ROUGH RECOLLECTIONS

OF

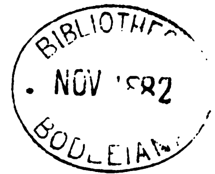
MILITARY SERVICE AND SOCIETY

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL
BALCARRES D. WARDLAW RAMSAY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXII

210. o. 515.

All Rights reserved

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK CHARLES

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

EARL OF TIPPERARY, LORD CULLODEN

K.G., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.H.

GRAND MASTER OF ST MICHAEL AND ST GEORGE,

FIELD-MARSHAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF,

These Volumes

ARE, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

I AM told that a preface is advisable. I go back forty years for its subject. In the summer of 1841, when quartered at Brighton, I was asked by a celebrated portrait-painter, an old Royal Academician, to sit for my likeness. The result was not pleasing to my family, and the picture was not bought. In the following summer, 1842, it was exhibited in the Royal Academy by the R.A., who being one of the oldest Fellows, if not the oldest, had a right to the place of honour for his pictures. The consequence was, that the portrait of my unfortunate self was the first work of art that fell upon the gaze of the bewildered public as they ascended the steps of the old building in Trafalgar Square.

Unhappily for my peace of mind, the illus-

trious 'Punch,' which commenced its literary career at the same time that I commenced my military one, reviewed the productions of the Academy this year. Not having a copy of the second volume of 'Punch' by me to refer to, I am unable to quote the exact words used, but they were something to the following effect:—

"Who is this in the place of honour? We turn to the catalogue, and find that it is the portrait of Cornet Balcarres Dalrymple Wardlaw Ramsay, Royal Scots Greys; and we ask, what has this young Cornet with four unpronounceable names done? What has the public done that his likeness should be placed there? Merely, we suppose, that they may behold or exclaim, 'There are plenty of this class to be seen walking up and down Regent Street, between the hours of 4 and 7 P.M.'"

After the lapse of forty years it may again be asked by my illustrious monitor 'Punch,' what has this Colonel done? What has the public done that these memoirs should be thrust upon it?

To the first part of the question I can only say,—Alas! nothing, save to have lived forty years

longer than the Cornet, to have seen many persons and divers countries, to have kept his eyes and ears open, and above all, to have diligently studied 'Punch' weekly during those forty years. To the second part of the question—Well, perhaps the public is not so well-behaved now as it was in 1842, and a slight punishment in the way of another biography may not be amiss. At all events, relying upon the incontrovertible fact that biographies and cookery-books always command a ready sale, I inflict this slight chastisement on the public, who will be pleased to remember it is given in a loving and fatherly spirit; and as to the illustrious 'Punch,' I consider that the fact of my having studied him weekly ever since, will atone for the involuntary indiscretion stigmatised by him forty years ago, and lead to a modicum of praise being bestowed by him on my present intrusion upon the public.

PALAZZO ODESCALCHI,
ROME, *May* 1882.

ROUGH RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MILITARY SERVICE AND SOCIETY

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

Malta—Journey through Egypt—A day in Cairo—Bombay—Government House, Parell—The miseries of an A.D.C., 68

CHAPTER V.

AN EMBASSY EXTRAORDINARY.

Mission to Goa—A diplomatic break-down—Prince Soltykoff—A snake story—The Punjab war—Outram—Journey up country—*Fêtes* at Indore, ... 87

CHAPTER VI.

LORD HARDINGE'S CAMP.

From Delhi to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief—Lord Delawarr—Lord Hardinge at Lahore—Herbert Edwardes—Between two elephants—Lord Hardinge's staff—The Governor-General and John Lang—A dinner-scene—Simla—Journey to Bombay—Sir Charles Napier, ... 105

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEST INDIES AND IRELAND.

Return to England—Prince Albert—Barbadoes—Demerara—An irate colonel—A West Indian regiment—A Demerara court-martial—Brother officers—Expedition into the interior—England again—Homburg—The German Parliament—Kilkenny, ... 137

CHAPTER VIII.

SECOND SERVICE IN INDIA.

Route to the East—Lord Mountcharles—Duke of Wellington — Lord Ellenborough — Embarkation for India—Calcutta — Up - country — A ghastly boat - race — Sir Charles Napier—Marriage—Return to England—General Pigot, 21st Light Dragoons—The *fête* of the Eagles —Recollections of Louis Napoleon—General Ventura—The Duke of Wellington's funeral — Lord Cardigan—Colonel Oakes and the military secretary, . . 162

CHAPTER IX.

OUTBREAK OF INDIAN MUTINY.

Voyage to Kurrachee—A mutiny—Lord Dalhousie—Sir Charles Napier again—Diary in the Mutiny—Panic in Calcutta, ... 215

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Arrival of Sir Patrick Grant — General Havelock — Lady Havelock's present to the Queen—Letter to Lady Augusta Bruce—" The flea "—Sir William Peel—Arrival of Lord Elgin—Garnet Wolseley, ... 251

CHAPTER XI.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

His arrival— His irruption into the fort—Sir Colin's office —Colonel Abbott—Colonel Crawford, R.A.—Arrival of General Mansfield—Sir Patrick Grant—Anecdotes of Sir Colin—Last sight of him, ... 267

ROUGH RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MILITARY SERVICE AND SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.

SCHOOL AND TRAVEL.

WILLIAM IV. AND CLACKMANNAN—GEORGE IV. AND LADY JANE HAMILTON DALRYMPLE — SIR WALTER SCOTT — EDINBURGH ACADEMY — "FATTY" SUTHERLAND — CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND ARTAXERXES — LOUIS NAPOLEON — CONTINENTAL TOUR — VICTOR HUGO — THE EMBASSY AT FLORENCE — COLLEGE LIFE AT BONN.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE!—In these days of competitive examinations, how many aspirants for future fame could say where it is? His Most Gracious Majesty King William IV. was certainly unaware or most oblivious of its existence; for when my eldest brother was presented at a *levee* as the

Deputy-Lieutenant of that shire, the King said, "Clack what, sir? Clack the d——l! No jokes here: pass on, sir."[1] Certainly the present Archbishop of Canterbury knows its whereabouts, as his family lived at Harvieston Castle—the place on the Ochill Hills adjoining Tillicoultry, which belonged to my father, and where my earliest reminiscences commence. What a lovely place! From our windows we could see Stirling Castle in the distance, the vale of Devon between, the river looking in its windings like a silver thread on the fertile landscape. On the other side of the house were all the beauties of Castle Campbell, Dollar, and the Rumbling Brig. My earliest recollection is a visit of my mother's uncle, the Hon. Charles Lindsay, the venerable Bishop of Kildare, which created great consternation in the mind of our worthy Presbyterian minister, who, of course, abhorred Prelacy. He mentioned in the parish that the Deil was in the "big hoose." I well remember what occurred on the Bishop

[1] In explanation of the King's hasty remark, I would state that his Majesty had been much irritated by a naval officer of high rank, who immediately preceded my brother, coming improperly dressed, not having adopted the new facings which the Sailor King had specially sanctioned. The Lord Chamberlain, hoping to put a close to the painful scene, endeavoured to bring forward the next man, which led to the King's remark above quoted.

attending the kirk. We happened to be rather late. Our pew—the pew of the "big house," as the laird's is called in Scotland—was exactly opposite to the pulpit of the minister, who was in the middle of the first prayer; and when he saw the Bishop in the act of putting down his shovel-hat, he was so disconcerted that he got through the remainder of the service with the greatest difficulty. After it was over, my mother waited for him in order to present him to the Bishop; but the good man gathered his garments around him to prevent them touching the evil thing, and fled into the manse. This worthy man baptised me in the drawing-room of our house in George Square, Edinburgh, a fashionable quarter at that time (1822). It was not then settled whether I was to be named after my grandfather the Earl of Balcarres's title, or after his surname. This being mentioned to the old minister, he replied, "It doesna fash; gie him a name after." Henry of Exeter would have considered him worthy of the stake along with Mr Gorham.

À propos of Henry of Exeter, the worthy Bishop Phillpotts, whom I remember meeting when I was quartered in Exeter in 1842, two good stories present themselves to my memory, which I may tell here, although it is making rather a long

stride forward. At a reception at the Palace of Bishopstowe, the Bishop, who was very fond of music, pressed a young lady to sing. She made many excuses, alleging she could not sing, but at last got up, and sang abominably. The Bishop went up to her with a sweet smile and said, "Thank you, my dear young lady: and the next time you say you cannot sing, we shall *know* how to believe you." On the same occasion a gentleman sang equally badly. The Bishop went to an adjoining room visibly put out, and came to a group of children who were playing a game of forfeits. They got him into the middle and declared him a forfeit, and that he must either sing a song or tell a story; upon which he replied,—"My dears, I never could sing; but I will tell a story, and say I should like to hear that gentleman sing again."

Although his Most Gracious Majesty George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, I am not able to relate personally anything about it, having made my entry into the world a few weeks after his Majesty left Edinburgh; but I can give a charming anecdote of him told me by Lady Jane Hamilton Dalrymple, a connection of our family, who was with him at the time. The King, it will be remembered, appeared in full Highland

costume, and begged the ladies to tell him how he looked. They all assured him nothing could be better. At that moment appeared the portly alderman, Sir Wm. Curtis[1]—also in full Highland costume—a most ridiculous figure. The King bit his lip and said, "I hope I do not look like that; at all events that my kilt is not so short." Lady Jane made him a low curtsey and said, "As your Majesty stays so short a time in Scotland, the more we see of you the better." Another anecdote. The late Sir Francis Head told me he was then quartered in Edinburgh as a lieutenant of Engineers. He received an order to proceed with a party of sappers to a certain spot on the road to Portobello, and construct a mound of a certain dimension during the night; and himself to be there the next day at a given hour. These orders were executed; and soon after the time appointed, the royal cavalcade was seen approaching—the King in a carriage, with his horse led behind him. On arriving at the mound the King said, "I think I shall mount my horse here; this mound seems as if it was made on purpose for me"—as indeed it was, for getting on horseback

[1] "She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt,
While thronged the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman."
—BYRON: *The Age of Bronze*, xviii.

was a matter of extreme difficulty to him then. His Majesty was accompanied by an escort of the Royal Scots Greys, a regiment I afterwards served in. A cousin of mine, George Lindsay, was then in the regiment, and held me in his arms when I was baptised; so my connection with the regiment was of early date.

I remember Sir Walter Scott dining with my father in our house, No. 11 Moray Place, Edinburgh. Just at that time the 'Tales of a Grandfather' were published. In the frontispiece was a picture of the grandson for whom the Tales were written — Hugh Lockhart, with his arm round a big dog. This excited my jealousy; and when I was allowed to make my appearance at dessert, I rushed at Sir Walter and exclaimed, "Why did you not put me there?" I remember the scene as if it had occurred yesterday—Sir Walter Scott's bewilderment, his stooping down to pick up his stick to support himself under my rude assaults. When at last he understood what I wanted, he roared with laughter and said, "Well, my little man, when I bring out another edition I shall put you there, and give you a bigger dog." Little did I imagine at that time that half a century later I should be instrumental in obtaining the sanction of the Municipality of Rome to a

memorial tablet being placed on the house Casa Bernini, 11 Via della Mercede, in which Sir Walter resided during his stay in Rome.

In 1830, being then eight years old, I attended the first or junior class of the Edinburgh Academy, under Mr Mitchell, a gentleman who made a freer use of the "tawse" than we liked. If we were late in going into class, we were invariably summoned to the master's desk and received a cut from that horrible instrument of torture. There was generally a good deal of skylarking and fighting amongst the boys on the way home. I remember on one occasion I went in all the glory of a tall hat, an article of dress universally reprobated: it was soon kicked to atoms. My great friend in the class was young Mackintosh, who died in early life. He was afterwards Norman Macleod's brother-in-law, by whom a memoir of him was written called the 'Earnest Student.' Our head-master, who conducted the sixth and highest form, was Archdeacon Williams, a good-humoured Welshman, and a strong Liberal. I remember when he received the news of the passing of the Reform Bill, he broke up the class, and gave us a holiday, much to the disgust of many of the boys' fathers, mine amongst the others, who were rigid Tories. I stole out of the

house that night to see the illuminations, and the many windows broken where there were no lights. The house of the member for Edinburgh, Mr Dundas — afterwards Mr Christopher, and subsequently Nisbet Hamilton—had not a single pane of glass left in it.

After two years of the Academy, I was sent to school in England, at Cheam, in Surrey. The steamers Soho and James Watt were then plying between Edinburgh and London — considered marvellously fine vessels, especially by those who used to take a week, and oftener a fortnight, in the old smacks. Amongst my schoolfellows at Cheam I have a wholesome recollection of the stern discipline exercised by the present Commander of the Forces in Ireland, his Excellency Sir Thomas Steele, who was coachman of the team I was leader in alongside a very skittish, and at times vicious, thoroughbred colt, the present Sir Victor Houlton, Secretary to Government at Malta. We were lashed without mercy.

My particular friends were the two Eliots, the late Lord Eliot and Granville Eliot—the former one of the handsomest young fellows I ever saw. The latter became a gallant Guardsman, and was killed in the Crimean war. Years after, when staying at St Germans, Lord St Germans showed

me his uniform, medals, &c., carefully preserved in a cabinet, and listened with deep interest to all I could tell him of our school-days.

I shall never forget the sight of the burning of the Houses of Parliament, which I witnessed during my Cheam days (1834). The whole sky was literally in a blaze. It made a deep impression on me.

From Cheam I was transferred to the care of the Rev. William Bull, Sowerby Rectory, Halifax, where I passed two or three happy years. Mrs Bull was the sister of the Rev. Charles Bridges, author of a work on the 119th Psalm — a most charming old man, whom to know was to love. Mr Bull had a brother a clergyman at Bradford, an active partisan of Mr Oastler in his efforts for the amelioration of the factory-workers. He was called the Black Bull, to distinguish him from my master, the Red Bull, than whom a kinder-hearted man never lived. Amongst my companions there were Lord Bective, the present Marquis of Headfort, and Sutherland, commonly known as "Fatty;" at sixteen years old he weighed seventeen stone. His guardian, Sir George Sinclair, wrote to say that he would come on a certain day, and bring Master John with him. However, Master John

arrived alone, and to our astonishment announced himself as Master John. A better fellow never breathed; he was a universal favourite. A few years afterwards, when he was gazetted to the 9th Lancers, and I joined the Greys, he wrote to me to say that he wondered how I could join a heavy-dragoon regiment,—that I ought to have become a light dragoon like himself. He weighed about eighteen stone when he joined the 9th Lancers. Lord Rosslyn took a sketch of him, which he sent to Lord Fitzroy Somerset with these words: "My dear Fitzroy, when you send us a cornet, I wish you would inspect him first." Poor Fatty eventually died weighing something like twenty-eight stone. Peace be to his manes! He was a right good fellow.

All the weavers in the neighbourhood of Halifax were great insect-collectors, and bred butterflies and moths from the caterpillars, thereby insuring perfect specimens, which were often sold for large sums. Of course we boys also became collectors. I remember reading, in a work on natural history, that if a female specimen was exposed in the open air after issuing from the chrysalis, there would be, within a very short space of time, several males flying near her, although the distance from the feeding-ground

of the caterpillars was very great. I proved the correctness of this statement by exposing on the window-sill a specimen of the *Saturnia Pavonia minor*, or Emperor moth, immediately after its issuing from the chrysalis. In a few minutes — although the heath whence I obtained the specimen was four or five miles away —several males were flying in the vicinity. I became an ardent collector; and having heard that a certain butterfly called the Artaxerxes was to be found on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, and nowhere else, on my return home I went there, and in a limited space caught many specimens. I was so proud of this, that I hurried off to the great Professor Wilson (Christopher North), who lived near, and thundered at his door. Presently it was violently thrown open, and the great Professor, with his leonine head and shaggy mane, an awful object to a small boy, presented himself, and asked me what I meant by making such a noise at his door. I could only stammer out, "Please, sir, I have got Artaxerxes." "Bless the boy, what does he mean?" — the great Professor at the moment being oblivious of the existence of the butterfly of that name. When I explained matters he was most kind — took me into his sanctuary,

showed me his collections, and sent me away rejoicing.

There is much to interest in the town of Halifax, which is comparatively little visited. There are some very curious old houses, many bearing the arms of the Savile family—a family allied to ours by marriage. What a dreary drive it is from Halifax to Manchester! I remember on one occasion being on my way to Haigh Hall, near Wigan, the seat of my uncle, the Earl of Balcarres, for my holidays. I stopped at Manchester, and was fortunate enough to hear poor Malibran's last song. She died, if I remember rightly, a few hours after the concert.

After my father's death in 1837, we removed to Leamington, then a very fashionable place, ruled by the great Dr Jephson. What a despot he was! We children were desperately afraid of him. He was very brusque in his manners, and took Abernethy for his model. I remember, when we were staying at Warwick Castle, a very great lady sent for him—one well known in the London world for her imperious, haughty disposition. His manner so greatly offended her that she said, "Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?" "Yes," he replied; "to an old woman with a stomach-ache."

Jephson was most rigorous in his enforcement of a simple diet. A lady who was under his treatment sent for him, feeling much worse. He at once accused her of some error in diet. She strenuously denied the soft impeachment, whereupon he gave her some medicine which he said would do her good. On his way out he called for her maid, gave her half a sovereign, and said, "Your mistress will be very sick soon. I will call again—you understand." In an hour or so he returned, bearing in triumph a resuscitated strawberry on a plate, saying, "There, madam; it is no use telling me a fib."

I remember Louis Napoleon and Count Persigny coming to hunt. I happened one evening to be sitting by my cousin, Lady Caroline Somers Cocks, then maid of honour to the Queen, when the Prince vehemently urged her to interest the Queen on his behalf. I came across the Prince a few months later, when he was practising with others in the riding-school, St John's Wood, for the Eglinton tournament, and in after-years I was destined to meet him on several occasions; but of this hereafter.

In July 1839 I was sent abroad, to travel under the charge of Mr Burbidge, a favourite pupil of Dr Arnold, now Canon Burbidge, chap-

lain of Palermo. We went by steamer from Havre de Grace to Rouen and Paris. From the pages of an elaborate journal which I kept at that time, consisting principally of copious extracts from Mrs Starke's guide-book, the only one in vogue in those days, I find that at Rouen we saw at the theatre a play called the "Tinker of Preston; or, Les Anglais pour rire." At a reception, they represented the ladies sitting by themselves at tea, and the gentlemen standing round a beer-barrel becoming intoxicated. We met Dr Arnold in Paris. He was in high spirits, as he always was during his holidays,—so much so that, when walking with him on the Boulevards, I suppose I looked rather uneasy at his vivacious manners. He turned round, and with an amused look said: "Ah, my boy, I fear I am not fashionable enough for you; but when you are as old as I am, I hope you may feel as young as I do now."

Off to Soissons and Rheims by diligence. Oh those long, interminable, poplar-lined roads! I thought they would never come to an end. What a glorious cathedral at Rheims! The wealth and beauty of the stained glass are unappreciable. It made a deep impression on me; nor was it diminished on a visit made some

thirty years after, having seen nearly all the cathedrals in Europe.

On to Chalons, Verdun, and Metz. We arrived at Metz on the 27th July, that of the two following days being the anniversary of the Revolution of 1830. There was a grand review, and a Mass said in the cathedral for the repose of the souls of those who fell in the three days, attended by all the authorities and garrison of the district. Left Metz for Luxembourg, and thence to Trèves. The cathedral and the Porta Nigra, a perfect Roman relic, are well worthy a visit. There are other Roman remains, this having been a favourite residence of the Emperor Constantine.

At the *table d'hôte* I sat next a Prussian general of cavalry, who told me that George IV. once gave a dinner to all the Prussian officers at Hanover, and made them all drunk except himself. This so pleased the King that he gave him a carriage. General Berthier, one of Napoleon's old generals, was also at the *table d'hôte.*

At Baden-Baden I found Bertie Mathew of the 10th Hussars, who had been kind to me as a boy at Leamington, giving me a mount occasionally on one of his numerous stud. He was a magnificent rider. With the exception of my old friend Mackenzie Grieve, who happily is still

to the fore to witch the world with his noble horsemanship, I never met any one who combined greater force with elegance in riding. Long and lathy of limb, his seat on horseback was perfection. Two others I may also mention as models of elegance,—Colonel Greenwood, 2d Life Guards, and Mr Rice of the celebrated Piccadilly stables (Anderson's). Poor Bertie broke his neck skylarking outside the Porta Salara in Rome—the hounds not running at the time. I often visit his grave, which is at the top of the cemetery, next to the *cor cordium* of Shelley.

I was allowed to dine with Mathew at Baden, and met Lord Suffield, Sir Francis Vincent, St John, Mr Wellesley, Lousada—a very fast set. After dinner I helped Bertie to take in two or three hatfuls of napoleons to the Kursaal — to the *rouge et noir* table. The Duke of Beaufort was in the restaurant as we passed through, with his son, the present Duke, just my own age. He looked at me compassionately, and said, "Ah, Bertie, you are a bad tutor." After this escapade my acquaintance with Baden-Baden was abruptly ended, and I found myself meditating sadly, rolling through the Black Forest in a crazy *voiture*, examining the source of the Danube at Donaueschingen, listening to the thunder of the waters

at Schaffhausen; and did not recover my placidity of mind until I found myself planted in the house of a worthy Swiss doctor in the village of Kilchberg, on the Lake of Zurich, with a view to a few weeks' severe study.

The Diet was then sitting at Zurich, and there was considerable excitement in consequence of the Federal Government having appointed Strauss to the Professorship of Theology at Zurich. A central committee was formed in opposition to the Government. Naturally a man holding the very liberal opinions of Professor Strauss could not be acceptable to the people of Zurich. How it all ended I forget; all I remember is, that I got into the middle of one of their street rows, and was in a terrible fright.

Our worthy host Dr Naegali, and his old mother, were very amusing. They gave us an account of the time when Russian soldiers were billeted in his house. He said that each man wore an amulet or charm round his neck: if this were taken from him he would follow you like a dog, as he conceived he had lost his immortality; and the old lady used to relate with screams of laughter how she used to adopt this plan to keep them in order.

I find recorded in my diary that at Thun "I

sat at the *table d'hôte* next to Victor Hugo, a fat, plump-faced, good-humoured-looking person, wearing his hair down his shoulders." At Geneva I saw Prince George of Cambridge, with his tutor Colonel Cornwall. It did not enter into my imagination at the time that in future years the Prince would be Commander-in-Chief of the army, and that I should pass a few happy years on his staff. *Àpropos* of the Horse Guards, a year or so afterwards, on being gazetted to the Royal Scots Greys, I went up to London to report myself to the colonel — Colonel Frederick Sales Clarke. He was about to pay a visit to the Horse Guards, and asked me to accompany him. We had some difficulty in finding our way to the small apartment of the Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General. On our return the Colonel said, "Well, youngster, I daresay you and I will never want to go up these crazy old stairs again." In after-years he was appointed Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and went up those identical stairs and into the same room for many years; and eventually I filled the same post, and also trudged up and down those stairs many hundred times. So much for the law of probabilities.

Talking of trudging — we trudged over the

Simplon into Italy—the carriage-road that year (1839) being almost wholly destroyed. Never shall I forget our delight on finding ourselves at Duomo d'Ossola; our first view, too, of glorious Italy. At Baveno, our next point, we found very meagre accommodation at the only small inn, called the Posta. However, the trellised vines over the courtyard, and the glorious view in front, more than compensated us, and we went to rest in a state of fevered enchantment, my poetical tutor reciting Wordsworth, Byron, &c. A scorpion in his bed, however, turned the current of his speech. From Baveno we went by steamer to Magadino, thence drove to Lugano. Here the only inn in the place was so indescribably bad and filthy, situated under the porticos, that notwithstanding all the beauties of Monte Salvadore (Wordsworth's poem included), we soon beat a retreat, proceeding to Como; there we had the pleasure of hearing Madame Pasta sing on the lake one glorious evening. Thence to Milan, which we left on 30th October for Turin, which we did not reach until the same hour the next day. Thus my diary:—

"*Wednesday*, 30*th October* 1839.—Left Milan at seven in the morning in a private carriage, —hard frost, and ground covered with snow,

miserabile dictu. Reached Novara at half-past four. Thence we started by diligence for Turin, near Vercelli. The bridge over the Sesia being impassable for carriages, we had to walk across, our luggage being carried over to the other side, where we found another diligence awaiting us." Arrived at Turin the next morning at eight o'clock—four-and-twenty hours' travelling; now, in 1880, it is accomplished in four hours.

This being All Saints' Day, there was a grand service in the cathedral, at which the King, Charles Albert, and his two sons, the late King Victor Emmanuel, and his brother the Duke of Genoa, assisted—all now dead. From Turin we proceeded to Cuneo *en route* to Nice, over the Col di Tenda. My tutor started on foot from Cuneo, leaving me to go by the diligence. I happened to have half a napoleon in my hand. Just as we were starting, a waiter took it forcibly from me, saying he ought to have it. As no one took my part, I was obliged to put up with the robbery. Thirty-five years afterwards—on my way to the Baths of Valdieri, situated in the Maritime Alps—I found myself in the same inn (the Barra di Ferro) at Cuneo, nothing apparently changed. Perhaps there is not in all Italy

a better specimen of the old Italian provincial inn than this one. Old-fashioned it certainly is, but the cooking is admirable, and the attention paid to your wants by the worthy host and hostess most praiseworthy. On entering, the whole scene of the abstraction of my half-napoleon flashed across my mind, and I demanded its restitution. The landlord seemed to think I was very much in earnest, and asked me when it happened. I replied in 1839. "Ah, then," he rejoined, much relieved, "we are not responsible, for we did not come here until 1842."

At Nice we went to the Hôtel des Etrangers, still existing in the old town. If I remember rightly, there was then only one hotel on the other side of the river—the Hôtel Angleterre—alongside it about half-a-dozen houses; now the principal habitable part of Nice is there. From Nice we drove along the lovely Riviera road to Genoa, and thence to Pisa. The beauty of the Corniche cannot now be appreciated. Dashing out of one tunnel into another, convulsive snatches at the wondrous beauty are all that can be obtained—more irritating than pleasing.

We devoted two days to Spezia, making a pilgrimage to Shelley's house at Lerici, and con-

veyed in a boat rowed by an old boatman of Lord Byron's, of whom he never ceased speaking. Of the party at Lerici at the time of Shelley's tragic end, there was till the other day a survivor—Mr Trelawney. M. Severn, the former consul, and an intimate friend of that chosen band, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Trelawney, told me that he was with the whole party one day when Mr Trelawney begged one of the poets to compose an epitaph for him. As none of them seemed inclined to undertake so delicate a task, M. Severn offered, and composed the following :—

"Here *lies* Trelawney, for he is alive."

Soon after, at Florence, I migrated to the Gardino Torrigiani, close to the Porta Romana, where I spent many happy months with some dearly loved relatives.

The English Embassy, over which Mr Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and his charming little wife, Lady Augusta Fox, presided, was then situated in the same quarter—Palazzo Ferroni, the first on the right-hand side of the Via Serragli, going towards the Porta Romana. It is memorable to me as being the scene of my first ball. During the cotillon my partner was of course

soon taken from me, and I was in great perplexity, when the handsome good-natured *attaché*, Spencer-Cowper, came up to me and said: "Now you must ask another young lady to dance while your partner is dancing with some one else. Ask the prettiest you can find." I accordingly did so, but the young lady excused herself on the plea of fatigue: almost immediately afterwards she got up to dance with an Austrian officer, whom she naturally preferred to a boy. I was, however, dreadfully indignant. Mr Fox, who was hobbling about leaning on his stick, looking out for amusement, came up to me and said, "What makes you look so fierce, young gentleman?" I told him of the indignity I had suffered. He said, "Wait a minute." On the young lady coming back breathless to her seat, the Ambassador led me up solemnly to her and said: "Mademoiselle, this young gentleman has been confided to me by the Government of England. I am bound to attend to all his wishes. He tells me he has at present but one, and that is to dance with you; but, unfortunately, you were fatigued, and refused him. I fear, however, Mademoiselle, that you must be still more fatigued now, as you danced with an Austrian officer after refusing my young

friend." All this, said with such pretentious solemnity, and by the Minister of England in his own Embassy, that the young lady began to think she had committed an irreparable solecism, and was terribly agitated. When Mr Fox retired, chuckling, I hastened to assure her that it was all nonsense; that I was a young gentleman of no consequence whatsoever, except in my own estimation; and that it was all a joke on the part of the Minister,—upon which we became great friends. The young lady, Mademoiselle Ricci, was very lovely, and afterwards became the leader of the great world in France under the Second Empire as Madame Walewski.

I was destined soon after this to meet another great operatic celebrity, having, as related before, heard Malibran and Pasta—the former at Manchester, the latter on the Lake of Como. It was at the Salviati Villa, then belonging to Mr Vansittart, afterwards the property of Madame Grisi and my friend Mario, Marchese di Caudia, now living in Rome, and who is the picture of a handsome old cavalier. Prince Poniatowsky asked a lady sitting near me, addressing her as Madame Catalani, if she would favour the company by singing. The lady in question got up, moving towards the piano, as if to comply with the Prince's re-

quest; she did not, however, do so, and sat down again without looking behind her. In my anxiety to hear the great singer, I deposited an ice-cream (red and rosy) on her chair, which I had not time to remove before she plumped down on it. The weather being very warm, and the fair *prima donna's* garments of the thinnest texture, the sensation was evidently a vivid one. She jumped up, exclaiming, "What is this?" and then saw her white muslin dyed red. I was standing by with my mouth open, petrified with terror, when the fair songstress opened upon me such a volley of choice Tuscan vernacular, that I fairly fled. Jumping out of a low window, I escaped, and never stopped until I found myself within the walls at the Porta San Gallo.

I find an account in my diary of an excursion I made to Vallombrosa in the depths of winter with my cousin Sir Coutts Lindsay, and our tutor Dr Ulrich. We drove to Pontassieve and remained the night there. We did not like the look of the people. There being no bolt to our door, we wrenched out of the wall an iron hook, and made a very tolerable fastening, also barricading the door with all the available furniture. During the night we heard some one trying gently to open the door. We called out, but got no

answer, although we heard voices. After a time they went away, but soon returned and tried to force the door: they did not succeed, and finally retreated, muttering curses. The next morning, before starting, I ran up unexpectedly to the bedroom and found them curiously examining our defences. We avoided this *locanda* on our return. The monks at Vallombrosa made us very comfortable; and my diary records that though it snowed heavily our beds were *warmed.*

I made the acquaintance this winter of two very charming old ladies, Mrs Somerville and Mrs Trollope. The former was most kind to me, her heart warming towards a Scotch boy; and I had the honour of being a partner at whist with Mrs Trollope, who was very indulgent to my inexperienced play, and always kept me amused. I remember taking Mrs Somerville down to dinner, and gravely expounding to her some new discovery in science, little knowing whom I was enlightening in so self-sufficient a manner. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the dear old lady's simple smile — doubtless inwardly much amused, but exhibiting nothing but a kindly unaffected interest. Her daughters, the two Miss Somervilles—both, alas! now dead—were very fond of dancing; and night after night did

the old lady sit up until early morning at the balls with them. Many gentlemen, like Sir Francis Vincent, who were able to appreciate the charms of her conversation, preferred sitting by her side to mingling in the gaiety.

In the summer of 1840 we left Florence for Lausanne. I find in my diary that we stopped in the middle of the day on our journey to Pisa at La Scala, as on our way from Pisa to Florence some months previously we had done, intending to remain the night, but found the whole hotel occupied by Prince Louis Bonaparte and suite. This was evidently a posting town of importance, now unknown to most travellers.

Missirie, our courier on this occasion, eventually settled in Constantinople, and opened a hotel, in the management of which he was ably assisted by his wife, who had been lady's-maid to Lady Stratford de Redcliffe. He became at last very despotic, there being no other decent hotel in Constantinople; and during the Crimean war, if officers expressed openly their dissatisfaction with the arrangements, they often, on their return from the *table d'hôte* found their portmanteau packed outside their doors and their bills presented. Sir Colin Campbell proved, however, more than a match for

him. When he arrived there was only one room vacant — a double-bedded one — which he was obliged to take. He expected, of course, to pay more for the room, but was very much surprised to find that he was also expected to pay a double *pension*, the custom being to charge so much a day for each person, including board and lodging. To this he remonstrated, but in vain; however, he obtained from Missirie the admission that he had a right to food daily for two people, —upon which, with the full consent of the people staying in the hotel, one morning at breakfast he brought in a stout *hamal* or porter, who cleared everything off the table that was left; the same process was resumed at luncheon, and finally, at dinner,—when Missirie, fairly beaten, gave in, and the gallant Sir Colin henceforth paid only one *pension*.

At Arona, on the Lago Maggiore, I went with Missirie, our courier, to see the statue of Carlo Borromeo. It is 66 feet high, and placed on a pedestal 40 feet high, partly in bronze, partly in copper. The book in his hand is 13 feet long. It was erected in 1699. We determined to make our way up to the nose—no easy task. There is one ladder 40 feet in length to the top of the pedestal, and thence another inside the statue,

almost perpendicular. At the end of this you enter in at the folds of the drapery, assuming a straddling attitude, work your way upwards by means of cramps placed on either side. The head holds about a dozen people. I sat down comfortably in the nose.

The charming Villa l'Elysee, near Ouchy and Lausanne, is chiefly memorable to me from my having achieved a literary triumph there by questionable means. My young cousins and myself were called upon to write an essay on the fifteenth century. Mine was decidedly superior, owing to my having discovered in the library an admirable work bearing on that century. My adaptation was skilful, and gained me much applause. I fear, however, that I was reticent as to the source of my information. This confession, though somewhat tardy, may prove a consolation to the defeated candidates, one of whom is *facile princeps* in the *fashionable* artistic world, the other a gallant soldier and eminent statesman.

At Bonn, where I prosecuted my studies for some months, I lived in the Wilhelm Strasse with my old tutor at Florence, Dr Ulrich, now a professor in the University. Opposite us lived the young Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with a

chamberlain, aide-de-camp, &c. There were two other princes at the College—Prince Holstein and Prince Hesse—both very agreeable, who lived simply like other students, and laughed at Duke Mecklenburg's dignified *entourage*. They went out a great deal into English society, amongst whom were Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Leeke and two charming daughters; Mr J. Lawrence, afterwards Lord Lawrence, and his sister-in-law, Mrs George Lawrence, whose husband was then in captivity in Afghanistan; Vincent Corbet, now Sir Vincent Corbet, &c. Prince Hesse was then heir to the throne of Denmark. Years after, in 1863, when I was on the Quartermaster-General's staff at the Horse Guards, I met Prince Hesse, who had come over to England on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He recognised me at once as having been at Bonn with him. I asked him what had become of Prince Holstein, which amused him very much. He replied, "You do not know, then, that Prince Christian, the father of your Princess of Wales, and Prince Holstein are one and the same?" I said, "But you were heir to the throne of Denmark." "Yes, he rejoined, "but Christian has got it all," explaining the circumstances. I replied, "That I might be

excused for not understanding the Schleswig-Holstein case, as Lord Palmerston said he was the only man in Europe who did." Soon after this I had an audience of Prince Christian, who was most cordial, laughed very much at my not knowing he was the former Prince Holstein of our Bonn days. The Prince talked of every one there—asked about the Miss Leekes especially, and the Lawrences, and was much interested in hearing of the illustrious career of Mr Lawrence, whose hospitality to the students had been unbounded, and who was much loved by them. The Princess that moment coming into the room, the Prince said, "I must now say good-bye. I hope my little girl will be very happy with you all." Talking as we were of our student days, I could not for the moment collect my thoughts sufficiently to remember who his little girl was, but upon doing so, made a very low bow and departed.

There was a very smart regiment of Lancers quartered in garrison in Bonn this year (1840), either the 13th or 17th Lancers of Prussia. There were two brothers (Counts Charlemer) in it, especial friends of mine. Hearing that I was about to join a cavalry regiment in England, the colonel kindly allowed me to join the riding-school and

see some of the stable duties. Amongst other useful things, I learnt to jump on a horse's back vaulting from behind; and when I offered to show off my accomplishment in that line on joining the Greys soon after, I was told I might do so if I desired a speedy death.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCOTS GREYS.

COLONEL F. S. CLARKE — BRIGHTON — "JUSTICE TO IRELAND" JACKSON AND THE BANDMASTER—EXETER—THE CHARD RIOTS — NO "FOURTH POINT" — A NEWMARKET CASE — FIRE IN BARRACKS — SHRUBLANDS.

IN the spring of 1840 I joined the Scots Greys, then quartered in Birmingham. Colonel Frederick Sales Clarke had just obtained the command, succeeding Colonel Wyndham, a mighty hunter and heavy weight. Hunting had been Colonel Wyndham's passion, and provided that his officers rode well to hounds he cared little about anything else. Every one had leave to go out hunting; and it was quite sufficient for the orderly officer to go up to the colonel, looking very miserable in his belt, for the kind-hearted old chief to say: "Ah, poor boy, poor boy! got the belt on." The poor boy would say, "Oh, colonel, how I should

like to see you go to-day!" The answer would invariably be, "So you shall, my boy. Hang the belt! give it to the riding-master." Although riding well is certainly the most important part of a cavalry officer's duty, yet as there were many other requisite qualifications which the officers had not so satisfactorily mastered, Colonel Frederick Clarke, who was one of the best, if not the best cavalry officer of his standing, and one of the few who understood the three arms, found it necessary to place all the officers under the rank of field-officers into three classes, according to their proficiency. We, the cornets, who had finished our drill, were of course in the first class. There were one or two captains in the third. I remember a ludicrous incident occurring at the time. One of these captains, recently exchanged from infantry—tired of the work, said one day when we were all standing in front of the barracks at Brighton, to which place we moved from Birmingham, "I wish, colonel, you would take me out of this class." The colonel replied: "Captain ——, I will now give you a chance. Here are the men on foot—form them into squadrons, and drill them as cavalry; you will not be bothered with the horses; but mind,

no infantry words." This he repeated more than once, and then said, "The men are too near the mess-house," again repeating the caution, "mind, no infantry words." I observed a twinkle in the eye of the gallant captain—who was no fool, though rather lazy in learning the drill. He cleared his throat and said, "Greys, attention. Rein back, march." Colonel Clarke, who was equally intelligent, appreciated the joke, and said: "Captain ——, I am glad to see you understood my order. I have great pleasure in promoting you to the first class. You are a perfect cavalry officer."

The early riding-school was a terrible affair. Turning out in the cold grey morning after a pleasant night at mess was a task far from pleasant. More than once I was late, and found the quiet trooper destined for beginners waiting for me. When a young horse ride was going on, there was nothing for it but to mount, harden your heart, and find your old mare, accustomed to her own jog-trot ride, and utterly hardened as to mouth, pushing on the young horses, from whom we got more kicks than halfpence. More than once I exclaimed that my leg was broken; and often I asked the riding-master to mess, but I never found the penalties lightened in consequence.

However, I soon got out of all these troubles. On our arrival at Brighton, we had found there a squadron of the 11th Hussars, who had been left for the purpose of escorting her Majesty. Our full Colonel, General Sir Kier Grant, an old 8th Hussar man, was very indignant at this, and hurried up to the Horse Guards to know if there was any reason why his regiment should not do the escort-duty. He considered that the horses of the Greys, being of a superior stamp, were better adapted for doing the work. The authorities admitted that such might be the case, and that there was no reason for overlooking the Greys, except that it had always been the custom to intrust the escorting of her Majesty to the light dragoons. On the matter being referred to the Duke of Wellington, his Grace decided that in future all regiments of cavalry, heavy and light, should perform escort-duty, the restriction to light dragoons being manifestly absurd, especially when it is considered that the man and his accoutrements in a light dragoon regiment generally weighed as much as, and sometimes even more than, the heavy dragoon, whereas the horse was of a lighter stamp than that in the heavies. Accordingly we did the escorting of her Majesty.

This, I believe, was the last occasion of her visiting Brighton.

Our colonel was very fond of making alterations in our dress. In those days the red stripes to the overalls had not been sanctioned, and the gold stripe in many instances became very shabby, so the colonel permitted us to dispense with the lace in undress, at the same time allowing us to wear a blue stable or rather mess jacket, as in those days we were obliged to dine in the heavy dress-coats with their massive epaulets. To the mounted officer jack-boots, also a loose overcoat, to be worn over the blue jacket, were sanctioned. Thus equipped, with the pouch-belt over the loose overcoat, and the sword-slings appearing through two slits in the overcoat, I found myself one day while at Brighton face to face with a fiery-looking officer in a uniform that I had never seen before. He stopped me and said, "Who are you, sir?" "An officer in the Royal Scots Greys," I replied. "I should not have believed it," rejoined the officer. "Go back at once to the barracks and report yourself as having been sent there for being improperly dressed, by Colonel Bentinck of the Coldstream Guards," a battalion of which had arrived in consequence of her Majesty's visit.

Brighton in those days (1841-42) was not lively in the summer. The one resort was the old, now neglected, Chain Pier, where our band played, led by the handsome and talented young bandmaster, Mr Owen. *Àpropos* of this extremely good-looking young fellow, I remember when, a few years after, we relieved the Carabineers in Edinburgh, our colonel introduced us all severally in the barrack-square to the colonel of the Carabineers, Colonel Jackson (afterwards General Sir James Jackson), familiarly known as "Justice to Ireland," on account of his energetic views as to the repression of disorder in that country. While the presentation was taking place, Mr Owen, unexceptionably dressed in plain clothes, came up to speak to the colonel. Colonel Jackson was much struck with his appearance, and said, "What! another young officer?" at the same time shaking hands with him. Seeing us all smiling, he looked fiercely round and said, "Quite the handsomest young fellow amongst them. What is he, colonel? a cornet?" "No, Jackson," replied our colonel, "he is not a cornet." "A lieutenant, then?" "No, not a lieutenant." "He cannot, surely, be a captain?" "No, colonel, he is not a captain." "What is he, then?" shouted gallant

"Justice to Ireland."[1] "Our bandmaster," replied our colonel in his quiet manner. *Tableau* —*exit* the gallant Carabineer muttering something as to the handsome young civilian having stripes on his arm, if not elsewhere, if he was in the Carabineers.

We received great kindness from many of the inhabitants of Brighton. Amongst others, I received special kindness from Mr Lawrence and Lady Jane Peel. I often played whist there. I remember one night, when there was a large party in the house, as I was playing with Lady Jane and Lord Donegal, I heard some one shouting up-stairs, "Send down Lady Ruthven's lover, that young cornet in the Greys." I rushed down at full speed, passing Sir Robert Peel on the stairs, who burst out laughing, and I found dear old Lady Ruthven, who was going away, refusing to be cloaked by Lord Arthur Lennox, saying that I could do it better. Hence his message for me, which amused the great statesman so much. Some one observed to me

[1] Dear old "Justice to Ireland," who is said to have suggested to Thackeray his character of the fiery old colonel, was a Knight of Hanover; which reminds me of the saying attributed to good old King William, who, being displeased with a certain officer, remarked—"If he does not take care, I will K.H. him."

that I had done what no one was able to do, —made Sir Robert Peel laugh.

I remember on one occasion when we had a dress ride in the riding-school for the amusement of our friends, I went up to town to escort the Marchioness of Ailesbury, now the Dowager Marchioness, better known as Maria Marchioness. She was a splendid horsewoman. We dashed into the barracks full speed. The large door of the riding-school was not open, only the small one,—just large enough to admit of a horse being led through; nevertheless, bending down her head to the horse's shoulder, through she dashed. I could of course do no less than follow, with my heart in my mouth. Fortunately we both escaped, but it was a dangerous experiment. I met the heroine only a few months ago, at a party in London, and thought she looked able to repeat the feat after a lapse of forty years.

In the summer of 1842 we marched to Exeter. At Southampton we met the 9th Lancers on their way from Dorchester for embarkation to India. We all dined together. It being a fine summer's night, the windows of our hotel, the good old Dolphin, were all open, and crowds of people assembled to witness the unusual spec-

tacle of some thirty or forty officers in red and blue coats dining together. An election was going on in Southampton at the time, and a member on one side or the other was required. One of our officers, a very clever fellow, a university man, went out on the balcony, harangued the crowd for half an hour, and offered himself as a candidate. I believe if he had followed up the success he then obtained, he might have written himself M.P.

More charming quarters than Exeter in the summer cannot be imagined; so many pleasant excursions were to be made, and the hospitality of the county families was unbounded. The Lydston Newmans, Porters, Lees, Quickes, and many others, vied in their attention and kindness to us. I became a great friend of the eldest son of Sir Lydston Newman, whose princely place, Mamhead, was always open to us. He joined the 71st Highlanders, and then exchanged to the Guards, and was killed in the Crimea. To know him was to love him. The present baronet, then a charming boy, imbibed his first military tastes in our barracks, and afterwards joined the 7th Hussars: a more popular man and pleasant companion does not exist. Having good introductions, which, truth to say, were hardly neces-

sary, also connections in the neighbourhood—Lady Elizabeth Lee, sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale, being aunt of my elder brother's wife—I spent a very happy time. General Sir Walter Gilbert, whom I met again soon after in India during stirring times, was then living in Exeter, and much on the turf. I remember his persuading a captain in the regiment to put a horse of his into training for the Plymouth Races. He made a capital running for old Passport, a horse of the general's, then carrying everything before him, and who won on this occasion. The gallant general consoled the captain, saying, "Not a bad horse, Macleod—not a bad horse."

The Devonshire climate agreed very badly with our hardy young Scotch soldiers; and many — including myself — were struck down with pulmonary affections. It is remarkable that although consumption rarely attacks the natives in Devonshire, yet inhabitants of a colder climate, in full health and vigour, seldom thrive there. Many years after, when again quartered in Devonshire, with my constitution somewhat debilitated by a residence in tropical countries, I found the climate suit me very well.

Riots, springing out of the Chartist and Free-

trade agitations, took place in the spring of 1843 in Bristol and other places in the west, and my troop was sent to Taunton. There was a very nice little cavalry barrack there, but we found the barrack-master and his family occupying all the quarters and mess-room; so, in order not to disturb him prematurely, we went to the inn. While we were at dinner an express from Chard arrived, stating that the town was in the hands of the rioters, and in flames, and demanding military aid early. The next morning I started with half the troop, a long march over a very hilly country; on arriving we found the town in the hands of the mob, who, to my great satisfaction, were some way on the other side attacking some mills. I had only about twenty troopers with me, and my horses were tired. Making our way with difficulty through a crowd of riotous women and children, we arrived at the principal inn, where I found the magistrates in consultation. Anxious to know what I intended to do, I told them I was under their orders, and could not act independently. In the meantime I wished to refresh the men and horses, and was accordingly permitted to take them into the inn courtyard. I reconnoitred the mob, several thousand strong, from the top of the

house, in due military form, and felt terribly perplexed as to my plan of action. I understood how, by dividing the men in single file, each rank could keep an eye on the houses opposite in which there might be disaffected, but how, at the same time, to cope with several thousand rioters not in the houses, appeared to me a somewhat difficult task to be accomplished by a very young cornet and twenty troopers on jaded horses. In the midst of my perplexity a despatch arrived from my captain at Taunton ordering me to return immediately, as the troop had been ordered to proceed forthwith to Bridgewater *en route* to Bristol, where riots were expected. With extreme satisfaction I communicated this to the magistrates, who did not seem to be aware that they might have detained me. They asked me what I should advise them to do. I said, "Call out the yeomanry;" and left the town at a round trot as the mob came in at the other side. A few months afterwards I met the lord lieutenant of the county at dinner in London. He was relating the circumstances connected with the serious riots in the west of England, when he observed, parenthetically, that a troop of the Greys had been forced by the rioters to retire from Chard, thus presenting to my

reflecting mind how history was written. I was able to inform his lordship that our retreat was sanctioned by authority. He told me that my advice had been followed, and that the yeomanry had had a hard time of it.

Clifton was our next quarters. There being no cavalry barracks in the neighbourhood, our men and horses were billeted everywhere, some as far off as in Bristol. We, the officers, were comfortably lodged in the Bath Hotel. To my great delight I was made acting-adjutant to the squadron, then under the command of Major Hobart, and was very proud of my position—drilling the men on the green beyond the turnpike, on the Bath road. I remember one day putting the men through the sword exercise—a great number of people looking on, amongst whom were several old half-pay officers. Generally I ordered it by fugleman, but on this occasion my evil genius tempted me to give the word of command. I got on very well until we arrived at the points, when I insisted on a fourth point. The men were all at the third point, and no one moved. I shouted out once more "Fourth point," riding towards the men, when an old trooper, the son of a tenant of my father's, who had known me as a child, said, in what he meant to be a low

tone, but which was plainly heard all over the field, "There is just nae fourth point, Mr Balcarres." My self-esteem as an acting-adjutant received a rude shock.

In the spring of 1843 we marched to Norwich and Ipswich. We passed through both Oxford and Cambridge. I am afraid that at both places we were very noisy; and when the attention of the proctors was directed to us at night at Oxford, one or two officers who had been at Cambridge promptly delivered up their names and colleges—and in Cambridge, one of the officers who had studied at Oxford gave his name and college,—the proctors assuring them that they would not escape, as the respective authorities would be communicated with. Of course we heard nothing more. We laughed and rode away.

We passed through Newmarket at the time of one of the great race meetings. The instant parade was dismissed we galloped in to the course in full marching order. I happened to be leading, as I was riding a mare, Lady Abbess, who invariably ran away with me on all occasions except on parade, when she behaved admirably. A tout jumped up from behind a bush and said, "Back Elis," or some such name.

So when I came up to a group of men, amongst whom I recognised Lord George Bentinck, Lord Chesterfield, and Colonel Anson, I shouted out, "I will take the odds against Elis." "Done with you in ponies," said some one; and before I knew what I was about, a bundle of bank-notes was thrust into my hand, and I was told I had won. All the time I never saw the race, nor even a racer. Lord George said, "Now, youngster, as you have won your money, I advise you to be off. Go to the station and see the ladies starting." I took his advice. There were only two ladies, who were sitting in an open carriage on a truck eating sandwiches. They were, however, a host in themselves, being strikingly handsome. As I walked up and down the platform, no one else being there, these ladies beckoned to me to come up to them. I did not at once accept their invitation, until one of them, holding up a sandwich, said to me—"This may tempt you, perhaps, being suited to your tender years." I could not, of course, overlook so terrible an insult, and was speedily engaged in lively chaff with the fair ladies. Of course I got the worst of it. In the middle of our conversation I heard a loud laugh, and turning round I saw Lord Chesterfield and Colonel Anson. It flashed across me at once

that my fair tormentors were Lady Chesterfield and Mrs Anson. In my confusion I turned round to go away, when my sword got between my legs, and I fell down at Lord Chesterfield's feet, who good-naturedly picked me up, saying, "You are a nice young fellow. Here I find you flirting with my wife; and then you nearly knock me down." Years after, when I was Acting Adjutant-General of H.M.S. Forces in India under General Anson, Mrs Anson remembered my face, and was anxious to know where we had met. She was highly diverted with my story, and remembered perfectly chaffing a young officer at Newmarket, who they considered had a very good opinion of himself.

We halted at Cambridge during a Sunday, and I went to see Lord Gifford, the Marquis of Tweeddale's eldest son, then at college, and with whose family I had recently become connected,—my elder brother having married Lady Louisa Hay, his sister. I find in my diary mention made of his violin and good cigars. He was a universal favourite, and died from the result of an accident at a comparatively early age, deeply regretted.

During the summer of 1843 Norwich was our headquarters — a squadron being quartered at

Ipswich. While at Norwich we contrived to burn a wing of the barracks. The whole of the officers except one on duty had gone to Yarmouth Races. On returning in the evening our attention was attracted to a bright light over the town. On arriving at the descent immediately over the barracks, to our horror we saw them in flames. Fortunate it was for us that we had a very skilful whip on our drag—Montgomery Campbell (the same officer who made the electioneering speech at Southampton)—for the pace we went down the hill after seeing the fire was awful. We found the yard full of people. Our first step was to clear the barrack-square, then to get the horses out of the wing in flames. This was found to be a very difficult task, as the horses were very much terrified. The horses would doubtless all have perished, as every effort to induce them to leave the stables was unavailing, had not one of the captains—Lord William Hill—at the risk of his life, penetrated into the stables, rode one of the horses out bare-backed, upon which all the rest followed. It was a curious fact that we had no more trouble with them that night. They all huddled up into a corner of the barrack-yard, with their heads to the wall, and hardly stirred. I being one of the

few Scotch officers in the regiment, had of course an Irish servant—a very sharp fellow, but constantly at war with my countrymen. At one time the fire seemed likely to reach the officers' quarters, and the men of my troop rushed forward, saying, "We must have Mr Ramsay's things out." But the faithful Gillespie would not allow it. He put his back to the door and said, as turned out to be the case, that "there was no necessity." However, the fire gained in intensity, and my servant being out of the way, I allowed them to throw the things out of the window. The next morning I awoke to find nothing in the room but the bed I slept in. Gillespie, coming into the room, said, "Well, sir, I hope you will never trust the word of a Scotchman again." Upon my reminding him, energetically, that I was one myself, he begged my pardon, but added, "But sure, sir, they are mighty provoking."

Our time passed very pleasantly at Norwich. At the same time our duties were not light, at least in comparison with those of cavalry at that time in a peaceful district, for our colonel, Fred. Sales Clarke, was a scientific soldier, and, as I have said, understood all the three arms thoroughly. We were, however, somewhat bored

with astronomical lectures after mess, and, I fear, we saw more stars than were necessary for our education.

In the winter I was transferred to Ipswich. Here we kept a pack of stag-hounds, which we took over from the 13th Light Dragoons. My captain, Lord William Hill, hunted them. He was a hard bruising rider—the more vicious the brute he rode was, the more it seemed to please him. Shortly after we arrived he lost his life in consequence of his temerity. On our way to the meet we passed a field in which a horse of his, a decided bolter, was being trained for a steeplechase. The groom riding complained that he could not hold him, upon which Lord William made him dismount, and got on the horse himself. The brute instantly bolted with him, and took him under the branch of a tree. He was struck with full force on the forehead, and never moved afterwards. A finer fellow did not exist; and he was deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends, as well as in the two regiments in which he had served—the 43d Light Infantry and Royal Scots Greys.

I found the shooting at Ipswich more to my taste than the hunting. It was first-rate. At Shrublands (Sir William Middleton's), at Eye

(Sir Edward Kerrison's), the Berners', Vannecks', Hennikers', and others, I was received with the greatest kindness. At the former place, where I was often invited, much to the envy of my brother officers, as the shooting was perfection, I always found the house full of most illustrious company—princes and dukes in abundance. Every one had his loader with him, carrying his second, third, and sometimes fourth gun. I therefore determined to have my second gun at least, and one day took with me the faithful Gillespie, who never allowed that there was anything he could not do. When we were placed in cover, I found myself between two very illustrious people. I observed that they both looked at me and smiled. I feared that something was wrong, and on turning round I found my batman, standing at attention, loading my second gun at the small of my back. So much for his capacity as a loader.

CHAPTER III.

ESCORTING THE QUEEN.

THE ROYAL ESCORT—LORD HARDWICKE—A TRICK ON THE YEOMANRY—THE BALL AT WIMPOLE—AN ANCESTOR'S FLIRTATIONS—14TH LIGHT DRAGOONS—EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S VISIT.

About this time, in the autumn of 1843, we were despatched on escort-duty with her Majesty and Prince Albert, between Hertford, Cambridge, Royston, and Wimpole, Lord Hardwicke's place. On arrival at Royston, where I commanded the escort, I received a despatch from the Horse Guards, directing me to give up the escorting of her Majesty from Royston to Wimpole to whatever yeomanry might present themselves. This I received one afternoon, and on the following day her Majesty was to arrive, and no yeomanry had made their appearance. I therefore determined to ride out to Wimpole and see Lord Hardwicke. I accordingly started, with my orderly behind me. On arriving there I saw Lord Hardwicke standing

in the front of the house with his agent, an old naval officer and shipmate. Lord Hardwicke frantically waved me off, saying, "I do not want to see you. Why do you come to torment me before my time? To-morrow you must all come," this he said in a melancholy voice. Upon which I deemed it advisable to introduce myself, as he had evidently forgotten me. The Dowager Lady Hardwicke was my grand-aunt; and her only son, Lord Royston, being drowned when on a yachting excursion in the Baltic, the title came, on the death of the Earl, to Captain Yorke, R.N., who had known me as a child. When I made myself known, nothing could exceed his kindness. "God bless you, my boy," he said. "Come and stay as long as you can, and drink all my champagne; but don't bother me about military matters. You know I am a blue-coat, and don't care about them."

I said, however, "I must know if any yeomanry are coming, in order to make the necessary arrangements."

"Of course they'll come; don't bother me," was all I could get out of him. And then he snatched a book out of his agent's hands and said: "Look here; here are all my accounts balanced for the year—not a penny to spare; and

here all you fellows are coming. However, you are all welcome. Enjoy yourselves; but for goodness sake don't bother me." So I decamped. I returned to Royston late in the evening, but still no yeomanry. About ten o'clock at night they arrived; and the officer commanding came to see me. Imagine my feelings when he began to blow me up for not having provided quarters for his men and horses. Indignant at having to give up the escorting of her Majesty, irritated at having heard nothing of their arrival, I fairly boiled over, and said, "Sir, I have nothing whatever to do with you or your men or horses. I have simply to give over the escorting of her Majesty to you to-morrow; and you ought to have arrived earlier. You had better lose no time in procuring your billets." Upon which he departed speechless. A gentleman in the room, who seemed much amused with the young cornet's indignation, asked me what my instructions from the Horse Guards were. I told him, to give up the escorting of her Majesty to whatever yeomanry might present themselves in the county of Cambridge. He then said, "Are you aware that Royston is in Hertfordshire,—at least the principal part of it? Cambridge does not begin until a quarter of a mile or so outside the town."

I was delighted to hear this, and eagerly asked him to show me the boundary. This he willingly did, telling me at the same time that he was mayor of the town, if I remember rightly. Next morning my friend of the yeomanry came to me and said: "I shall of course take up the escorting of her Majesty when the horses are changed at the inn in Royston."

I replied, with all the dignity of a cornet of twenty years of age, "Pardon me, sir, you shall do no such thing. I will take up the escort, relieving some of our own party who come up from Hertford. My orders from the Horse Guards are explicit, to give up the escort of her Majesty to whatever yeomanry may present themselves in the county of Cambridge, and Royston is in Hertfordshire. If you will come with me, I shall have much pleasure in pointing out to you the confines of the county, where you must post your men."

My yeomanry friend was thoroughly taken aback, and said: "But her Majesty will then be proceeding at a great rate, and it is very difficult to change escorts. Then, moreover, my men have never practised it."

"That," I resumed, with much dignity, "is your affair. My duty is simply to obey orders,

and surrender the escorting of her Majesty to whatever yeomanry may present themselves in the county of Cambridge. If you are not there, of course I proceed with my escort to Wimpole."

At his request I gave him every information as to the mode of proceeding under the circumstances; but he was evidently very uneasy as to the result, a feeling in which he was justified, as will be seen at the appointed time. Her Majesty arrived, escorted by a party of my regiment, the Royal Scots Greys; and when the horses were changed, I relieved the escort. I cautioned my sergeant, who rode on the left of the carriage, to give the yeomanry a wide berth when they came to relieve us, as they were inexperienced. The pace was about twelve miles an hour. When we arrived on the borders of Cambridgeshire, the advanced-guard was changed, of course, without any difficulty; but when it came to the party surrounding the carriage, although we got perfectly clear, and were drawn up in order on the side of the road, the yeomanry blundered, and succeeded in throwing down the leaders of the Queen's carriage. The Prince Consort put down the window abruptly, and said, "What is the meaning of this?" As I was not on duty, hav-

ing been relieved, I motioned to the officer commanding the yeomanry to answer. He accordingly went forward. But the Prince said, "Not you, sir. I wish to speak to the officer commanding the regulars."

I accordingly went forward.

"Why was the escort not changed in the town when the horses were changed?"

"It was, your Royal Highness."

"Then, why was it changed again?"

"In consequence of an order from the Horse Guards, directing me to give up the escorting of her Majesty to whatever yeomanry might present themselves in the county of Cambridge. This, your Royal Highness, is the confines of the county, and these, your Royal Highness, are the yeomanry who have presented themselves," pointing to those struggling with her Majesty's leaders.

My orders being explicit, there could be no answer to this. But, *query*, ought I to have been so particular as to the letter of the law? Certainly the lord lieutenant of the county, Lord Hardwicke, thought not, as he slapped me on the back and called me an impudent young something. The fact was, I was determined to have the honour of escorting her Majesty, and

thought of nothing else than of having my own way.

We were all asked to the grand ball at Wimpole, two amusing incidents of which I remember. My cousin, Lord Caledon, then in the Guards, a very popular officer, and familiarly known as "Pikey," was told early in the evening that he was destined to have the honour of dancing with her Majesty, which threw him into an agony of apprehension. He entreated me to retire with him into one of the embrasures of the dancing-hall and give him some idea of the steps. Accordingly, providing ourselves with a bottle of champagne, we retired from public observation, and I commenced my lesson. Poor Caledon, going scrupulously through all the steps, the perspiration rolling down his face, and tossing the champagne down his parched throat, heard at last his doom announced. A lord-in-waiting, not finding him out, called out, "Lord Caledon! Lord Caledon! the Queen's dance." The lord-in-waiting by chance looked into the embrasure and saw poor Pikey's agonised efforts, and withdrew smiling. The *tableau* had evidently been communicated to the Queen, for she laughed heartily when he came up, looking like a malefactor led out for

instant execution, and proceeded, with scrupulous fidelity as best he could to perform the steps he had just learned. The other incident was as follows. During the dancing several circles were formed. There was one reserved exclusively for her Majesty and Prince Albert, who waltzed together. In an adjoining circle, which was very much crowded, a brother officer, who was dancing with a very pretty girl, now the wife of a peer, burst out of it with his partner, and said, "Let us go to some other circle." They came to the one reserved for her Majesty. Not observing the Queen, he said, "Holloa! there is no one here," and dashed in, waltzing in a somewhat eccentric manner, with his elbows stuck out. He just escaped coming against her Majesty, who was seated. We all rushed forward to stop them dancing, when the Queen said, "Let them stay, they are very amusing." When they finished they found themselves directly opposite her Majesty, whose eyes were firmly fixed upon them. Their consternation was very great, and they fled precipitately, amidst general laughter.

The next day I was sent for to Wimpole by Colonel Grey, who gave me directions for the escorts to be furnished to her Majesty on their

return. I commanded the first escort from Royston. On this occasion I did not insist on the yeomanry leaving or arriving on the confines of the county. I remember a yeoman, admirably mounted, went across country for several miles alongside the royal carriage, taking all the fences in the way in the most gallant style. My mare, Lady Abbess, pulled so hard that I could not keep her alongside the hind wheel, according to orders, but every now and then got involuntary glimpses of the interior of the Royal carriage, with its comfortable arrangements — sliding tables for reading and refreshments.

Before quitting the eastern counties, I must ask my readers to transport themselves to Norwich in the year 1770, in which year also the Royal Scots Greys had been quartered there. An ancestor of mine, Captain Ramsay, was then an officer in the regiment. A few years ago, on rummaging amongst the old deeds in our family house, Whitehill, Mid-Lothian, we came upon two anonymous letters addressed to Captain Ramsay of the Royal Scots Greys, from Lincoln, dated 1770, and evidently connected with the sojourn of the Greys at Norwich, which I now transcribe :—

"LINCOLN, *January* 10, 1770.

"SIR,—You must pardon the liberty I take to tell you that everybody here thinks you have used a young lady very ill,—I mean her you so often danced with. We all thought you meant to marry her, and you could not have made a better choice. We can all see that your departure affected her very much; and she often thinks on you, as her spirits are not half so good as they used to be. I therefore woud (*sic*) advise you to write to her directly and offer yourself, and she will then be happy. I am a friend to both of you, and think you can neither of you do better than marry. If you don't take my advice, pray don't write to her, as it would only be feeding the flame; but if you do like her, and write to her, I shall soon see the good effects in her countenance. I have not mentioned her name, as I suppose you know *who* I mean. I am sir, yours and the lady's unknown friend, and hope I shall see you happy together before long.—Yours unknown.

"To CAPTAIN RAMSAY of the Scotch Greys,
at Balbirnie, Falkland, in Scotland,
at Balbirnie, Fife."

The above appears to have met with no

answer from the gay Lothario, and a second was despatched as follows:—

"LINCOLN, *February* 3, 1770.

"SIR,—I am sorry to see you have took no notice of the letter I sent you a month ago concerning the young lady you always danced with when you was here. If you think upon your particular behaviour, you must know you have used her very ill, and she thinks so by her looks. I am a stranger to what conversations you had when you was together, but I am sure you are the only one among all her admirers that ever made an impression on her heart. If you will be advised by me and the greatest part of this town, make her your wife, and we will be answerable she will make a good one. Perhaps you think she has no fortune; but don't be deceived, for I know she was left as much more as the rest of them by an uncle who adored her. Let me beg of you to write to her imediately (*sic*) and offer yourself, and don't let her pine away inwardly as she now does; for she now does, and trusts nobody with the secret. When I see you at Lincoln you shall both know who I am, but till then I am only your unknown friend and well-wisher. I

shall watch the post to see if a letter comes to her from Scotland.

"To CAPTAIN RAMSAY of the Scotch Greys,
at Edinburgh, in Scotland."

Alas! the sequel is not, and now never can be, known.

Amongst other documents relating to the regiment is a very curious one, showing the expense attending the "summering of Captain Ramsay's troop in his park at Whitehill." It appears to have been the custom in those days for captains of troops, if they possessed a park, to send their horses out to grass during summer.

Getting tired of garrison life at home, as well as of spending all my money, I at this time effected an exchange into the 14th Light Dragoons, of which my kind old friend, Sir Edward Kerrison, who had a splendid place near Eye, was full colonel. Nothing could exceed the kindness I had received from him, as well as from his daughters, Lady Mahon and Lady Henniker; in short, the hospitality of all the resident nobility and gentry was unbounded. Middletons, Vannecks, Berners, Rendleshams, &c., all asked me to their houses, and the shooting was first-

rate. Sir Edward told me many amusing stories of the Peninsular war, during which he had served in the 7th Hussars. He was very proud of being colonel of the "Fighting 14th." He told me that when they were ordered to India, the Duke of Wellington considered that it would be better for the interests of the regiment that their favourite and gallant old lieutenant-colonel, Colonel Townsend, should not accompany the corps, as he was getting on in years; so accordingly he sent for him, and said,—"Jack, my old friend, your regiment is to go to Bombay to relieve the 4th Light Dragoons. Her Majesty desires me to say to you that she thinks that at your time of life you should not risk the climate there."

But Jack was not to be caught. Looking the Duke full in the face, he replied,—"Gammon, your Grace! where the 14th goes I go." The Duke burst out laughing, and Jack went accordingly.

I spent some happy days in that house at Eye. One valued friend I made there, whom I loved much, but, alas! lost very soon—Lord Cranley, the eldest son of the Earl of Onslow. Had he lived, he would, I am sure, have become distinguished amongst his peers. We were both

devoted admirers of one who was a very small lady in those days,—the youngest daughter of the house, now Lady Bateman, then the pet of every one who knew her.

Having effected my exchange into the 14th Light Dragoons, I left the gallant old Greys at Edinburgh in the summer of 1844.

During this summer (1844) I was present at a grand review, held in Windsor Park, in honour of Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias. I saw a Frenchman making a sketch on the ground, which I bought of him, and last year (1880) had the pleasure of showing it to Baron d'Uxkhull, the Russian Ambassador at Rome. Behind the Emperor rode the Prince Consort and his brother, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, in plain clothes, amongst many others. It was observed that the Emperor did not even glance at our Household cavalry, but inspected minutely the 17th Lancers and 47th Regiment, just turned out in the new regulation light-blue trousers—saying, "He wished to see the regiments that had fought and gained our battles in India." A ludicrous event occurred at the beginning of the review. Her Majesty's confinement being about to take place, the Duke of Wellington gave orders that there was to be no

firing. His Grace came up to announce this to her Majesty. He had hardly done so, when bang went the guns all down the line. The Queen burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. His Grace was furious, and sent orders at once that the artillery were to leave the ground.

That same night, or soon after, there was a State reception at the opera. The house presented a splendid appearance. All the ladies appeared in the dresses they had worn in the drawing-room held in the morning—diamonds and ostrich-feathers; officers in uniform: the Beef-eaters, in their gorgeous dresses, lined the stage. The Queen arrived, accompanied by the Emperor and the Prince Consort. After bowing to the assembled multitude, who had all risen *en masse*, the Queen sat down and requested the Emperor to do so also. His Majesty, however, bowing to the three ladies-in-waiting, who were permitted to sit down, remained standing.

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

MALTA—JOURNEY THROUGH EGYPT—A DAY IN CAIRO—BOMBAY — GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PARELL — THE MISERIES OF AN A.D.C.

In the beginning of November I embarked from Southampton for the East in the Great Liverpool steamer, commanded by Captain Macleod. We had a very pleasant party on board. As there were several young ladies among the passengers, we danced every night when practicable. On approaching Malta all was excitement. Our worthy but eccentric Admiralty agent appeared in full naval costume. A few days before, when our good-natured captain had altered our course in order to let us see Algiers, the Admiralty agent had rushed on deck in a long light costume, protesting against the measure, saying he would report the deviation to the Admiralty, when he was immediately pounced

upon by some very charming young ladies and hustled back into the cabin, vainly protesting. At our last dinner before reaching Malta, we proposed the captain's health, then that of the Admiralty agent. He had hardly got on his legs to return thanks when a very lively young lady threw a glass of water over him. Whereupon he forgot his speech and rushed on deck in pursuit.

After our arrival we were surrounded by chattering boatmen. Their language struck me as a strange medley — a compound of every language from the guttural Arabic to the mellifluous Italian. On landing at the Nix Mangiare stairs, we ascended endless flights, dived through archways, over drawbridges; passed from the pomp and circumstance of war at the bastions to encounter wretchedness and beggary in its most squalid form. Here and there a dark form, shrouded in a black veil, flitted past, perchance to her devotions, perchance to an assignation. We drove to Citta Vecchia, about four miles off—a hot, dusty, and apparently interminable drive, the road flanked on either side by high walls, dazzlingly white, the glare of which is most trying to the eyes. The environs of Malta present a most frightful picture of misery

and desolation. There is a fine church at Citta Vecchia. The caves underneath are supposed to traverse the whole extent of the island. We then drove to the Palace of St Antonio, the governor's residence. The gardens are tastefully laid out. Here I was received with great kindness by Sir Patrick Stuart, who had been formerly Commander of the Forces in Scotland, and had known me as a boy.

On the 23d of November we arrived at Alexandria. The harbour was obstructed by several gigantic useless hulks, belonging to the would-be energetic Mehemet Ali. On landing we were nearly torn to bits by contending donkey-boys. In the afternoon we started for the Mahmoudieh Canal, about two miles from the town, where we found the truck-boats and tug-steamer waiting for us. We the gentlemen, and the baggage, were piled on the decks of the truck-boats; the ladies were consigned to a den below, some five feet wide. Towards night the scene was most gloomy, and the incessant screaming of the jackals and howling of the pariah dogs was insupportable. On our way we were witness to a sample of the rule of a despotic government. A party of soldiers marching along the banks came upon a boat containing merchandise, and as

they wanted means of conveyance they seized upon it, turned the cargo out, and went off, leaving the owners swearing and gnashing their teeth on the shore. The night was bitterly cold.

About two in the morning we reached Atfeh, where we met the steamers on the Nile, on which we embarked. Ibrahim Pasha, Mehemet Ali's son, passed us in a steamer on his way to Alexandria. At daybreak we arrived at Boulak, the port of Cairo. Here we found awaiting us a vehicle much resembling an English break, drawn by four horses, and driven by Mr Hill, the proprietor of the hotel at Cairo, and of all the wayside accommodation in the desert. He was dressed in Turkish costume. We drove through a beautiful avenue of trees to the gate of the town, the distance about a mile and a half. Mr Hill piloted us most skilfully through the narrow streets. Oh how I enjoyed that drive! a lovely moonlight night; in Cairo everything still vague and mysterious. Here were minarets, domes, narrow streets, the scene of my early dreams when poring over the 'Arabian Nights.' On arrival at the hotel we all rushed to the office to learn our fate with regard to our transit across the desert. I found my name down for the first van, which was to leave at eight the next morn-

ing. Against the impropriety of coming to Cairo merely to sleep an hour or so, then to eat one's breakfast, I loudly protested. So a party of lofty-souled individuals like myself was made up to start at eight in the evening, thus giving us a whole day in Cairo. After breakfast we sallied forth to see all we could in that short time. With some difficulty we made our way out of the courtyard, where the confusion was indescribable—groaning camels protesting against being overloaded; frantic Arabs squabbling amongst overland trunks. Having escaped the perils of the city—being squashed by a string of camels, or run over by the carriage of some great man, or bustled by his attendants—we reached the citadel.

What a panorama! Beneath us lay the city of Cairo, with its mosques, minarets, seraglios, gardens, &c., all blended together in picturesque confusion. Beyond was the Nile, separating the fertile gardens of Cairo from the boundless, pathless desert. And to complete the picture in this gorgeous panorama, the mighty Pyramids towered from afar. The Pasha has a residence in the citadel, and a magnificent mosque is being erected, entirely of marble. The bazaar, the slave-market, and the madhouse—a disgrace to

humanity—were all visited in turn. I was fortunate enough to meet Dr Abbott, who knew my brother, who had died of cholera at Damascus, and my cousin, Lord Lindsay, when they were on their travels here some years ago. He made our short stay very pleasant to us. We started at night in high spirits to cross the desert, little imagining what was in store for us. We were driven at a furious pace through the narrow streets. When we had finally entered the desert, our horses, thoroughly tired (having been working all day), struck work, and the trouble we had to reach the first station was very great. Our party consisted of three gentlemen and two ladies. We, the gentlemen, took it in turns to drive, our coachman being utterly exhausted, the others running alongside flogging the horses, or pushing against the wheels when clogged in the sand—sometimes despairing, always swearing. While in this predicament we heard in the distance the low monotonous chant of an Arab party, and gave ourselves up as lost, conceiving they must be Bedouin Arabs. However, to our extreme relief, it was a party coming with return horses from the station. We seized them at once, and reached the first station. Alas! we had the same troubles to encounter all the way,

and actually took seven hours to accomplish ten miles. It took us twenty-four hours to reach Suez, where we were delighted to find our steamer, one of the Indian navy, still lying, as there was no accommodation in the town save a filthy caravansary. However, all that we had endured was light compared to the discomfort on board—some 110 passengers in a steamer in which there was cabin accommodation only for thirty. There were actually more ladies than could be accommodated by giving up the whole of the cabin and saloon accommodation to their exclusive use! All the gentlemen slept on deck, where there was barely room for us. We were packed as close as sardines in a cask. At five in the morning we were all aroused by a most effectual process. Half a pint of fresh water was all that was allowed to each person for the purposes of ablution. Of course we all bathed in salt water; consequently detachments of gentlemen paraded the deck in Adam's costume.

While breakfast was being laid out on deck, female heads might be seen timidly and suspiciously peering up the companion-ladder, evidently uncertain whether some gross violation of propriety, in the shape of an unclad hero, might not present itself to their bewildered gaze. The

breakfast over, there was a long and weary day to be passed. The intense heat rendered us incapable of any exertion, if, indeed, there had been room for any. Sleeping amongst the piles of heaped-up baggage appeared to be the principal amusement. The ladies disappeared until dinner.

On the 3d December 1844 we arrived at Aden, and landed during the coaling process. We were received most hospitably by the 17th Regiment, which was quartered there. The monotony of the remainder of the voyage was, in a melancholy manner, disturbed by the death of one of our passengers from dysentery. He died on a mattress in the passage leading from the saloon. This created a deep impression, even on the most thoughtless amongst us. He had left England with us apparently in perfect health. On the evening of the 13th December we entered the glorious harbour of Bombay, and were almost instantly boarded by Government officials, natives, and hosts of expectant friends; some looking out for children they did not know by sight. There were friends anxiously waiting for the poor man whom we had recently committed to the deep. Here an old civilian was embracing with fervour a young lady whom he believed to be his daughter. She has not

seen him for sixteen years, so she takes it all in a most filial manner. However, explanations are made. The young lady is not his daughter. She blushes furiously, and he wanders about looking for his dear Julia. I found an unexpected friend in the shape of an A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay, who brought me an invitation to stay at Government House; and I said good-bye with great thankfulness to the Honourable Company's steamer. We went on shore in the Governor's barge. It was dark when we landed. After driving through the fort, we rattled through the native bazaars — an extraordinary and bewildering scene. They were brilliantly lighted. What a host of people in every imaginable costume! Soon we left the town behind us, and after driving a mile or two through the country, passing many stately bungalows, we entered a pretty avenue of trees, passing through an English-like park up to the portico of the Government House, Parell. There were a host of servants in red at the entrance. How strange and novel everything appeared to me that night at dinner, waited upon by some twenty or thirty Parsee servants in their snowy white garments and conical hats! The stroll in the lovely gardens by

moonlight after dinner, the quiet and repose after all the fatigues of the voyage, were very delicious.

A short time after my arrival I was placed on the personal staff of the Governor, Sir George Arthur, from whom and Lady Arthur I received more than ordinary kindness. It was a constant source of pleasure to me to pass through the bazaars. A year's residence did not wear off the novelty. The only feeling that generally possesses the resident with regard to them is how to reach his destination without passing through them, but to me they were replete with interest: Hindoo temples, Mussulman mosques, Portuguese Christian churches, with quaint and curiously carved doors, and every sort of architectural curiosity, present themselves to you at every turn. People of every nation are sauntering about in rich and varied costume. The stately Parsee or fire-worshipper, the grave Mussulman, Hindoos of every caste—the distinguishing mark of which is a daub of paint (white, red, or yellow) on his forehead—the Persian horse-dealer, the Sindee, the Greek, the Chinaman, the Bokhara and Cabul merchants; the Africans—conspicuous for their want of costume—most of them employed on board our steamers

as firemen. Now you come upon a grand Mohammedan festival, then a Catholic procession of the Host; while at a corner of the street you see the Hindoo prostrate before a stone daubed with red paint, and covered with flowers, his god.

The Parsees are a very numerous body, distinguished by their superior address, great astuteness, and commercial activity: many of the subordinate Government offices are held by them. Some have risen to great eminence as merchants: notably so Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, well known throughout India for his liberality and princely benevolence. To him Bombay is indebted for a hospital named after him, also a causeway which connects the island of Bombay with that of Salsette; formerly there was none, and many a native perished in the crossing. I was present at the opening in 1845, when the Governor, Sir G. Arthur, anxious to show his appreciation of the worthy Parsee's princely generosity, went in state. The principal people in the island were invited to meet at Government House, and then go in procession,—the Governor, Sir Jamsetjee, and myself in the first carriage, preceded by our escort of cavalry; then the carriages of the Commander-in-Chief, the Bishop, the Chief Justice, &c., and

a long string of the *élite* of society. The bridge was opened in due form, and at the other end a large marquee was erected, where refreshments were provided, and the Governor in an able speech addressed Sir Jamsetjee, and thanked him warmly in the name of the community, also alluding at length to his services and other acts of munificence. His son, Cursetjee, now Sir Jamsetjee, is a man of polished and refined manners, withal well informed in every topic. He speaks English perfectly, and is fond of associating with Europeans. His curricle is one of the best appointed in Bombay. The Parsees are fond of horses, and give immense prices for high-caste Arabs for harness; they rein them up very tightly, and drive at a furious pace. It is not unusual to see two Parsees in a light buggy, drawn by a high-caste Arab worth £300, driving fourteen miles an hour. Sir Jamsetjee has seven or eight superb English carriage-horses, but they cannot stand work in this climate.

As you roam through the bazaars you will often come upon an Arab horse-dealer's stable; most of them are commission stables—that is to say, an Arab merchant will bring a batch of some twenty or thirty to sell, and will sit all day smoking with

oriental indifference, not even rising to receive you. In the hottest weather these Arabs were wrapped in thick woollen garments. The Persian dealers wear an open tunic over a light vest, and wide sleeves, with a high conical fur cap. The horses of high caste were kept apart from the others, and only brought out when likely purchasers appeared. Amongst the rest, all that average fourteen hands were bought for the cavalry and artillery; so that at the dealer's you can only buy horses of great value or mere ponies. These dealers were apparently very indifferent as to selling their horses. The probability was, if a stranger went in he would with difficulty induce them to bring out their valuable horses; and then they asked ten times their value, and if remonstrated with, coolly ordered the horses to be taken back, taking no further notice of the intending purchaser. This was not flattering to the vanity of the stranger, accustomed to the civility and blandishments of an English horse-dealer; but the fact is, these men were aware that every horse of value that is landed was known to all the gentlemen whose patronage he was anxious to secure, and to some of whom he would be sure to sell his horse. And they would rather sell a likely horse for the turf to a well-known man,

who would bring him out on the race-course, at a lower figure, than to a stranger at a high price; for they have a very laudable ambition, and crowds of them may be seen every morning at the race-course. They generally gave a cup to be run for, and were therefore glad to see their best horses pass into the hands of such men as Elliot, Blood, Howard, Coghlan, &c.

A person newly arrived in the country should be very careful as to trusting to his own judgment in buying a horse, as however good a judge he may be at home, it is impossible that he can at once understand all the points of the Arab, especially in the miserable condition they are landed from the Gulf, apparently only fitted for the knacker's yard—frequently cruelly mangled by the ropes which confined them, and hardly able to stand. I was recommended by Captain Thornhill, the remount agent, to give 1200 rupees for a miserable-looking animal, to my idea only fit for the knacker's yard. He could not stand, had a frightful gash on his flank, and two hind legs the size of mill-posts. However, acting on the best advice, I bought him, and he turned out one of the handsomest horses in the Presidency. My advice to the new-comer is, distrust your own judgment. There are always men long resident

who know every Arab by heart, and will help you to choose.

I never tired of rambling in the bazaars when I had a chance. Captain Basil Hall, the celebrated traveller, experienced the same delight, and was often laughed at by his Bombay friends for his love of wandering about them.

Ride along Back Bay, ascend Malabar Hill: the world cannot produce a finer view. You stand on a lovely wooded hill; beneath you are the rich and fertile islands of Bombay and Salsette, the deep blue sea, the noble shipping in the harbour, and afar the fantastically shaped and picturesque Deccan hills, all forming a wondrously attractive picture. Turn from this lovely scene, ascend one of the narrow paths up the hill, and you will find yourself close to the Parsee burial-ground. You are astonished at the number of vultures hovering about and lazily flapping their wings, gorged with human flesh: they do not fly at your approach. The bodies are placed on a grating, which is over a large circular reservoir; torn to pieces by the *obscœnæ volucres,* the bones fall to the ground into the general receptacle. The idea is horrible; whereas the burning by the Hindoos has something classical in it.

On the extreme point of this hill is one of the Governor's residences, called Malabar Point, then occupied by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas M'Mahon, and his family. As you descended the hill on the other side, the sea alone greeted your eye. The road wound along the foot of this hill, and afforded a charming drive: this is still a favourite resort of the Bombay people during the evening. Not far from this, and round the Point, is a large portion of waste land called the Flats, about two miles in extent. This, in former years, during the monsoon, was regularly flooded, but a handsome breakwater had been made by Governor Jonathan Duncan. Across these Flats my brother aide-de-camp, Captain D'Arcy, made capital bridle-paths. Ride across these Flats and you come upon the highroad to Tanna, and close to Government House, Parell. The grounds at Parell are laid out quite in the English style. The house itself is a fine building,—formerly, under the Portuguese rule, a Jesuit convent, and afterwards the residence of Sir James Mackintosh during the time he was Recorder of Bombay: it has since been much enlarged and beautified. You drive up under a handsome portico, and are received by a host of servants (*chobdars*).

On the ground-floor there is a magnificent room, capable of dining a hundred people; beyond, a billiard-room; off these are several bedrooms opening on to spacious verandahs. Up-stairs there is a magnificent drawing-room and reception-room; at one end a fine portrait of the Marquis of Wellesley. A ball or a reception here is always a pretty sight. In the first place, the ladies are almost always well dressed—officers in full uniform; and a tulip-bed cannot show more variety than the various uniforms of the British and Indian services. Noble rooms (delightfully cool and airy), picturesque costumes, and plenty of room to show them off, are the distinguishing features of an Indian reception.

I shall never forget the first great dinner-party and evening reception when I commenced my duties as aide-de-camp. To my dismay my brother aide-de-camp was ill, and I had to face some hundred entire strangers: on me, of course, devolved the duty of pairing the guests off, and marshalling them to their places. To complicate matters, as is often the case, at the last moment many apologies came pouring in, and I was driven distracted at the alteration of my dinner list. I got on very well until I came to a large imposing-looking officer, and I said, "Colonel

D——, I believe." He bowed assent. "I see you are down on my list to take Miss A—— down to dinner."

Sternly and briefly he replied, "No, sir, I will *not*."

I stared at him speechless, and he said, "Ah, I forgot; you are new to the island. That fellow D'Arcy is, I suppose, amusing himself shooting in the jungles, so I may as well let you know that I am a full colonel off pay and reckoning, and Commissary-General of the Bombay army, and my position entitles me to a married woman. I will take no miss down to dinner."

I smiled sweetly and said, "Colonel, I have just come from a little place called England, and there we are very fond of taking young ladies down to dinner, and the older we get the more we like it."

"I know nothing about England," he replied, and off he went again,—the old refrain, full colonel, commissary-general, &c., &c. I was obliged to tell him that he had originally been marked off for a married lady, but owing to the numerous apologies, there was now none available. The next officer I came to was standing by laughing. I said, "Colonel B——," he bowed. I then told him how delighted I was to

find that he had a married lady. He inquired her name. I told him. "No, sir," he said, hastily; "I cannot. I have not spoken to her for twenty years." I was in despair. However, the two great men went down good-naturedly together. What a crowd of persons at dinner! In addition to some hundred guests, there are, perhaps, some fifty Government servants, and besides, every one is permitted to bring his own servant. And what variety of costume! After dinner I breathed more freely, and was quite in my element when the dancing began. During the interval of a dance I heard a voice behind me say, "You seem to be enjoying yourself very much, Captain Ramsay." All aide-de-camps are captains by courtesy in India. On turning round I saw the Governor, Sir George Arthur, who, smiling at my confusion, observed, "You must remember that you are in your own house. You seem to me to have a peculiar facility for selecting the prettiest young ladies as your partners, and there are many young officers without partners, who are not looking over-pleased." Laying this counsel to heart, the next dance I led out the oldest and stoutest lady I could see, much to the worthy Governor's amusement.

CHAPTER V.

AN EMBASSY EXTRAORDINARY.

MISSION TO GOA—A DIPLOMATIC BREAK-DOWN—PRINCE SOLTYKOFF—A SNAKE STORY—THE PUNJAB WAR—OUTRAM—JOURNEY UP COUNTRY—FÊTES AT INDORE.

DURING the early part of 1845, I was fortunate enough to form one of a special mission sent to the Portuguese Government at Goa during the Southern Mahratta war. It appears that some of the rebels had taken refuge in the Portuguese territory, and the object of our Government was to demand their surrender. So sure were the authorities of the compliance of the Portuguese, that we took with us a company of marines and handcuffs for the prisoners. We started in a small steamer called the Pluto. On our way out of the harbour we met H.M.S. Fox, Sir Henry Blackwood, Commodore, coming in. Captain Arthur, the Governor's son, and military secretary, went as the head of the mission.

During the voyage he persuaded me to take upon myself the ambassadorial functions, as he was anxious to visit certain places in the Portuguese territory, and not to be fettered. To this I consented, making myself master of the instructions, which were very simple—viz., to demand the surrender of the prisoners with as good a grace and in as diplomatic a manner as possible; to use all possible courtesy, but on no account to come back without them.

The scenery on the banks of the estuary leading to Goa is very lovely. We steamed up and anchored right opposite the palace of the Governor-General, as he is called. The Governor was absent at the time, but was sent for. In the meantime Frederick Arthur and I were comfortably lodged in the house of the Secretary to Government, before whom we were most unreserved in our communications, especially as to the transfer of duties, not imagining that he understood English. Pending the Governor's absence we made an excursion to Old Goa, which is further up the river. It was a melancholy sight that once proud city. The churches still exist, but in the midst of thick jungle and noxious vegetation. A sense of desolation creeps over you. I felt this strongly on entering one of the numerous churches where

service was being performed. Two or three of the wretched inhabitants of the place formed the congregation, where were wont to assemble all the great and noble of the ancient faith—a bright spot in the midst of Brahminical idolatry and Mussulman fanaticism. We saw the site of the old Inquisition, which, however, nothing serves to mark save some ruined walls. We proceeded on the river in the Governor's barge, under salutes from the guard-ship. On our return, as we were on the point of shoving off, we saw a person running towards us. He turned out to be the Governor's butler, a very important personage, who had been sent to Old Goa to borrow plate, &c., from the Archbishop, who lived there, for the State dinner about to be given to us. He was an Englishman, who had lived as butler with Lord Howard de Walden, our ambassador in Portugal. We were magnificently entertained that day at dinner at Government House. Our friend the butler was most attentive, though very free and easy, making sundry facetious remarks at the expense of our worthy host, which certainly did not please us. After dinner we attended a reception, given in our honour by the wife of the Governor-General. It was a very formal affair,—the ladies sitting

round in a circle. The monotony was relieved by the arrival of the Archbishop. He was preceded by a host of servitors bearing wax candles; and in front of them all gaily danced a fine-looking little boy, son of the Governor, dressed fantastically, and also carrying an immense wax candle, which he thought very good fun.

A few days after, when the Governor-General had returned, the solemn conference came off. I of course still personated the British envoy. His Excellency asked me in what language I preferred to speak. I replied, "In Italian." He then expressed some surprise at my very youthful appearance, to which I replied with becoming dignity. The instructions given to us were very simple—viz., to demand the surrender of the rebels who had taken refuge in their territory, but to approach the subject diplomatically. This I did with as much circumlocution as possible. The Governor listened patiently and with suavity until I came to the point, when he jumped up with apparent indignation, and declared he never would consent to such a measure; further begging to remind me what we had done in 1837. I had not the remotest idea to what he alluded, and kicking Captain Arthur under the table, said rapidly in English to him, "What on

earth did we do? You are the man, and ought to know." I heard the sound of suppressed laughter behind me, and turning round saw the amiable secretary endeavouring to stifle a laugh, and felt persuaded that he understood English. Captain Arthur replied, "I know no more than the man in the moon. Say it is not an analogous case." This I did in the most dignified manner I could assume. Upon which the Governor-General vociferated it was. And so, to make a long story short, we were beaten. It appeared that in 1837 some rebels, flying from their own territories, took refuge in ours, and we refused to surrender them. So, as the Governor said, nothing *could* be more analogous. So back we went to Bombay, with our company of marines and handcuffs, without the prisoners. The next day I accompanied the Governor to Council as aide-de-camp in waiting. I was called in and questioned as to the defences of Goa, and the members were much pleased to find that I had taken sketches of the fortifications. Very soon after this I went up country and joined Lord Hardinge's staff at Lahore. The very first question he asked me was relative to this business. I told him the whole story as I have here related it. He laughed heartily and said, "Well you

have made a pretty mess of it. I cannot settle it, and have sent the matter home to Lord Palmerston." Thus ended my first, and probably my last, mission as envoy extraordinary.

Becoming ill in the spring, I was sent up to the Mahabuleshwar hills, where I rapidly recovered. Here I met a Russian, Prince Soltykoff—a most agreeable man and a very accomplished draughtsman. We became very intimate. His history was a curious one. He was up in the north of India during the first Afghan war. Lord Ellenborough took it into his head that he was a spy, and turned him out of the country. The Prince naturally complained to the Emperor Nicholas, whose personal friend he was, and strong representations were made to our Government, who at once disclaimed Lord Ellenborough's action, and said that if the Prince chose to return to India every attention should be shown to him. When I became very intimate with the Prince, I was audacious enough to ask him if he really was a spy. He replied, "My dear boy, do not speak so loud. My servant is in the next room, and he is a Russian!" He then told me that of course he kept his eyes open when he travelled, and let nothing escape his notice; and that, moreover, he sent reports

to the Emperor of all he had seen. All of which he was perfectly justified in doing. I met him some years after in London. He was delighted to see me, and gave me a set of his valuable drawings. He, moreover, asked me to dinner at Mivart's Hotel, and got some of the Russian embassy to meet me. I invited him in return. Being a member of the Coventry Club, now the St James's, where we had as cook Francatelli, I had no uneasiness on that score; but it was the dead season in London, and I was puzzled as to getting some one of rank to meet him. In despair I went to him and said, "I know you Russians are great Legitimists, and you may perhaps not like to meet the only man of your rank I know of in London, Prince Louis Napoleon, who is a great friend of mine, and lives opposite to me in King Street." The Prince shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, I do not object." They were mutually pleased with each other; but the next morning Prince Soltykoff expressed his surprise at Prince Louis Napoleon's questioning him so closely as to the Russian army, and asked me why I had no answer to give him. On meeting him in Paris after the Crimean war, I reminded Prince Soltykoff of this.

After I recovered I went down from Mahabuleshwar to Poona to prepare the Government House at Dapoorie for the Governor and family. This residence (now abandoned, I believe) was situated in a beautiful botanic garden ten miles from Poona and two from the cavalry station of Kirkee. It consisted of a series of detached buildings. The aides-de-camp's bungalows were on the banks of a small river, and infested with snakes, especially cobras, the most deadly of all, except the Ceylon Tic-polonga and the Carawilla serpents.

I remember a small Mussulman boy, one of our servants, lying in the verandah, apparently fast asleep, when, to our horror, we saw a cobra creep out of a lot of boots lying near which the boy had been cleaning. The cobra passed over his face, and actually darted his fork in and out of his open mouth. The boy never stirred, and we remarked how providential it was that he was fast asleep. The snake after a time glided off, when the boy jumped up, seized a stick, and killed it. He had been awake all the time.

My regiment, the 14th Light Dragoons, was then quartered in Kirkee, and splendidly mounted on Gulf Arabs. Colonel Havelock commanded them—a brother of the afterwards

famous general of that name. I had a glorious high-caste Arab, called Oscar. I bought him from Mr Howard, a barrister well known on the turf, for a hundred pounds. He had given a very much larger sum for him; if I remember, somewhere about 4000 rupees, as he was of the purest Nedjee caste. He turned out, however, useless as a racer, apparently being thoroughly vicious. I remember the first day I rode him, when on duty with the Governor, the horse plunged, reared, kicked, tried to squeeze me against a wall, bite me, &c. Sir George Arthur, who was riding a great Deccan pony, remarked "that it was a pretty sight; but that as he rode for rest and refreshment, he preferred a less brilliant neighbour." Finding that Oscar would bear no pressure on his mouth, I at last tried him with a plain light snaffle. He commenced as usual, but finding no resistance, he stopped all of a sudden, shook his head, looked about him, and finally settled into a quiet walk. I never had any trouble with him after that, except on one occasion, when I rode him at a review and put a crupper on him. This he kicked to bits, and then, annoyed by the firing of the guns, took the bit in his teeth, galloped right up to them, and took hold of one of the guns, actually

screaming with rage. He was pronounced to be the handsomest Arab of a very high caste that had been imported for many years. I sold him for what I gave for him on going up country, and heard that Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who was then travelling in Northern India, had offered 5000 rupees (£500) for him.

The division was commanded by a very fine old soldier, Roderick Macneil, 78th Highlanders, who had formerly been in the Life Guards. Mrs Macneil was an extremely clever woman, at the same time very eccentric. I remember on one occasion at a review, all the officers of our regiment, including my colonel, William Havelock, who was a great advocate of the water-cure, came up to pay their respects to her. She asked them severally to dinner, with the exception of Colonel Havelock, whom she addressed thus: "It is no use asking you to dinner, Colonel Havelock, as you do not like champagne; but if you will come and take a cold bath with me some morning, I shall be delighted to see you."

We had one or two visitors at our solitary abode—Major Robe, Governor of West Australia, on his way out, and Mr Montgomery Martin, then a tolerably well known *littérateur*. Mr Martin's advent was quite a *coup de théâtre*.

The Governor was just starting for his daily ride, accompanied by myself, when we saw the approach of a carriage. A man jumped out, ran up to Sir George, shouting out, "Hong Kong must be abandoned — Chusan retained!" Sir George, rather nervous, reined in his famous Deccan pony, saying, "What is the matter? Who is this person?" On being told, he courteously asked him to put up at Government House, and explain his views at his leisure. However, neither Sir George nor Lady Arthur appeared at dinner, and Mr Montgomery Martin had to expound his views to the private secretary, Mr Erskine, a very clever young fellow, a grandson of Sir James Mackintosh.

In the cold weather, about November 1845, we returned to Bombay, and soon after the news of the outbreak in the Punjab was received. A force was sent off to Scinde at once. My regiment, the 14th Light Dragoons, received orders to march to the Punjab, upon which I applied to the Governor to be allowed to join it. Sir George replied that, though sorry to lose me, he considered I had taken the proper course, but that I must apply to the Commander-in-Chief for leave to do so. Sir Thomas M'Mahon, who had just parted with his son and son-in-law, who

were in the 9th Lancers, then actively engaged on the frontier, did not wish to lose his remaining son and aide-de-camp, who was in my regiment, and said there was no immediate necessity for my joining, as the regiment would be several months on the march. As the war progressed, and we heard of the 14th Light Dragoons advancing rapidly, I became very uneasy. I spoke again to the Governor, who said, "You must obtain the permission of the Commander-in-Chief." Accordingly I presented myself again, and was told that when it was time for me to join I should be ordered to do so. The Governor then, in the kindest manner, seeing my anxiety, said, "You have done all you can, and now, as your services are not urgently required here, I shall give you leave on my personal staff for six months, and you may go where you like, only let the Commander-in-Chief know so. Thereupon I made all my arrangements, and left my P.P.C. card on the Commander-in-Chief, who was fortunately out a few hours before my departure. About this time I met Colonel Outram, then resident at Sattara. He had thrown up his appointment in order to obtain employment with the army. He proposed accomplishing the journey in ten or twelve days, riding camel-*dâk* at the rate

of about eighty miles a-day. I was visionary enough to think of joining him. The very first day would have knocked me to bits. On my way up I tried twenty miles one day, which I felt to be more than enough. Fortunately for me, though not for the service, the Supreme Government interdicted his joining, and directed him to return to his residency. He subsequently sent me the following letter:—

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN RAMSAY,—I am much obliged to you for your consideration in writing to me. I do assure you I sincerely rejoice at your prospect of so soon being with your regiment on field-service, and only regret that I am not your companion instead of the Bengal captain; but I still hope, if the campaign is protracted, to meet you in the field, for I trust to home influence yet removing the interdict which now debars me from service. I wish you every success with all my heart, and beg you to believe me very sincerely yours, J. OUTRAM.

"SATTARA, *2d February* 1846."

About the same time I received a letter which gratified me not a little, considering the source from whence it proceeded—viz.:

"DEAR CAPTAIN RAMSAY,—Your motives in so anxiously desiring to join your regiment I very highly appreciate, and readily accede to granting you the leave you request.

"I sincerely trust you may have health to stand the climate of Upper India, and assure you I feel the strongest attachment towards you, based on the most perfect respect for your character, both as an officer and a gentleman. Wishing you health and prosperity, believe me yours very sincerely, GEORGE ARTHUR."

Those who knew Sir George Arthur will remember that he was not addicted to the use of idle phrases—very much the reverse. Therefore I trust I may be pardoned the small bit of egotism in committing this to print. I was fortunate enough to find a companion for my long journey—Captain Moffat of the 11th Bengal Cavalry, who had just arrived at Bombay on his way to England, but who, on the receipt of the news of the outbreak of the war, at once retraced his steps. Our preparations were soon made. We bought palanquins and paid our *dâk* in the first instance as far as Indore, paying each of us 300 francs, the distance being about 400 miles. We each took twenty men, who were to go the whole way, relieving each

other, as no change of bearers could be obtained on the way. We started on the 30th January 1846 at 4.30 P.M. We drove to Tannah, a distance of about seventeen miles, arriving there at seven o'clock, thence to Salsette Bunder (*Anglicé*, pier). Here we found a boat awaiting us, and were ferried across to the mainland of India. It was piercingly cold. Our palanquins were waiting us, with our forty bearers, three or four *pettarah wallahs* with our boxes, and some torch-bearers. It was a picturesque scene, although the cold rather detracted from our romance. I felt very enthusiastic, undressed and jumped in. The regular motion, and the low monotonous chant of the bearers, alluding, I believe, in verse to my being a thin light pig, and my friend being a heavy fat pig, soon lulled me to sleep. We generally accomplished from twenty-five to thirty, and sometimes thirty-five, miles a-night, resting at the *dâk* bungalows during the day. Passed through the stations of Nassick and Malligaum. At Sindwah we entered the great jungle. We could see the forms of animals bounding across the tract, scared by the blaze of our torches. Not long before we passed through, a lady travelling had been extracted from her palanquin by a tiger, much in

"DEAR CAPTAIN RAMSAY,—Your motives in so anxiously desiring to join your regiment I very highly appreciate, and readily accede to granting you the leave you request.

"I sincerely trust you may have health to stand the climate of Upper India, and assure you I feel the strongest attachment towards you, based on the most perfect respect for your character, both as an officer and a gentleman. Wishing you health and prosperity, believe me yours very sincerely, GEORGE ARTHUR."

Those who knew Sir George Arthur will remember that he was not addicted to the use of idle phrases—very much the reverse. Therefore I trust I may be pardoned the small bit of egotism in committing this to print. I was fortunate enough to find a companion for my long journey—Captain Moffat of the 11th Bengal Cavalry, who had just arrived at Bombay on his way to England, but who, on the receipt of the news of the outbreak of the war, at once retraced his steps. Our preparations were soon made. We bought palanquins and paid our *dâk* in the first instance as far as Indore, paying each of us 300 francs, the distance being about 400 miles. We each took twenty men, who were to go the whole way, relieving each

other, as no change of bearers could be obtained on the way. We started on the 30th January 1846 at 4.30 P.M. We drove to Tannah, a distance of about seventeen miles, arriving there at seven o'clock, thence to Salsette Bunder (*Anglicé*, pier). Here we found a boat awaiting us, and were ferried across to the mainland of India. It was piercingly cold. Our palanquins were waiting us, with our forty bearers, three or four *pettarah wallahs* with our boxes, and some torch-bearers. It was a picturesque scene, although the cold rather detracted from our romance. I felt very enthusiastic, undressed and jumped in. The regular motion, and the low monotonous chant of the bearers, alluding, I believe, in verse to my being a thin light pig, and my friend being a heavy fat pig, soon lulled me to sleep. We generally accomplished from twenty-five to thirty, and sometimes thirty-five, miles a-night, resting at the *dâk* bungalows during the day. Passed through the stations of Nassick and Malligaum. At Sindwah we entered the great jungle. We could see the forms of animals bounding across the tract, scared by the blaze of our torches. Not long before we passed through, a lady travelling had been extracted from her palanquin by a tiger, much in

"DEAR CAPTAIN RAMSAY,—Your motives in so anxiously desiring to join your regiment I very highly appreciate, and readily accede to granting you the leave you request.

"I sincerely trust you may have health to stand the climate of Upper India, and assure you I feel the strongest attachment towards you, based on the most perfect respect for your character, both as an officer and a gentleman. Wishing you health and prosperity, believe me yours very sincerely, GEORGE ARTHUR."

Those who knew Sir George Arthur will remember that he was not addicted to the use of idle phrases—very much the reverse. Therefore I trust I may be pardoned the small bit of egotism in committing this to print. I was fortunate enough to find a companion for my long journey—Captain Moffat of the 11th Bengal Cavalry, who had just arrived at Bombay on his way to England, but who, on the receipt of the news of the outbreak of the war, at once retraced his steps. Our preparations were soon made. We bought palanquins and paid our *dâk* in the first instance as far as Indore, paying each of us 300 francs, the distance being about 400 miles. We each took twenty men, who were to go the whole way, relieving each

other, as no change of bearers could be obtained on the way. We started on the 30th January 1846 at 4.30 P.M. We drove to Tannah, a distance of about seventeen miles, arriving there at seven o'clock, thence to Salsette Bunder (*Anglicé*, pier). Here we found a boat awaiting us, and were ferried across to the mainland of India. It was piercingly cold. Our palanquins were waiting us, with our forty bearers, three or four *pettarah wallahs* with our boxes, and some torch-bearers. It was a picturesque scene, although the cold rather detracted from our romance. I felt very enthusiastic, undressed and jumped in. The regular motion, and the low monotonous chant of the bearers, alluding, I believe, in verse to my being a thin light pig, and my friend being a heavy fat pig, soon lulled me to sleep. We generally accomplished from twenty-five to thirty, and sometimes thirty-five, miles a-night, resting at the *dâk* bungalows during the day. Passed through the stations of Nassick and Malligaum. At Sindwah we entered the great jungle. We could see the forms of animals bounding across the tract, scared by the blaze of our torches. Not long before we passed through, a lady travelling had been extracted from her palanquin by a tiger, much in

"DEAR CAPTAIN RAMSAY,—Your motives in so anxiously desiring to join your regiment I very highly appreciate, and readily accede to granting you the leave you request.

"I sincerely trust you may have health to stand the climate of Upper India, and assure you I feel the strongest attachment towards you, based on the most perfect respect for your character, both as an officer and a gentleman. Wishing you health and prosperity, believe me yours very sincerely, GEORGE ARTHUR."

Those who knew Sir George Arthur will remember that he was not addicted to the use of idle phrases—very much the reverse. Therefore I trust I may be pardoned the small bit of egotism in committing this to print. I was fortunate enough to find a companion for my long journey—Captain Moffat of the 11th Bengal Cavalry, who had just arrived at Bombay on his way to England, but who, on the receipt of the news of the outbreak of the war, at once retraced his steps. Our preparations were soon made. We bought palanquins and paid our *dâk* in the first instance as far as Indore, paying each of us 300 francs, the distance being about 400 miles. We each took twenty men, who were to go the whole way, relieving each

other, as no change of bearers could be obtained on the way. We started on the 30th January 1846 at 4.30 P.M. We drove to Tannah, a distance of about seventeen miles, arriving there at seven o'clock, thence to Salsette Bunder (*Anglicé*, pier). Here we found a boat awaiting us, and were ferried across to the mainland of India. It was piercingly cold. Our palanquins were waiting us, with our forty bearers, three or four *pettarah wallahs* with our boxes, and some torch-bearers. It was a picturesque scene, although the cold rather detracted from our romance. I felt very enthusiastic, undressed and jumped in. The regular motion, and the low monotonous chant of the bearers, alluding, I believe, in verse to my being a thin light pig, and my friend being a heavy fat pig, soon lulled me to sleep. We generally accomplished from twenty-five to thirty, and sometimes thirty-five, miles a-night, resting at the *dâk* bungalows during the day. Passed through the stations of Nassick and Malligaum. At Sindwah we entered the great jungle. We could see the forms of animals bounding across the tract, scared by the blaze of our torches. Not long before we passed through, a lady travelling had been extracted from her palanquin by a tiger, much in

the way that a cat would take a morsel of cheese from a trap, the bearers having deposited her palanquin on the ground and gone in search of water. The *dâk* or post-office runners are frequently taken off by tigers in this region. In the morning we had abundant proof of their presence by their spoor on our path.

At Indore I went straight to the Residency. Mr (afterwards Sir Robert) Hamilton was the Resident. The approach to it is very pretty—through an avenue of trees. It is a handsome building of two storeys, with a grand flight of stairs outside. Mr Hamilton, a most agreeable intelligent man, welcomed us cordially. We found everything prepared for us — tents, &c. In the evening I accompanied the Resident on a visit of ceremony to the Rajah of Dhar, who had come over for the young Maharajah of Indore's marriage ceremonies. We went with four or five elephants in their state trappings, preceded by the Resident's horses, led by a crowd of retainers. We were met at the door of the tent by the Rajah. Salutes thundered out as we descended from our howdahs. The Rajah had a vast number of retainers, and a quantity of horses picketed near, all screaming and neighing, many broken loose—altogether a

perfect Babel. We walked down in solemn state to the end of the tent, the Rajah and the Resident hand in hand. There we sat for some time. A horse was brought in, and performed some antics *à la* "Ducrow." We then departed in the same solemn state. The dinner at the Residency was served in great style—a profusion of plate, a band playing in the anteroom—quite regal state. The band was conducted by a German who had served in Napoleon's wars, and who wore the Cross of the Legion of Honour. After dinner we went out to meet the Maharajah of Indore, and witness fireworks. I sat in the same howdah with the Resident on his elephant. We saw the lights of Holkar's *cortège* a long way off. He had about a thousand torch-bearers with him. We met him on the plain. He was sitting on a gigantic elephant most gorgeously apparelled; he himself covered with costly jewels —an intelligent-looking boy, apparently about twelve years old. There were a great many elephants in his suite, their howdahs blazing with jewels. The plain was covered with thousands of people, all bearing torches and gaily attired.

The fireworks were very good. There were mimic sieges of fortresses, and the irregular

cavalry dashing into the middle of them heightened the illusion. After a short time Holkar turned his elephant homewards, and we moved slowly away, surrounded by a dense mass of people, through the narrow streets. Every now and then we were forced to stop and witness a display of fireworks exhibited by some of the nobility. Every window and house-top was crowded. At last, after making our way through interminable winding streets, we came to the palace, a fine, gloomy-looking old building. We saw at the windows the grandmother of young Holkar, widow of the famous Jeswunt Rao, who gave us such tough work in former days. Went to bed very tired, as may be imagined, not having slept in one for more than ten days.

CHAPTER VI.

LORD HARDINGE'S CAMP.

FROM DELHI TO THE CAMP OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—LORD DELAWARR—LORD HARDINGE AT LAHORE—HERBERT EDWARDES—BETWEEN TWO ELEPHANTS—LORD HARDINGE'S STAFF—THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND JOHN LANG—A DINNER-SCENE—SIMLA—JOURNEY TO BOMBAY—SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

WE arrived at Delhi early one morning, passed through an old gate and narrow crumbling streets, and stopped at the *dâk* bungalow—a villanous hole opposite the palace. After breakfast I hired a buggy and drove out three miles to the cantonments, where, to my great delight, I found that my old friend of Bonn, John Lawrence, was collector. He said, "You have arrived most opportunely, for I have received an order from Lord Hardinge to go at once to the Punjab, and shall be very glad of your company." He then said, "I will introduce you to my wife." I replied that I knew her quite well. He seemed

puzzled, and said, "Where did you meet her?" I replied, "Of course at Bonn with you." He burst out laughing, and said, "My dear boy, I was not married then." It appears the Mrs Lawrence we students knew so well was Mrs George Lawrence, his brother's wife — George Lawrence being then in captivity in Afghanistan. As John Lawrence had some preparations to make, he asked me to stay with him for two or three days, which I was very glad to do, not having slept in a bed for a month, except for a few hours at Indore.

We started for the Punjab. Soon after we had left, my friend, John Lawrence, was seized with a violent attack of cholera. Fortunately we came upon the encampment of a civilian out in the district, and energetic remedies having been used he soon rallied.

At Kurnaul, a deserted station, it was melancholy to see so many fine buildings, barracks, a noble church, mess-houses, a theatre, &c., all going to rack and ruin. The station had to be abandoned on account of its unhealthiness. Malaria was rife, it was thought, owing to the proximity of the canal.

At Loodhiana the place was full of sick and wounded officers. The bungalow had been taken

possession of by several unposted cornets and ensigns, who had been ordered up country, and quite forgotten, and left without money. On my arrival, a number of them, young Arbuthnot of the cavalry amongst them, rushed out and asked me to buy some new saddlery, as they literally had no money, and could get nothing to eat. They related, with glee, that one day they had had a good dinner, as Brigadier Monteith had passed through with his servants, amongst them a good cook, who had prepared a dinner for his master, which was seized upon by the hungry lads. The brigadier took it very good-naturedly, and promised to look after their interests at head-quarters. I found some difficulty in obtaining permission to go on to Lahore until I represented that I was the bearer of despatches from the Governor of Bombay. The said despatch consisting of a letter of introduction to the Governor-General. It was then settled that I should proceed, escorted by some of the Pattiala Horse, commanded by Captain Hay, a cousin of Lord Dalhousie's.

I accordingly started in the afternoon with an escort of two or three troopers. Captain Hay went some way, and then returned. Soon after both my escorts took French leave, and

I found myself with a tired horse on the field of Aliwal, the scene of Sir Harry Smith's brilliant victory. The bones of the slain lay whitening in the moonlight. Finding here a detachment of the Pattiala Horse, I showed my *parwannah*—an order to seize horses on the road. They, however, only laughed at it. At last I gained the heart of a surly Sowar, who gave me his horse, a vicious brute, which carried me well on to Durmkote. I shall never forget the exhilaration of that ride, galloping along the banks of the Sutlej at a swinging pace under a bright moonlight, and hoping within a few hours to be in the thick of the campaign. The officer in command at Durmkote would not let me into the fort. It was the middle of the night, and he probably thought it was rather suspicious — a Sahib wandering about alone — and would not turn out to judge for himself. I left the fort with the reverse of a blessing, and put up in a native's house.

When my horse was rested, I started again. After riding some twenty miles, I came upon another party of the Pattiala Horse. I showed my order, to which they paid no attention; so, without further preliminaries, I seized upon the most likely-looking horse, took the native saddle

off, and put my own on. I observed at the time that the man whose horse I had taken was of a different appearance from the others ; and indeed I had unconsciously made a terrible mistake. The man was a Sikh, only the other day fighting against us. The treaty, unknown to me, had been signed the day before at Lahore, and this man had crossed the river to see a kinsman in the Pattiala Horse. Of course he was furious, and went into the house to get his matchlock. As I was mounting, I felt something against the small of my back. Providentially I turned abruptly, so the matchlock went off harmlessly by my side instead of into my back. I arrived at Ferozepore at 4 P.M., and went straight to Vans Agnew's house.

At Kopoor, I found the 73d N.I. Captain Richard Lawrence, my friend John Lawrence's brother, gave me a hearty welcome.

I reached the camp before Lahore about midday, finding my way with some difficulty to the tent of Captain West, acting military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, and formerly on the staff of the Governor of Bombay. Just as I entered his tent, two foreign officers looked in and said, "Ah, Vest, how you are?" They were Count Oriola and Count Groeben, in Prince

Waldemar of Prussia's suite; all, I believe, now dead. Captain West presented me to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, who kindly asked me to stay in his camp.

Captain West, afterwards Lord West, and eventually Earl Delawarr, became my most intimate friend. I have rarely met a man more noble in character. His end was a most melancholy one. He drowned himself in the River Cam, near Cambridge. The motives which prompted him to this fatal step I will not allude to, except that I have every reason to believe that he was led astray by deep feelings arising from his high sense of honour and chivalry. Would that he had only confided in some intimate friend like myself, who loved him dearly! After his death, I sent the following letter, which appeared in the 'Morning Post,' dated April 30, 1873:—

"SIR,—By many an officer scattered here and there in our wide dominions, the sad tale of Lord Delawarr's tragic end will be read with a sorrowful heart. Will you permit one who has known him long and loved him dearly, to say a few words concerning a noble nature?

"A hater of humbug, and impatient of small ways, Lord Delawarr was not what may be

termed a universally popular man; but by those who knew him well, and *could* appreciate his really noble nature, he was much loved, and will be deeply lamented. I could give many an instance of his kindly feeling and generous spirits, especially towards young officers, from the days when I shared his tent on the plains of the Punjab, up to the last, when, as President of a Royal Commission, his straightforward character and well-known impartiality of judgment gave confidence to officers whose interests were concerned therein. He was a gallant and fearless soldier, gentle in his nature, kindly in his disposition—a Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche;* and his memory will long be fondly cherished by his brother officers."

I found I had arrived just in time to be present at a grand ceremony—the visit of the Governor-General to the young Rajah. We started on elephants about 3 P.M. There was no vacant seat on any howdah, so I was assigned a pad elephant all to myself. This meant simply a cloth, with ropes to clutch convulsively by, on the back of the elephant. I had a dusty soiled uniform, and *no* cocked-hat, only a forage-cap—so I must have presented a somewhat ludicrous figure amongst

the magnates. It is no easy task to hold on with graceful ease to a pad in a procession. We proceeded first to the Governor-General's camp. Here we were joined by Sir Henry Hardinge and staff, Prince Waldemar of Prussia and his suite, Sir Charles Napier, Lord Elphinstone, &c. We then went in procession to the town —the road lined by our troops, about 30,000 men, and some 100,000 followers outside the town. The young Maharajah,[1] Dhuleep Singh, and Lall Singh, met us. The small boy was lifted off his howdah and placed into the Governor-General's.

When we entered the town we were received with a thundering salute by the artillery, then cavalry and infantry lined the streets. We then all, that is to say all the staff officers, assembled at the grand *durbar*. The scene was magnificent and imposing. In the hall, formerly the theatre of many a bloody tragedy, and where latterly all the stormy councils of the Khalsa leaders had been held, were assembled the heroes of the late campaign. Between the Governor-General and Sir C. Napier, sat the youthful Maharajah; then the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh

[1] Years after I met the young Maharajah at a ball at Apsley House, and he talked to me about that day.

Gough, and Lall Singh, sat opposite. Gholab Singh did not appear. The presents exchanged were of the most costly description. Splendid Cashmere shawls, jewels, horses, trappings, and other costly gifts. The famous Koh-i-noor diamond was handed round for inspection, carefully guarded by Edwards, the assistant foreign secretary. While it was in my hands, Edwards was called for by the Governor-General, and I naturally passed the precious diamond on to my next neighbour. Edwards soon returned and claimed the diamond from me, as he had left it in my hand. I told him I had passed it on. He tore his hair, and appeared overwhelmed with anxiety, for he had to go a long way down the ranks before he recovered it. The famous Ranee or queen-mother, Gulloo, was said to have been present behind the *purdah*.

I went with West that night to dinner at the Governor-General's. Prince Waldemar of Prussia sat on one side of the Governor-General, and Sir Charles Napier on the other. One could hardly realise that one was sitting in a tent, on seeing a hundred people at dinner, with chandeliers, carpets, glass windows, and all the luxury of a well-appointed dining-room. And all this could be dismantled and depos-

ited on elephants' backs in half an hour, as was done on the line of march. Each day, in the morning after breakfast, the tent equipage connected with it was struck and sent on to the new ground; the same after dinner. We were somewhat late for dinner, and found places reserved for us exactly opposite the Governor-General. When we sat down, Sir H. Hardinge addressed a few words to me. Then feeling quite overpowered by fatigue, not having been in bed for more than a month, and dazzled by the blaze of light, I fell fast asleep. I heard Sir Henry say, just as I went off in a dose, "Let him sleep, poor boy; he is dead beat." Towards the close of dinner I awoke in time to get something to eat, and to enjoy an amusing scene. There was a young officer called Edwardes[1] at dinner. He was very ready with his pen, and had been writing some very caustic articles against the Government under the pseudonym of "Bhraminee Bull." That very morning he had received an appointment under Government, which appointment had been much canvassed. Young Arthur Hardinge—"dear little Arthur," his father's pet—took advantage of a lull in the conversation, and asked Edwardes to drink a glass of wine. All

[1] Afterwards Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B.

eyes were turned upon the youthful hero. Sir C. Napier scanned him curiously, when Arthur Hardinge said, bowing to Edwardes, "Your good health; I suppose you will *not* write any more Bhraminee Bull articles now." There was a roar of laughter, for that was exactly what everybody was thinking. No one was more amused than the Governor-General, who evidently thoroughly appreciated the joke.

After dinner Sir Henry Hardinge came up to me and asked me a few questions as to how long I had been on the road from Bombay, and so on. He then suddenly said, "By the by, Arthur has been getting into a mess at Goa. Do you know anything about it?" At first I thought he alluded to his own son, never imagining that "Arthur," so familiarly designated, could be the dignified Governor of Bombay, on whose staff I was. However, such was the case.

I then related to him the account of the diplomatic mission in which I played the part of chief, as recorded by me in the foregoing pages. He was intensely amused. He then very kindly asked me to accompany his camp, and proposed that I should share a tent with Lord Arthur Hay, my relative, who like myself had come up from the low country, being then aide-de-camp

to his father, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Governor of Madras.

After the Governor-General had left me, a tall, thin, dark, rather foreign-looking officer came up to me and said, "You must not be so *zubberdust* (*Anglicé*, rough) with the natives. You seized a horse on the road that you had no right to seize, as it belonged to a Sikh; and now that peace is proclaimed, we are anxious to keep on good terms with them. "But," I replied, "he nearly shot me." "Of course he would do that," said Sir Henry Lawrence, for it was he. So I got neither redress nor sympathy; on the contrary, was blamed. Although I had ridden almost without stopping, this man had gone faster and lodged his complaint.

The Commander-in-Chief and staff rode out early one morning to see the town. I was not in time to join his party, but rode after him. I lost my way amongst several dirty narrow streets, like the Canongate in Edinburgh, where a great number of armed desperadoes were hanging about. I came at last upon a strong force of their cavalry. I did not like their looks, so made a bolt of it, being very fortunate not to have come across one of the fanatic Akalis, who would have thought nothing of throwing one of his "quoits" at me.

Even Runjeet Singh himself used to stand in great awe of them. They wore a high conical cap, round which were several of these sharpened weapons, which they used to hurl at their victims with extraordinary accuracy, seldom failing to kill.

On another occasion a large party from the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief's camp proceeded on elephants to explore the town of Lahore. I was with a party in the howdah on John Lawrence's elephant; his brother Henry was also with us. We were rather crowded, and John said, "We must get rid of you, Master Ramsay; you are one too many." So saying, he drove the elephant alongside another, on which, in her howdah, was sitting an old gentleman in solitary state. He then said, "Jump into that one—there is plenty of room; only one nice old gentleman in it, who will be delighted to have you." I did not much like the looks of the nice old gentleman, but there was no time for hesitation. I had already got one foot into his howdah, when I caught a glance from the nice old gentleman, which rendered me rather dubious as to proceeding. However, as Lawrence's elephant swerved, to save myself from falling between the two, and prob-

ably being crushed to death, I clasped the nice old gentleman round the neck, who immediately made use of the most awful language. I apologised as well as I could under the circumstances. He growled, and said, "I know it is not your fault. I will pay that fellow John Lawrence off some day." I found out that the nice old gentleman, on whose privacy I had so unwarrantably intruded, was no less a person than Colonel Stuart, Military Secretary to Government, and reported to have the worst temper of any man in the Indian army. However, we got on very well together, and he asked me to dinner—an honour he had never been known to pay before to any of the personal staff. The truth was, that though excessively irritable in disposition, he was a gentleman, and not vindictive. He was a very able man, and Sir Henry Hardinge enjoyed his *brusquerie*, and rather encouraged it.

When the army broke up, part went with the Governor-General through the Punjab, part with the Commander-in-Chief back to Upper India. I remained behind a day with Lord Elphinstone, and we travelled together with a strong escort of cavalry, as we had to pass through a remnant of Shere Singh's army, some 15,000 strong, who had not yet tendered their allegi-

ance to us. Soon after passing the Shalimar Gardens we came upon the force, who, however, offered us no molestation. We met many disbanded soldiers, fully armed and accoutred; but beyond scowling at us they did us no harm. We arrived at Umritsur, the holy city, about noon. At noon there was a grand *durbar* to receive Gholab Singh. He kept us waiting; and as it began to rain, and the guard of honour of the 50th Regiment was exposed to it, Sir Henry Hardinge got very wroth, and we thought would have put off the *durbar*. Sir Harry Smith relieved his feelings by inspecting the guard of honour of the 50th, or "Dirty Half-hundred," as they were called, on account of their dark facings. A more gallant regiment, or one that has done better service in the campaign, did not exist —but they certainly did look very dirty. Sir Henry, in his wonted vigorous language, said: "You well deserve your name; you are fit for nothing —" and then he added, after a pause, "but fighting." Gholab Singh turned up at last, and was received with a royal salute, as the kingdom of Cashmere had just been handed over to his tender mercies. He seemed highly gratified, and asked the Governor-General how best he could please him. "By promoting the

welfare and prosperity of your subjects," was the emphatic reply.

While staying here, the Commander-in-Chief and staff rode over from their camp to pay the Governor-General a visit, and we all went to see the fort of Govindghur, supposed to be one of the strongest in the world. Colonel Irvine, one of the senior Engineer officers, went with us by particular desire. No English officers had ever been admitted before, except Lord Auckland and one or two of his staff. The Sikh gunners stood in review order at their guns, port-fires lighted in hand, scowling fearfully at us. Sir H. Hardinge persisted in walking in front of the guns. Being aide-de-camp in waiting I had to follow him—not a pleasant prospect; any one of these fanatics had but to drop his hand and send us all to another world. We then went to see the Golden Temple and Holy Tank. The roof of the temple was gilded. We were not allowed to enter without taking off our shoes, which the Governor-General declined doing.

We entered the Jullundur Doab, crossing the Beas by a bridge of boats. The line of march in India of a *corps d'armée* presents an extraordinary appearance. The whole road from the

starting-point to the new ground is one continuous moving mass: guns dragged by elephants; regiments straggling in every direction; masses of camp-followers; elephants, camels, horses, bullocks, without number. The Governor-General always went in a carriage drawn by mules, escorted by the body-guard and an aide-de-camp. On arrival at the new ground we found the tents all ready pitched. The Governor-General was received by the guard of honour of the day, and then went to breakfast with an enormous appetite.

On the Governor-General's staff were Colonel R. Blucher Wood, Military Secretary; Charles Hardinge, Private Secretary; Arthur Hardinge, "dear little Arthur," Aide-de-camp; Captain Hillier, 14th Light Dragoons, Aide-de-camp; Captain Peel, Aide-de-camp; Dr Walker, Surgeon; Colonel Benson, Member of the Military Board; Colonel Stuart, my irascible friend, Military Secretary to Government; Major Abbott; Mr Currie, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Edwards, Under-Secretary; M'Coley, Chaplain; Captain Johnson, Commissariat officer—a most agreeable companion, the life and soul, morally as well as physically, of our camp. Lord Arthur Hay and I were acting aides-de-camp, the former being on

the staff at Madras, I at Bombay. There never was a more happy party. We all had the greatest possible affection for Sir Henry Hardinge; nothing could exceed his kindness to us. He was a short man, but had great dignity of manner, though at the same time he was most unaffected and simple. No one could look at him without being irresistibly attracted to him. When his clear blue eye fell upon you, you felt that you looked upon an honest, straightforward man, and one possessed of no ordinary strength of character. He treated his staff as members of his own family—chatted, laughed, and chaffed us without any ceremony; rather severe at times to pompous old courtiers. One amongst many instances of his kindness to us lads, I will give. We used, when at Simla, to take it in turn to dine with the Governor-General, the other aides-de-camp being allowed to dine out, or do what they liked, Simla being a very gay place. One day it was my turn to dine with the Governor-General. I forgot all about it until within a few minutes of dinner. I was then a mile from home. To get on my horse and gallop back was the work of a few minutes. I dressed and went up to Government House in fear and trembling, as the Governor-General could lash out when he

chose. I found him in the act of going into dinner quite alone, having waited some time, the band playing "God save the Queen." I sat down opposite him. He took his soup in silence. I was all the while in a horrid fright, when suddenly he looked up, as if awaking from a dream, and said, "Is that you, my boy? I thought I was going to dine in solitary state." If such a thing had happened to the Governor-General who succeeded him, the Earl of Dalhousie, the offending aide-de-camp would have been led out for instant execution.

Sir Henry, or rather Lord Hardinge, as I should now call him, was much annoyed by adverse criticism in the papers, especially in the 'Mofussilite,' a paper edited at Meerut by Mr Lang, an extremely talented man. I remember one day, when Hillier and I were riding with him, after some more than ordinary abuse had appeared in the papers, he turned round to us and said, "I do not know what aides-de-camp are made of in these days. In my time, when I was on the Duke of Wellington's staff, I know what I should have done if my chief had been abused in this way." I remember we asked Colonel Wood, the Military Secretary, what we should do. He said, "He meant you ought to horsewhip

or shoot the editor; but pray do not, it will all blow over."

When Lord Hardinge was on his way home he passed through Meerut, and sent for Mr Lang, addressing him as follows: "Now, Mr Lang, I am going home, and I should like to know why you have so persistently abused me. Speak without reserve, I shall not be annoyed."

"Well," replied Mr Lang, "will your lordship answer a question first?"

"Certainly."

"Why did your lordship come out to India?"

"For several reasons."

"Did not the wish to make money somewhat influence you?"

"Certainly," said Lord Hardinge, "for I am a poor man."

"Well, then," said Mr Lang, "I came to India for the same reason; and I found I could not make money faster than by abusing your lordship's policy. If I could have made as much by praising it, it would have given me greater pleasure. It is a simple question, not of principle, but of 'L. s. d.'" Lord Hardinge was delighted with this frank avowal. Lord Dalhousie was far more alive to his own inter-

ests, for he made much of Mr Lang, and invited him very often to stay at Government House. More of Mr Lang hereafter.

Àpropos of Lord Hardinge's ideas as to duelling, which certainly made officers more courteous to each other than they very often are now, I remember a brother aide-de-camp telling me that, having given offence to a civilian at Calcutta for having paid too marked attention to his wife, he was called out; and the day after the duel the Governor-General sent for him and said: "I understand, sir, that you have been fighting a duel." My friend expected to be turned off the staff, when the Governor-General added, "I have been looking into the affair, and I think Mr T—— ought to have had another shot at you." My friend, much astonished, and at the same time relieved, said, "I assure you it was all arranged by Major Fitzroy Somerset, the Military Secretary." "Quite sufficient," said Lord Hardinge; "you could not be in better hands."

Lord Hardinge's fondness for dear little Arthur was very great. I never shall forget how painfully he was affected when nothing could be heard of his son, who was then travelling in Cashmere with Lord Arthur Hay. Some years

after I went to see Lord Hardinge, when he was Master-General of the Ordnance, at Pall Mall. He said, "I have got Arthur here. He is in a room within mine, and cannot go out without passing through mine. Come and see him at work."

Accordingly I went with him; there was a strong smell of cigars, but no Arthur. Lord Hardinge rang the bell and asked the messenger where Captain Hardinge was.

"Gone out, sir."

"Why, he did not pass through my room?"

"No, sir; by this door," showing a side entrance unknown to Lord Hardinge, who gave a comical look and returned placidly to his work.

Lord Hardinge was most liberal and generous. He kept a first-rate table. His wines were unexceptionable—supplied by the first wine merchants in London. He liked to see the wine drunk, but could not bear waste. I remember on two consecutive nights a fresh bottle of claret was opened and sent away untouched. The following morning he said at breakfast, "If you fellows do not choose to drink good wine, I will not have it wasted;" and accordingly he ordered that we should have no claret for a couple of days. We took good care the next

time to finish every bottle of claret opened; this always pleased him. Now and then he flew into a passion, and we caught it; but the inevitable result was, that after it was all over he was kinder than before, as is always the case with large-hearted men. I remember on one occasion he had expressed his desire that dinner should be half an hour earlier. Some time after, Buxoo, the *khansamah,* or head butler—a very great man, decorated by Lord Ellenborough on the field of battle—came to me and asked if the hour was to be changed that day: without thinking I said Yes. I forgot that there was to be a large party at dinner that night, and H——, my brother aide-de-camp, who generally managed these things, was not at home. The consequence was, that when the gong for dinner sounded half an hour earlier, none of the guests had arrived. Lord Hardinge went into the drawing-room, expecting to find every one present. He sent for H—— immediately. I kept studiously out of the way. When I arrived at the time for which the people were asked, I found poor H——, who was wholly guiltless in the matter, as pale as death, leaning against the door. I heard afterwards that he had caught it pretty sharply from the Governor-General. As I pas-

sed, H——, smarting under a sense of injustice, said, "Ramsay, this is all your fault."

I replied, "Well, suppose it is, you need not make such a row; what is done cannot be undone."

"Quite right," said Lord Hardinge, turning fiercely upon poor H——, while I, the culprit, escaped scot-free.

Presently dinner was announced again. Lord Hardinge still looking daggers at poor H——, said, "Is it all right now, sir? Has everybody come?"

H—— whispered to me, "I dare not tell him that the principal lady has not arrived."

"All right," I said, and announced the fact to his lordship, who, dismissing the principal lady with a terse remark, gave his arm to the lady he happened to be talking to, and walked in to dinner.

I remember he was much amused at my embarrassment on a certain occasion. I had been intrusted with the formation of a musical party, to be given after a dinner. This needed much diplomatising, as the musical talent lay in opposing forces with people at daggers-drawn with each other. For instance, I had to ask Major (afterwards Sir Hope) Grant, 9th Lancers, who

played the violoncello beautifully, along with the family of his colonel, Colonel Campbell, against whom he had brought an accusation in the field of battle. It so happened that at the dinner-party two gentlemen apparently could not find seats. To my consternation I ascertained that they were Colonel Campbell and Major Grant, 9th Lancers. Lord Hardinge saw the fix, and was much amused. I did not lose my presence of mind, but observing the reason they did not sit down was because the only two vacant seats were together, I shoved a chair between them, there being happily room, and requested the contending forces to sit on either side of me. Lord Hardinge gave me an approving nod.

At Philoor Lord Hardinge held a *durbar*. Some of the rajahs were very coldly received, as they had been either implicated in the late war, or had been treacherous to our cause. In the afternoon started for Loodhiana. The Governor-General being still lame from the effects of a fall from his horse, went in his mule-carriage. The Rajah of Pattiala, our faithful ally, met us with an enormous retinue. There must have been at least a thousand elephants with him, and an escort of about 4000 irregular horse, for there

were several petty princes with the Rajah. The howdahs of our elephants were covered with flowers and presents of bows and arrows.

Another *durbar*, first to receive with the greatest honour our faithful ally, the Rajah of Pattiala—then followed some 120 petty princes or landholders. Some were well received, some coldly, and some sent away altogether. Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir Frederick Currie managed this. The Governor-General returned the Rajah's visit. We were received with great state. His troops lined the road for at least a mile. His cavalry, wild-looking fellows; infantry smart and well disciplined; the camel corps looked particularly well, and fired a salute from their swivel-guns—the dromedaries kneeling. His reception-tent was well fitted up. We were entertained by wrestlers and *nautch* girls.

We marched through a wild country skirting the foot of the hills to Buddi. Here we found our tents pitched in a *tope* (*Anglicé*, grove). Eight thousand coolies were assembled to take our baggage up to Simla.

At Simla we found the sudden change from extreme heat to positive cold very trying. Two days before we were broiling in a tent, with the thermometer at near 100; to-day we were glad

to sit by a blazing fire. All the hills round us were covered with rhododendrons, white and red, in full bloom. There were few people arrived as yet. Sir Harry and Lady Smith, Lady Sale and her daughter, Mr Sturt, and one or two others. The mornings were glorious. I used constantly to meet the gallant old Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, walking with his staff, and generally accompanied by his nephew, Captain Haines, who little dreamt in those days that he would himself be Commander-in-Chief in India. In the afternoon everybody rode except some ladies, who took the air in *jampans* or *chaises à porteur*—the bearers decked in very smart liveries. The Governor-General used to ride a breakneck pace round Jacko Hill, the well-known ride. Considering that there was always on one side a precipice of unknown depth, it was rather hazardous. Lady Currie, the wife of the Foreign Secretary, a most accomplished horsewoman, often accompanied us. Soon the station filled, and there were many right good fellows came in, among them a great number of the 9th Lancers, Colonel Campbell and his son, Major Hope Grant, Captain Spottiswoode, married to a daughter of Colonel Campbell, Captain (now General) Sir A. Little, Captain Rudston Reid, then of the 3d Dragoons

—that gallant old corps—Major Hale, Archer, Burton, Morgan, &c. The rains were very tedious, pouring day and night; and we consumed a vast quantity of Carbonel's port, much to our dear old chief's satisfaction, as we never offended again so far as to leave a bottle unfinished. Here I was made a Freemason. We used to have jovial suppers. After our meetings the Governor-General remarked that our Masonic duties must be very severe, as we always looked green the next morning. The rains knocked me up altogether, so I was ordered to proceed to Bombay to appear before a medical board. Captains Orme and Tyler, 16th Lancers, and Captain Weston of my own corps, joined me.

We left Ferozepore, driving some seven miles to the river-side, where we found our boats awaiting us. They were clumsy, flat-bottomed, and of the rudest description, but very comfortable inside, with a good thatched roof, well protected from the sun. Weston and I occupied one room, our servants and baggage the other. We had a good stock of provisions on board, and a milch-goat.

We started at daybreak on our long, dreary, and monotonous voyage to Kurrachee. The days were fearfully hot, the nights so cold that under

three blankets we shivered. Arrived opposite Bhawulpore, we sent off our servants at once to buy fresh provisions, and to present our compliments to the British *vakeel*, announcing our arrival, and begging him to send some sort of conveyance for us, and to assist our servants. Close to the landing-place sat a portly Hindoo, at the receipt of custom, his hair dyed red. Soon a most primitive equipage made its appearance, consisting of a *charpoy*, or light bedstead, on wheels, drawn by bullocks. On this I started to see the town. Weston being too ill to accompany me, I drove some way down the banks of the river, as a grand festival was being held in honour of the river-god. There was a great crowd, and a hideous noise of tom-toms or drums. The river was crowded with women and children bathing, and placing their votive offerings on the water, consisting of flowers, palm-leaves, and little saucers with lights in them, which had a pretty effect at night. The men were very handsome—Rajpoots by caste. Vast numbers were mounted on camels, and all decorated profusely with yellow flowers. The town, a curious old place—mud-houses and walls—interspersed with palm-tree groves.

My companion, who had been long sinking, got rapidly worse, and I feared we should be

unable to get him to Sukkur, which was within a day's sail. I left the boat for a short walk on the banks of the river: when I came back, I found my poor friend, having rolled off his bed, lying on the floor with one or two jackals beside him—all the boatmen fast asleep: I had not been away two or three minutes. To rouse them, get rid of the horrible brutes, and get under way, was the work of a few minutes, as the navigation is very dangerous at nights. They were all on the alert. The next day we reached Sukkur, and I was enabled to leave poor Weston in charge of the doctor. There he rallied sufficiently to reach Bombay, where, however, he died, surrounded by old and kind friends.

After some days' dreary work arrived at Juttu, the port of disembarkation for Kurrachee, which is sixty miles off. The 86th, then at Kurrachee, sent me camels for my baggage and a relay of horses. The hotel at Tatta, kept by a Portuguese, was one of the old English factories.

On arrival at Kurrachee I put up in the camp of the Beloochee battalion. Barry, 86th, and Fellowes, 78th Highlanders, were the officers—both most determined men, as they had need to be to deal with such fellows. I received great kindness from Sir C. Napier, whom I had met in Lord

Hardinge's camp at Lahore, when we dined with him. Our costume was simplicity itself, but soldier-like—white shirt and overalls, with sword-belt and sword. Nothing could be neater or more serviceable; and as Sir Charles dined at 3 P.M. —about the hottest hour of the day—it was also most agreeable. I remember one day we were waiting for him in the drawing-room, when he burst into the room in a state of violent excitement and threw a letter to Lady Napier, to whom I was then talking, saying, "Read that; read that." I picked it up, and found it was an elaborately glazed and satined envelope, containing two cards—the marriage-cards of Dr and Mrs Buist. Dr Buist was editor of the 'Bombay Times,' and was generally called by Sir Charles "the blatant beast." Those who remember the fearful war of words between these two will smile at this anecdote.

Private theatricals were the rage at Kurrachee. An excellent company was formed in the garrison by Douglas Jones, 60th Rifles. Cowper, 86th (the Count), and Beresford, 86th, were first-rate actors. The latter—the pet and plaything of the regiment—was a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, with a voice like a girl. He acted and dressed as one to perfection. Sir C. Napier

said he was out and out the prettiest girl in the station. One night Barry and I, and one or two others of the 86th, broke in upon their rehearsals, and laughed at little Cowper, commonly called the Count, kissing little Beresford,—for which we were ignominiously expelled.

On my arrival at Bombay, I found my Governor, Sir George Arthur, had gone home. Mr Lestock Reid, the senior member of Council, was reigning in his stead.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEST INDIES AND IRELAND.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—PRINCE ALBERT—BARBADOES—DEMERARA—AN IRATE COLONEL—A WEST INDIAN REGIMENT—A DEMERARA COURT-MARTIAL—BROTHER OFFICERS—EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR—ENGLAND AGAIN—HOMBURG—THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT—KILKENNY.

RETURNED to England, *vià* Alexandria and Malta. On the 16th September 1847, I was staying at Dochfour, near Inverness—a place belonging to Mr and Lady Georgina Baillie—when Prince Albert arrived on a visit. Before dinner, the Prince drove to Inverness, along with the host and hostess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Grace Russell—Lady Louisa Wardlaw Ramsay and others staying in the house. As they were rather late in returning, the Prince and his suite, Lord Abercorn and others, were dressed, and in the drawing-room, before the ladies had time to do so. Fortunately the lord lieutenant of

the county, Lord Seafield, had an address to deliver, which occupied some little time; then there was a horrid pause, there being nothing more to do, and the ladies not having arrived. In one corner of the room stood the Prince, the Marquis of Abercorn, and his suite; in the opposite, the gentlemen in the house—the Earl of Grosvenor, old Mr Baillie of Redcastle, Mr Hope Vere, Mr Popham of Littlecot (of Wild Dayrell-Derby fame), the young Marquis of Stafford (a handsome boy of about fifteen, with long hair) and his German tutor, and myself. In the middle of this, a diversion was effected by the arrival of two ladies who had been asked to dinner—Mrs Hay Mackenzie, and her daughter, the future Duchess of Sutherland —but no one stepped forward to meet them, as neither the ladies nor Mr Baillie were in the room; so we relapsed into our mournful condition, except that there were now three different parties in the different corners of the room, instead of two, all standing in perfect silence. It was an immense relief when the ladies arrived, and we were able to move. Mr Baillie of Redcastle had sent over his servants to help, and had organised a second table in a room adjoining to the dining-room, at which some of us were

to dine. To himself was allotted the post of croupier at the Prince's table. However, just as all were moving off to the dining-room, and as the Prince passed, with Lady Georgina Baillie on his arm, the old gentleman suddenly put his hand to his leg, crying out as if in great pain. The Prince, with his habitual kindness, stopped at once to inquire what was the matter, and Mr Baillie said it was a sudden fit of gout. The Prince expressed his sorrow; but nothing more could be done, and they went in to the dining-room without Mr Baillie; who, on their disappearance, to our immense amazement, suddenly walked as briskly as ever, saying,—"I was not going to be such a fool as to join that party, when I have brought my own servants over, and made all arrangements for a cosy party here: depend upon it, we shall be much better served;" which proved to be the case. When the venison came to us from the Royal table, the old gentleman exclaimed in ecstasy,—"They have not touched the Alderman's Walk; too much occupied with royalty." We had a very merry party —a striking contrast to the dignified silence in the adjoining room.

After dinner, we, the younger portion of the company, were most anxious to go to the great

ball of the Northern Meeting at Inverness. The carriages had all been ordered, but the Prince had not expressed his wish to go. So one or two of us contrived to walk past him every now and then, and to say, loud enough for him to hear, something about the approaching ball. As we anticipated, the Prince's attention was attracted, and he said to Mr Baillie, "These young gentlemen seem very anxious to go to some ball; what is it?" On its being explained that it was the great ball of the season, the Prince said at once, "I should like to go;" and accordingly we went. On entering, a reel was being danced, in which all were absorbed. I happened to be the first arrival, and I told one of the stewards, a Highland chieftain, that the Prince had arrived, and that they had better stop the reel. The chief, not knowing of the arrival of Prince Albert, said, "Stop the reel for a prince! I should think not. Why, they are as thick as blackberries here,"—alluding to the several foreign princes, not royal, who happened to be staying at various seats in the neighbourhood. Prince Albert happened to be close behind me, and overheard this. He smiled, and said, very quietly, "On no account stop the dancing for me;" and he stopped in the ante-

room to speak to old Lady Saltoun, who was very deaf, and must have tried his patience not a little; but his kindness and reverence of manner towards her very great age was most touching.

The following day I left Dochfour with my sister-in-law. I remember it was a very wet day. We passed some place where we found a boat's crew from the royal yacht waiting, under the command of a young officer. As we knew, having just left the house, that the Prince could not arrive for some hours, my sister-in-law begged me to let the young officer know. The only thanks I got was an assurance that they were always perfectly well informed on board the royal yacht as to the royal movements. This said in a most supercilious manner; upon which I replied that I trusted he would get perfectly well wet, as turned out to be the case. My sister-in-law's brother being at that time a lieutenant on board the royal yacht, I mentioned the circumstance to him, and the young gentleman, in consequence, got well roasted to save him from the effects of his wetting. Soon after we came upon the royal yacht in the Crinan Canal. My sister-in-law went on board to see her sister, Lady Douro, who was in attendance

upon the Queen. It was raining heavily at the time. I had to remain outside, and found myself evidently the object of commiseration to a boy on board, who gazed at me fixedly with his large melancholy-looking eyes. I ascertained afterwards that the very grave-looking boy was the Prince of Wales.

In November 1847, having been promoted from the 14th Light Dragoons to a company in the 3d West India Regiment, I sailed for the West Indies in the steamer Thames, having previously arranged my exchange into the 75th Regiment, which, however, was not allowed to take effect until I had joined the corps in the West Indies. We touched at Madeira—bought some wax flowers at the convent, and drank some sherry at Duff Gordon's great establishment. We reached Barbadoes in about seventeen days. The Commander of the Forces here was General Berkeley, who was also colonel of the regiment I was about to exchange into. The headquarters of the 3d West India Regiment, I found, were at Demerara. I hoped to get off going there, but the Commander-in-Chief was inexorable, saying that as these regiments were only made stepping-stones for promotion to officers from other corps, who exchanged immediately afterwards, he never

could lay his hands on a captain,—and go I must. This decision probably saved my life, as the yellow fever broke out at Barbadoes and carried off half the garrison, whereas at Demerara it was unusually healthy.

I started for Demerara in a small steamer called the Eagle, along with Captain Hamilton, late 13th Light Dragoons, who was travelling for his health. After four or five days' steaming, passing the islands of Trinidad and Tobago, we came upon the low marshy coast of British Guiana. When we disembarked, Hamilton and I walked up to the barracks. I was reminded of Holland. Houses built on piles, streets with canals flanked by trees. The barracks are some little way out of the town—fine buildings of wood, all built on piles close to the sea. There are also two magnificent hospitals, with a grave-yard close to the officers' mess-house—not very lively. I sent my name in to the colonel, and when told to walk in, out of mischief pushed poor Hamilton in, staying outside myself. The instant he entered the colonel roared at him: "None of your d——d cavalry impertinence here! go out and get shaved before you report yourself." The infantry at that time were not allowed to wear moustaches. Poor Hamilton,

who was bearded like the pard, and hardly able to speak above a whisper, was very indignant, and tried to explain, when the colonel roared at him again, and said, "Don't stand spluttering there, but go and get shaved." Upon this I thought my friend had endured enough, and walked in, announcing myself as Captain Ramsay, "come to join." I had not a ghost of a hair on my face. The poor colonel was dreadfully discomfited, but menaced poor Hamilton to the last, asking me why I travelled about with a hairy fellow like that. He himself was most particular, cutting his whiskers in the most orthodox manner, according to General Brown. He then informed me that I was in command of the regiment, as he was brigadier. "Where was the major?" I asked. "Oh, he is under arrest; and you are to sit as president of a court of inquiry on him to-morrow morning."

I stared at this naturally, and mildly hinted my objection. "Oh," he replied, "I have put the doctor and paymaster on with you." On leaving the colonel, an officer came up to me and introduced himself as the major. I was naturally somewhat embarrassed, after what I had heard. However, he speedily relieved me by alluding himself to the affair as being of some

scrape connected with a civilian, and of no importance, and ended by asking me to breakfast, after which we could proceed to business. Seeing me look rather amazed, he said, "You had better come; I will give you a better breakfast than you get at mess. The doctor and paymaster are both coming." So I accordingly went. We had a capital breakfast, then lighted our cigars. Upon which the major threw himself back in an easy-chair and said, "Now fire away."

After this I had an interview with the sergeant-major, who said: "I hear, sir, you are only going to stop a few weeks with us. I fear you will have a good deal of trouble with some of the men unless you compromise with them." I said, "What on earth do you mean?" He replied, "Sir, if the men behave well we allow their mammys (*Anglicé*, wives) in barracks; if not, they are kept out." Whereupon I took his advice, and sent for the men he pointed out, whose names were of the strangest character, mostly taken from illustrious and public characters. Several I found were named after men who had been governors. Amongst them was that of my grandfather, the Earl of Balcarres. I addressed them as follows, according to the sergeant-major's

recommendation: "Julius Cæsar, Duke of Wellington, Pompey, Sir Robert Peel, Earl of Balcarres, Scipio, Duke of Manchester, &c., you all d——d bad men. I stay here two week: you behave well that time, you have mammy every night; you not behave well, you not have mammy." Upon which they consulted together for a time, and entered into a solemn compact, which was kept religiously on either side. The next morning at the orderly-room several of these men came up. I thought they were prisoners, but they had merely come, as they expressed themselves, to see what punishment new captain would give to "other fellows."

I had no trouble with the parades — two of which daily the commanding officer was obliged to attend, according to standing orders. I invariably handed them over to the adjutant, until one day, the adjutant being sick, I was compelled to take the command. As I had never been drilled as an infantry officer, I was somewhat apprehensive. There was an important order to read, and I had to form square. I broke down and fairly clubbed the men. The blacks all burst out laughing, and said that "this new captain he know nothing; he no good; he ride horse at home; let us go back to barracks." And

away they all went, shouting with laughter, leaving me and some dozen young officers standing in the middle. Two companies of the 88th, Connaught Rangers, were close by preparing to fall in for parade, and they absolutely shrieked with laughter.

There were two officers under arrest, both awaiting trial by court-martial for drunkenness, and they occasionally had fits of *delirium tremens*, which made them unpleasant neighbours. I remember one night, when sitting in the verandah up-stairs smoking a cigar with one of the young officers—a charming young fellow, son of the barrack-master at Taunton, whom I had met when quartered there in the Scots Greys—we heard one of these fellows bellowing like a bull down below. I remarked that I hoped he would not take it into his head to come up-stairs, as he was six feet high and as strong as a horse. I had hardly said so when up he came. I felt very uncomfortable, but whispered to my young friend, "I daresay you are in as great a funk as I am, but for God's sake try and be cool and collected, or we shall inevitably be murdered." He came close up to us and said that the spirit had revealed to him that he was to tear our bowels out and hang them over the verandah to

dry in the moonlight. I merely remarked that I hoped he would do nothing so nasty, but sit down and make himself at home. He replied, "It is all very well, but you do not offer me a chair;" so saying, he squatted on the ground and began crowing like a cock. I saw that his dangerous mood had passed. Knowing that he was fond of horses and sporting, I engaged him to talk on racing matters, on which he got interested. I asked him if he had not a very pretty racing-saddle down-stairs, which I had accidentally seen in passing his room. He said, "Oh yes," jumped up, and offered to show it to me. This was just what I wanted, and proceeded with alacrity. However, he was very suspicious, and made me go first. I felt his hot breath close behind me all the way. The moment we reached the bottom I bounded over to the main guard, got some men, and had my romantic friend safely secured.

There was a set of very intelligent, gentlemanly young officers. I remember, on the occasion of a French man-of-war arriving, when we entertained the officers, I was very much surprised with the ease and purity with which nearly all the officers spoke French; and on inquiry, I found out that the majority of them had

been brought up, either in Normandy or the Channel Islands, being sons of officers on half-pay. There were several most lovable young fellows amongst them; but, alas! in those days hard drinking was the fashion, and wrecked the career of many a promising lad. Years afterwards, when at the Horse Guards, I was much affected by receiving a letter from one of these boys, written on what turned out to be his death-bed, thanking me for the kindness I had shown him, and the interest I had taken in him. I was but a boy myself, being then only twenty-five years old. If I had only had the pluck to remain in the regiment, instead of exchanging, I might have been a field-officer at the age of twenty-six, for none of the captains were for purchase.

The troops in garrison were extremely healthy while I was there, owing principally to the untiring care and great practical common-sense of the principal medical officer, Dr Charles Maclean—an old 43d man, if I remember rightly. I remember being much struck with his shrewd common-sense. Amongst other things, contrary to custom—for he had the courage of his opinions—he would not allow the men to wear flannel. He remarked to me that the climate was excessively debilitating; there was little or no varia-

tion of temperature day or night; that any thin flannel he would not object to, but as the stuff issued was far too thick and heavy, it only served to debilitate the men and render them liable to repeated attacks of coast-fever. He insisted, however, on their bathing twice a-day, and changing their linen oftener than usual. I remember his inveighing against the practice of building barracks in the various islands at a very moderate elevation, whenever that was practicable—not of sufficient height to be of any value in a hygienic point of view, and so near the town that they proved a fertile source of fever, —in this way, that the soldiers, of course, being always in the town when they had a chance, remained there till the last moment, then rushed up for parade or meals, and either lay down or stood exposed to strong draughts of comparatively cooler air.

The society at Demerara was very pleasant, and there was plenty of gaiety, notwithstanding that everybody in the colony was ruined. I remember an agent showing me two fine estates for which he said the owner, some twenty years ago, had refused £100,000, and now he would be glad to give them to any one who would take them over with all their responsibilities. Few of

the owners resided on their properties. There was, however, one energetic proprietor, Mr Porter of the Winslade family, near Exeter, formerly an officer in the 9th Lancers. He was a resident, spending money in machinery, and endeavouring, by a large outlay of ready money, to stem the current; but it was a hopeless task. They could not contend against the slave-grown sugar. It cost more to ship a cask of sugar at Demerara than it would sell for in London.

The Governor, Mr Light, and his very handsome and charming daughter, were very popular. The regimental duty I most carefully attended to was marching out in the morning, and ordering the band to play under the windows of Government House.

The notification of my exchange into the 75th Regiment having been made, I was a free man. Fortunately for me, a Government expedition was on the point of being sent into the interior, and I obtained leave to join it. We started in a small steamer, halted first at the Lepers' Island, where all the lepers are congregated. I was the only one of the party who had the pluck to accompany the doctor, having always had a *penchant* for dabbling in medical science. On disembarkation we were provided with long staves,

to keep the wretched creatures from coming near us. It was a horrid sight. We then steamed up to the convict station, where we were most hospitably received by the one superintendent, a Scotchman of the name of Crichton. He was a man of very eccentric character and gigantic stature. He had very few guards—did not like them, he said—although there was a large number of desperadoes amongst the convicts. His house was a portable wooden one, built in the United States. The only access to his room was by a very narrow stair, only room for one to go up at a time. He slept in a hammock at the head of this, with loaded firearms alongside him. After dinner he brewed some Glasgow punch, which was rather too strong for some of us. On our mentioning this, he swore that he would shoot us if we did not finish it; so we gulped it down.

Here we had to abandon the steamer and take to canoes, as there were rapids to be passed. These we surmounted with difficulty, as our rowers were convicts, who did not exert themselves greatly. Coming down again was rather exciting work, not to say dangerous. An Indian, accustomed to the work, steered in each boat. In the first boat the occupants got out: in ours,

the second, nothing was said until it was too late, when the heart of one of the party misgave him, and he expressed a wish to get out. An Indian, who was immensely excited, standing up in the boat, and steering with a long oar, said—"Any man get out, he coward man." In truth it was too late: in a moment we were in a hell of waters, shooting down with the velocity of an arrow from a bow. It took our breath away. The slightest error in steering, and we should have been dashed to pieces!

The scenery on the river was lovely. Dense masses of trees, here and there patches of green enamelled with flowers. The silence at mid-day was most peculiar—a silence that could be felt; *not* a sign of animal life, except every now and then the silvery tone of the bell-bird. In one of our rambles we came upon an encampment of wild Indians. One dark beauty was swinging herself in a hammock, perfectly ready for a sculptor's model before the time of fig-leaves.

On my return to Demerara, I went at once to Barbadoes, where the yellow fever was still raging. A young assistant-surgeon accompanied me—a fine young fellow of the name of Concannon, who was about the last victim to it. At Barbadoes, I took my passage on board the steamer

Tay and Tweed, commanded by an old skipper on the London and Edinburgh line — Captain Sharpe, who had commanded the Soho. He had had the good fortune to pilot the Queen's yacht on one occasion, and obtained this appointment. I remembered him well—having often been put under his charge when going backwards and forwards from school in England. He took the same charge of me again, and gave me "porridge to sup" every morning. On our way home we stopped at Bermuda, where I stayed two days with old friends in the 42d Highlanders. One evening after mess I told a good story of something a Yankee had said about the kilt, when in a moment I found myself on the floor,—my friends —poor Macnish, who was afterwards drowned in the Alma, and Montgomery—pitching into me. They assured me if I had not been a Scotchman they would have murdered me.

When the pilot boarded us off the Needles, we asked him, of course, what were the news. He said there were none in particular; but he did hear that Louis Philippe—meaning the King of the French—had been seen in a cab in London. There was an irascible little Frenchman on board who kept dancing round him, and saying, "What you mean, sare?" When we arrived at South-

ampton the mystery was solved, and we heard all about the Revolution of 1848.

Becoming very ill on my return home, I went off, acting under the advice of Dr Granville, to Frankfort, with a view to drink some of the German waters. There I saw the famous Dr Speiss, who told me I did not want any—that, in fact, any would do me a great deal of harm; but he sent me to a little place called Soden, at the foot of the Taunus Mountains, there to take in as much fresh air as I could. When somewhat recovered I went to Homburg, where there were hardly any English on account of the disturbed state of the country; but I remember with pleasure Sir Frederick and Lady Thesiger — most agreeable companions, — also a good story told of him. Walking in London, some one came up behind him and slapped him on the back, saying, "How are you, old fellow?" Sir Frederick turned round, and seeing a stranger, looked, as may be imagined, rather sternly at the unfortunate man, who said —"I beg your pardon; Mr Smith, I believe." "Sir," said Sir Frederick, "if you believe that, you will believe anything."

Not wishing to impair my health or my purse, I avoided playing at the table; but having stayed

some weeks, and made very free use of the library, music, &c., in the rooms, one day when talking with the proprietor, M. Blanc, I purposely threw a couple of napoleons on to the roulette-table. He smiled, divining my intention, and walked away. I walked away also, when soon a very excited little Frenchman came after me to tell me that the number on which my napoleons had been placed had turned up. So I went and took the *rouleau* which this produced, and carried it off to the *rouge et noir* table, determined to get rid of it, and again walked off. Again came my excitable little friend, who told me that black—on which my money was placed—had turned up three or four times; so I determined to go in for a grand *coup*.

There was a run on black, and I believe I should have broken the bank, when a stout friend of mine, Captain Ward, well known as Jim Ward, came panting and elbowing his way through the mass of people, and swept all my money off the table, saying, "You young fool, you never win any money!" I was very angry, and was much tempted to let my fat friend be taken charge of by the *gens d'armes;* but better thoughts prevailed, and I explained that he was my tutor, in order to save him. When I cooled

down and counted the money, which amounted to a considerable sum, I was rather glad; but, alas! in the absence of my master, I took it back to the table, and, of course, lost it all.

Frankfort was then the seat of the great united German Parliament, under Archduke John of Austria—an experiment which did not last long after that. I saw his arrival, and the grand torchlight procession afterwards, from the balcony of Lord Grosvenor's rooms at the Hôtel de Russie. I had a great friend amongst the Deputies—a charming young fellow—Prince Lichnowsky, who was murdered in the most brutal manner by the people, almost before my eyes. I remember on that day he dined with me at the Englischer Hof (Hôtel d'Angleterre). I had been walking about with him all the morning; he was perpetually holding forth about the *canaille* of the Left; and at dinner he spoke in the same imprudent way. Opposite to us sat Blum, the well-known Radical bookseller, who was afterwards shot at Vienna by Prince Windischgratz. He scowled at the poor prince. I took leave of him after dinner, saying, "You really ought to be more careful, or they will murder you." Very few hours afterwards, the brutal rabble dragged him off his horse, and

hacked him to pieces. Soon after Count Auerswald was also murdered. Notwithstanding the popularity of Archduke John, the great united German Parliament soon fell to pieces. The Archduke had married the daughter of an innkeeper near Merau. The story goes, that when travelling the postilion could not be found—that the young girl took upon herself the office; and the Archduke was so enamoured with her charms, in leathers and top-boots, that he married her.

In October 1848 I returned home, taking with me a perfect little German turnspit hound, by name Bergman, who, I understood in after-years, had the honour of becoming a royal favourite. I gave him to a brother officer at Kilkenny—young Greville, 60th Rifles—who, on proceeding to the Cape, left the dog with his father, then attached to the Court.

Soon after I crossed over to Ireland to join my regiment at Kilkenny, then actively engaged in hunting Smith O'Brien. On arrival, I found my company was at Ballingarry, where they had succeeded in running Smith O'Brien to earth in a cabbage-garden. In our barracks a battalion of the 60th Rifles was quartered, as well as Lord Worcester's troop of the 7th Hussars; the ser-

geant-major of the latter was a very fine gentleman.

Very often coming in tired from hunting or shooting, and dozing in my arm-chair, I used to be awakened by the cavalry stable-call, and, thinking of old times in the Greys, rush out, finding my way to the troop before I was half awake. The sergeant-major said to me, "You seem very fond of our side of the barracks; were you ever in the cavalry, sir?"

I replied, "Yes, sergeant-major; in the Scots Greys."

"Ah," he said, meditatively; "Greys! Greys! I was once quartered with them. A most respectable heavy-dragoon regiment, sir!"

The lieutenant of the troop, B——, and the cornet, Bushe, were two as good fellows as ever joined a regiment. I remember Bushe—alas! dead, like so many other good fellows—once being in command. I walked through the stables with him; he pointed to a horse with a very ragged coat, and said, "We must have it singed." "No," said the sergeant-major, of whom Bushe stood in great awe; "not singed, sir—the Marquis would not like it; clipped, if you like, sir!"

The Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester

were extremely hospitable; and I constantly dined with them at Welsh's Hotel, and played a rubber of whist afterwards. I remember on one occasion I got a note from the Marchioness, saying that the Marquis had been suddenly obliged to go to England, but she hoped that we would still come to dinner, as the officers of the troop were also going to dine. That morning the lieutenant, B——, was at breakfast at our mess; I observed to him that he would be late for parade, as his troop was out. He said, "Oh, I am my own master!" "Are you?" I replied; "you forget Lady Worcester." I had hardly said so, when into the barracks cantered her ladyship. Of course she observed that there was no officer present with the troop. That evening B—— kept us waiting some time for dinner. Lady Worcester said, good-humouredly, "Good evening, Mr B——; you are late, and this is not the first time to-day you have been late for an important duty."

Although there were three regiments in our barracks, each corps took their own guard in turn, there being no garrison duty. I remember one night, during a jovial party of the 60th and ourselves, I suddenly remembered that I was captain of the day, and rushed out

to turn out our guard, as I imagined. It was a very dark, hot night. They were a long time in turning out, and then they appeared to me cloaked, which I could not understand. I could not see their arms—they walked too quick; in short, I blew them up sky-high, and went back utterly mystified. When I mentioned the circumstance, there was a roar of laughter. It appears the guard belonged to the 60th Rifles, who were naturally as much astonished as I was. I had some difficulty in pacifying the gallant Colonel Nesbitt of the 60th Rifles the next morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

SECOND SERVICE IN INDIA.

ROUTE TO THE EAST—LORD MOUNTCHARLES—DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LORD ELLENBOROUGH—EMBARKATION FOR INDIA—CALCUTTA—UP-COUNTRY—A GHASTLY BOAT-RACE—SIR CHARLES NAPIER—MARRIAGE—RETURN TO ENGLAND—GENERAL PIGOT, 21ST LIGHT DRAGOONS—THE *FÊTE* OF THE EAGLES—RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON—GENERAL VENTURA—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL—LORD CARDIGAN—COLONEL OAKES AND THE MILITARY SECRETARY.

In the spring of 1849 we received the route for China. As I then contemplated entering the holy state of matrimony, I sent my papers in to sell, and went up to Dublin on leave. There I found a late brother officer of the dear old Greys—Lord Mountcharles, one of the handsomest young fellows in the army. He was then Master of the Horse to the Lord Lieutenant. At a ball at the Castle he was, of course, fully occupied with his duties, but found time to look after me. He took me up to the three handsomest girls in

the room—Miss H—— and the two Misses C——
—and said: "Young ladies, this was a brother officer of mine; I have no time to look after him, so I confide him to your care;" and so saying, left me in charge. They all laughed, and said, "What more can we do than dance with you?" I did not dispute the point, as I might have done; but, for the handsome Mountcharles's sake, they took every care of me during the ball.

On my return to Kilkenny I found every one in a state of excitement, even our gallant colonel, usually so cool and unperturbed. The news of the disaster at Chillianwallah had been received, and six regiments ordered out with Sir Charles Napier—the 75th amongst the number.

Colonel Hallifax lamented my having left the regiment, as no other officer in it had been in India before. Moreover, we had a strong regard for each other, based on mutual esteem. He was a splendid soldier, and a thoroughbred gentleman. I told him that if I could have foreseen the change in our destination I would not have left; so it was arranged, that as my name had not appeared in the 'Gazette,' although some six weeks had elapsed, I should at once proceed to London and endeavour to get my papers back.

Fortunately, as it turned out, the senior lieutenant had refused to give me anything over the regulation price. Immediately on arrival in London, I hurried to the Horse Guards, and saw Mr Lindsay, the confidential clerk, at the Military Secretary's office. He told me that my request could not be granted; that my resignation had been accepted by her Majesty, and my commission filled up; that the delay as to my name appearing in the 'Gazette' arose from the Queen's illness, the paper not having been signed, but that the 'Gazette' would appear that very night or the next. There was evidently no time to be lost, so I asked for and obtained an interview with Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had always been a very kind friend to me, as I had been specially introduced to him by his favourite brother, the gallant Lord Edward Somerset. I represented my case to him, showing how prejudicial to my character my selling out at such a crisis would be. Although I had sent my papers in long before the news from India had arrived, yet, owing to unavoidable circumstances, my name would appear in the 'Gazette' as selling out almost immediately after the announcement of my regiment being ordered on service. Lord Fitzroy said, "You are perfectly right: wait a moment."

He opened a door leading out of his room, and I caught a sight of the Duke of Wellington sitting writing at a table. Lord Fitzroy explained my case to him. He listened attentively, and said, "Very true; not his fault; let him stay where he is." And so all ended satisfactorily. I wondered whether the Duke remembered our last interview. It was in 1844. I was staying in Berkeley Square with my grand-uncle, the Hon. Hugh Lindsay, then Chairman of the Court of Directors. The recall of Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General, from India was being mooted. The Duke, who was a very old friend of my grand-uncle's, came to see him with the view of influencing him in favour of Lord Ellenborough. I remember well standing at the drawing-room window with my dear old aunt watching the grand old soldier in his spotless ducks and white stock, with a gold clasp behind, getting off his horse. I then rushed down-stairs, believing that I could get to the bottom before he commenced the ascent; but I was mistaken, for turning a sharp corner in the stairs, I ran full tilt against him, and should certainly have upset him had I not held him tightly in my arms. Imagine what a painful moment—a cornet of cavalry embracing the mighty Duke! When I

felt that he was firm on his legs, I let him free, and stood respectfully before him, awaiting my doom. All he said was, "Oh, ah! Take more care, young gentleman; look where you are going to." I rushed down to the dining-room, and there remained during the interview, which was a stormy one. The Duke came down very much irritated, and unfortunately the old butler, who was very shaky on his legs, went out to help the Duke on his horse, than which nothing provoked him more. He pushed him away, and poor old Hodges tumbled into the gutter, the sight of which appeared to restore his Grace's equanimity.

Writing of Lord Ellenborough, I am tempted to anticipate matters, and give an account of the famous debate in the House of Lords on the 2d April 1852, relative to the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company, in which his lordship took a very conspicuous part, and gave vent to his long-cherished wrath against that august body. Owing to the kindness of Sir A. Clifford, the Usher of the Black Rod, I was most advantageously placed at the throne end of the House. As I entered, Lord Derby had just commenced his speech. The Duke of Wellington had placed himself in the only chair close to the table, and

leaning on it with both elbows, one hand to his ear, listened with undivided attention. The Opposition mustered strongly. Immediately in front of the Prime Minister were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, Lord Carlisle, &c. On this occasion Lord Ellenborough took his seat with the Opposition. Immediately behind him sat Lord Elphinstone. Never was eagerness to be up and at the "thirty respectable gentlemen," as Lord Ellenborough designated the Directors, more clearly manifested. There were several ladies in the Peeresses' gallery, amongst whom were Lady Derby, my cousin Lady Stuart de Rothesay and her daughters, Lady Canning, and the Marchioness of Waterford.

Lord Derby's speech was eloquent. In fact, with so fertile and exciting a topic, handled by one so thoroughly a master of eloquence, it could not be otherwise; but, nevertheless, it was unsatisfactory. He evidently was not master of his subject—in fact, he allowed this, for he apologised for any errors he might commit in speaking on a subject with which he was not very familiar. For instance, when alluding to the appointments by the Court, he specified one or two which emanated directly from the Crown. Then

Lord Ellenborough interposed, saying "None of them."

On the conclusion of Lord Derby's speech, Lord Ellenborough rose; but some little delay occurred, as the Lord Chancellor had to give notice of the resolution to form a committee, according to Lord Derby's motion. During this short interval Lord Ellenborough remained standing with his arms folded, an object of terror to the "respectable gentlemen" present, who were well aware that the vials of a long-pent-up wrath were about to be poured on their devoted heads. Clear and sonorous, Lord Ellenborough's speech proved a great contrast to the somewhat hesitating delivery of his predecessor. Thoroughly master of his subject, there was not a point left untouched, not a remark made that did not bear on the subject with extreme ability and legal acumen. The following remarks were thundered forth with scathing effect: "He would ask their lordships to look at the establishment of the East India House, and compare it with establishments under the Crown, either with regard to numbers or emoluments. He believed the number of persons employed at this moment at the East India House was equal to the number employed in *all* the departments of *all* the Secre-

taries of State. Such was the extravagance of these emoluments, that he recollected being told, some twenty years ago, when he was at the Board of Control, that a gentleman—whose only recommendation was that he had written some very bad works, which had failed—had been employed by the Court at a salary of £2000 a-year to write the controversial letters which the Court might have to address to the Board of Control. For his part, he (Lord Ellenborough) was charmed with the correspondence; for such were the literary abilities of this gentleman, that his letters, especially when altered and amended by *twenty-four other gentlemen,* did not interpose any difficulties in the way of the person who had to answer them."

"I well recollect," he stated in another part of his speech, "in 1829 or 1830, when it was my duty to consider what steps should be taken relative to a proposed change of the seat of Government, having communicated with the Duke of Wellington, then at the head of the Government, on the subject,—and I considered the reasoning of the noble Duke for continuing the seat of Government at Calcutta to be quite unanswerable. He was asked: 'Could not the Government be conducted from Simla?' 'Yes,'

he answered, 'just as the Government of Rome was conducted at Capua, and with the same results."[1]

"He saw from an inspection of the East India Company's register that he had somewhat overstated the number of native proprietors of stock. Omitting 335, with the letters W and S after their names—meaning widow and spinster,—and omitting many gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, some of whom had four votes each, he had endeavoured to find out what the proportion of persons really connected with India was to the number of proprietors of stock, and he ascertained that it did not amount to more than one-sixth. Touching on the patronage question, he found that fourteen persons, on whom valuable appointments had been bestowed, rejoiced in the same name, and a most peculiar name it was." The noble lord then proceeded with great energy, unfolding his arms for the first time, and gesticulating with vehemence: "I bring the following charge against the Directors. I recollect a most striking case—that of an officer who

[1] Curiously enough Carthage was substituted in the reports in the daily papers; but Capua was what the noble lord said—and rightly, too, as it was called "Altera Roma," and here Hannibal's army became demoralised.

had greatly distinguished himself in General Pollock's force. He was an officer whom I felt it not only my duty but my privilege, as Governor-General of India, to countenance. I recollect that officer coming to me and saying: 'I cannot get a cadetship for my only son; all my desire is to get him into the service. I have made application to the Directors; but it has been made in vain, and my son will soon be of that age which will debar him from entering into the royal army.' Such was the fate of this meritorious officer. I submitted it to my noble friend [here the Duke nodded assent], and now the case of the son of one of the most deserving officers in the Company's service is at present under the consideration of the noble Duke, with a view to the youth being permitted to *purchase* a commission in H.M. forces." Lord Ellenborough concluded his brilliant speech with a fervent appeal to their lordships "not to allow the mere matter of convenience in carrying the measure through Parliament, or any consideration of matters which ought to be beneath the notice of high-minded statesmen when dealing with the future happiness of a great people, to hinder them from doing that which was right, that which was just, and that which would make their name memorable

for ever in India, and establish their empire in the gratitude and affection of the people." Thus ended, amidst a burst of applause more than usually cordial for that refined atmosphere, one of the finest speeches ever delivered in the House.

The next time I saw Lord Ellenborough was at a public meeting held in Willis's Rooms in honour of the late Lord Clyde. As on the former occasion, I observed he held his head on his hands while others were speaking. He spoke, as he always did, with great impressiveness and eloquence. He compared military renown with a statesman's fame. He said the former was a reality—was enjoyed during a man's lifetime; whereas, with a statesman, it never was. There were always some ready to detract from his fair fame, whether he was dead or alive; and within the last hundred years he could recall to memory no statesman whose fame had lasted, except, perhaps, that of Lord Chatham, and solely because it was so intimately connected with military glory.

On my return to Kilkenny, I found the regiment had gone to Fermoy *en route* for embarkation. So I went to Welsh's far-famed hotel, well known throughout Ireland. I was a great favourite with the landlady; one of her daughters—a

very lovely girl, brought up in a convent in France—had married the major of my old regiment, the Scots Greys, and the old lady was never so happy as when I spoke about her daughter. The hostess had also very sporting tastes, and was fond of unlimited loo. On this occasion we had a large party there. The old lady took a hand at cards, and brewed most excellent whisky-punch. At a late hour, or rather early in the morning, she and I had cleared out the rest of the company; so the sporting old dame proposed broiled bones, a fresh brew, and then single-handed loo—to all of which I meekly assented, and for once in my life won my money.

From Fermoy we marched to Cork for embarkation. There I met old friends in the 12th Lancers—one in especial, whom I knew as the fastest of his set in the 10th Hussars, now one of the best riding-masters in the service, always bright and cheery, and as handsome as ever. In the beginning of May 1849 we embarked on board the Madagascar for Calcutta. After some days at sea we passed a German emigrant-ship, and I made our band play the Schleswig-Holstein march—the popular air of that time. The effect was electrical: they responded by singing it beautifully in chorus.

In three months' time we arrived off the Sandheads in the Hooghly river. We disembarked in the middle of the hot weather—a desperate experiment with fresh troops; but it was a necessity for which we paid dearly. We found the 96th and 70th Regiments in Calcutta. We were called upon to furnish the main guard that day, which I took, and asked the colonel to dine with me. I was the only officer in the corps who had been in India before, and knowing something of the ways of the country exerted myself accordingly. My first care was to order a good dinner from Spence's Hotel, wines well iced, &c.—knowing that the allowance from Government to the officer on guard amounted to a gold mohur, or sixteen rupees; then to ask one or two old friends to meet the colonel at dinner; then to order a buggy to be in attendance upon me day and night; but above all, if possible, to keep up the spirits of the men. Cholera, as might have been anticipated, had already broken out amongst them as we came up the river, and several men had been taken to hospital, whence it seemed a foregone conclusion they would never return. The men, mostly young soldiers, were thoroughly cowed. I was waiting in the guard-room just

before dinner, when my colour-sergeant—a fine healthy young fellow—came up to speak to me. He was perfectly paralysed at the suddenness of this epidemic—several men of the company having been seized. I told him that fear was the certain means of bringing on the disease—that I was a much weaker man than himself—that I had no fear of it, &c.; cheered him up as much as I could, and made him drink some wine, sending him away, apparently in good health and spirits. A few hours later in the evening I sent to inquire after him: he was fast dying of cholera!

The gallant colonel was delighted with his dinner and the iced claret, and came on to the verandah in a heavenly frame of mind, when the sergeant of the guard, a native officer, came to accompany me round the guards. As my buggy was standing at the door, I got in, and made him jump alongside; and thus we visited the guards. When I came back I found the colonel, a great disciplinarian, standing where I had left him, in mute astonishment, and wished to know if such was a usual practice in India. I assured him it was, but he soon found out to the contrary. The only memorandum I find about Calcutta in my diary is as follows:—

"Esplanade a course worth seeing, crowded with carriages, all going at a funeral pace; people ghastly pale; ladies without bonnets; Spence's a good hotel."

Amongst the numerous friends I fortunately found at this time was a very clever fellow, William Nassau Lees, quite a young officer, but oriental translator to Government, and examiner of young civilians and officers, among the former of whom he generally went by the name of that d——d ensign, that being his rank at the time. His aptitude for languages was most extraordinary, I remember. He was then in correspondence with some oriental scholars in Berlin, and he found great difficulty in getting their letters translated, as he was unacquainted with German. As I was an old Bonn student, he came to me, but I had almost forgotten the Teutonic characters; so he laid aside his work for six weeks in order to master the German language, which he did thoroughly. In addition to this special talent, he was highly accomplished in other ways, —a good musician, and thoroughly appreciating high art, able also to converse pleasantly on all these topics.

On the 31st August 1849 we started in steamers for the Upper Provinces. Passed Bar-

rackpore, the Governor-General's country-seat, where General Sir William Gomm was then staying. He had been sent from the Mauritius to succeed the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Gough in due course arrived, only to find himself superseded by Sir Charles Napier, whose appointment the people of England forced upon the Court of Directors after the disaster of Chillianwallah. Stopped for the first night at Chinsurah. The 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, under the command of my old friend Colonel Montague Johnson, were quartered here. They arrived in India about the same time as we did.

We passed the memorable battle-field of Plassey, where, in 1757, Clive obtained his famous victory. Its centenary was, alas! to be rendered memorable also, but not as a victorious year to us. Passed the rocky promontory of Jungheera, and caught our first glimpse of the blue Rajmahal hills, a refreshing contrast to the low marshy ground around us. Cholera broke out again. A man died in a few hours, and was buried on the banks of the river where we halted for the night. An impressive scene, but, alas! one that we were soon to become too familiar with. Each succeeding day there was a melancholy record of deaths on hand. Frequently some of the men who dug the

graves for their deceased comrades the evening before, sickened and died during the night, and were laid beside their comrades. The next morning before we started, I told my young officers that I would not allow them to be ill,—that they must exert themselves to keep up the men's spirits; and they did so with right good will. Not an officer of our party had a finger-ache, though our men were decimated. I remember that at one large station, either Dinapore or Benares, I had some three or four dead bodies to bury which I had kept longer than they should have been, being anxious, as the poor fellows had been Roman Catholics, to obtain a priest of their own persuasion. Not being able to find one, as I had expected, we had to bury them in the usual way. The bodies were in a state of decomposition, and I could not prevail on my men to take them up to put them in the boat. I said to my young officers, lads of nineteen and twenty, we must set them the example, which was done.

Having observed that almost every day some of the men who dug the graves for their comrades were themselves carried off the next day, I much dreaded the effect of this occasion; so I obtained another boat from the captain, and made some of

our men get into it, and told them I would give five rupees to the crew which reached the opposite bank soonest, and the same returning. The men entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and I did not lose a single man out of that party. Some friend kindly sent me a local paper, describing the inhuman conduct of an officer of the 75th Regiment, who could thus sport with life, racing with his ghastly burden, &c., &c. I thought that there never was a better illustration of the Bible maxim, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" for my motive had been good, and the result was satisfactory in a humane point of view.

At Benares the numerous *ghâts* and minarets give it a very imposing appearance from the river, rising as they do in picturesque confusion one above another, and interspersed with trees. We were kept here all day waiting to land treasure, as the escort did not arrive until the evening. At sunset we disembarked and went to the principal *ghât*, landing in the middle of a crowd of stern fanatic-looking Brahmins performing their ablutions. We then ascended apparently interminable steps. On every landing we found a Brahminy bull, held sacred, which seemed prepared to dispute our passage. We passed through several narrow courts, where

these bulls were lying about, till we came to the minarets. The ascent was very fatiguing, but we were amply repaid by a most glorious view from the summit—the last rays of the setting sun gilding the tops of the houses. The city was of vast circumference, with apparently very narrow streets, as at Cairo. Principally Hindoos reside here, and these the most bigoted of their class.

In a few days we reached Allahabad, a very pretty station, situated on the confines of the Jumna and Ganges. The fort is a fine old building, in which Shere Singh and the Sikh prisoners were confined. We soon moved to our encamping ground, preparing for our march to the North-west Provinces. It was an awful business getting up in the dead of the night, stumbling along half asleep. Not until we assembled at breakfast on the new ground was our good temper restored. Each man brought his chair, plates, knives and forks, and servant. Breakfast over, a protracted snooze, then dinner, and to bed never later than eight o'clock.

In January 1850 we arrived at Umballa, where we were to remain. The 3d Light Dragoons and 18th Royal Irish were quartered there. The 3d Light Dragoons, commanded by Colonel Lock-

wood, were most hospitable. There were some right good fellows amongst them. The hot winds in May were intolerable. I escaped to Simla, where I met Lang, the editor of the 'Mofussilite,' Lord Hardinge's enemy. The present Governor-General was more prudent. Lang was then living with Mr Courtenay, Lord Dalhousie's private secretary, and I stayed with them. As Lang was very unwell, Courtenay and I undertook to edit his paper. I remember on one occasion the extra, as it is called, arrived containing the latest news from England, which was principally about the Gorham case, of which every one was heartily sick. Courtenay accordingly commenced a leading article thus: "News from England. The Gorham case. D——n the Gorham case." The 'Times' pronounced this to be a model of *précis* writing.

Being desirous of going home for the purpose of getting married, my colonel told me that he could not possibly apply for leave for me, as we had just arrived; but that, as I knew Sir C. Napier, he had no objection to my applying personally. I met him almost immediately after my arrival. He was delighted to see me, as we had been together in the Governor-General's camp during the Sikh war. I told him that I

wanted to go home for a year to be married. He said, "Take two while you are about it; you have been some time in the country:" he evidently knew nothing about my having been at home and out again in another regiment. Some few days after, an officer in the 87th Regiment, who had came out at the same time as I did, emboldened by my success, asked Sir Charles personally for leave. The Commander-in-Chief was furious, and asked him how he dared to make such a request, having just arrived in the country.

"Why, sir," replied the officer, "you have given leave to an officer who came out at the same time."

"Never! What is his name?"

"Ramsay."

"Why, he was with me in the camp at Lahore five years ago, and is in the 14th Light Dragoons."

"I do not know anything about that, sir; all I know is, he is now a captain in the 75th Regiment, which arrived the same time as mine did."

I heard nothing more about it, however, and got my leave. At a *levée* in London, the following year, I think, I met Sir Charles Napier,

and went up to pay my respects to him. I said, "Probably you will not remember me, sir?"

"Remember you!" he said; "I should think so. You are the only officer in India who ever *did* me."

In October 1850 I left my regiment, stopped some time at Meerut with my friend Coverley Jackson, magistrate there, a very clever but intemperate, hot-headed man. Just before the Mutiny he was Resident at Lucknow. He quarrelled as usual with the Government, and threw up the post. I was then brigade-major of the Queen's troops, and residing in the Calcutta Gate in Fort-William. Coverley Jackson dined with me on his way through Calcutta. There was an old member of Council present, Sir John Low: it was in the month of February 1857. Much to my embarrassment and that of the member of Council, Coverley Jackson commenced inveighing against the blindness of the Government. He said he had warned them time after time that there were plots and conspiracies on foot, but that they would not listen to him. Turning round to me, he said, "I have washed my hands of them. I shall be innocent of the blood; but if you *have* a head on your shoulders in the month

of May, I shall be very much surprised." I have still a head on my shoulders, such as it is. But his prophecy was nearly coming true, and, alas! did prove true in many a sad case. Coverley Jackson was an extremely talented man. Lord Dalhousie had the highest opinion of him, and picked his brains; but he was a most impracticable man to deal with.

On my way down I went to stay with Colonel Sleeman, Resident at Lucknow. I had a noble suite of apartments assigned to me, some fourteen in number,—carriages, horses, elephants,—all at my disposal, which I made good use of. I was present during the Mohurrum, or great Mussulman festival. Colonel Sleeman advised me not to venture; but if I did, to take a strong escort. I saw the whole army defile past. Almost every man as he passed uttered some filthy abuse. At night my elephant got frightened by the fireworks, and bolted down the principal street; fortunately I did not come to grief. I left Calcutta in the old Oriental steamer. Amongst the passengers were General Ventura, the old Sikh general, or rather Italian, who had taken service with Runjeet Singh. He was not satisfied with the arrangements made about his property, which had been confiscated, and was

going home to petition the Court of Directors. Whenever I won his money at whist, he would groan and say, "Oh, that detestable name of Ramsay!" alluding more especially to Lord Dalhousie.

At Malta I was most hospitably received by the 44th Regiment, commanded by Colonel the Hon. A. Spence, an extremely thoroughbred, agreeable man, and an undeniably good billiard-player. I was delighted to find at Baker's Hotel my old friend Prince Soltykoff, travelling with Count Nostitz. Soon after Sir Willoughby Cotton arrived, with my brother aide-de-camp, Captain D'Arcy. I went to see him at the Lazaretto, and nearly had to return to quarantine; for I forgot his great size, and as he rose up to speak to me, I all but touched him.

Off to Naples, and took despatches to the Minister there. On my return to the steamer, I found that we had taken on board additional passengers, amongst whom was a lady with attendants, and a black-bearded man, like a courier, apparently a confidential attendant. We talked about Bonn, and I mentioned my acquaintance with Princes Hesse and Holstein. The lady remarked that one was her cousin. I afterwards ascertained that she was the sister of the King

of Holland, married to a Prince of Prussia, but divorced from him.

Arrived at Florence, where, on the 27th March, I was married at the Embassy, then at the Palazzo Pucci, near the Cathedral. Mr Richard Lalor Shiel was Minister. At our wedding-breakfast in the Casa Guasconi, on the Lung' Arno, he made an eloquent speech. As there were several Italians of rank present, he availed himself of the occasion to make some political allusions. The Government had lately sent detectives to watch our church, and see if any Italians attended it. This he vehemently remonstrated against. He remarked that, though he was a Roman Catholic by religion, he did not allow his private feelings to interfere with his duty to his own Queen and country. He suddenly remembered that he had risen with a view to make a complimentary speech at a wedding, and turned towards the bride; but during the long political speech she had fled, in order to change her dress for our departure.

From Rome we came on by Albano and Genzano to Naples, whence we took steamer to Leghorn, on our return to Florence. There was only one Englishman on board—a tall soldier-like looking man, who looked rather unap-

proachable. However, I ventured to address him, and was most decidedly snubbed, to use a vulgar but expressive term. At dinner I found some very pleasant German people near me, and we carried on an animated conversation in German. My unsociable friend listened attentively, but evidently did not understand the language. We eventually carried on our argument in English, when he broke into the conversation, saying that he could not agree with us,—that what we stated was not his idea. I said I was delighted to hear it. He seemed rather surprised, and I told him the reason was that I had spoken to him on ascertaining that we were the only fellow-countrymen on board,—that he had repelled my advances so decidedly, that, not for a moment imagining he had acted so from a deliberate intention to be rude, I could only presume that he felt he had no ideas to communicate, and I was persuaded now that he could explain the reason of his apparent rudeness. He replied at once, "You are quite right; I beg to apologise. But the fact is, I have just come from India, where I have been living amongst savages; and I cannot put up with the supercilious, stand-off sort of manners of my travelling fellow-countrymen whom I have met, and made up my mind

I would not speak any more to them. Unfortunately I cannot speak any foreign European language, and am thus debarred from society." We became very good friends, having many mutual acquaintances in India to talk about. His name was Major Nicholson. He eventually had a brilliant career, and died as a general officer before Delhi.

Thence by Florence again, Bologna, Mantua, Venice, Salzburg, Ischl, and Linz, we proceeded to Vienna, where we found most comfortable quarters in the Hotel Munch. As I walked out of the hotel, a gentlemanly-looking man in civilian dress came up to me and advised me to go back and exchange my wideawake travelling-cap for a respectable chimney-pot hat, as the former was not allowed by the authorities, being considered to show revolutionary tendencies. There is nothing more remarkable in Vienna than the collection of Albert Durers in the Belvedere Gallery.

Home, *vid* Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, and Ostend. Two hundred sick tourists on board, bound for our great Exhibition. What a fairy palace! None of the exhibitions I have since seen have pleased me so much. Then is it not indelibly fixed in the recollection of all who were

privileged to see it, as connected with the memory of our great and good Prince Albert? When will such a man arise again to help our nation? God knows, we need such a one.

The first visitor we received on our return to England after our marriage, was the gallant old General Pigot, a veteran of close upon eighty years, who rode down from London—a distance of some twelve miles—to pay us a visit. He had been colonel of the regiment in which my wife's father served—the 21st Light Dragoons—and he amused us very much by relating the manner by which he obtained what he ought to have had years ago. The fact was, his service had been performed before the battle of Waterloo, and he was shelved and forgotten. However, he happened to be living in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, and having been all his life an ardent sportsman and a splendid rider, he went out constantly with the hounds, and there met the great Duke, who was just his age—indeed, I believe a year younger. The Duke took a great fancy to him, and whenever they met said, "How are you, Pigot? How is your regiment?" To which the old general used to reply, "Haven't got one, your Grace." "Haven't got one, eh, eh? How is this?" One day the general,

on the usual question being put to him, said, "Would your Grace like to know why I have not got a regiment?"

"Yes, yes," said the Duke.

"Well, I was commanding the 21st Light Dragoons at the Cape of Good Hope when Lord Charles Somerset was commanding the forces. His lordship wanted to use some of my troopers in his carriage, and I would not allow him. Therefore his brother, Lord Fitzroy, will not bring my name before your Grace for a regiment."

The Duke was highly delighted with this story, and when he went up to the Horse Guards, brimful of it, he at once attacked Lord Fitzroy, saying, "What is this? what is this old Pigot tells me about your brother Lord Charles wanting to put the horses of the 21st Light Dragoons into his carriage, and because he was prevented you won't give the old general a regiment, eh, eh?" Poor Lord Fitzroy, the most conscientious of men, who had never heard a word of the story, and probably did not know of the general's existence, was surprised, and very soon submitted his name to the Duke for a vacant regiment, and he was appointed to the 4th Dragoon Guards. I saw him almost immediately after, and he told me he was going to have the Heavies out, and show

them how a light dragoon rode. I heard afterwards that he was most indignant at a quiet old trooper being assigned to him, and insisted on riding some spirited charger belonging to a young officer and placing himself at the head of the regiment, to show them how to charge. Lord Hardinge told me that the general called on him at the Horse Guards one day, and wished to speak to him about the then cavalry saddle, which he objected to. Lord H. said, "I am very busy; but Cardigan is in the building, I will hand you over to him."

Accordingly, the old general attacked Lord C., who hemmed and hawed, stroking his moustache, saying he considered the saddles quite good enough.

Upon this the old general flared up, and said: "My lord, I commanded a cavalry regiment when you were a child in arms. You are the best mounted man in England, but if you will select one of your own horses and ride on a cavalry saddle, I will take one of my own with a plain hunting-saddle, and ride you across country for anything you like." In truth he was a splendid rider, even when past eighty. Soon after he got his regiment, he went to the Military Secretary, as in duty bound, to return thanks, and astonished

that officer not a little by putting two chairs back to back, and hopping over them like a boy, and saying, "There, sir! that is the man you have kept out of a regiment so long!"

When in London, I went to pay my respects to the Adjutant-General.

The officer who went in just before me, came out as pale as death, saying he had never been pitched into in such a manner, and that he—the Deputy Adjutant-General—was in a heavenly frame of mind, and I had better look out for squalls. Naturally I went in with some trepidation, and ascertained that the Deputy Adjutant-General *was* in a heavenly frame of mind. I stood holding the door in my hand, ready to beat a hasty retreat, when he roared at me, "What do you want?" I answered promptly, "*Nothing.*" "Then what brings you here?" "To pay my respects to you on return from foreign service." With that he was pleasant and chatty. Some months after I went again. The instant I entered he said, "Come for nothing again?" "No," I replied, "I want *something.* I want to command the depot of my regiment." Upon which he replied that if I obtained the colonel's sanction, there was no difficulty.

"That is precisely the reason I have come to you," I rejoined, taking from my pocket a letter from my colonel, saying, "'I want you very much at headquarters. I cannot get on without you. I know you will be dodging in London to get the depot, and I will not hear of it.' Now," I said to General B——, "this is very flattering to me; but I particularly desire to go to the depot, and therefore I have come to you, as you alone can help me."

"Well," he replied, "you are the most impudent fellow I have seen for some time," and sent me off good-humouredly enough.

Eventually I was sent to the depot at Chatham, where I passed a few pleasant months, and made some valued friendships. The commandant and second in command of the provisional battalion were both characters in their way. Colonel Kelly, the chief, was an old Rifle Brigade man, and very fond of port-wine, which he carefully selected for the mess. Whenever we wanted to go on leave we took care previously to extol the Rifle Brigade, and tell him that the 60th could not hold a candle to them,—or to praise the port-wine. I remember the general commanding, General Beresford —who had asked me once or twice to dinner

when I happened to be on leave—met me one day and said, "If you are likely to be under my command on such a day, will you give me the pleasure of your company at dinner?" As my wife was then living in London, I used to go up to town very often; and I said, "Well, sir, it is very kind of you, but I hoped to go on leave, which, of course, depends on you."

"No," he said, "it does not; it depends on your praising old Kelly's port-wine."

There was a very fine depot of the 60th Rifles. The officer commanding it, a very good soldier, insisted on drilling it himself occasionally. This Colonel Kelly did not like, but of course did not openly object to. This officer never went on leave as the rest of the captains did. When under orders for embarkation, he applied for a few days' leave.

"Not a day, sir—not an hour."

The gallant Rifleman, very much astonished, said, "Sir, I have never had any indulgence like the other captains."

"Indulgence, sir! what do you mean? Have not I allowed you to drill your own men whenever you wished to do so?"

The second in command was a fine old soldier, very quaint and eccentric. He was a splendid

classical scholar, and spoke several modern languages with great facility. Nothing pleased him more than when a youngster could cap some of his Latin verses. He was very fond of horses, and used to groom them himself, putting on an old blouse for the occasion, in which, with his tall gaunt figure and closely shaved head, he presented a somewhat grim appearance. On one occasion he was in his stable rubbing down one of his horses, when a strange civilian groom in the next stall was cleaning one of his master's horses. Wanting a curry-comb, he said, "I say, old chap, hand over a curry-comb to me, will you?"

No answer.

"Are you deaf?"

Still no answer.

"I say," said the irate groom, "it is d——d easy to see where you have come from last, with your close-clipped hair."

The curry-comb came to him with greater celerity than he expected or cared for.

In May 1852, I went over to Paris to see the presentation of Eagles to the French army by my old friend Louis Napoleon, now President of the French Republic. My acquaintance with him was of very long standing. The first time I had

seen him was when I was a lad in Leamington in 1837 or 1838. He had been asked to a party at my cousin Lord Eastnor's, afterwards Earl Somers. He came very late, just as the party was breaking up, accompanied by Count Persigny. It afterwards transpired that he had come all the way from London expressly for this party, which he had forgotten all about until the day. He travelled by rail as far as he could, and then posted the remainder of the way. The next time I saw him was at the Riding-school at St John's Wood, where he, with Maynard, father of the present Lady Brooke, and others, were practising for the great Eglinton tournament about to come off. He rode beautifully when his horse was going full speed round the corner. He used to jump off and on again, and he would also pick a lance off the ground going at the same pace. *Àpropos* of Maynard—a right good fellow—he was a brother captain in the Blues with Lord Elphinstone, and when the latter went out as Governor to Madras, Maynard accompanied him. As they were very great friends, Maynard always called his chief "Elphy," as he had been in the habit of doing.

On their arrival at Madras, Lord Elphinstone said, "Look here, old fellow! you must not call

me 'Elphy' any more, as here I am Governor and you are on my staff."

"Well," said Maynard, "I shall go back;" which he did accordingly.

The third time I came across Louis Napoleon was in 1848. I was then living in lodgings in King Street, opposite his house. I was very ill at the time, and of all my friends none was more attentive. When I was able to move, I used to go over to his rooms. Often have I sat late into the night with him quite alone; when, after showing me relics of his mother, Queen Hortense, he sat playing with a dog which had been his companion in the prison at Ham, or looking dreamily into the fireplace, seldom speaking, but every now and then soliloquising, and talking of what he would do when he was Emperor of the French. He hardly ever went out in the evenings at that time, and he had few visitors — occasionally Count d'Orsay and Bob Campbell of the 32d, the great billiard-player. Louis Napoleon and I constantly dined together at the Army and Navy Club — the only club in London which opened its doors to him after his escapade and return from Ham.

I remember on one occasion his saying to me,

"I do not know how it is, but no one in the Club ever speaks to me."

I replied ardently, "Prince, you do not understand our English character. It is just because you are a prince that the young fellows will not come forward. If you were a poor distressed refugee, they would probably be very kind to you; but as you are an imperial prince, the advances must come from you. A young Englishman will never consent to make up to a prince. He has too much independence of character."

The Prince was much astonished, and said, "I thought I had understood your character; every day I find reason to think I do not." He at once followed my advice, and had no reason to complain of his reception.

On the memorable 10th April 1848, when some hundred thousands of Chartists were collected together under Feargus O'Connor, and mischief was apprehended, every householder in London capable of bearing arms was enrolled as a special constable, and amongst the number my friend Louis Napoleon, who was in the St James's division; and he came to my room to show himself to me, with a baton in his hand, and round his arm a white badge. I have already, in a former part, recounted my asking the Prince to

dinner to meet Prince Soltykoff; I will merely add that the latter told me he met the Prince when he was President, who asked him to dinner at the Elysée, saying, "Come and see whether I can give you as good a dinner as Ramsay gave us at the Coventry Club." This was now the fourth time I had seen Napoleon (August 1852.) He distributed Eagles to his magnificent army in the Champ de Mars. I remember hearing that when the Prince occupied Lord de Grey's house in St James's Square, prior to his first abortive expedition, arms were brought into the house, of which the Government was informed, but took no notice. At that time, any of the passers-by at sunrise might have seen the famous eagle, which formed part of the expedition, practised for his future achievements.

The great Parisian *fêtes* occupied a large share of public attention. I went to see them, along with some thousands of perfidious English. The crowd and crush at the station at Boulogne were fearful. Half the party was left behind, and hundreds, on their arrival at Paris, got no rooms, but wandered up and down the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. Fabulous sums were paid for the worst lodgings. The excitement on the Saturday and Sunday previous as to the chance of obtain-

ing tickets to the review was intense. The court-yard at Meurice's, where I was staying, was like Tattersall's on a settling day. The bureau of the worthy Monsieur Caillet was besieged morning, noon, and night: some inquiring despondingly whether their tickets had been received; others joyfully receiving theirs; passengers momentarily arriving from all parts of the world, and infuriating the proprietor by placidly asking for rooms. As all of them had been engaged for weeks, a hysterical laugh from the proprietor could be the only rejoinder. The next day—Sunday—all the world went to Versailles to see the *Grandes Eaux* play. Large as the gardens are, they were inconveniently crowded. Among the chief objects of attraction were the Arab chiefs from Algeria, who had come to Paris for these *fêtes*. In the evening I went to a grand reception at the Luxembourg Palace given by Marshal Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the first emperor, of whom he is the living image. I went as aide-de-camp to General Sir John Burgoyne.

At length the great day arrived. Contrary to anticipation, the sky was clear and cloudless. The English officers were treated with great civility, and a portion of the President's Tribune allotted to them. One or two of our Indian

light cavalry, in their pale blue and silver uniform, attracted much attention. The review was a grand spectacle. The Chasseurs of Vincennes led the van. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" were frequently heard—mostly so from the heavy cavalry; the artillery were mute, being sturdy Republicans. On the next night the grand ball took place. Those who had not invitations were frantic in their endeavours to procure them; several gave large sums for them. Some two thousand tickets were stolen, and were consequently cancelled, which caused great confusion. It was computed that there were not less than fifteen thousand people present. Carriages that started at 8 P.M. did not arrive till long past midnight. Nearly every one left their carriages and walked. The arrangements were perfect. The only *contretemps* that occurred was the melting of the wax candles from the excessive heat: nearly every one's dress suffered more or less.

When about to dance with a young Italian lady, the daughter of General Ventura, with whom I was then staying, I found I could not draw my sword from the abominable frog-belt then in use by the infantry. The French officers standing by were inclined to laugh, when I asked one of them for a knife and cut the belt; throw-

ing it away with a theatrical air, which highly pleased them, approving of the gallantry which led me to sacrifice my belt in preference to keeping a young lady waiting.

À propos of General Ventura, he entertained most royally a party of old Indian friends, of whom I was one—providing carriages, &c., at his own expense. Of course he considered himself entitled to arrange the order of our going. He elected to accompany in one carriage the prettiest woman of our party, the wife of an old friend and distinguished Eastern diplomatist. A certain naval officer, a mutual friend, wishing also to enjoy the company of this lady, got into the dickey behind, and leant over, speaking to her. On inspecting the final arrangements for our start, the general observed this. He said to me, "Tell our friend he must go in another carriage." This he would not consent to do, and off we started, the general looking as black as thunder. On our return from the ball at 6 A.M., the general came to me and insisted on my friend making an apology or meeting him in the Bois de Boulogne. The gallant naval officer, on reflection, saw how wrongly he had behaved, and at once made a most handsome apology. The peppery old general wished also to fight another

of his guests, the husband of the pretty woman in question, for a very comical reason. There being no room in the general's house, he had hired rooms for the *diplomat* and his wife, who naturally did not wish that the expense should be borne by the general, and paid for them. When this came to the general's ears he was furious, and sent me with a message to the gallant diplomatist, that if he did not accept the price of the lodgings he would shoot him. Naturally the former alternative was accepted, and we all parted the best of friends.

While I was quartered at Chatham commanding the depot 75th Regiment, the Duke of Wellington's funeral took place. Every regiment and depot in the United Kingdom sent six men with two or three officers to be present at the ceremony. We mustered a strong party, under the command of Major Blenkinsop, 45th Regiment. I laid violent hands on a young officer who had just been appointed to the depot under my command, and made him go with us. He had not been drilled. However, he marched like an old soldier, and was most anxious to do his duty. We were billeted in Kensington and Chelsea. As I wished to go to my own house in town, I impressed on my ensign, the only officer

with me, the necessity of remaining with his men. The day following, the representatives from every regiment and depot in the United Kingdom mustered in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital for the purpose of filing past the remains of the great man, which were lying in state in the chapel attached to the Hospital. We were left in front, commencing with the 99th Regiment. To my horror, I found that although my ensign had been most energetic, running after his men all night, not one of them made their appearance on parade. My ensign and I therefore represented the 75th Regiment. However, many other regiments were in almost as bad a predicament, though I think mine was the only one absolutely without one man, with the exception of the 11th Hussars. Lord Hardinge, my old chief in India, was now Commander-in-Chief, and under him was Prince George of Cambridge. His Royal Highness was very indignant at the numbers absent. By the time the illustrious party, commencing their inspection with the 99th Regiment, had come to mine, his Royal Highness was boiling over with indignation. In most regiments some men had absented themselves, but in none were they absolutely all absent until they arrived at mine. Prince George said, "Now, your lordship, this is

disgraceful!" looking angrily at myself and the wretched ensign, who, to do him justice, was standing as erect and soldier-like as if he had been an old soldier, instead of just caught. Lord Hardinge, who appeared to be languid and very much bored, when he saw me, burst out laughing, and merely said, "Is this better than Simla?" and passed on. The Prince turned round to his own aide-de-camp and said, "Who the d—l is that fellow?" I little thought that, some few years after, I should be on his own staff, and receive the greatest possible kindness from one who may be truly called the soldier's friend. On the invitation of Lord Hardinge, I accompanied him down the columns. After passing the 12th Lancers, Lord Cardigan, who also accompanied the party, said, "And now, my lord, comes my regiment." "Where?" said Lord Hardinge. Lord Cardigan, laughing, pointed to one solitary officer, who looked very much disgusted.

After the inspection was concluded, we commenced to file past the body, lying in state. The chapel was magnificently decorated. The large torches, the chapel being otherwise darkened, the Grenadiers leaning on their arms reversed, had a striking effect. On the following day the funeral took place at a very early hour. Between 3

and 4 A.M., I started from Berkeley Square to join my detachment. The streets were crowded. It was a raw drizzly morning in November. I walked down St James's Street. Every club was full; ladies in the balconies. Every post was occupied. I could not make my way down the Duke of York's steps, they were so densely crowded, so I went through the Royal Mews, at the end of Carlton Terrace. I inspected my men, who were drawn up just outside St James's Park, facing the Horse Guards. The whole parade-ground and half of the Park was crowded full of troops. The funeral car was still unfinished. It stood close under the Admiralty wall, and a score of men were hard at work on it up to the last moment. While we were all waiting with our regiments, an order was issued that only one officer to a company was required to march with the men; that the remaining officers would be conveyed in a steamer to St Paul's Wharf. I elected to go in the steamer, and left my wonderful ensign to march with the men. When the procession moved off, we unattached officers went off to our steamer. In a very short space of time, we found ourselves entering St Paul's Cathedral. It was already very full. I obtained a good seat near the entrance, on the left-hand side. The

cold was intense: we had to wait a long time. At last the procession arrived. I left my seat and followed boldly in the wake, the result of which was, that I found myself under the centre dome, not far from the coffin. The effect was sublime when, after reading out all the illustrious deceased's titles, the herald broke his wand and threw it on the coffin, which, while the organ was pealing and the assembled choirs chanting, slowly disappeared in the vaults beneath. Those standing round were visibly affected, especially the aged Marquis of Anglesey, his companion in arms, who soon after followed him to the grave. Prince Albert was also much moved. On coming out I met Charles Hardinge, Lord Hardinge's eldest son, then in Parliament. He said, "Come with me; I will take you back in our steamer"—the one placed at the disposition of the House of Commons. I followed him, and was allowed to pass by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Captain Gosset. Colonel Sibthorp, who was prowling about in a militia uniform, said to Captain Gosset, pointing to me, "I do not know that member's face." The Sergeant replied, "Oh, that is the new member for"—some place or other, which I did not hear; so I passed unquestioned. We got out at the river side of the House, and I passed through

with the other members, and arrived in Berkeley Square, having been exactly twelve hours on my feet. Should any of my readers be interested in the after-career of my ensign, I may add, that on our return to Chatham, having performed all his duties in a most exemplary manner, he laid aside his uniform and never put it on again, retiring from the service at the end of his arduous campaign in Chelsea.

Having mentioned Lord Cardigan, I am tempted to give an account of two encounters with his lordship. The first was on the occasion of a grand review of all the Guards, given in honour of the Princess of Wales, soon after her marriage, if I remember rightly. I was then Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General at headquarters. On our way to the ground, when leading the procession in front of the escort of Life Guards, I was ordered by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge to ride ahead and give his permission to Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and his party to go into the enclosure, which had been reserved solely for the carriages of the Prince of Wales and Duchess of Cambridge. Knowing that my old friend Colonel Oakes, 12th Lancers, was commanding on the ground, I looked out for him, but he was nowhere to be found; so, as there

was no time to be lost, I gave the order myself to Prince Edward, who was waiting with his party. Just as they were entering on foot, up galloped my friend Oakes, with his shako well on the back of his head, shouting out—"Get back, get back, will you?"

I said, "I beg your pardon, Colonel Oakes; but I am the bearer of the Duke's orders that Prince Edward and party are to enter."

"All very well, sir! But I should like to know who is commanding the ground—you or I?"

I replied, "Certainly you are commanding, and I looked out for you; but as you were not to be found, there was no time to be lost in carrying out his Royal Highness's orders." Colonel Oakes was a first-rate soldier, and comprehended the matter at once. He then took off his shako to cool himself.

I remarked, "You have stopped the party going in; you must now give them the order."

He said, "Oh, I forgot. Get in with you all," —a mode of address which the illustrious party were not accustomed to, and which amused some of the ladies very much.

He then proceeded, wiping his head, to say: "You know, Ramsay, I can manage a mob; but these swells, they are too much for me,"

alluding to the ladies, who were constantly endeavouring to dodge the sentries. Soon after this Lord and Lady Cardigan galloped up. His lordship inspected me from head to foot, and then shouted to a mounted inspector of police, who was some way off, saying—"Mr Inspector, I want to go into that enclosure!"

Mr Inspector shouted in return—"That is an officer of the Duke's staff alongside you, sir; ask him!"

Lord Cardigan again inspected me, and again shouted to the inspector: "Tell that officer on the Duke's staff that I wish to go into that enclosure."

I thought it as well to commence shouting also on my own account; and without looking at Lord Cardigan, who was close to me; roared to the inspector, who was on the other side—"Tell Lord Cardigan if he belongs to Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar's party, he is perfectly at liberty to go into the enclosure—such being my orders!"

As Prince Edward made no sign, there was nothing more to be said or done. Some of the fair sex, of course, broke into the enclosure when I was not looking; and I heard Lord Cardigan say, "I shall report that officer—he has not done his duty;" however, I heard nothing more about

it. Some nights after, I was at a concert of the Wandering Minstrels, under the direction of Captain Egerton. We were all smoking vigorously, when Lord Cardigan stalked in, much disgusted with the smoking, and sat down beside me. He gave me a grim smile when he recognised his antagonist. The "Freischütz" was being performed. At a certain part the drums and cymbals were required: not a sound. The drum, represented by Lord Grey de Wilton, was at that moment lighting his pipe at that of the cymbal's, Colonel de Bathe. Captain Egerton at once stopped the music, and pitched into them severely—saying that they, the performers, should not smoke; that he would give up the lead, &c. Lord Cardigan turned round to me, stroking his moustache, and said—"What do you think of that, sir?" I replied, "Well deserved, my lord." "You do, do you? A pretty pass the service is coming to. Here is my friend Grey de Wilton and Colonel de Bathe, commanding the Scots Fusilier Guards, spoken to in that way by a d——d young cornet in the Life Guards!"

Colonel Oakes, whom I have mentioned, was a first-rate cavalry officer, but most eccentric and careless in his appearance.

On one occasion at the Horse Guards Oakes

came up and asked to see the Military Secretary, who sent out word that he was very busy, and that Colonel Oakes must come on his *levée* day. Notwithstanding this, Oakes walked in.

The Military Secretary was furious, and said —"Did you not hear, sir, that I was very busy?"

"So you said, sir; but I looked through the keyhole, and seeing you reading the 'Times,' I thought I might as well come in and settle my business."

Farquhar, the Duke's messenger—a fine old Guardsman, who had served in the Peninsula in the company commanded by my mother's cousin, Colonel Lindsay, and who therefore regarded me with peculiar affection—was standing by, and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. Poor Farquhar, whose funeral the Duke with his usual kindness of heart attended, was a great character; and many a story he has told me of the Duke of Wellington, whose messenger he also was. One I remember: In the autumn his Grace was in the habit of going to Walmer by the express train, and was always most punctual. On one occasion, however, he was late. The authorities, of course, could not detain the express; but as it so happened that

that day several other passengers were late, they determined to give a special extra express, and not to tell the Duke anything. This was accordingly arranged. The Duke drove up, and said — "Not late after all; never was late in my life for anything,"—and told his aide-de-camp to take his unoffending watch to Dent's for repair!

I remember one day when H.R.H. the Duke was going to hold a *levée*, and many of the elder officers were, contrary to rule, lounging about the passages by the Military Secretary's office, a young officer came out of General Foster's room in a terrible state of agitation. Fumbling in his pocket he found a piece of chalk (he had been playing at billiards at the Army and Navy Club when sent for by the Military Secretary), and without a moment's hesitation he pulled it out and wrote over the door *Cave Canem.* Several officers saw this and were much amused, when Farquhar came up and said, "Oh, that won't do; I must rub it out."

"But, Farquhar," said one old general officer, "you do not know what it is."

"Oh," he replied, "I have not been forty years in the army for nothing," and rubbed it out accordingly.

Farquhar was always most chatty and agreeable with any stranger who came to see the Duke. I remember on one occasion a good-humoured gentlemanly-looking man came up when I was waiting outside the Duke's room with Farquhar, and said he wished to speak to his Royal Highness. "Oh," says Farquhar, "you can't see His Royal Highness in that *permiscuous* sort of way; you must wait, sir—you must wait."

The gentleman smiled and began an animated conversation with Farquhar, who amused him very much. At last he said: "Well, Mr Farquhar, you are a very pleasant fellow; but my time is valuable: tell his Royal Highness that Lord So-and-so has called," mentioning one of the Ministry.

Farquhar was not at all abashed: he merely pushed up his spectacles and looked at him, saying, "Why did you not tell me your name at first? I could not know you were a lord and a minister by looking at you. Of course you will see his Royal Highness at once," and immediately announced him.

CHAPTER IX.

OUTBREAK OF INDIAN MUTINY.

VOYAGE TO KURRACHEE — A MUTINY — LORD DALHOUSIE — SIR CHARLES NAPIER AGAIN — DIARY IN THE MUTINY — PANIC IN CALCUTTA.

In August 1853 we sailed for Kurrachee in the ship Rajasthan. I was in command of troops—detachments of nearly every regiment in Bengal: they were all recruits with the exception of fifty old soldiers, who alone had arms. The officers, with the exception of a captain, were all youngsters just joined, and a fine set of fellows. On starting I assembled them together and said I was anxious to come to an understanding on one point—viz., as they were all young officers who had done no duty, or very little, they would naturally make several mistakes, and probably at times require to be hauled up sharply. "Now, as we are all living together in a limited space, and cannot get away from each other, any sulkiness

or exhibition of ill-temper will be extremely disagreeable. You will, when spoken sharply to on duty, naturally feel annoyed; but what I want you to understand is this, that what I say to you on duty has nothing whatsoever to do with our private friendship. I may be very angry with you about some dereliction of duty, and at the same time privately be on the best of terms with you. It will save us all a great deal of discomfort if you will understand this. And I do not think, as far as I can judge, that any of you are cursed with that most terrible of all evils, an evil, unforgiving temper, which makes you not only obnoxious to other human beings, but an object of loathing to yourself."

My speech had the happiest effect,—there never was a more united party on board; and indeed I had practical, though somewhat energetic, proof that my address had been thoroughly comprehended. There was one charming young fellow on board, a particular friend of my own, but uncommonly careless in duty matters. I had to speak to him very severely before the acting adjutant: and as he was very fond of me, the tears stood in his eyes. After I had finished, and having saluted the officers, dismissed them, I felt a slap on my back which nearly sent

me down the companion-ladder. This was my friend, with the tears still in his eyes, who said, "Remember what you said—on duty, on duty; off duty, off duty." I said I remembered it perfectly, but at the same time he need not strike so hard off duty. However, I was delighted with the skylarking, which I always encouraged. I had a great deal of trouble with the fifty old soldiers, who were a most vexatious lot, and I had constantly to punish them.

After we had been at sea some time, the sailors, led by an American, mutinied. They burst into the cabin where we were all sitting, with belaying-pins in their hands, and knocked down the mate, trying to get at the captain, who took refuge in his cabin. He shouted out to me for protection, saying that the fate of the ship was in my hands. My acting adjutant was fortunately close at hand. I ordered him to go down and at once bring the fifty old soldiers up armed. In a very short time they were drawn up in perfect order on one side of the capstan.

I stood before the sailors and said, laying my watch down on the capstan, "I give you ten minutes to lay the belaying-pins down; if, at the expiration of that time you do *not*, I will fire at you."

They burst out laughing, and said, "What nonsense! You dare not."

I said, "As sure as there is a God above us, I will. If you have any lawful grievance let me know at once—there is no time to be lost."

The sailors then looked inquiringly at my men. I said, "I know what you are thinking of. I am sorry to say the men now under my command have behaved very badly, and I have been obliged to punish them severely; but they are old soldiers, and have often been under fire, and when I give them the order to fire upon you, they will do so with as little compunction as if you were rotten sheep. Doubtless," I added, "they will not object to include me" (I was then standing in front of them); "but when I give the order to fire, I shall be behind them." My old soldiers gave a grim smile, and the sailors saw they could not count on them.

The ringleader, the American—a clever, well-educated man—said, "Well, sir, we have been cheated in our rations by the steward."

I having had a row on my own account with that fellow, turned round to the adjutant and said, "I have no doubt of it. The fellow would *not* give us any jam at breakfast."

This tickled the fancy of the fellows, and they

at once laid down their weapons, to my intense relief. Their complaints were looked into, and being found correct, the ringleader was only a short time kept in irons on the deck. I spoke to him, and asked him if he was not ashamed of himself.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "but for one reason only, because we alarmed your good lady," my wife being the only lady on board.

This was thoroughly American; for in no country in the world are women treated with more consideration and greater politeness than in America. It may be said, if possible, to be carried to too great lengths. I remember hearing a good story told of an elderly gentleman, one of the leading men in New York, being in a car when two women got in. All the seats were occupied, and the conductor looked severely at the old gentleman, who was sitting near the door, and said, "Do you not see two ladies standing?" He replied: "Mr Conductor, one of these ladies is my cook, the other is my housemaid, and I am an old gentleman, and prefer to keep my seat."

We did not arrive at Kurrachee until the 24th December, being very nearly five months on board. Unluckily for us, Mr and Mrs Bartle Frere, the Governor and his wife, were away.

Mrs Frere being the daughter of my dear old chief, Sir George Arthur, had intended us to stay with them, but they begged Colonel Forster of the Horse Artillery to take us in, who, with his amiable wife, were most kind to us. We took forty-eight days to go up in steamers, with flats lashed alongside them, from Kurrachee to Mooltan. There I received an intimation from the Adjutant-General, General Mountain, that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Gomm, had been pleased to appoint me brigade-major of the Queen's troops in the Bengal Presidency, to reside at Calcutta. We had therefore either to retrace our steps, or, going through the Punjab, proceed by *dâk* from the North-west Provinces. As a steamer was on the point of returning, we decided to go in it, and in ten days found ourselves back in Kurrachee. There being no steamer available for Bombay, we hired one of the large Persian *bugalows*, or horse-boats, which had just come from the Persian Gulf. There was no accommodation whatever; it had not even a deck. However, all was speedily arranged, and we started with two pleasant companions—Major Heatly, brigade-major, Bombay, and Lieutenant Fitzroy, 80th Regiment. The boatmen knew nothing of the coast, being Persians arrived for

the first time. It blew very hard, and when we came to the Gulfs of Cambay and Cutch, of course we lost sight of land, and the boatmen dashed their turbans off, and went on their knees in an agony of prayer. After four days and nights of rather anxious work we reached Bombay harbour. Thence we embarked on board the P. and O. steamer Cadiz, for Galle, Ceylon, where we picked up the steamer Hindostan, for Calcutta. There was a strong party going to China, amongst them Sir John and Lady Bowring. Amongst our own passengers to Calcutta were General Mildmay Fane and his nephew. The former was going out to command a division. Lord Dalhousie was then Governor-General. The first time I saw Lord Dalhousie was in 1830, when, as a small boy I accompanied him when he was canvassing Edinburgh as member. He was then Lord Ramsay. One of the electors asked him if it was true that he had, when at college, subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles.

"If," replied Lord Ramsay, "the gentleman will tell me what the Thirty-nine Articles are, I will answer."

This shut our friend up.

The next time I saw him was in Edinburgh, when he was preparing to succeed Lord Har-

dinge as Governor-General. He told me how sorry he was he could not ask me to join his staff, on account of my name—there being a legion of Ramsays awaiting his arrival in India. In the summer of 1850, when I was at Simla, he and Lady Dalhousie had gone on an excursion amongst the hills. Sir Henry Elliot, his popular foreign secretary, I often met in Courtenay's house, and there heard a capital story of him. When Lord Dalhousie first arrived there was some reception of a native prince. Sir H. Elliot was present. Lord Dalhousie directed him what to say. "Oh, my lord," he replied, "that will never do;" and forthwith commenced a long Persian address of his own composition. Lord Dalhousie said nothing at the time, but gave him a look—which said looks came to be very much dreaded hereafter. That night at dinner, *àpropos* of some story or other, Lord Dalhousie defined his ideas of the duties of a secretary. "A secretary," he summed up by saying,—"a secretary I consider a mere pen—a mere pen!" looking hard at poor Sir Henry. Ever afterwards Sir Henry was addressed by his friends as Sir Henry Elliot, *M.P.* (mere pen).

Some years after this, Sir Henry contrived again unwittingly to fall into disgrace with the

noble lord, who had at Calcutta been arranging all the details connected with the reception of the Burmese envoys. Lord Dalhousie himself assigned to every one his place. Just before it commenced, Sir Henry said to me, "The little man is in his glory now." The little man happened to be close by, and gave the unfortunate secretary another look. Being in very delicate health, he was placed under a strict regimen by the doctors, and during dinner drank toast and water. Not to attract attention, it was put into a decanter close by him. Having, as usual, his eyes and ears everywhere, he overheard a young lady at the table say, "I should like to get hold of his bottle. The sherry must be something very superior." A short time after this, much to her amazement, the Governor-General sent his head servant to her to ask her to drink wine. She was naturally much flattered, and all eyes were fixed upon her. When his lordship said, "Let me send you my own bottle," the young lady at once understood that she had been overheard, and was overwhelmed with confusion, which was not lessened when she tasted the said wine, and saw all who were in the secret very much amused.

The next time I saw Lord Dalhousie was in

1853, when I entered on my duties as brigade-major for the Queen's troops in Calcutta. He was far from pleased, as the Indian world gave him the credit of providing for another "Ramsay," whereas he had nothing whatever to do with it, the appointment having been made by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Gomm, at the request of my dear old chief, Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. However, when I was seriously ill with fever, nothing could exceed his kindness, sending his aide-de-camp daily to inquire after me; and, when convalescent, lending me his country-house at Barrackpore. I remember an incident at a great State ball which created a smile. The Governor-General, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and preceded by numerous attendants in brilliant costumes, entered at the bottom of the great hall of audience. On either side were ranged the ladies and gentlemen, according to their respective ranks. Of course, nearest the throne at the end were the Members of Council and their wives, and above all, the Lord Chief-Justice and his young wife, the daughter of a very brilliant statesman, Sir John Peter Grant. The little lord, with all the majesty he knew so well how to assume, proceeded solemnly up the room, grace-

fully acknowledging the deep curtsies and deferential bows of the ladies and gentlemen on either side. After acknowledging particularly those of the wives of the Members of Council on the left, he reserved his grandest bow for the great lady, the wife of the Lord Chief-Justice Colvile, when, lo and behold! his imperial eye fell upon his pretty little daughter, Lady Susan Ramsay, who not only did not curtsy, but had the audacity to laugh merrily. Lady Colvile was unwell, and could not attend. Lady Susan being allowed to go to the hall with her governess, seeing a vacant place had naturally pressed forward to look at papa.

Àpropos of the French governess, an extremely agreeable, talented woman, she was much puzzled and amused one day by a young officer who sat next her at dinner, and insisted on talking French to her, of which he had a limited acquaintance. Amongst other things I heard him say, "Je vous assure, Mademoiselle, il a joué le diable à Simla;" almost as literal a translation from English as that Lord Westbury once made. He was travelling in France with a friend in a post-chaise. Being rather proud of his French, which, in truth, was about the only accomplishment he did not possess, he always insisted upon

being the spokesman. Something happened, and the carriage stopped. Lord Westbury put his head out, and said, "Postillon, quelle est la matière?"

When Lord Canning arrived to relieve Lord Dalhousie there was a grand reception at Government House. Poor Lord Canning was very nervous, and wished Lord Dalhousie still to come forward; but he would not, and sat on a sofa close by, chatting with his daughter, and kindly receiving those who came up to him. He never looked to greater advantage, or showed better feeling than on that night.

The last time I ever saw him was in a carriage being rapidly driven past the Horse Guards: he was then very near death. During the progress of the Indian Mutiny he made no sign, but remained like a sick lion in his den. It must have been a bitter, bitter trial to him. One felt a longing wish that he could burst his bonds and raise his voice in the House of Lords. Whatever may have been his faults in not discerning the coming storm, there is no doubt that if he had been able to stand up he would have made a glorious defence of his policy. As long as Lord Dalhousie reigned, India was quiescent; but it was the ominous tranquillity of a country under a deter-

mined despot. When the iron hand of the master was removed, the empire fell to pieces, — Lord Dalhousie was the Emperor Nicholas of India, poor Lord Canning the Emperor Alexander.

After the second war, Lord Dalhousie thought of putting the Punjab under one man—taking it from the Board, which did not work harmoniously. He asked Colonel (afterwards Sir Patrick) Grant, formerly the Adjutant-General of the army, if he could recommend any one. Grant said, " There is the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Napier, just come out. He is a good civil governor, as was shown in his administration in Scinde." Lord Dalhousie looked at Grant steadily, and said— "No, I will *not* do that. I intend to govern myself as long as I can, and when I can no longer, I will give up the reins to some one else; but in the meantime I will allow no one to interfere with *me*." I am under the impression that nothing more fatal to the interests of our Indian empire occurred than the antagonism between Lord Dalhousie and Sir Charles Napier. Sir Charles Napier saw all the rocks ahead, and would, if permitted, have averted our danger. Had these two great men worked cordially together, I firmly believe that we should have had

no Mutiny; but, alas! it was not destined to be so, and we had to wade through seas of blood before we arrived on dry ground. But is it now firm ground? or are we still on quicksands?

When I met Sir Charles again at Simla in 1850, after I had got my leave of absence, I dined with him. I remember he had two youngsters on either side—one a chubby-faced ensign, the other a second lieutenant in the 60th Rifles. His table was always simple, though plentiful. There was no champagne. The youngsters were talking away to each other across Sir Charles in the most unrestrained manner (which he liked and encouraged) about the last ball and the champagne. "Ah!" said Sir Charles, "I have some very good champagne—much better than you got at the ball,—but I do not keep it for ensigns, or second lieutenants in the Rifles either."

A few mornings afterwards I called, and found M'Murdo gardening. He took me into the chief's rooms, who asked me some questions relative to the proceedings of a recent court-martial at Umballa, about which he was very angry. The facts were these: A man in my own regiment had committed deliberate murder. The Commander-in-Chief had ordered him to be tried by a general court-martial, framing the charges himself, in

which the man was simply accused of murder, not also of feloniously slaying, &c., and other legal phraseology. The man was acquitted. Sir Charles sent the proceedings back for revision. The Court adhered to its former opinion. Sir Charles had then no alternative but to confirm the acquittal, which he did thus: "Confirmed, but *not* approved. A court-martial has nothing to do with the ancient acts of ancient kings, but is a court of equity." This was in consequence of the Court, in refusing to alter its decision, having alluded to the laws of England. The Judge-Advocate-General agreed with the decision of the Court—that, having failed to convict the man for murder, in the absence of any other indictment he could not be found guilty of the lesser charge—no indictment to that effect having been framed. The whole question was referred home, and the opinion was adverse to Sir Charles. When the decision arrived from home, he sent for his Adjutant-General. On going into the room he found the Commander-in-Chief pacing up and down like a caged lion. For a long time he said nothing. At last he stopped, and said in a solemn tone—"G——." Yes, sir." "G—— B—— is a ——." He then placidly resumed his work.

A naval officer from Bombay once ventured to object to some order of his, saying that he was under the orders of the Bombay Marine Department. Sir Charles said, "You presume to disobey the orders of my Quartermaster-General? Sir, you are nothing but a pebble under the wheels of my Government, and I will crunch you." *Exit* naval officer, glad to escape with a whole skin.

I possess a copy of a compilation of the general orders issued by Sir Charles Napier when Governor of Scinde—a most valuable record: some of them are very quaint. At Sukkur the young officers were in the habit of riding furiously in the bazaars, upon which the following order was issued: "Gentlemen as well as beggars may, if they like, ride to the devil when they get on horseback, but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people there," &c., &c.

Again, on the escape of a prisoner from the charge of an old soldier of eighteen years' service and good moral character, who was acquitted, he remarks: "As to Private ——'s character, it has nothing to do with the matter, neither has his eighteen years' service. I do not want good-natured well-behaved old women to stand sentries over condemned felons; I want hardy, alert soldiers who know how to use their arms, and

courts-martial that will deal out justice, and not acquit men who fail in their duty, under pretences that are mere quibbles." Again: "Officers must not shoot peacocks. If they do, the Beloochias will shoot officers; at least so they have threatened, and Major-General Napier has not the slightest doubt that they will keep their word."

Until 1857 life proceeded very placidly at Calcutta, — nothing of moment occurred. In February 1856 Lord Dalhousie went home and Lord Canning succeeded him. I remember how wretched and miserable the latter looked as he ascended the great outer steps of Government House,—he looked as if overwhelmed and bowed down with the sense of responsibility. On his way up he stumbled and nearly fell. There was a visible shudder amongst the vast throng of superstitious natives assembled, and the words "*absit omen*" were repeated by more than one European present. Lord Canning afterwards said that he was suffering from one of his severe headaches, which perfectly prostrated him, and that nothing but a peremptory sense of duty enabled him to go through the ceremony of installation.

In September, as Mrs Anson, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, was going home, the com-

munity gave her a ball in the town-hall. The room was most beautifully decorated with festoons of flowers round the pillars, and a star of bayonets on every alternate one. The Governor-General and Lady Canning arrived first, and we, the stewards, received them at the door. The 53d furnished the guard of honour. Soon after the Commander-in-Chief and Mrs Anson arrived, received by us at the door, and by the Governor-General and Lady Canning at the top of the stairs.

Festivity and placidity reigned supreme this winter. The sky was serene, but it was soon to be overcast; the calmness was but the prelude to the storm which burst upon us all unexpectedly. In a former part of this work I have recounted how the Resident at Lucknow, the gifted but eccentric Coverley Jackson, had in vain, as he said, warned the Government that treason was rife; I will now, at the risk of boring my readers with a twice-told tale, give some few extracts from my diary to show how mutterings from the coming storm were heard,—low growls of the thunder that was destined to crash with appalling suddenness over our devoted heads.

18*th March* 1857.—Many events of importance have occurred. The war with Persia still

raging, one with China commenced. In the former country we have obtained a signal victory. Our troops, after a painful march of forty-eight hours, the rain pouring nearly all the time, attacked the enemy in their intrenched camp and utterly routed them. General Outram had a severe fall from his horse, and remained insensible for a long time. Prodigies of valour were performed by the Bombay Light Cavalry, who literally rode down the Persian squares. I received the following letter from my old friend General Havelock at the beginning of the campaign :—

"MY DEAR RAMSAY,—I am much gratified by your kind, and, I am sure, sincere congratulations on my nomination, unsought and unexpected, to the command of a division with this force. The enterprise in which we are engaged is interesting in the highest degree, and unless cut short by some caprice of public opinion or unsound political combination, is almost sure to lead to important results. Nearly half my two brigades are still on the sea; but the absent regiments drop in by degrees in spite of adverse winds, tempestuous weather, and imperfect steam-power.

"You must not repine if denied for the pres-

ent the opportunity of encountering the risks of actual service. What if you should behold a force assembled to penetrate to Herat by the Bolan? The 75th would then have a chance; and who more likely than yourself, when called to the front, to obtain staff appointment and win distinction in the field? I beg my kindest regards to Mrs Ramsay, and remembrances to all friends in Calcutta—Birch in particular, and Rice and Thompson, and all that remember me at the United Service Club.—Ever, believe me, most sincerely yours, H. H.

"BUSHIRE."

In China nothing of importance has lately occurred. There are dissensions at home. Deep disaffection, it is to be feared, exists amongst the Sepoys, arising partly from the introduction into the service of the new rifles, in the manufacture of cartridges for which the use of animal grease is required—either of hog's-lard or beef-suet—thus at once offending the prejudices of both Mussulmans and Hindoos, and uniting in community of interest against us the two races whose antagonism to each other has hitherto been our safeguard. Government has done all that is possible to allay the ferment, allowing the Sepoys

to use their own grease, but the disaffection still continues. This disaffection appears widespread. At Berhampore the 19th Native Infantry mutinied, turned out armed on parade, and refused to give up their arms. The commandant brought out the guns and some irregular cavalry. The mutineers then consented to give up their arms provided the troops were withdrawn. The commanding officer consented to this! The 19th are now on their way to Barrackpore, in order, it is said, to be disbanded, and H.M. 84th Regiment has been sent for in haste from Rangoon. A strange occurrence connected with these murmurs of disaffection took place in this fort a few nights ago. A great *fête* was to have been given at the Botanic Gardens, some distance out of Calcutta, by the Maharajah of Gwalior, at which all the society, including the Governor-General and staff, would have been present. Two of the native guard in the fort went to the native officers in charge of the guards in the town outside of the fort, and tried to persuade them to march their guards into the fort. Most providentially a tremendous storm of wind and rain came on that night, just as people were on the point of starting,—an occurrence most unprecedented at that season of the year,—and put a stop to the

entertainment; on the announcement of which, rockets were seen to have been sent up in the town and responded to in the direction of the Botanic Gardens. There cannot be a doubt but that it was intended on that occasion to massacre all the inhabitants. A court of inquiry has been held, but as yet has elucidated nothing. The men will be tried by court-martial for leaving their posts. There is no doubt that disaffection reigns throughout the kingdom, and must be put down with a firm hand. Yesterday news was received from Lucknow of the murder, in broad daylight, of the Deputy-Commissioner of Scinde, Mr Boileau. The murderer has taken refuge in the Nepaulese territory. If the Government demand his surrender and it is refused, at present we are powerless to enforce it.

22*d.*—It is announced that the 19th Native Infantry have refused to march to Barrackpore. What will Government do? Disband them up there? I trust *not.* That would be a partial triumph to them. No; send a regiment of Queen's troops to march them down as prisoners, and disband them at Barrackpore, as originally intended.

18*th April.*—The 19th *have* been disbanded at Barrackpore, in presence of a strong European force. All passed off quietly. The 19th appeared

very sorry for themselves, and very penitent. They said they were instigated to mutiny by the 34th—a regiment which was once before disbanded, and it is to be hoped will be again. The two Sepoys of the 2d Grenadiers quartered in the fort, have been tried for mutiny in attempting to persuade the guards in Calcutta to leave their posts and march into the fort, with a view, it has been ascertained, of seizing the arsenal. Thank God, the vigorous measures taken by Government have, as yet, quelled the mutinous spirit! but we are—there is no use shutting our eyes to the fact — reposing on the edge of a slumbering volcano.

3*d May*.—A grand ball given on board the Sardinian frigate Beroldo, Captain Count de Vïré. A very great success. It was like fairy-land. What with the glorious Eastern moon and the wealth of floral decorations, the sailors in picturesque Neapolitan costumes, artistically placed here and there, a prettier sight could not be imagined. The Governor-General and Lady Canning were present, and expressed great admiration.

6*th*.—The 34th Regiment Native Infantry disbanded this morning. This regiment has been at the bottom of all the sedition, and deserves its fate.

11*th.*—The gallant old General Hearsey came to see me, and gave me a long account of his dealings with the mutinous Sepoys at Barrackpore. The Government owe him much. It is entirely owing to his firmness and knowledge of the native character—he speaks their language like one of themselves—that the sedition has been quelled, perhaps even that India has been saved. Lord Canning has written him a very handsome letter, eulogising his services.

14*th.*—Fearful news from up country. Delhi seized by mutinous regiments; several Europeans massacred.

16*th.*—The sad news confirmed. Delhi is still[1] in the hands of the insurgents. They have plundered the Treasury also—their own king's—to the amount of fifty lacs of rupees. They have elected the old king's son as emperor. The officer commanding the arsenal — Lieutenant Willoughby—has immortalised himself by blowing up the arsenal to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief is rapidly moving down from the hills with two regiments. The corps of Sappers coming from Roorkee murdered their officers and

[1] How little did we then think that for many a long dreary day it would yet be "still in the possession of the mutineers"!

joined the mutineers. The consternation of all is great.

17*th*.—11 P.M. Mr Ross, the conductor, came to me in a very excited state, telling me that Captain Hodson, the garrison engineer, wished to speak to me. It appeared that an attack on the fort was momentarily expected. They cut away a ladder leading to the back of my quarters —the Calcutta Gateway. The European guards were doubled; ammunition served out, &c. However, the night passed off tranquilly.

20*th*.—Nothing but rumours of disasters; and one so circumstantial as to a rising at Benares from Mr Cameron, the worthy Master of our Scotch Masonic Lodge, that I deemed it my duty to mention it to Colonel Cavanagh, our energetic and indefatigable town-major, who, in his turn, reported it to the Military Secretary to Government, from whom a letter was received, stating that *all these rumours were false, and that they had received satisfactory telegraphic messages from all quarters; and as to Calcutta itself, the report of the chief of the police was that great excitement prevailed amongst the European population, but that the natives were as quiet as usual.* This is meant to be very ironical. God knows, this is not a time for a sneer! In the

meantime the effect has been to lash the great uncovenanted society of Calcutta into a perfect fury, as I ascertained on attending a grand meeting of Freemasons, who gave free vent to their opinions as to the course to be pursued. As I entered the room, our worthy Master of the Scotch Lodge, Mr Cameron, a coach-builder, was holding forth, and recommended that all the Sepoys should be turned out of Fort-William, the water turned into the ditches, and the drawbridges raised. Some went so far as to recommend that Lord Canning should be deported and placed on board ship. The meeting at last became tumultuous, and the chairman, Brother Hoff, had great difficulty in *keeping order;* but eventually order was restored, and common-sense came to the rescue in a proposition by Mr Longueville Clarke, a shrewd long-headed barrister, that the services of all the Masons in Calcutta should be placed at the disposal of Government; and every one pressed forward to show his loyalty by enrolling his name as a volunteer. So this complication, which at one time threatened to be serious, was averted. My staff sergeant begged leave to bring his wife and child to our quarters, as they feared an attack by the Sepoys.

23*d.*—News arrived that the 9th Regiment had risen at Allygurh, and taken possession of the fort—about the strongest in India. They told their officers that they had no further occasion for their services, but they did not injure them in any way. The 9th was always considered one of the finest regiments in the service.

25*th.*—Yesterday being Sunday, the Queen's birthday was celebrated this day. A *feu-de-joie* was fired by all the troops in garrison on the ramparts. Considerable anxiety was manifested as to whether the 2d Grenadiers—the regiment now in garrison, and considered to be very disaffected — would take the blank ammunition. However, they considered discretion the better part of valour, and took it without any ado. There was the usual grand ball at Government House. I was extremely unwell that day, and did not go. There were several absentees. Lord Canning was very angry; and the only harsh word I ever received from him was on that occasion. He sent for me, and asked me why I had not come. I told him how ill I had been. He replied, "If you had been at death's-door, you should have made a point of coming. Nothing should have prevented you but sheer physical impossibility. An example of calmness is re-

quired—urgently required—from every official." In this he set a bright example, but he carried it to the length of obstinacy. He never would permit the body-guard to be disarmed; and to the last was guarded by Sepoys in Government House, sending back with an angry minute the European soldiers we sent to replace them.

27*th.*—The 70th Native Infantry volunteered for service up country. Lord Canning was much pleased, and said it was the first ray of sunshine he had felt. They are to go up at once.

29*th.*—Still no news from the Commander-in-Chief's camp. Every one is getting very anxious. For twenty days the mutineers have now had possession of Delhi. If a blow be not speedily struck, India may be lost. The crisis is a fearful one; but I have great confidence in our mission in this country. Should this storm happily blow over, we may have increased opportunities of doing good — greater facilities for promoting Christianity. God grant that we may avail ourselves of them!

31*st.*—It is to be feared that this movement is a Mussulman one. The wretched Sepoys are only the puppets moved by them. Even now in Delhi, they say the Mussulmans are forcing the Hindoos to become converts to their religion.

We might take advantage of this to bring back to their allegiance the deluded Hindoos. The worst piece of folly that has been committed is a proclamation issued by Mr Colvin, the governor of the North-west Provinces, offering a free pardon to all the mutineers who will lay down their arms and proceed to their homes. Doubtless there are amongst the rebels men who have been unwillingly led into rebellion, but this is not the time to make such an offer. The rebels must be first chastised.

3d June.—Alas! General Anson, our Commander-in-Chief, dead! We can ill spare him. Those who are competent to judge, pronounced him to be thoroughly capable to lead us through this crisis. I know that General Havelock had the very highest opinion of his qualifications as a soldier. As an administrator and Member of Council, he had already exhibited the greatest talent. His knowledge of finance was extraordinary, and excited the admiration of his coadjutors.

5th.—If Government have any news, they keep it to themselves. It would be far better to publish what is known, as the exaggerations are generally worse than the realities. . . . A long conversation with the Military Secretary to Govern-

ment as to my position. Now that regiment after regiment arrives from England, the officers of course come to my office for everything. Beyond pointing out the regulations of the service, and making myself otherwise generally useful, I have no power,—all the arrangements for their quarters, transport, &c., being made by the Departmental officers of the Company's service; and I did not even regularly receive notice of these. The Military Secretary agreed that my position was an anomalous one, but made no proposal to alter it, merely expressing a hope that I would continue as zealously as I had hitherto done to help the Departments, and especially the town-major, the Governor-General's representative in the fort. Of course I agreed to do so, but added, "Remember, Colonel Birch, I can accept no responsibility." "Oh no," he replied; "*we are* responsible," and closed the interview. The responsibility he took upon his shoulders was destined very soon to be grievous to him.

13*th*.—The 37th and a detachment of Royal Artillery, under the command of Captain Maude, arrived from Ceylon on this day. The general at Barrackpore got information of an intended rising there, and sent off to Calcutta in hot haste for European troops. In the middle of the night

an order was sent—not to my office, but direct to the officer commanding the 37th Regiment, to march at once to Barrackpore. They found no one to guide them, and no proper camp-followers, and lost their way.

14*th*.—At an early hour in the morning, to our consternation, both the town-major and I were apprised of the sudden march of the regiment, without water-carriers or proper followers. We took immediate steps to remedy the evil, during which time the dead body of an officer — Captain Clutterbuck — who had been struck down by the sun, was brought into the fort. This day was called "Panic Sunday." The sudden movement of the 37th at night, the town-major and commandant of the garrison called out of church, the exaggerated accounts of what was supposed to be going on at Barrackpore, —all combined to put the good people of Calcutta in a most awful fright. We sent off men in carriages to Dumdum, from whence also an urgent requisition for troops arrived. My quarter and that of the town-major was crammed with people from Calcutta, some simply panic-struck, others offering their services as volunteers. A general court-martial was sitting to try a spy who had been caught in the fort. The whole of

the native guards at last were disarmed. It should have been done sooner.

15*th*.—At midnight the whole garrison was under arms. The 53d loaded on their private parade, also the body-guard of the Governor-General, and four guns, served by the Royal Artillery, just arrived from Ceylon. We marched off to the King of Oude's residence at Garden Reach. We arrived just at daylight, invested the place completely, and brought our guns to bear upon the three entrances. Then, with a party of the 53d, Mr Edmonstone, the Civil Commissioner, Major Herbert, myself, and other officials, two or three men loitering about the place being captured, we made them point out to us the prime minister Alee Lukhee Khan's residence, which we at once surrounded. He was in the zenana, and Mr Edmonstone, the Foreign Secretary, held a parley with them, the result of which was that he came out, gracefully salaaming. Two grenadiers were at once posted alongside of him. One of them touched him, and he repulsed him with an air of intense scorn. We then went to the king's residence, on the banks of the river. We found the war-steamer Zenobia anchored in front. After more than half an hour's delay, during which time an old

ayah came out at intervals and abused us (this being the only warlike demonstration made), we were admitted into the king's presence, and found him a heavy overgrown young man, seated cross-legged on a *charpoy*, surrounded by his followers. Mr Edmonstone, without any circumlocution, told the king that he must surrender himself and go into the fort. He made no objection, nominated the followers he wished to have with him, and rose to depart, escorted by Mr Edmonstone. And here an incident occurred which made us all laugh heartily. The women who were within hearing commenced howling vigorously; and one stout dame, about forty apparently, without any ceremony came from behind the curtains, rushed into the middle of us, and abused us soundly because she was not included in the list of followers to the king. "Who," she said, putting her arms akimbo, "I should like to know, is to take care of him—to wash him, to light his pipe?" &c. Of course there was no objection made to her accómpanying the king, who laughed feebly, but had evidently left her out on purpose in the first instance. Major Herbert and fifty men were left behind to search for papers, arms, &c.

16*th.*—To our consternation, on arrival in the

fort, we heard that the spy had escaped from the main guard: gross negligence on the part of the officer and sentries, who will be tried for it. In the evening I rode down to the quarters of the 37th Regiment, hoping to find them completely shaken down after their ill-starred march to Barrackpore. When I met the officer commanding, who was coming to see me, he said—"What *am* I to do? My men are being sacrificed. None of our pressing wants are supplied! What shall I do?" I said, "Colonel, there is no responsible military authority here. The general of the division is too far off; moreover, he cannot interfere with the arrangements in the fort, which are entirely in the hands of the town-major, acting for the Governor-General. Colonel Cavanagh is a most active, energetic officer; but he is overworked and harassed to death. I have literally no authority, and can only report matters to the Adjutant-General, Queen's troops, if one exists. As there is no communication now with the provinces, I advise you to go at once straight to the Governor-General; tell him I sent you there, and lay the whole matter before him." "But," said the colonel, "he has a large dinner-party just now." "Never mind that," I replied; "I

know he will see you at once." In a very short time he came back, told me he had sent in his name to Lord Canning, who came out at once to see him, and listened with dismay to his story. Throwing up his hands, he said, "Great God! are mismanagement and disorganisation to be added to my list of troubles?" He then sent for the Military Secretary, and spoke sternly to him. He said, "Lay the blame afterwards where you like, and where it ought to rest; but in the meantime I consider you are in fault. You are responsible to me, and I am extremely displeased."

17*th.*—All the fat in the fire,—a terrible shindy. The poor old Military Secretary came to my office at a very early hour breathless with excitement.

"Ramsay," he said, "you are responsible for this!"

"Indeed?" I said. "May I request you to recall to your mind a conversation I had with you some days ago, when you told me that, in the absence of the Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops, you did everything, and that I was *not* to be held responsible for any shortcomings. I spoke my mind most freely," I said, "as I anticipated the system had broken down.

I said you withheld from me information as to the expected arrival of troops, where they were to be quartered, or their eventual destination," &c.

Not a word could he gainsay, but impatiently remarked—"Well, well; but what do you suggest?"

I replied, "I am the Brigade-Major of the Queen's troops in Bengal: I am the only staff officer of H.M. service here. I consider that, during the absence of the Adjutant-General of H.M. forces—whose deputy I am—I should be empowered to act in his place. At all events, I ought to receive prompt information as to the arrival and removal of troops, else how can I supply their wants? At present my office is a farce, and it is a simple waste of time officers coming to me."

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

ARRIVAL OF SIR PATRICK GRANT — GENERAL HAVELOCK — LADY HAVELOCK'S PRESENT TO THE QUEEN — LETTER TO LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE—"THE FLEA"—SIR WILLIAM PEEL—ARRIVAL OF LORD ELGIN—GARNET WOLSELEY.

THE Fire-Queen arrived from Madras with our new Commander-in-Chief on board; also Colonel Havelock, the Adjutant-General—straight from the Persian campaign—and his son; Colonel Wilson, commanding 64th Regiment; Colonel Haines, Military Secretary — a very old friend of mine. I went on board to receive them. A great crowd assembled at Prinsep's Ghat — amongst them many old friends of Sir Patrick Grant—an old and very popular Bengal officer.

When I first met Sir Patrick Grant, he was Adjutant-General of the Bengal army under Lord Gough, to whose daughter he was married: a fine, handsome, soldierlike-looking man, above the average height—a regular Highlander; very

robust, and with most kindly, winning manners. This was in 1846, when I was aide-de-camp to Lord Hardinge. I had not seen him since then. He is as handsome as ever—calm, composed, and good-humoured. The arrival of Sir Patrick Grant was of great service to me. I lost no time in making him acquainted with all that had occurred. He highly approved of my conduct, and issued immediate orders that I was to be supplied with the fullest information as to everything connected with the Queen's troops. I remember once hearing him say, that when he was made adjutant of his regiment he determined that he would become Adjutant-General of the army. General Havelock told me that the Military Secretary to Government complained to him of my having spoken too freely to him. I began to justify myself, when the old disciplinarian said: "Nonsense! A junior officer is never in the right. He must grin and bear everything from his superior;" and shut me up there and then. Started the Royal Artillery detachment up country. They had given me a deal of trouble —not from their behaviour, which was excellent, but their rate of pay being different, and this being the first arrival of H.M. Artillery, there were constant and tedious references to the pay

and audit officer. I was in no way helped by the commanding officer, Captain Maude, a most gallant officer, but not fond of office work. Indeed he disappeared, and I was on the point of sending the detachment off without him when he turned up, jumped on board, and said, "All right. What a trump you are, old fellow!" I said, "Certainly they are all right; but no thanks to you. Young Brown" (a most excellent young officer, son of the chaplain at Woolwich) "has been doing your work." He simply grinned, and said, "Ta, ta."

I received the following letter from Sir Patrick Grant on his appointment to the command of the 78th Highlanders, which gave the greatest pleasure to his numerous friends :—

"IVY BANK, NAIRN, N.B.,
18th November 1863.

"MY DEAR RAMSAY,—Many thanks for your friendly congratulations on my appointment to the colonelcy of the 78th Highlanders, than which there is not a more distinguished regiment in the army. You must be descended from 'Second-sight Sandy,' and an inheritor of his prophetic faculty, to have been able to predict this good fortune to me, for which I was myself

wholly unprepared. It is therefore all the more gratifying to me. With our united kind regards to Mrs Ramsay and yourself, believe me ever sincerely yours, PAT. GRANT."

22*d June*.—General Havelock has been placed in orders to command a column going up to Lucknow, and I am to be put in temporary charge of the offices of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General H.M. Forces.

23*d*.—There appears to be little doubt that Delhi is once more in our hands. The natives have had the report in the bazaar some days, and orders from up country have been received to invest in Company's paper, a sure sign of confidence returning. General Havelock dined with us for the last time. We were much grieved to part with him, and he seemed to enjoy our society very much, talking a great deal of his wife and family—the dear ones at home. We were much affected at parting with him, feeling that it was very uncertain if we should ever see him again. The first time I saw the gallant General was in Lord Gough's camp in the first Sikh war. He was then, I think, Persian interpreter. I met him again in Bombay on my way here. He was Adjutant-General of H.M. Forces there. The

third time was when he was Adjutant-General, or rather acting with General Anson here. I saw a great deal of him then, and liked him more and more every day. He had a great deal of genial kindly humour about him, and was much liked by many wild youngsters who were not in the least of his way of thinking. At this time he lived at the Military Club. He mixed freely with the members, dining at the *table d'hôte*, and enjoying his cool glass of wine as much as any one else. Many a kindly pat on the shoulder he used to give, as he retired for the night, to some fast youngsters who he knew were going to sit up late playing cards, admonishing them to go to bed early. I remember one youngster in the 9th Lancers whom he specially liked, and to whom he invariably said, "My son, go to bed."

I mention these little traits of character, as I know it has been represented that Havelock was a morose gloomy Puritan and water-drinker. Nothing could be further from the fact. Certainly he was a devoted Christian; and if you went into his room or tent at any time, you would see his Bible lying open, which he constantly studied, but this made him neither morose nor ascetic. On the contrary, he mixed freely in society, and enjoyed it very much. I used to

see him at all the official balls and receptions, always with his sword by his side. I remember when Lord Canning's Military Secretary got into a great scrape, by its having leaked out that some people of improper character had obtained access to a public subscription ball by means of tickets obtained from him. It was afterwards ascertained, I believe, that they were obtained without his knowledge. However, of course society was outraged, and the offending Military Secretary was sent off to make a campaign in Persia. Before going, General Anson, the kindest-hearted of men, gave a large party, to which he asked all the heads of departments, along with the Military Secretary, with a view evidently to restore him to the good graces of society. He shook hands with everybody. On coming up to Havelock the latter said, "How do you do, my lord." Then turning round to me observed: "If he had been Ensign Smith he would have been cashiered. However, I suppose it is all right." General Anson heard him, and gave a very queer look. Now we meet him once more, and it may be the last time.

It was the last time. We look back with pride to the fact that it was from under our roof he started for his last and glorious campaign. We

well remember being struck at the time that he spoke calmly, but not hopefully. No one knew better what was before him. His son, a smart young fellow, who evidently intends to be as great a disciplinarian as his father, accompanies him. I remember the General relating an anecdote of him in his younger days, when he was quite a boy. On a certain occasion he took his son with him into the City. At an early hour in the forenoon he left him on London Bridge, telling him to wait there until he came back for him. He forgot all about him, and when sitting down to dinner his mother said, "What have you done with Henry?" His father jumped up, saying, "I forgot all about him;" hailed a cab, and went straight to London Bridge, feeling certain that, in obedience to orders, the boy would be there —and there he was.

In after-years, Lady Havelock being anxious to present the Queen with a devotional book after the death of the Prince Consort, begged me to manage the affair for her. I accordingly wrote to Lady Augusta Bruce on the subject as follows:—

"DEAR LADY AUGUSTA,—You will, I know, forgive the liberty I take in troubling you with

this letter when you have read it. Lady Havelock, the widow of my dear old friend Sir Henry Havelock, who left my house in Calcutta to proceed on his last glorious campaign, has intrusted me with the following commission. Remembering the gracious words of sympathy which her Majesty caused to be conveyed to her in the time of her deep sorrow, Lady Havelock, though aware that she only shares in common with all her Majesty's subjects the deep grief felt on account of the national calamity which has overwhelmed us, and the sympathy felt by all for her Majesty in the bitter trials which it has pleased the Almighty for some wise and inscrutable purpose to afflict her with,—yet felt an irresistible desire most humbly to offer specially to her Majesty the tribute of her heartfelt sorrow, and to prefer a request that she may be permitted to present to her Majesty a small work from which Lady Havelock has received such great consolation that she ventures to think that the same may not be unacceptable to her Majesty. When Lady Havelock communicated the foregoing to me, I told her that I should be very glad to write to you on the subject, but that you would, of course, use your own discretion as to presenting the book to her Majesty. Lady Havelock feels

that there is not one of her Majesty's subjects who would not like to do what she is now doing if allowed; but as a widow, she is unable to join in the public addresses of condolence; and moreover, the gracious expression of sympathy, conveyed to her through the Duke of Cambridge, from her Majesty is still sounding in her ears, and emboldens her to think that she has a special claim to be allowed to prefer this request. I cannot conclude without saying that I feel a special interest in writing this to you, having been a student at Bonn soon after the Prince left the college. Again at Dochfour, Mr Baillie's place, in 1847, the Prince's kindly manner made a deep impression on me. One circumstance in special gave me an idea of his kindness and thoughtfulness for others. There was to be a grand ball at Inverness the night he dined at Mr Baillie's; but as the Prince had not intimated his intention of going, of course none of us could go. One or two amongst us, with more boldness than reverence, went very near the Prince after dinner, and said to each other in a loud tone: 'What a good ball it will be, and how anxious we were to go!' The Prince, with a sweet smile, looked at us kindly and said, 'These young gentlemen are very anxious to go to the ball.

I should like to go myself.' I have never forgotten this trait of a noble nature, of one who was not too great to condescend to think of the enjoyments of others."

Answer to the foregoing, conveying the Queen's acceptance of Lady Havelock's book.

"DEAR MAJOR RAMSAY.—I have waited for an opportunity to bring before the Queen the letter and book which, at the request of Lady Havelock, you submitted to my care. That opportunity I found yesterday, and I am now commanded by the Queen to acknowledge very warmly the feeling of sympathy which prompted Lady Havelock to send what she in her terrible bereavement had found soothing and supporting, as well as the book itself, which her Majesty is pleased to accept. The author has much reason to be thankful; for this and his other little volumes seem to have met with most remarkable acceptance. I cannot tell you by how many they have been spoken of in the terms in which Lady Havelock speaks of this one. None of the countless marks of sympathy, individual and collective, have failed to awaken a grateful response in the heart of the Queen; but those her Majesty receives from sufferers who

have themselves known the bitter agony she is now called on to endure, are doubly precious, and truly to no one was such sympathy ever more due: for freely the Queen bestowed her sympathy on others, when her own sky was clear and cloudless, and none seemed more safe from such a calamity than herself. Truly, as you say, it was not only in great public acts that the Prince shone forth pre-eminent; but in the daily, hourly charities and courtesies of life, the same spirit pervaded all. Every moment seems to aggravate the sense of loss and desolation, and to render the Queen's misery more intense; but thanks be to God, the strength vouchsafed, the patience, and the determination to leave no duty undone, do not fail. May the faith and the prayers of the nation persevere likewise.

"OSBORNE, *20th February* 1862."

I went whenever I had a spare moment to look at the volunteers drilling with great enthusiasm. They were afterwards disbanded, to the great indignation of the uncovenanted citizens.

28th.—Mail from England in. Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords evidently uneasy at the state of affairs. Referring to the disbandment of the 19th Regiment Native Infantry,

asks what steps had been taken, what precautions; and is told by Lord Panmure "there is *nothing* to apprehend!!" By this time he must be painfully undeceived. News of Colonel Hallifax's, commanding 75th Regiment, death. What a blow to his family! Still no official news as to Delhi.

Alluding to Lord Ellenborough, I remember an absurd scrape I was involuntarily led into after my return from India in the summer of 1858. I dined at Lady Caroline Neeld's. There was a large party present. Lord and Lady Chichester, Lord and Lady Lyveden, the Italian Minister Marquis d'Azeglio, &c., &c. Next to me sat a small man whose face I knew perfectly, but I could not remember his name. I observed that Lady Caroline appeared to be much occupied with him, and she said how sorry she was he had not taken down a lady to dinner. "Oh," he replied, "I am much better occupied than talking to a lady. I am getting some information." (Here I observed the ladies interchange glances, smiling as if his manner was well understood.) "Getting some information as to India from an officer just arrived." And turning round to me he said, "Pray, sir, who amongst our statesmen do you consider knows most about India?"

I replied in a moment, "Oh, there cannot be a doubt. There is only one who knows India well—Lord Ellenborough."

Unfortunately at that moment, as will often happen when least wanted, there was a pause in the conversation, and every one listened.

"Ah," he repeated, "you say that there is only one statesman, Lord Ellenborough, who knows anything about India."

I replied, "You put it rather stronger than I said."

I then observed that there was some constraint, and I remembered, what I ought not to have forgotten, that Lord Lyveden, who was sitting opposite, was President of the Board of India. I turned round to my small friend, who seemed greatly to enjoy the whole thing, and reproached him for leading me into this scrape. "Oh," he said, "it will do him good."

I afterwards found out that my neighbour was Mr Fleming—popularly called "the Flea"—a well-known man about town. He had great influence in fashionable society, nobody knew why. It was alleged that Lord Palmerston had been his fag at Eton. Whatever was the reason, there is no doubt that he could carry any point, and go to any house he liked. I remember one day at

the Coventry Club a very heavy bet being lost and won as to his not being asked to a certain very popular ambassadress's house, who had declared her intention of *not* asking him. He *was* asked. He followed studiously what the 'Saturday Review' called the great unrecognised profession—viz., getting on in the world.

8th August.—At the Military Club I took up the 'Phœnix' newspaper, and read in it what turned me quite sick,—a scrap of a journal kept by Caroline Lindsay, a cousin of my wife's. She and two other sisters, with their mother and a brother, a young officer, had only recently been staying with us, and had gone to Cawnpore in high spirits, except this poor girl, who cried bitterly, and asked to be left with us, which we would have gladly consented to. From some presentiment she appeared afraid to go up country, but her mother would not hear of her remaining. At that time there was not even a shadow apparent of all that was to happen. The journal ran as follows:—

"30th June, mamma died; 1st August, Alice died; 2d, George died; 3d, uncle Willy died; 4th, aunt Lilly died. On such a date we surrendered ourselves. Got into boats, when we were fired upon. Those of us who escaped

taken prisoners, and brought into this room, where——" Here the journal ends abruptly.

The Shannon, Captain William Peel, arrived from China, with Lord Elgin on board and 250 marines. Also about 90 men of the 90th with two officers, who had been taken off the Transit steamer, which was wrecked in the China seas. I went on board the Shannon to land the 90th, when Captain Peel at once engaged me in conversation as to an idea he had of landing his guns, and forming a naval brigade to send them up country. I observed the two officers of the 90th extremely impatient — especially one of them on the other side of the quarter-deck—but not venturing to interrupt us. So I took the liberty of reminding Captain Peel that I had troops to land. "What troops?" he said. "The detachment of the 90th you picked up in the Transit." "Oh," he said, "certainly; I forgot all about them." I went over to the young officers and told them I had come to land them. As I turned my back I heard one muttering, "And a precious time you have taken about it."

Years after, when dining with my cousin, Major-General Lindsay, then Military Secretary Horse Guards, I found myself sitting opposite Sir Garnet Wolseley. He said, "You do not

seem to remember me?" I replied, "I was not aware I had ever seen him before." He added, "Do you not remember the two officers of the 90th on board the Shannon, who were so angry at your not landing them at once?" "Yes," I said, "I do; and I heard what one of them said." He laughed, and acknowledged it.

Lord Elgin landed amidst cheers from the assembled multitude for the Queen, and nothing but the Queen, showing the temper of the times.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

HIS ARRIVAL — HIS IRRUPTION INTO THE FORT — SIR COLIN'S OFFICE—COLONEL ABBOTT—COLONEL CRAWFORD, R.A.—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL MANSFIELD — SIR PATRICK GRANT — ANECDOTES OF SIR COLIN—LAST SIGHT OF HIM.

13*th.* — Steamer Bengal from Suez arrived. To our astonishment amongst the passengers Sir Colin Campbell, who has come as Commander-in-Chief, having started in twelve hours after the announcement of General Anson's death. Notwithstanding that the terrible news of the massacre at Delhi and Meerut have reached England, the people do not appear to realise the facts. The Government continue to give assurances that it is only a partial *émeute*, that it will be speedily quelled, that Lord Canning is full of calm confidence, &c., &c.

Lord Ellenborough seems to be the only man alive to the danger, and made a splendid speech,

prophesying all that has actually occurred. Lord Granville replied, "I wish my noble friend had waited until the arrival of the next mail, before he denounced the state of the country to be so bad."

General Straubenzee and staff, and General Beatson, of Bashi-Bazouk notoriety, also arrived.

Sir Colin Campbell came like a whirlwind into the Fort, driving in a buggy with Major Alison, his military secretary. As he passed under my gateway he shouted out, "Brigade-Major, *follow* me." Fortunately my own buggy was as usual at the door, and I was able to obey the order at once. Suddenly he stopped, and sprang out like a boy, upon an unfortunate officer commanding a regiment in the Fort, saying:—

"I know you, sir; I know you, sir. Your regiment is in bad order, sir. Have any of your men been instructed in the Minie rifle drill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have the officers?"

The unfortunate major hesitated and said, "Some of them, sir."

Upon which Sir Colin turned round to the adjutant, a smart young fellow standing by, and said, "How many, sir?"

"None," replied the adjutant.

"I thought so," said Sir Colin. "One of you has lied, and it is not you;" and thereupon he placed the unfortunate officer in arrest.

He then sent for the next in command, a jolly individual, who came down-stairs in exuberant spirits, with his hat well on the back of his head. Not aware of Sir Colin's presence, and only seeing me, as the rest were a little distance off, he shouted out, "Well, old fellow, what is the row?" I said nothing, but took him up to Sir Colin, who said:—

"Major E——, I know nothing about you, good, bad, or indifferent; but this I know, if anything goes wrong under your command, I will try you, sir, by court-martial, as I intend to try your major." And glaring fiercely at us all, he added, "I will try everybody who is incapable."

When the excitement had subsided a little, I ventured to hint gently to Sir Colin that what he had done was illegal; that he had no power to give any orders in the Fort, which was under the command of the Governor-General. Slapping his head, he said, "I am an ass. Come along to the Town-Major, and I will explain matters."

The good Colonel Cavenagh, who knew nothing of his being in the Fort, was somewhat taken

aback, and said, "I wish, sir, you would see the Governor-General."

Sir Colin then said, "Come along, Captain Ramsay, and make my peace with Lady Canning, your cousin." We accordingly drove to Government House, and saw Lady Canning, who said that the Governor-General was close by, and would see him.

Lord Canning listened attentively, stroking his chin, as was his wont when preoccupied. He replied, "I think the Fort being under my command at a time like this is a mistake; but as it is so, perhaps you had better instruct your military secretary to report the occurrence to mine." Lord Canning had evidently no intention of letting the matter drop there and then. The unfortunate major was not tried, but treated with consideration, if I remember rightly. He had served his country well, but was past his work.

In a day or two I went to Government House to present my respects to the Commander-in-Chief, and apologised for not having called previously, owing to press of business. He said, "I should have been very sorry, Captain Ramsay, if you had neglected your duty to make me a visit of idle ceremony." I next went to take leave of Colonel Otter, Assistant Adjutant-General, who

has been appointed to the command of the fort at Allahabad. What a talented agreeable man he is! He has just obtained great praise from Lord Clarendon for the way in which he conducted the negotiations with the Persian ambassador, and got a substantial proof of gratitude in the shape of a purse of a hundred guineas.

I was sent for by the Commander-in-Chief on one occasion, and got an order to send the wing of the 5th Fusiliers, under the command of Colonel Milman, at once to Barrackpore, Sir Colin saying: "Now mind, I am not to be bothered with any reference as to details. Until Mansfield comes, I look to you for everything connected with H.M. forces, and hold you responsible." That was very different language from that held to me by the Military Secretary a few weeks ago, and put new life into me. Sir Colin also added, "Now mind, they must be off by 4 P.M.; and return to me and report their departure." The officer commanding was fortunately staying in my house. I warned him. Then I hurried off to the various departments concerned—Marine, Medical, Commissariat, and Quartermaster-General's. Everything was provided promptly.

Within the time specified by Sir Colin all the

men were on board, properly equipped and provisioned. I left them, and was hurrying off to report their departure, when it occurred to me that as the tide was running down the river very fast, there might, when the anchor was taken up, be some difficulty in getting the steamer's head up the river, which is often the case on the Hooghly, the current being really terrific at times; so I waited in my boat until I saw the steamer well on her way. After this I lost no time in going to the Commander-in-Chief. I found him sitting where I had left him, with his watch before him. He said :—

"Which way is the tide running?"

"*Very* fast down," I replied.

"Exactly," he rejoined. "Of course you never saw her head well up the river. She is probably by this time fouled somewhere down at Garden Reach. You d——d Calcutta fellows, you never think of anything."

I allowed the old gentleman to exhaust himself, and then quietly told him that I had thought of that very point. Upon which he gave a grunt, leaving me to interpret it as one of approbation.

I soon found out that, although he never praised, he quietly watched everything, and

stuck to the men who were useful to him, even although he did not like them.

In consequence of a report from Major Vincent Eyre after his glorious expedition to the relief of Arrah, relative to the inefficiency of the Minie rifles, arising from ammunition not fitting properly, Sir Colin determined upon the very serious step of calling into store all the Minie rifles issued, and reissuing the old Brown Bess. The Government printing establishments were hard at work all night issuing the required circulars. However, in the morning Sir Colin determined to have a trial of the rifles in the ditch round the Fort. He selected some of the dirtiest that could be found, with men coming off guard, and had a most satisfactory trial. I remember how delighted the men were with his jokes as to how to clean their muskets on service: he recommended their shirt, which might be made useful in so many ways. The order was rescinded, much to the relief of every one, as it would have been very hazardous.

At this time I was in high favour with Sir Colin. He used to make much of me—catch me round the waist, or pinch my ear, as Napoleon did to his favourites—when he found me waiting for him in his ante-room, and tell everybody that

"Ramsay did everything." "Go to Ramsay," he used to say; "he is our only man—he will do what you require;" and sometimes praise me at the expense of the Company's departmental officers, which was very unfair, as no one could attend more carefully to their duties than they did. When I received these playful marks of attention from him, I said to myself, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" I knew well his feelings towards the name of Ramsay, occasioned by the following circumstance. When he (Sir Colin) had as Brigadier some independent command in an expedition in the Hills, he ventured to remonstrate against an order of Lord Dalhousie's, in which I believe Sir Colin was perfectly in the right; but Lord Dalhousie, who never brooked remonstrance, informed him that he was not called upon to do so, but simply to obey orders.

Sir Colin could not bear office-work, and detested the sight of a paper. I remember on one occasion I was with him, when Colonel Mayhew, the Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, came with a bundle of documents. "There comes Mayhew," he said, "hugging his papers as if they were a pretty woman." Very early in the day I found this out, and had a careful schedule prepared every morning, of the day's work. To each

subject, when dealt with, I begged him to append his signature, which he was very loath to do, and many a pinch of the ear I got from him in consequence; but I explained to him that I was a very young officer, holding the most important offices in the army for the moment under him, that of the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General of H.M.'s forces, receiving the letters of the General officers commanding the minor Presidencies,—that some day or other he might turn round on me and say he had not seen some important document, and that unless I had his signature to refer to, I should be ruined. He admitted this reasoning, and as will be seen hereafter, I was right.

In all the hurry and worry of business, night as well as day, I immensely enjoyed the half-hours often spent in the ante-chamber with Sir Colin's staff, the best of fellows, and cheery companions,—Sir David Baird, young Alison, and Forster, the son of the military secretary, From the elder Alison, military secretary, I received many acts of kindness, which I gratefully record. Calm and composed, clear in thought and action, and a perfect gentleman always, he was the model of a military secretary. Poor young Forster was a great friend of mine: he had been adjutant of

the 35th Regiment quartered in the Fort, and had a most difficult part to play, and right well he did it, with a discretion far beyond his years, as I can testify to. He was on his way home on medical certificate when he met Sir Colin at Cairo, who insisted on his turning back with him to India as his aide-de-camp. On all occasions, when I met him in the ante-room, he was full of life and spirits, and sometimes very noisy. Sir Colin, who was very fond of him, used occasionally to put his head out of his room and shake his fist at him, or use strong language. On these occasions Forster, who had a strong sense of the ludicrous, never could resist roaring with laughter, for the old chief was generally in the extremest of dishabille. On one occasion Sir Colin was so much irritated that he took up a heavy bag of rupees lying near him, having just received his monthly pay, and shied it at him. Luckily it did not hit him, and Sir Colin, who was generosity itself, said, "Now you have got it you had better keep it." Forster was then living at Spence's Hotel, there being no room for him at Government House, and doubtless Sir Colin adopted this way of paying his bill without hurting his feelings. Poor Forster died of confluent small-pox at Lucknow.

About this time ten officers of the Royal Artillery, preceding their batteries, arrived from China, amongst them a brother of my old friend Barry of the 86th, Colonel Crawford the senior officer, and the son of another old friend, Colonel Pennycuik of the 17th Regiment. As these were the first Royal Artillery men that had arrived in India, with the exception of Captain Maude's small party now up country, Sir Colin was in a state of high excitement, and sent for me at a very early hour. On arriving, I found a most stormy scene being enacted, Sir Colin, in his usual dishabille, surrounded by the artillery officers, and Colonel Abbott, the Inspector-General of Ordnance, an officer holding a very high appointment under the immediate orders of the Governor-General, and his subordinate, Captain Currie, of the .Arsenal in Fort William, also under the Governor-General. Sir Colin was in a violent state of exasperation, and shouting out—

"Can no one tell me what amount of Royal Artillery there is already in Bengal? What is the strength of the detachment now under General Havelock? Do you know nothing, sir?" turning to Colonel Abbott, who was quite calm and composed, and began—

"My lord——"

"I am not a lord," said Sir Colin, "whatever I may be hereafter."

I at once saw that Colonel Abbott had said this purposely, to show Sir Colin that Lord Canning had alone the right to question him. When I appeared, Sir Colin said—

"Is that everlasting buggy of yours at the door?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then be off and bring back with you the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General of the army."

When we arrived at Sir Colin's apartment we found the assembly breaking up in admired disorder. Sir Colin patted Colonel Crawford on the back, and—

"Never mind, Colonel; we cannot extract anything from these fellows" (I had already given him the strength of the party), "but we can do without them. Go to Dumdum, Barrackpore, &c., and look out for yourself. Find what is necessary for your equipment."

Colonel Crawford, much elated, walked out of Government House with me, and expressed his admiration of Sir Colin's energetic character; "that he considered him the right man in the right place, to stir up you Calcutta sleepy

fellows." I said nothing, but, like the Liverpool parrot, thought the more.

The very next day, Colonel Crawford went to Government House. Finding no one in attendance, he knocked at the door, a thing the old chief abominated.

"Come in!" he growled, in strong language. "What do you want, sir?"

"I have come, sir," said the Colonel, "in accordance with your Excellency's desire, to propose going to-day with my brigade-major to inspect the batteries at Dumdum, then at Barrackpore; and I have no doubt, Sir Colin, that when our men arrive, we shall in a very short time be able to form our batteries."

The old chief, who was in a heavenly frame of mind, having a sharp attack of his old enemy the Walcheren fever on him, shouted out, "You'll do no such thing; you'll stop here and obey orders. Do you think you are Commander-in-Chief in India? I tell you what, sir, you shall remain where you are. Obey orders, and take a lesson from the Bengal Artillery, who are well able to give it to you."

This was the first cause of the dislike Sir Colin took to the Royal Artillery in India, and which he manifested on every possible occasion. The

unjust behaviour to the Royal Artillery, and partiality to the Bengal Artillery, was, much to the honour of the latter, extremely distasteful to them. The officers of the latter corps showed this by every attention in their power to their brothers in arms. In fact, if it had not been for the generous spirit thus exhibited, bad feeling might have arisen. Poor Colonel Crawford did not talk any more about Sir Colin's extreme energy. My turn soon came. Late in the evening I was sent for to the Commander-in-Chief. News had been received of a wing of the 53d, which lately marched up under the command of a captain, having been badly cut up. Sir Colin turned upon me in a fury; saying that a field-officer should have been sent up in command, and that I had never informed him of their march. With regard to the first point, I told him that no field-officer was available.

"What is the colonel doing?"

"Commanding the Fort, under the Governor-General's orders."

"The majors?"

"One in arrest, the other commanding the regiment."

"Ah," said Sir Colin, "I'll smoke you all out of the Fort like a nest of rats."

With regard to the second point, I observed that all these arrangements had been made by the Town-Major, acting for the Governor-General, under whose orders the Fort was: that a report was sent to me, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, which report I had that very morning filed in my schedule and submitted to him, and that he had, moreover, appended his signature, C. C., to it. I added, "I have been told, sir, that the Governor-General has offered to give up to you the command of the Fort. It would save a great deal of trouble and complication if you accepted it." He turned round fiercely on me and said—

"Well, sir, cannot I go on without the command as well as my predecessors have done?"

I said, "Very probably; but at the same time, I would venture to suggest that your position at present is a very different one from that of your predecessors, and that it would be of great public service if you accepted the offer." Upon this he turned round, walked up and down the room for a while, and on coming up to me again was quite friendly, asking me if I had any pressing affairs on hand. (When sent for, I always carried with me only papers of pressing importance.)

I produced two relative to quarters for the

reception of wounded officers; and another for the reception of officers' heavy baggage, for those coming from England. These he looked over, and expressed his unqualified approbation. His manner was so soft and gentle that I felt anxious to exculpate myself, and, like a fool, harked back to the original subject, and said: "I hope you do not think, sir, that I was at all to blame in this business." Sir Colin had evidently forgotten the subject, and I was an utter idiot to recur to it—for he got into a furious rage, said he never had seen the report of the march, and ordered me to send my papers through the military secretary. I went straight to Alison's room, and told him what had occurred. He said, "Bring your schedule to-morrow morning, and I will let Sir Colin see his own signature." I said, "You know the chief of course better than I do; but no superior officer likes being shown that he has been in the wrong."

Soon after this, to my great relief, General Mansfield arrived as chief of the staff, and of course I conducted my business with him. Nothing could be more satisfactory. He was calm, practical, and a thorough man of business. Soon after his arrival, I represented to him that I did not appear to possess the confidence of Sir Colin; that

his manner towards me was now disagreeable; and that under the circumstances, I thought I had better relinquish the charge of the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General's departments, and confine myself to the duties of my own office, which were sufficiently onerous. General Mansfield wrote me a very kind letter, to the effect that I should go on as I had hitherto done; that he had the highest opinion of me; and as to Sir Colin, he also had a high opinion of my *official* merits, and would not hear of my giving up charge.

One day the Commander-in-Chief came into the room when we were at work, and sitting down on a low stool at Mansfield's feet, commenced as follows: "I must tell you of all the trouble I have had with that d——d old regiment of yours." At this Mansfield looked very grave, as he had commanded the regiment and was very proud of it (and indeed he might be, as a more gallant regiment did not exist), although they were then in bad order, chiefly owing to their rage at being kept in the Fort instead of being sent up country. Whereupon Sir Colin said: "Of course, when Colonel Mansfield commanded it, it was a splendid regiment; but you will allow me to say it is now in bad order: the

officers are all married." At this Mansfield again looked grave, as he had only recently married. Whereupon Sir Colin tapped him on the knees and said: "Come now, Mansfield, don't be sulky; hear what I have got to say. What do you think of a wing of your distinguished regiment going up in charge of a captain?"—glaring at me—"and what is more, I was never informed of it." He looked up, and saw me looking at him with astonishment, whereupon he corrected himself, and said: "At least Mr Brigade-Major, then acting Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, brings a d——d thing which he calls a schedule"—he pronounced it skeddall—"and thrusts it under my nose every morning, making me put my signature to it (between ourselves, Mansfield, I never looked at it); and then Mr Brigade-Major is determined to prove himself in the right, and me, the Commander-in-Chief, in the wrong." So saying, he came up close to me and took a sandwich off a plate on the table close to where I was standing. He looked at me kindly as he did so; and I now see that had I smiled or looked pleasant it would have been made up between us. In fact, when Sir Colin left the room, General Mansfield, who was extremely kind and courteous, but very much the *grand*

seigneur in his communications with junior officers, said to me: "Excuse me, Captain Ramsay, for taking notice of what has happened: of course every officer is, or ought to be, the best judge of his own interests, but you seem to neglect them. Do you *not* see that Sir Colin feels that he has been in the wrong, and wants to make it up with you, and you will not give him a chance? A commander-in-chief cannot be expected to walk up to a captain and say, in as many words, 'Forgive me.' Moreover, if every officer was to find fault with the manner of his superior officer, how is duty to be carried on?" This was all very true; but I was terribly hurt, and could not get over it. If Sir Colin had been simply a low-bred passionate tyrant I should never have given the matter another thought, shrugged my shoulders, done my duty as usual, and endeavoured to keep the peace with him, a thing very easy to do with a man of low moral calibre; but this was not so. Under a rough and unpolished exterior, I felt persuaded there was a kind, generous, and warm-hearted nature—not only that, but a highly sensitive one; and I felt exasperated at this mutual misunderstanding.

A short time after this I suffered from severe inflammation in the eyes. I wrote to Mansfield,

and told him that I really could not undertake the whole work, that I could not see to read, and that I must beg that he would relieve me of the charge of the Adjutant and Quartermaster-General's departments. He asked me if I could recommend any one. I mentioned a very intelligent officer who had served on the staff. He was accordingly set to work; but an hour or two had not elapsed before I received a scrawl in Sir Colin's own handwriting, directing me to continue in charge, notwithstanding my state of health; that I might have as many officers as I pleased to assist me, but that he must have some one responsible, some one acquainted with the duties, on whom he could rely. Of course I had to submit, and appreciated the compliment. Mansfield at the same time wrote to me that Sir Colin had expressed himself in the highest terms of my capacity for official work.

To finish the account of my relations with Sir Colin. On his return to England, I wrote to him requesting that some notice might be taken of my services under him, and enclosing the following testimonials, from the private secretary to the Governor-General, and Sir Patrick Grant, the Commander-in-Chief who preceded Sir Colin :—

"INDIA OFFICE, CANNON ROW,
June 28, 1861.

"MY DEAR RAMSAY.—I respond with great pleasure to your wish that I should state what I know of your services in India. Perhaps a civilian is not a very competent judge, but I had peculiar opportunities of seeing what you were doing during the time there was no Commander-in-Chief,—I mean during the interval between General Anson's death and Sir Patrick Grant's arrival. We were, as you may remember, in daily correspondence, and I can bear testimony to the great zeal which you displayed, the amount of work which you performed, and the results which were due to these qualities. I know that Lord Canning appreciated what you did; and I remember one particular instance (the arrival of the 37th Regiment at Calcutta) in which he interested himself personally, and was much pleased.

"I have often since thought of your great labours, which, though unostentatious, were of immense value; and I am quite sure that no more worthy recipient of honour than yourself can be found.

(Signed) "GERALD TALBOT."

"LONDON, 18*th June* 1861.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—Major Ramsay has applied to me to bear my testimony to the way in which he discharged the duties which were imposed upon him during the time I was Commander-in-Chief in Bengal.

"On my arrival in Calcutta, he was the only staff officer of the Queen's troops at Calcutta. He was placed in charge of the offices of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General of her Majesty's forces. His labours were most onerous and incessant; and I do no more than justice when I assure you, for the information of his Royal Highness, that Major Ramsay discharged the duties of these important departments, in addition to those of his own appointment of Brigade-Major, with unwearied assiduity, and a zeal and intelligence which called for my cordial acknowledgment. It will be very gratifying to me if this expression of my opinion of the merits as a staff officer of Major Ramsay is admitted to be of any service in advancing his professional interests. (Signed) PAT. GRANT.

"To Major-General FORSTER, K.H.,
Military Secretary, Horse Guards."

To my letter I received an answer to the effect that Lord Clyde regretted he could not do

so; that in fact he had not mentioned one single official at Calcutta; that my health was very bad, &c., &c.

To this I at once replied as follows:—

"My Lord,—Convinced that your lordship will give due attention to the respectful remonstrances of any officer who served under your command, I venture to make the following statement, and leave the result with confidence in your lordship's hands. In December 1859, General Mansfield, in reply to an application made by me to be favourably recommended by your lordship to his Royal Highness the General Commander-in-Chief, on account of my services in India, stated that your lordship regretted you could not accede to my request, that you had not recommended any official at Calcutta, and that my health was very bad. There is no doubt that my health was very bad for the greater portion of the time during which I had the honour of serving under your command; but from what causes did this ill health arise? simply and solely from over-exertion in the service of my country, and from anxiety of no ordinary description to fulfil the very responsible duties thrust upon me, with credit to myself and advantage to the ser-

vice. For some time prior to your lordship's arrival, I had charge of the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General's departments. I can refer to Lord Canning and Sir Patrick Grant for testimony as to the manner in which I conducted the arduous and responsible duties connected with these departments, in addition to those of my own office of Brigade-Major Queen's troops. Before the arrival of Sir Patrick Grant, I had many difficulties to contend with on behalf of H.M. service. Every officer who passed through Calcutta can bear witness to my untiring energy and devotion to the service. As a young officer under circumstances of extreme difficulties, I held for a time under your command the most responsible position in the army. Until my health, utterly shattered by my exertions, forced me to leave the country, I was never absent from my post. No one at Calcutta worked harder, and I now ask your lordship, as a simple act of justice, to make some recognition of my services. I wish to be included amongst those who have received your lordship's thanks, conscious that I performed my duty to the best of my ability, that I sacrificed my health, and would willingly have sacrificed my life, in the service of my country. In conclusion, at the risk of wearying

your lordship, I cannot help, with reference to that part of General Mansfield's statement—viz., that you had great difficulty in having the duty properly carried on,—venturing to make the following observations. There can be no doubt that such was the case: so convinced was I of the impossibility of carrying on alone and unaided the duties appertaining to these departments, for which the services of no less than ten officers are not now considered too much, that I applied to General Mansfield to relieve me from the duties of the Adjutant and Quartermaster-General's department, in order that I might give undivided attention to my own duties of Brigade-Major, more than sufficient at that time for one man. I could not but feel that, being wholly unknown to your lordship, who was unacquainted with my antecedents, and the very high character I bore as a zealous and energetic officer,—I could not but feel, I repeat, that the temporary possession of appointments of the highest responsibility which were thrust upon me, and which it was morally and physically impossible for one man to conduct successfully, placed my well-earned professional reputation in the utmost peril. General Mansfield agreed with me, and placed another officer in charge; but an hour had

scarcely elapsed when your lordship in your own handwriting directed me to remain, saying that you must have an officer in that position on whom you could rely, and who was familiar with the work.

"Animated, then, by this indirect expression of your lordship's approbation, I remained, notwithstanding that the doctor informed me that I endangered my sight, if not my life, by doing so. My lord, I leave this simple statement with confidence in your lordship's hand."

To the foregoing letter I received no reply. What his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief thought of my services was sufficiently shown by my appointment to the Headquarter Staff as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, where I remained until Lord Herbert's Five Years' Act sent us all spinning. *Apropos* of this, I well remember an old military friend of mine congratulating me and saying, "There you are for some thirty years. No one will know or say anything of you, bad, good, or indifferent, until some great national disaster occurs, when your antecedents will be carefully raked up, and you will be the best-abused man in England." However, there was no such luck for me. His Royal Highness,

always a kind friend, and who may justly claim the name of the soldier's friend, said to me—alluding to my having gone on half-pay to take the appointment, as was necessary in those days,—when the Five Years' Act came out: "Ah, Ramsay, I intended to have kicked you up-stairs, instead of which I have kicked you down-stairs."

One more anecdote, which was told me on very good authority. During the Crimean war Sir Colin was writing in his tent a French letter to his old friend and brother in arms, General Vinoy, for whom he had a very great regard. Although a good French scholar, he was bothered and made sundry blots and erasures, also committed to paper certain energetic expressions irrelevant to the business. He then tossed it over to his aide-de-camp, and said: "Now make a fair copy, and send it off at once; but for goodness' sake take care not to send this blotted scrawl." By a strange fatality, which will happen at times to the most careful of men, the blotted copy *was* sent. A few hours after, General Vinoy came to the tent roaring with laughter, and said: "Mon ami, what is this?" pointing to the scrawl, open in his hand. Tableau! Exit the aide-de-camp, with the gallant chief in pursuit.

The last time I saw Lord Clyde was at the

well-known shop of Hill the cutler, in the Haymarket. He was choosing a salad-spoon and fork—the only articles he wanted, he said, to complete his arrangements for a dinner-party—and asked my advice about them. He was very kind in his manner. These articles are now in my possession, given to me by General Eyre.

Not long before his death he was living in chambers in the Albany. He called on the secretary, and found fault with him for having given him a woman to look after his rooms who had two or three children. The secretary said that he did not see how the children could interfere with him, as they kept out of the way. "I will tell you," said Lord Clyde. "If the woman is a respectable, decent body, and looks after her bairns as she should do, she washes them in the morning; and I object, sir, to my breakfast being served up by a woman who washes children."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS'

NEW LIST.

DICK'S WANDERING. By JULIAN STURGIS, Author of 'Little Comedies,' 'An Accomplished Gentleman,' 'John-a-Dreams.' 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

"Mr Sturgis has kept us interested and amused, and has constantly awakened a sweet smile by his descriptions of people and the casual good things which fall from his pen."—*Saturday Review.*

"A novel of genuine humour, power, and interest."—*Daily Telegraph.*

TRAITS AND TRAVESTIES; SOCIAL AND POLITICAL. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Author of 'Piccadilly,' 'The Land of Khemi,' 'The Land of Gilead,' &c. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"He has the gift, not common in this country, of the *esprit Gaulois;* he aims his strokes at follies and abuses without any semblance of effort. His wit is at once keen and light-hearted......Not only, however, are Mr Oliphant's stories new and delightful, but the turn of thought which they suggest, and which he follows up without in the least riding it to death, is specially unexpected and humorous."—*Saturday Review.*

TRASEADEN HALL. "WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING." By MAJOR-GENERAL W. G. HAMLEY, Author of 'Guilty or not Guilty,' 'The House of Lys.' 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

"An admirable novel. There is spirit in the style and culture in the matter; the themes are as fresh as the thoughts are bright......We may repeat that we have rarely met with a book by a veteran writer so full of freshness and unflagging animation; it is much more than a mere novel of the season, and it deserves a place on the bookshelves among standard fiction."—*Saturday Review.*

"'Traseaden Hall' is in all respects an admirable novel—it is animated and humorous, soldierly and scholarly."—*The Times.*

"'Traseaden Hall' is the best novel General Hamley has written, and is one of the best novels of the time."—*Academy.*

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of 'At Home in Fiji,' &c. Complete in One Vol., post 8vo, with Map and numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d.

"Told with spirit and liveliness, interspersed with fascinating descriptions of gorgeous scenery."—*Spectator.*

"We are transported, by a series of vivid pictures of easy lives and glorious scenery, to the clustering islands of the Southern Pacific......The brightness that made Miss Gordon Cumming a universally welcome guest is reflected in every one of her chapters; and her style is as fresh and clear as it is simple and unaffected."—*Saturday Review.*

"Another delightful book."—*Athenæum.*

"It reads more like a romance than a plain true tale......The whole book is not only interesting and instructive, but, at the same time, most delightful reading."—*Illustrated London News.*

"'A Lady's Cruise' is one of those books that is not only readable, but highly instructive. It is historic, romantic, artistic, picturesque, and fascinating."—*Christian Union.*

FOURTH EDITION.

AT HOME IN FIJI. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING. Complete in One Volume, post 8vo, with Illustrations and a Map, 7s. 6d.

"Beautiful and enchanting."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Anything more pleasant, amusing, and magnificently descriptive of places and people than this work has seldom been written about any place, much less of Fiji."—*The World.*

"This book has been much praised, but never enough......The volume tempts one to return to it again and again."—*Vanity Fair.*

THE LAST PUNIC WAR.

TUNIS, PAST AND PRESENT. With a Narrative of the French Conquest of the Regency. By A. M. BROADLEY. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. In Two Volumes, post 8vo.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND; or, JOHN WEST'S COLONIAL EXPERIENCES. By A. C. GRANT. Second Edition, Complete in One Volume, crown 8vo, 6s.

"It is remarkably entertaining and lively, abounding with sketches of manner and character that have all the look of truth and fidelity to fact. Both light and shade are given......In short, this is one of the best books of the kind that we have seen."—*Spectator.*

THE LAND OF KHEMI. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Author of 'The Land of Gilead,' 'Piccadilly,' &c. Post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

"We lay down the book with the rare feeling of regret that we have finished it so soon. It is that most delightful of volumes—a perfectly fresh book of travel about a country which one might suppose to have been written about over and over again by traveller after traveller till there remained nothing more to say."—*Saturday Review.*

THE MAID OF SKER. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of 'Lorna Doone.' Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR. A NOVEL. By E. D. GERARD. New Edition, complete in One Vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

"'Beggar my Neighbour' is an eminently readable book."—*Spectator.*

REATA: WHAT'S IN A NAME. By the SAME. New and Cheaper Edition. Complete in One Volume, crown 8vo, 6s.

"'Reata' is one of those charming books which to read is to remember."—*Vanity Fair.*

ADMIRAL LORD KEITH.

MEMOIR OF THE HON. GEORGE KEITH ELPHINSTONE, K.B., VISCOUNT KEITH, ADMIRAL OF THE RED. By ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE. Author of 'The City of Sunshine,' &c. One Volume 8vo, with Portrait, Illustrations, and Maps. [*Nearly ready.*

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.