigned to them. Amongst other things, the Duke expressed great regret at the part politics was assuming in military affairs, and in this I think he is quite right. I said I was in politics a Liberal, but that this did not blind me to the error committed in not giving the Ameer Shere Ali the guarantees he asked of Lord Northbrook, and that I was strongly of opinion that had these been given there would have been no inclination on the part of Shere Ali to seek an alliance with Russia.

“Towards the end of the conversation the Duke said he was placed in a very difficult position, and often felt that he would give up office. I replied I was sure it could be no bed of roses, but I trusted he was bringing up his successor in the way he should go. On this H.R.H. said: ‘What do you say to taking my place? I daresay you would do the work better than I do!’ I thought this notice to quit, so I got up to take leave. The Duke also rose, and, shaking me by the hand very warmly, said he was much obliged to me for all I had done at Madras, and that he trusted that I would use my influence at the India Office and elsewhere not to allow unreasonable changes to be made in the native armies and system of administration.

“I replied that I had opinions, and that when asked for them was ready to give them, but that I was now out of office and not likely to have any influence or even to be asked. He said: ‘Oh no, I am sure that no one’s word has greater weight at the India Office than yours, and I trust you will not fail to exercise it.’

“I have now given you an outline of my interview. When we meet I will supplement it, and I trust many weeks will not elapse before I have the great happiness of being with you. There is much to be done on my arrival, and you will prefer I should start free, and I shall be at Montreux after Easter, and shall have much to tell you. I am now going to the India Office to see Lord Hartington.—Your loving,

“NEVILLE.”

A few days later he gives his sister an account of his interview with Lord Hartington. "He is a good-looking man, but his manner is not impressive. There seems to be a lack of warmth or even of interest in the subject he talked about." Among the questions discussed was the retention of Candahar and Russian intrigue. "I told him that had we given Shere Ali the guarantees he asked for, and which were reasonable enough, he might still be alive on his throne and war have been averted. I also laid great stress upon the necessity of our dealing direct with Russia as to Herat and Afghanistan, and of our making her understand that interference in the affairs of these countries would be taken as an act of hostility." There was an informal exchange of views with regard to the reorganisation of the Indian army, and Lord Hartington asked him to write a memorandum on the subject. On the 27th of March he writes: "I got a seat in the Speaker's gallery to hear the Candahar debate, and was most interested both nights." He considered "Mr Stanhope's speech was much the best on the side of the Opposition. He speaks easily and with effect, has a nice voice, and there was nothing personal; Lord Hartington's reply *very good*, but his manner is not courteous, nor is his voice pleasant. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr Fawcett spoke with ease; Fawcett speaks loudly and measuredly like a parson. It is easy to criticise, is it not? On the Ministerial side a Mr Bryce, an Irishman, spoke with eloquence. . . . All the speakers had notes. I heard Thiers speak for two hours, and every sentence seemed to follow in its proper order." On the 1st of April 1881 Neville Chamberlain wrote to his sister:—

"I have just returned from Windsor, and will give you a short outline of my visit. Twelve sat at the Queen's table, a large round one. The only guests outside the household were Major-Gen. Wilson and myself. As the Queen entered the corridor from her own apartments, where we were drawn up to receive her, she gave me a look of special recognition with a smile, and again, as I was drawing my chair to the table, she said she hoped I was now well and that she thought I looked so. The Princess Beatrice sat on the Queen's right and I on the Princess's right, and throughout the dinner the Queen or the Princess

kept up the conversation with me. I noticed the Queen say something in a low tone to the Princess soon after we sat down to table, and I gathered she had told her who I was and to talk to me, and she was very chatty. The Queen spoke a great deal about the death of the Emperor of Russia and about India, and alluded to my visit to Osborne. After dinner she again talked to me about my health, my length of service, and then about Afghanistan. I will tell you all when we meet. She looked at my medals, and said few remain who wear the Ghuznee and Maharajpore medals, or, as she called it, Lord Ellenborough's Star. She is well up in Indian history. *Apropos* of Afghanistan, I said I understood H.M. was against giving up Candahar, and after I had explained my views she said: 'Well, I am more satisfied now, as I know that no one is better able than you are to give a sound opinion; you know the country and the people.' I said it was true I had passed the best years of my life in contact with them, and that though I did not pretend to be infallible I held very strong opinions founded upon that knowledge, but that though I would withdraw from all conquests, I held to the necessity of some definite policy with regard to Russia, and that she should be made to understand that war must be the result of any interference in Afghanistan. The Queen said yes, but that many things were openly said by politicians which ought to be kept to ourselves. She again and again alluded to my health, and said she knew I had had very serious illnesses. She then spoke of the Duke of Edinburgh and the esteem he felt for me."

At the end of April Neville Chamberlain joined his sister at Montreux. On his return to England he went to his country home, Lordswood, and he soon settled to the conditions of a country gentleman's existence. It was, after battles and marches, a quiet life. But he had his books to read, and to the last his mind was absorbed in public interests. The far northern frontier, over which he had for so many years kept watch and guard, was always a chief object of concern. The great military services he had rendered his country were fittingly acknowledged in 1900 by a Field-Marshal's baton. The crown of military rank came to him when the shadows of night had begun to fall. Death had already divided him from his wife, and Harriet, the dearest of his sisters, who had been the sharer of his thoughts and counsel ever since he was a lad. On the 18th of February 1902 the veteran after his many campaigns was at rest, and in the quiet parish churchyard of Rownhams they laid him by

the side of his wife and of his sister Harriet, with full military honours. His character needs no long comment. His own letters and diaries through the long series of his years show how great personal valour was combined with a true spirit of kindness, and humanity and skill in war were intertwined with a love of culture and a serious interest in great questions. The best word said of him was by another Warden of the Marches: "Chamberlain was the very soul of chivalry."

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