

**Ms. autobiography of Surgeon General Sir Anthony Dickson Home,  
published as Service Memories in 1912**

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in the handwriting of

SIR ANTHONY DICKSON HOME V.C. & K.C.B. etc  
entitled

"SERVICE MEMORIES";

They are presented to The Director General as representing  
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Married 1858 Jesse, daughter of G. P. I. Hill



Sir Anthony Dickson Home V.C., C.B., K.C.B.  
 Return No 1511

Born at Dunbar  
 30 November 1826

Succession of Rank &c	From	To	Full Pay	Half Pay		Succession of Station	From	To	Period at Home	Period Abroad	
			y. m. d.	y. m. d.					y. m. d.	y. m. d.	
Assistant Surgeon 3rd W.I.R.	17 Mar. 1848	7 Dec. 1848	- 9 - 21			At Home	17 Mar. 1848	16 April 1848	- 1 - 0	- - -	Accompanied the Victoria Cross for
" 72 Foot	8 Dec. 1848	9 Dec. 1852	4 - 0 - 2			West Indies	17 April 1848	7 July 1851	- - -	3 - 2 - 21	promoting bravery and admirable
" Staff	10 Dec. 1852	14 Aug. 1854	1 - 8 - 5			Nova Scotia	8 July 1851	25 Aug. 1851	- - -	- 1 - 18	conduct in charge of the wounded men
" 8 Dragoons	15 Aug. 1854	8 Dec. 1855	- 5 - 25			Home	26 Aug. 1851	31 Jan. 1853	1 - 5 - 6	- - -	left behind the column when the
Surgeon	13 Aug. 1855	5 Feb. 1857	1 - 11 - 28			Gibraltar	1 Feb. 1853	8 Sept. 1856	- - -	1 - 7 - 8	Dragoons under the late Major General
" 90 Foot	6 Feb. 1857	30 Mar. 1858	1 - 1 - 25			Turkey	9 Sept. 1856	22 May 1856	- - -	1 - 8 - 16	Howe's death forced their way into the
" Staff 2nd Class	31 Mar. 1858	13 Sept. 1866	8 - 5 - 14			Home	23 May 1856	14 April 1857	- 10 - 23	- - -	Ranking of "Hutchinson" of the 2nd
(See Gazette 4-6-53)						India	15 April 1857	3 June 1858	- - -	1 - 1 - 20	Sept. 1857. The worst left with
Surgeon Major Staff	14 Sept. 1866	2 April 1867	- 6 - 20			Home	4 June 1858	3 Dec. 1859	1 - 6 - 0	- - -	the wounded, had, by resolution, been
" 35 Foot	3 April 1867	14 Feb. 1868	- 10 - 12			China	4 Dec. 1859	3 April 1861	- - -	1 - 4 - 0	reduced to a few stragglers and being
" Staff	15 Feb. 1868	24 Aug. 1871	3 - 6 - 15			Home	4 April 1861	13 Dec. 1861	- 8 - 10	- - -	separated from the column, the latter
* Seconded in Gazette	30 Aug. 1871	31 Oct. 1872	1 - 2 - 2			North America	14 Dec. 1861	16 April 1862	- - -	4 - 3	partly with the wounded and exposed
of 29 Aug. 1871						Home	17 April 1862	3 Jan. 1863	- 8 - 15	- - -	and a horse on which they depended
Surgeon Major Staff	1 Nov. 1872	23 May 1873	- 6 - 23			Bengal	24 Jan. 1863	7 Oct. 1863	- - -	9 - 4	the wounded as well as were set on fire.
Local Deputy Surgeon General	24 May 1873	23 Dec. 1873	- 7 - 0			New Zealand	8 Oct. 1863	31 Aug. 1861	- - -	1 - 10 - 26	They then retreated to a shed a few
While employed on West Coast of India	24 Dec. 1873	11 July 1874	4 - 6 - 15			Bengal	1 Sept. 1865	16 Jan. 1868	- - -	2 - 4 - 16	yards from it and in this place
Deputy Surgeon General	12 July 1874	8 April 1877	- 8 - 28			Home and West	17 Jan. 1868	24 Aug. 1871	3 - 7 - 13	- - -	continued to depend themselves for more
Local Surgeon General	9 April 1877	3 April 1880	- 11 - 26			Seconded	30 Aug. 1871	- - -	- - -	- - -	than 22 hours, till relieved. At last
Temporary Rank, but	4 April 1880	29 Nov. 1886	6 - 7 - 26			Home	1 Nov. 1872	23 May 1873	- 6 - 23	- - -	only 6 men and 12 horses remained to
without pay and allowances						West Coast of Africa	24 May 1873	30 Jan. 1874	- - -	8 - 7	fight. Of 4 officers who were
Surgeon General						Home	21 Jan. 1874	15 July 1878	4 - 5 - 16	- - -	wound the party all were badly wounded
Retired Pay 30 Nov. 1886.						Cyprus	16 July 1878	20 April 1879	- - -	9 - 5	and these are since dead.
						Home	21 April 1879	21 March 1880	- 11 - 1	- - -	The conduct of the defence during
						Madras	22 Mar. 1880	5 Mar. 1882	- - -	1 - 11 - 12	the latter part of the time devoted
						Bengal	6 Mar. 1882	22 April 1885	- - -	3 - 1 - 17	effort on the Home, and to
						Home	23 April 1885	- - -	- - -	- - -	the latter operations previously
									- - -	- - -	to being forced into the house
									- - -	- - -	and the good conduct throughout
									- - -	- - -	the safety of any of the wounded.
									- - -	- - -	the enemy's loss was very heavy
									- - -	- - -	to be appreciated.
									- - -	- - -	In Gazette 15 June 1878 p. 2225
									- - -	- - -	Appointed an Ordinary Member
									- - -	- - -	of the Military Division of the
									- - -	- - -	6th Class a Companion of the
									- - -	- - -	Most Honourable Order of the Bath.
									- - -	- - -	Gazette 17th
									- - -	- - -	K. C. B. in Gazette 21/3/74
									- - -	- - -	Specially Commended in
									- - -	- - -	consideration of the abject and
									- - -	- - -	deal displayed by him during
									- - -	- - -	the late operations in Hong
									- - -	- - -	Korea in Gazette 10/9/86.
									- - -	- - -	Promotions promulgated in
									- - -	- - -	General Order dated Hong Kong
									- - -	- - -	10 September 1886 which appeared
									- - -	- - -	in Gazette of 14/9/86.
									- - -	- - -	Highly praised in despatch
									- - -	- - -	from G. O. C. Ashanti
									- - -	- - -	Expedition 5500/85

Married 1858 James daughter of G. P. I. Nelson

Service, etc. of Sir Anthony Jackson House.  
V.L. C.B. H.L.B.

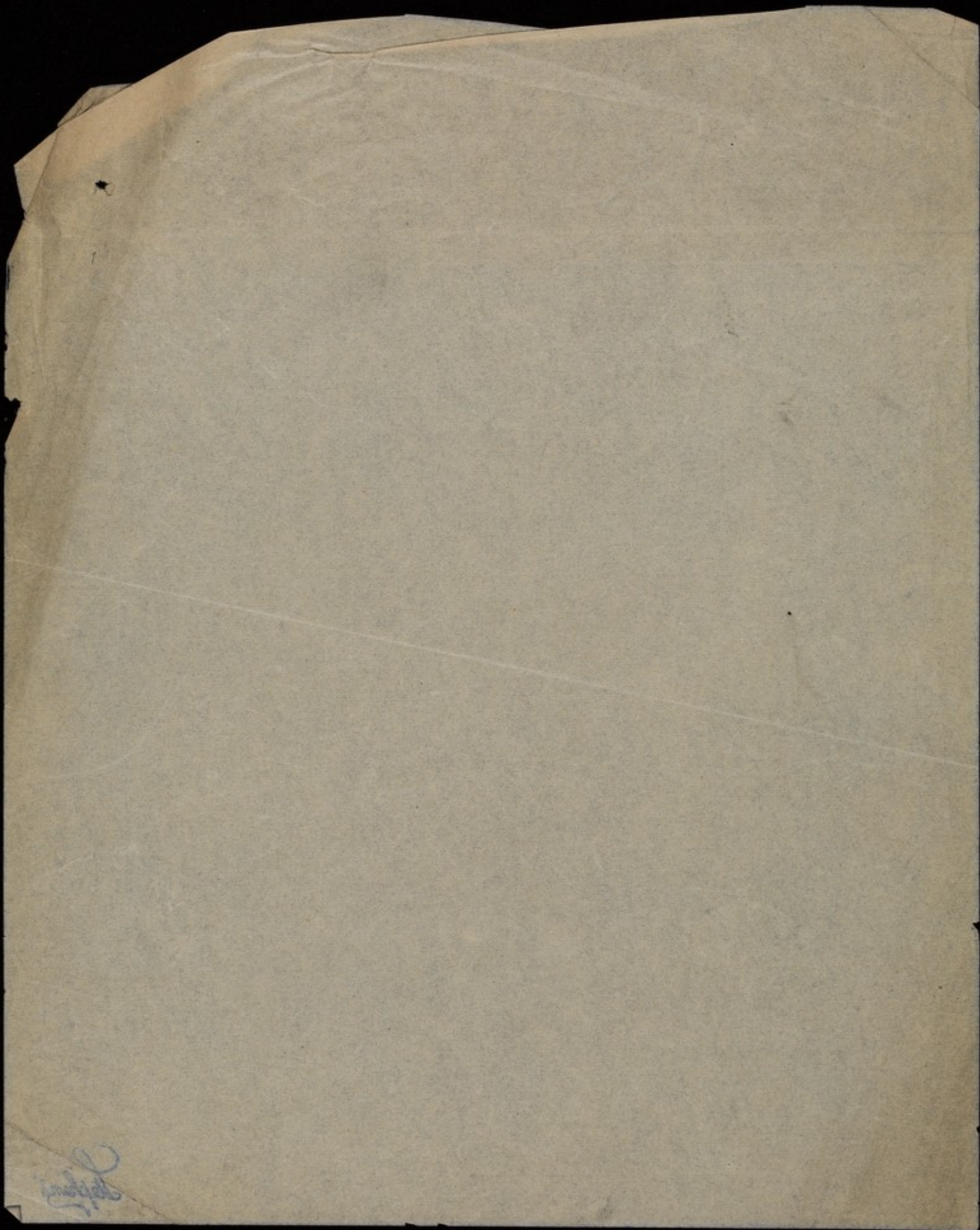




Married 1858 Jesse, daughter of G. P. I. Nelson

Stephens







Fasciculus

No. 1.

1946

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The satisfaction with which I naturally regarded my establishment in a settled career in life, was <sup>(on 17 March 1848)</sup> greatly lessened when as a consequence I was detailed to proceed at once to the West Indies, a station regarded as - barring the West Coast of Africa - the worst to which an aspirant in the Army Medical Service could be sent. To begin with it raised the question amongst my comrades of the "Fort Pitt Lancers" - as the bright spirits in the garrison pleasantly called us - as to what I had done to merit the particular distinction; but really as the bad eminence was shared in by two others at the same time - three of us in the same boat, the subject of merit, by its dilution, lost much of its interest. We could plead in extenuation the fact that an outbreak of yellow fever in Barbados just then had caused some voids in the medical service, and that "meritorious" conduct, had really, nothing to do with the selection - a plea which silenced, but did not convince.

Station

I did try however to change my fate in the way of locality by a visit to the head quarters of the Medical Department located in St James Place - but Sir James McErgor our boss was inexorable - I only asked him to send me to the West Coast of Africa - where at the time there were two death vacancies not filled up - instead of to the West Indies. I pleaded earnestly with the Secretary of the Office for reconsideration of the decision on the ground that in offering willingly to give up a bid for a rather worse place, ~~thus~~ <sup>thereby</sup> injuring no one apparently, but myself - a volunteer - I was answered gruffly - and exhaustively - not to be a fool: And had to accept the complimentary ultimatum -

I had good reason for thinking that under the circumstances a resignation of the Service, would not have been accepted - about a year before a young medical officer had been ~~granted~~ <sup>granted</sup> to an appointment, ~~the same~~ <sup>the same</sup> mine, and with the same attendant conditions - On being notified (I afterwards heard the story from his own lips) to embark at Deptford for

Similar

happening



passage to the West Indies - He wrote a brief refusal of the  
piece of preferment - written I can fancy rather in the  
style of airy familiarity than in one of severe official  
formality - Thinking that the last word had been given, he  
by left Batham and its trammels for a more congenial, civil  
life career in medicine. But a few days after his return to  
London, a visitor was announced, who presented himself as  
an officer from the Horse Guards, and opened the object of his  
visit, by expressing the hope that he might be allowed to  
execute an unpleasant duty - as little unpleasantly as possible,  
the duty being that of arresting and sending him down to  
Batham - a prisoner in charge of a corporal and file of men,  
who were waiting at the door - He suggested however that if  
the prisoner would give his word of honor to proceed without  
a moment's delay to give himself up to the officer commanding  
at Batham - the guard would only accompany him as far as  
the settling off place for that town - This was carried out, and  
after a good deal of time - even the Court Martial was  
remitted, and the delinquent eventually landed in the  
West Indies, where I may say that for a year or two he had a  
very breezy time of it, ending in a motley calm and in the  
warm official expression of appreciation of his services -  
I give the above story, because I think it is unique of its kind; at  
least I never in the course of a very long service, heard of another  
case of an officer <sup>being</sup> marched off in charge of a guard.

In a very short time after receiving my order I embark-  
ed at Barbados - by the Mail Steamer - In the spring of 1848  
steamers doing long distances were very rare - I think I  
might in saying that only three lines at that time ran from  
England to New York, to the West Indies and to the Mediterranean  
seas respectively - The pace was not wonderful, but it was  
relatively certain - I think we reached Barbados in 28 days,  
having had with a smooth sea nearly all the way - The gradual approach  
to the sunny south from the <sup>winter</sup> ~~stagnant~~ weather we had left,  
was a delightful experience, culminating in quite an intoxic-  
ation with pleasurable feeling, when we reached Funchal in  
Madeira



Madeira, a little paradise as it seemed, bright with its  
\* ~~deep~~ blue water - its clear sunshine, the balmy odour  
of flowers and shrubs wafted from the land - and a sea  
covered with brightly painted shore boats, pulled along, or  
pushed on by picturesquely shaped boatmen gesticulating in an  
unknown tongue the praises of the wares brought off for our  
purchase - till the passengers made for the land, examined  
the shops, <sup>and</sup> took rides in the curvins of the town, amongst  
lovely garden surrounded villas, catching snatches of  
melody occasionally from the well touched guitar - the  
occurrence now and then of grated windows with glimpses of  
the occupants at them, portern gates, and garden walls,

\* ~~and something in the general~~ <sup>a</sup> vague feeling that you  
somewhere had seen something like this before, recalled  
Romeo and Juliet scenes. There was after all, but little of it,  
yet how <sup>wonderfully</sup> ~~fresh~~ things seen in early days are retained in  
the mind, long after other ~~transcendently~~ more important  
ones have faded from memory like morning dreams. Next

<sup>pure</sup> day - ~~morning~~ by getting on shore early we had time for more  
shopping, riding, and loitering about - but in the forenoon  
the anchor was lifted, and the freshly coaled ship was put  
on her course for islands yet further south and west.

I have touched at Funchal several times since, but  
never again did the visit bring with it <sup>even</sup> an approach to the  
\* enjoyment of my first visit.

We had a fair passage after leaving, and we also had  
agreeable company, the passengers mostly of the planter and  
\* the official classes. ~~Some French were also on board, bound~~  
\* ~~for their Antillas.~~ As no forced attempts were made to  
create amusements, we happily escaped the quarrels and  
unpleasantnesses, that are apt to arise on long voyages.  
In due course we made the land and anchored in  
Lisbula Bay, with Bridgetown, the capital, before us. I left the  
comfortable ship, and its most kindly obliging Captain, next  
morning. Once again I saw her - or a part of her, a sunken  
wreck near the mouth of Balaclava harbour, one of the many  
ships



ships that went down <sup>in</sup> the awful tempest of October 1854.

On reporting myself to the Medical Inspector General, at the headquarters of the Command. I was directed to start next day for Demerara. On our way down south we touched at St Vincent, Grenada and Trinidad. With fine weather and a steady breeze to temper the heat, our voyage

by was a pleasant one. At the last named island, a feature - an incident of the most unexpected kind occurred. Nothing less than the finding of ourselves almost in the midst of a whale catching operation. I knew that the North Pole had no monopoly of the whaling industry, but to see a

fourthly - whale caught up, harpooned and killed, within the eighth of a mile or so from the ship I was on, came as a surprise. The scene burst on us as soon as the steamer had slowly pushed her way through one of the narrow channels formed by islets lying between the coast of Venezuela, and Trinidad - at the northeast point; the distance between the Spanish Republic, and the English colony, being about seven miles; the islets spoken of divide the space into three passages practicable for ships - called "Bozas", the Spanish of "mouth". When through one of the Bozas, a ship enters at once, the large inland sea separating the two countries, called the "Gulf of Paria", and on this occasion we saw

killing - nearly from start to finish, the capture and death of a whale. The poor brute at first paid no attention to the boats sent from the fishing station to secure it; <sup>they</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>there</sup> quietly rowed up, and were allowed to get along side it by a sudden rush, probably the first knowledge the whale had of its enemy, was that conveyed by the harpoon driven deeply into its body; there was little more than this visible to us; the boats backed away from the stricken animal immedi-

ately it was harpooned, then came from the whale a great splashing of the water all round, spouting and

the whale - rolling about - then it dived, but soon came up again, and now the sea nearly up to <sup>our ship</sup> was colored with its blood, recalling the "multitudinous seas incarnadine" "making the green one red" of Macbeth



5  
Muebeth. Before we were out of sight, all was over - the  
body of the whale was floating on the water - I would  
not wish to see another ~~inoffensive~~ whale killed -

From the "Boeas" to Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad  
is about 8 miles, but in that short distance there is much  
of interest to see. The Cumana mountain range in Vene-  
- zuela seen from the water of the misnamed "Gulf" of Paria,  
would if there were nothing more, ~~would~~ give beauty to the scene.

Port of Spain, the capital is about eight miles from the  
"Boeas" on our course ~~there~~ we passed over some sunken line  
of battle ships which the Spaniards, the first in succession of  
the European possessors of Trinidad, had disposed of by  
sinking, rather than permit them to fall into the hands of the  
English. I suppose they are all silted over now, as in time  
the "gulf" itself will be by the action of the mud laden waters  
of the Orinoco river.

Our stay at Port of Spain was short - but sufficient to allow  
me to see a little of it, and as Fortune would have it - to  
have "greatness thrust upon me" for a couple of minutes or so.  
Through the kindly courtesy of the Chief Justice of the island  
whose fellow passenger from England I had been. I was  
for allowed to land in the boat sent off ~~to bring~~ him - but <sup>he</sup> not  
wishing to land at once, the boat was available. When I  
there were neared the landing place ~~from~~ crowds of people - natives  
principally at and about it. Sheltered ~~from~~ from the sun by an  
awning, they could not see me, and fancying that the very  
greatly esteemed head of the legal courts was landing,  
volleys of cheers greeted my approach - and loud expressions  
of welcome - A sudden silence fell on all as I stepped forth -  
the wrong man - but the crowd behaved like gentlemen - no  
reaction from enthusiasm brought contemptuous derision  
in volleys, on me: I was allowed to lose myself in the crowd  
without a single reproach, <sup>and</sup> I thought it handsome of them.

Leaving Port of Spain in the afternoon, retracing our  
morning course to emerge through the open sea "Boeas"  
into the open sea, nothing was visible on the water of the  
harbouring



harpooning affair of the morning. - Another day brought the steamer to the Demerara river in British Guiana - a trifling body of water only two miles broad at its mouth - I call it trifling relatively - because later on I saw another of the rivers of the colony - the Essequibo - with a width of twenty miles at its mouth; and even that was no great marvel for a South American river -

George Town, the capital of the colony lies on the south by low side of the Demerara, close to its mouth - a well built, clean, pleasant looking town of its kind - but on a terribly low site; it was ~~really~~ <sup>scarcely</sup> flourishing when most of the towns in the English West Indies were in the lowest stage of commercial depression due to the abolition of slave labour. The owners of many if not of most of the sugar properties lived in Europe, leaving their estates to the care of agents, forgetful of the saying that the eye of the master fattens the steed. Some however came out for the sugar season, and found the practice advantageous. British Guiana commerce was not <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>regards</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>one respect</sup> that of practical limitation to one article - on the same footing as other sugar growing possessions, and this buoyed up her prosperity.

On <sup>reaching</sup> ~~my arrival~~ at George Town my voyage from England was completed. On Reporting my arrival, I got instructions to take up quarters in Gore Leary Barracks, just outside the town, and there I settled down to the work allotted me - which in reality, though not technically, was that of the whole medical service of the garrison, which consisted of the Mess Quarters of a West India regiment, of two companies of a line regiment and of a few artillerymen. The heat just before the commencement of the rains was great, but I noticed then a fact which subsequent experience in other tropical countries substantiated, that new comers - for a short time - a month or so perhaps, suffered less from the effects of the high temperature than seasoned residents - they braved the sun at all the worst hours, and wondered at the cautions their more experienced comrades gave, and were told - to wait a bit.

The



The military duties of the garrison mostly fell to the negro troops: call West Indians - they were - the rank and file - nearly all Africans who had been captured by our cruisers in) from slave ships conveying them across the Atlantic from Africa. Few of them spoke English - though many understood a little of it - I was told they made good and obedient soldiers generally; they were of many nationalities and <sup>groups</sup> few of them understood each other's speech: there were one or two of the Mandingo people, a negro race, but well <sup>forward</sup> in civilisation. It is stated above that the recruits were recaptured slaves, the

entering method of ~~recruiting~~ them ~~for the~~ soldiers was stated to be very simple; likely looking young men selected in the recaptured by defects were shown a red jacket and asked (in English) if they would like it - usually they jumped at the alluring prize, and were marched out to commence their <sup>acquisition of the</sup> ~~grossest~~ <sup>accomplishment to</sup> ~~acquirement~~ - But the West Indian lands were foreign soils to them, and from time to time suicide after failure to get back (by this means) to the old African home became epidemic, so to say. On one occasion just before my arrival,

(a) ~~the~~ home sick soldier crept himself somehow in all his kit about him - put away all his belongings, ammunition and belts - and then shot himself. They were not ill treated - intentionally, but possibly ignorance of their sacred customs, may have

[soldiering] impelled them to get away from the profession of arms, by suicide. It was said that a colonel in whose corps at one of the islands, suicide became frequent, put a stop at once to the practice, by letting it be understood throughout the corps, that on the next occurrence of a case he would shoot himself also, and ~~make for~~ <sup>go to</sup> Africa and along with the suicide ~~to~~ make it hot for him there -

All the men had English names given to them, mostly culled from the Army List

The officers of the garrison were mostly young in years; they had little chance of service in other colonies than there in the West Indies, and the West Coast of Africa; but the hopefulness of youth kept them cheerful, they went into the society of George Town with alacrity and repaid its enjoyments, with a weekly afternoon musical



musical attraction by the band of the regiment, the members of which had like the rank and file - had "run wild in woods" - had had "their liberty cloven down in some disastrous fight" - had been acquainted with the horrors of the slave ship - and the joys of release - and lastly had been taught to play very nicely. I thought, an occasional ball in the mess room - with spacious verandahs on both sides for "overflow meetings", was a not inconsiderable distraction from the monotony of society life in George Town -

But there was also a sprinkling of old officers in the garrison. amongst these were two who had served in the Peninsular war - both Irishmen, one being the colonel of the regiment; he had lost one arm on the field at Vittoria; the other Peninsular veteran, who had a great reputation for prowess on the field of honor, repeatedly shown. Duels seem to have been astonishingly frequent in the West Indies, until public opinion was roused on the subject in the early forties - and it will be in the recollection of some that the practice lived on in the Southern States of the United States, years after this period - dying hard -

May A custom, once universal in the army, but fallen into disuse nearly everywhere else, had continued on at George Town. Every morning at gunfire, instead of the ordinary reveille (or "rouse") on a single bugle - the whole of the drums and fifes of the regiment marched - I hasten to say that that the men so called, marched, not the instruments designated - from the men's barracks to the officers quarters and back again, playing a particular tune, called I believe "a point of war" with much long rolling of the drums; it very effectually roused every one. Later on - years after, and in China I heard the "point of war" played as the reveille of one regiment - but with woefully maimed rites. I had also heard the band or ~~or~~ portion of the band of a

Louave



Loeave regiment rouse up the corps by playing  
and marching up and down quickly - they kept  
up this custom of theirs for something like a month after  
the arrival of the lillies before Sebastopol. But the fickle  
French had discarded an old "point of war" for an air out  
of Don Pasquale -

The troops had only routine barrack duties to perform,  
their own presence created the duties - But their presence  
was thought to be necessary by the colonial authorities,  
as there had been some restlessness amongst the native negro  
population during the "apprenticeship" relation between  
the slavery condition, and the existing one of absolute  
freedom - And a little anxiety naturally, attached to the  
fact that midnight meetings of the former slaves for "Obi"  
rites seemed to be more frequent than heretofore - This  
religious observance brought from Africa generations before  
had survived more or less perfectly - What the faith was, no  
<sup>whom</sup> one I asked could tell me, but the likelihood of the correlation  
of crime, with mystery, could not be overlooked.

I arrived at George Town in the beginning of May,  
when comparatively good health is enjoyed by the white  
residents, and my duties were light. But in a month's  
time the rains were due - their coming on the scene was  
announced by the occurrence every evening, after sunset  
of ~~long~~ continued widely spread, vivid sheet lightning,  
without thunder. It required no very special knowledge to  
force that malarial emanation from a marshy soil on  
ground so little above sea level as that on which the barracks  
were placed, would bring on - under the influence of rain,  
cause and heated atmosphere - a great deal of sickness amongst  
the troops. The ~~current~~ knowledge of seasons in  
connexion with sickness in British Guiana, expressed  
sententiously ~~plainly~~ and with an unequalled economy of words, I  
found current in the country: "June - July, you die -"  
"August you must: September, remember. October, it's over"  
and this was the course outlined, for that part of the  
season



10

season of sickness I saw in George Town. but it applied  
by only to the white troops in its full severity, the negro  
moderately troops suffering only, in ~~nothing~~ so to say, what fell to  
the lot of the former in complete ~~troops~~ - Referring to the  
former only at the period just before the rains, the white  
men in hospital was moderate, and their illnesses

white troops were scarcely severe, but with the coming on of the rains  
they were struck down with ague in large numbers;  
sometimes the cooling down of the air preceeding, a  
down pour of rain would send half a dozen men, to  
at a time hospital, and the gravity of the sickness, steadily increased  
with the period the rains had lasted. My stay in George  
Town only took in one half of the rainy season. but before I  
left there were 102 of the men of the white regiment in  
hospital, out of about 200; at the same time the negro  
troops double in number, had only 32 men in hospital.

The rains had an immediate effect in increasing  
the number of visible snakes crawling about; in going  
from my quarters to hospital one morning I counted  
fifteen snakes. the distance being about the eighth of a  
mile. all I saw were small, not more than a yard in  
length. and they scuttled away with all speed, but one  
variety was said to be dangerous. even ready for attack  
before any provocation had been given.

Before the season had developed its full measure of  
unhealthiness, an order from Barbados directed me  
to proceed to Trinidad, and there I went by the first  
opportunity. joyfully obeying the order.

#### Trinidad

My second landing at Port of Spain was quiet and  
unnoticed, no outburst of cheering, no shouts of welcome  
greeted me this time; but something immeasurably  
more gratifying came in place of the expressions of joy  
which had faded into indifference so quickly: an officer  
or stranger - proffered the loan of a horse to take me to  
St James where the barracks were, and but for this courtesy



I must have walked the two miles in a very hot sun and over a very dusty road; no conveyance for hire was to be found in Port of Spain in those days. The barracks were well away from the low swampy ground lining the sea shore, ~~from which there was a slight ascent~~ and there was ~~by~~ all the way to the foot of the range of hills where they were placed. Probably sanitary fitness was quite a secondary consideration in the selection of a site for the housing of the garrison; one advantage perhaps was secured by placing the barracks at such a distance from the drink shops of the town, that it materially counteracted their attractions. Perhaps also military considerations had something to do with the choice of the site - from which roads led through valleys both on the east and the southwest sides, and the shape of the barrack enclosure approaching that of a parallelogram, surrounded by a ~~very strong and high~~ <sup>iron</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>iron</sup> wall, shewed that defence against internal enemies, had received very full consideration in the choice of the site; and it could hardly have been chance that had led to the angles being so constructed that firing from them would sweep all round the enclosure - the near approach to the barrack gate was through a road sheltered by gigantic overhanging bamboo bushes - and forest land was within a few hundred yards covering the hills, whilst the valleys were cultivated for sugar chiefly.

I took up my quarters in St James Barracks for temporary medical duty with the corps there, the "Redoubt Rangers", well known in military history, and living in Lever's novel. The charge was a very light one - a mere nothing compared with the mental anxiety and bodily toil at Demerara, although in addition to the troops at St James, the duties in connexion with the negro troops in the town devolved on me. The station was not exempt from yellow fever, when epidemic, as was shown in the cemetery near by, crowded with  
men



men of the 92<sup>nd</sup> Highlanders, but a period of comparative healthiness had followed.

I look back on this period of my life as one of pleasant experiences; my days were not weary from sameness, nor were they irksome from anxiety. I did not suffer at this time, in the least from the heat. Rising at sunrise, my hospital duties were easily over in a couple of hours. All the officers met at breakfast, and when tired of gossiping, the newspapers in the ante-room were conned over for the second or third time with interest, all the "skip" of the first reading was taken into favor. Time was taken up chiefly in speculating respecting the day on which the monthly mail steamer from England would be signalled from the North Post, at the Bocais, and how every one yearned for this periodically returning joy? - Then for me there were often some light duties connected with the barracks to put through, such as to visit the cells and see the Prisoners, perhaps to visit the married quarters - perhaps to form one of a board to report on some article in the men's rations; and there was generally a little clerical work to be done at the hospital in connexion with particular cases of illness. - Then might come reading in my own room or in the shady verandah running the whole length of the quarters - and in those days we had the green covered monthly numbers of Dickens's latest work - or it might be ~~those~~ of Thackeray in yellow covers. In the afternoon when the great heat had begun to wber down, more often than not, a walk with one of the younger officers not rejoicing in the possession of a horse, would be taken - up one of the valleys - the Diego Martia & the Marival, perhaps reaching to the Santa Cruz valley; or we might make for the beautiful well kept "Savannah" or park, of Port of Spain - with nice houses nearly all round it; and plenty of people coming out for their evening drive - or we might saunter through the grandly shaded, principal street of the town, or find we wanted something in a shop - until



it was time to return<sup>13</sup> to St James. Then came my regular evening visit to the hospital - then chess for Mops, then sit down to a good dinner well cooked. The resources of the island were great in the matter of materials for dinner. ~~Excellent fish of various kinds~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~caught in the Gulf; the~~ <sup>by</sup> turtle abounded on the sea, the place was ~~veritable~~ an alderman's paradise for turtle soup. our neighbour of Venezuela, sent ~~us~~ excellent oxen for the table and ~~by~~ turkeys were in profusion - America sent ~~us~~ rice and "canned" delicacies of sorts. We did not sit long after dinner - cards were rarely played - chess not much - smoking and talking in the verandah took up some time; a little reading afterwards in our rooms, was usual.

The men of the Connaught Rangers, were not of the same nationality in every case, but the admixture of men, ~~by~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~from~~ natives of other parts of the United Kingdom than Ireland, was quite insignificant; the corps was an Irish one. if ever such a one was, Perhaps a few Glasgow Irishmen ~~that~~ <sup>may</sup> might have been found, a spurious article. may it be said without offence - for though the racial connexion may have been as pure in the one case as in the other, the upbringing of the young in an overpowering environment of children of an other race, is fatal to the survival of the original national feeling in a child so brought up. I do not dwell on the well known and admitted characteristics of temperament and genius of the Irish race. but I would note the surprise it was to me to feel - from daily observation how little Lever has exaggerated the portraits of the Irish soldier, he has given in what we may call, the Mickey Free "Sketches".

One of the first things noticed on the experience of a day or two at Trinidad is the perplexing number of languages in use. There is no babel however, as the separate languages are spoken by separate and clearly defined sections of the population, the members of which may not ordinarily have any but casual and unimportant, society



— 14 —

or business relations with each other. The first language from without to reach the country was Spanish and this is still spoken by certain of the planters and others in inland districts furthest from the coast. Its use is also perhaps aided by the intercourse between the Island and Venezuela. Next to the Spanish zone is that in which French is largely spoken still by the people in it, and also in Port of Spain itself; ~~where I was in Port of Spain I think~~ that the town might be called a French speaking one, this language was the official one when the Island was taken by us in 1797. I have seen it stated that the latest warrant for the judicial use of torture is still preserved, being in the Government archives; it runs thus "Appliquez la question a Louise Kalderon" and it is signed by the Governor, Thomas Picton, the general who fell at Waterloo. English is the latest arrived language - unless the various languages spoken by the booties from India, be taken into account. Even then however strict accuracy would require account to be taken of the aboriginal Carib language of whom a few remained - under one hundred I think - in 1849; and also that of the considerable number of negroes - working the sugar properties in some districts - ~~the~~ lately emancipated slaves. In our rides and walks we were occasionally addressed by the English-speaking, country negroes, with beaming faces, in their patois of the tongue - "How ee do Massa, for true me berry glad for see you"

I have mentioned afternoon walks and rides as pleasant parts of the day's routine observances, occasionally these were expanded into an outing for the whole day; the temperature might be 93° in the shade, but the steady cool breeze from the sea so mitigated the heat, that few people found the exposure injurious. I have no recollection of having seen a soldier suffer from sunstroke in the whole course of my West Indian service - in localities ranging from about 13° to 6° of the line. For a day's holiday

the



15

the sea was nearly essential in a country not over-  
provided with woods, and little more than a fringe of which  
running along the coast was cultivated; and a visit to  
the Bocas by boat gave variety to the excursion on the  
waters. First of all, visits might be made to the islets between  
Port of Spain and the Bocas; on most of those places and  
little retreats had been built for occasional use, and when  
it happened that the owners were in residence, their hos-  
pitality might be reckoned on. But the Bocas them-  
selves always interested new comers. a feature of inter-  
est in one of the channels being a cave entered from the  
sea by a narrow opening, expanding and lengthening  
when the entrance was passed. It was called from the  
flocks of seabirds that inhabited it, the "diablotin"  
cave. but I never discovered for myself, or heard from  
others, anything that made the name appropriate for  
the birds. Caution was necessary to get the boat inside the  
cave as the swell of the sea might crush it against the  
rocks, or perhaps a ducking might be had for nothing,  
from the spray splashed up; and when the visitor was  
inside there was nothing to see worth the trouble of a visit,  
only a very poor grade of Isle of Staffa cave. with no basaltic  
columns, no heights to speak of, no spaciousness, no colour-  
ing. but it was the fashion to visit it. Sharks might be  
seen in the waters outside, but in what part of the Gulf of  
Paria could they not be seen. ~~and felt too if required.~~

In company with two other officers, on leave for a few days  
I made a trip to the western end of the island some sixty  
miles from Port of Spain. to see one of the wonders of nature  
at bedros opposite one of the mouths of the Orinoco river -  
the "mud volcano" one as it was called. Guinoland is subject  
to frequent sudden and short tremblings of the earth: if the  
advent of one of them is in the night, sleepers are pretty sure to be  
wakened by the shrill lived shriek - if he is a new comer, he is  
confused without knowing why - if an older resident, he knows that  
it is only an earthquake. In the quarters at St James' barracks



16  
conquering  
away iron

a noticeable effect of the earth's tremors was seen in the  
unfastening of the railings of the verandahs from the heavy  
iron columns to which they had been fastened by rivets  
not universally, but here and there - No great active volcano  
centre was known in the island, but there were slight eviden-  
ces of the hidden fires underneath at the west end of the  
island in the shape of what were called "mud volcanoes"  
that is to say - geysers, spouting up hot water, but liquid  
by mud. ~~But~~ Of former volcanic outbreaks there were  
evidences enough; what the very large area of unexplored  
country might contain was conjectural at the time <sup>of</sup>  
<sup>which I</sup> write. ~~In company with two other officers I had an~~  
~~opportunity, in a few days' leave of absence, of seeing the~~  
~~"mud volcanoes" at Coleros, a district sixty miles from~~  
~~Port of Spain, and pointing one of the mouths of the Orinoco~~  
~~river - A "sugar drogher" that is a sloop of about fifteen tons,~~  
having been obligingly lent to us, we waited for the evening  
breeze, and had a fair wind; but when all was going well,  
a most sudden and unlooked for squall caught us in  
its grasp, and heeled the lightly ballasted drogher over  
on its side, almost to the point of capsizing; the vessel  
had no bulwarks to speak of and the danger of being pitched  
over into the water was imminent. The sudden darkness too  
was all against our mariners: but the peculiar "bermud-  
-ian" rig, of the sloop saved us, the sail was light and easy  
to handle, and as the squall was short we were soon on an  
"even keel" again as the sailors say - and a little while after  
we anchored off the town of San Fernando -  
We left the drogher at an early hour next morning, as  
only the most elementary and imperfect cooking could  
be done on board we had to trespass on the kindness of a  
planter living in the town, where he also followed the  
profession of medicine - for breakfast - Throughout the  
West Indies, the old fashion of open house hospitality -  
was universal amongst the magnates of the country  
districts - and to arrive at the house of one of them for  
breakfast



breakfast, uninvited. created no surprise - We were not only hospitably entertained, but we were given mounts for a ride in the country - and enjoyed the ride - He was preserved in the house a zoological curiosity which I fancy few museums could show, namely the dried skin of a serpent over twenty feet in length - (considerably) said to be not a box constrictor, but a water snake of some kind - its length and diameter, seemed equal to the crushing of a middle sized ox ~~encircled~~, but how the ox could be swallowed, was not apparent, perhaps the snake devoted its whole attention to fishes - or alligators.

Leaving the hospitable roof after dinner <sup>we were carried by</sup> our sloop <sup>equipped</sup> us westward and next morning we landed at Cedros - there to seek hospitality again, at the house of a planter, and not in vain -

After breakfast we rode to the "mud volcanos" over a tract of pure alluvial soil, with (as far as I could see) not a stone or pebble in it, brought from some lofty region in Central America by the great American river with many mouths, washed over to our island of Trinidad, and settled there to form new land, to join it eventually to the continent; as ~~Jennison~~ <sup>Jennison</sup> well describes: -

"Drawn down aeonian hills and down,  
"The dust of continents to be"

The scenery was very dreary; we entered a mangrove swamp which lined the margin of the whole of the coast in view, there was forest land inland and even a few trees just outside of the swamp, but the whole aspect together was depressing - We soon reached the "volcanos", which were simply vents communicating with the interior and through which from time to time during our visit, we saw hot liquid mud ejected and sent up to a variable height in the air - not more than six feet when we saw the action of the geyser - a low rumbling sound was heard from time to time, not continuously - of course  
violent.



18  
violent eruptions occur from time to time - and the  
mud is sent to considerable heights on such occasions,  
and falling around the opening in the earth prevents  
vegetation for a little distance around. More curious  
and interesting than the volcanic effects were those  
seen where the mangrove bush was close to the water,  
and day by day, hour by hour, was making new land.  
At a little distance the mangrove, might be mistaken  
for the familiar alder bush of the British isles - but not  
near at hand; growing close to the sea, its branches bend  
downwards on the sea side into it and produce real  
islets which entering the soil spread out and enclose  
irregular pieces sections of the bed of the sea, and  
retaining the mud in them, eventually makes land  
of what was sea; the seeds of the mangrove bush are  
scattered about, and young plants spring up to occupy  
the land newly made and to march on in the same  
course to new conquests - In all this it seems to me that  
there is a bewildering analogy to the instinctive  
influence in certain animals - suggesting a link  
the between the animal and vegetable life - e.g. the busy  
bee building its cells, and the beaver erecting its  
fortified city -

In the afternoon we saw more of the cultivated country  
of extremely rich soil - and then embarking in the  
drogher set sail on the return journey - But this  
was a very weary piece of work, against the wind, and  
on water too near land on each side to permit of  
"long boards", so it was zig zag all the way up, with  
an always present anxiety that instead of advancing  
we might be driven backwards to leeward; but we  
were fortunate and next morning we anchored off  
the coast where the "pitch lake" lies -

Landings once more in time for breakfast - we were  
conducted after its restorative effects to the lake - which is  
not far from the shore; it is strictly what it is called, a

lake,



lake - but filled with pitch - not water - hard on the surface, and superficially furrowed a good deal, and in the furrows or hollows, dust - turning to earth had settled - and bushes had sprung up - In the more shallow depressions, after showers rain water settled - soon to evaporate - The value of the product of the lake was well known, but very little use had been made of the pitch, the excavating and shipping of which I believe is now a very important business in connexion amongst other things, with the paving of wooden pavements in cities. The first real start in the recognition of the value ~~was~~ of the pitch lake, was given by the great seaman Lord Dundouale, when he visited Trinidad as Admiral of the Station; he explored the lake carefully and shipped a quantity of its product in his flagship for examination and transmission to England for dockyard purposes -

Our arrival at St James created some excitement, explained to us in the exclamation "why we thought you were lost" It appeared that a drogher going on the opposite course, had seen us, on our way to bedros, (caught in the squall) ~~that we were of~~; our drogher was seen to disappear suddenly, and on the passing of the squall in the clear starlight nothing could be seen of it - After looking about for us a little, the worst apprehensions were confirmed by the sight of a boat's oar floating, where our drogher had been in the squall, and more significantly still by some oars and ends swept off the deck of our drogher; this flotsam and jetsam was in fact convincing - and our barge was reported as lost. Our arrival safe and sound dried up what remained of the nine days wonder - It was lucky for us that the usual sale of "kit" that takes place in barracks on the occurrence of a casualty, had not come off -

But my time of sojourning in Trinidad at this time



1854

Field Service The Crimean War

I was

After ~~my~~ return to England in 1851, attached to the Depot Company of the regiment with the service companies of which I had been in the West Indies, a pleasant period of duty was passed in Guernsey, and subsequently in the south <sup>and west</sup> of Ireland, at Fermoy, and Blarney Castle ~~respectively~~, after which I was

Fasciculus  
No. 2

sent ~~forward~~ to Gibraltar - and there spent nearly eighteen months in very varied medical duties - a factotum, everything by turns. In September 1854 ~~very~~ desirous of seeing service in the tented field, as were so many others, I was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 8<sup>th</sup> Hussars, and was sent on to Malta to await a passage to Varna where the regiment was with the Light Cavalry Brigade. <sup>a delay</sup> ~~at~~ at Valetta ~~and this circumstance~~ was fatal to my prospect of being present at the first encounter of the allied English and French forces with the Russian army. A vessel taking stores for our troops gave me the opportunity of continuing my onward journey, ~~and~~ in the company of others similarly situated. The passage was a very interesting one owing to the associations connected with places from time to time brought into view - the first of which was Cape Bonaparte ~~which were~~ <sup>with</sup> the ruins of the temple of Minerva, isolated, conspicuous and impressive, the numerous marble columns erect, and <sup>when</sup> seen at a distance apparently not materially injured by the decay-producing touch of time, had a wonderfully fine appearance. We passed the plain of Marathon some eighteen miles north and east of the Cape, at too great a distance to recognise the scene of the immortal contest, all we could see in connexion with it were the mountains which looked on Marathon, where (Byron) musing, musing an hour alone, had dreamt that Greece might still be free.

The next day we anchored at the entrance to the Dardanelles ~~to~~ <sup>ing</sup> await the good pleasure of the Turkish Government to grant permission for the vessel to pass through - the plain of Troy was on our right and close at hand, all its features distinct



distinct ~~and somewhat melancholy looking~~, on the  
left was the island of Tenedos, looking very near, but in  
reality seventeen miles off, south of the entrance. Our  
anchoring ground did not turn out to be propitiously  
chosen. In the night our ship had a very narrow escape  
of being sent to the bottom, by an incoming <sup>one</sup> ship which  
making, coming straight for us stem on, seemed bound to strike  
ours amidships, but luckily yielding to the altered helm,  
only grazed along the side of our ship, <sup>her</sup> spiraling ~~its~~ appear-  
-ance for one half of her length but doing no vital injury.  
After this experience our vessel was shifted to a more sequester-  
-ed berth on the west side of the strait, whence, on the  
arrival of her firman she passed through the strait into  
the sea of Marmora, <sup>thence</sup> ~~which~~ traversed, she anchored off  
Scutari, with Scraglio Point, Pera, and the Lydian Horn  
all visible in ~~one view~~ - together.

Here I saw the ships arrive with the <sup>men</sup> wounded in the  
battle of the Alma, for transfer to the hospital at Scutari - a  
large Turkish barrack, ~~which had been~~ made over for this  
use.

Transferred to another steamer, ~~and~~ <sup>9</sup> in her got as far as  
Varna the just abandoned base of operations for our troops,  
and in <sup>another</sup> ~~the same~~ steamer I reached Balaklava two days after  
the troops had <sup>arrived</sup> ~~reached~~ after the march from the Alma River.

The town of Balaklava was hardly more than a  
fair sized village; and judging by appearances and the  
very contracted area available for building ground it  
was difficult to believe it could ever have been a consider-  
-able place. At one time <sup>it was used by</sup> a settlement of Italians trading  
to the Crimea, by whom the uninhabited <sup>and ruinous</sup> ~~and ruinous~~ <sup>edifice</sup> castle  
which crowned the ridge on the east - called the Genoese  
Castle, was built. For its size, the harbour was one of the best  
in the world - a narrow, winding landlocked inlet with  
a nearly uniform depth of water <sup>and of size</sup> sufficient to float the largest  
of ~~any~~ line of battle ships as securely as if in a wet dock. The  
berth



Page 1  
berth allotted to our steamer when it ~~reached~~ entered  
from the outer bay—of dreadful <sup>history</sup> ~~more~~ memory from the loss of  
so many ships in it soon after in the memorable gale—was  
next to a 90 gun ship from the deck of which the shore  
might have been reached by a jump. Balaclava was between  
six and seven miles from Sebastopol, the great naval station  
of Russia in the Black Sea. To destroy the large fleet sheltered  
within the enclosure forming the harbour, was the object of the  
expedition to the Crimea. The transports landing stores at  
Balaclava ~~fully~~ crowded out nearly as many were waiting  
their turn for admission in the outer bay. The main  
street was crammed with people—~~seemingly~~ of all kinds  
and tongues in the world. associated with the war in some  
way, soldiers, sailors, traders or it might be inhabitants of the  
country near the line of march from the Alma, who had  
abandoned their dwellings from fear and had sought refuge  
in Balaclava.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the steamer—and I  
owed my lodging for the night, and my dinner, to the kind-  
ness of two officers of my new regiment—of which a troop was  
quartered in the town. On the following morning I left for the  
camp of the Light Brigade, ~~of which the 8th formed a part~~  
at the village of Kadikoi, about two miles from Balaclava—  
and on the road to the headquarters of the allied armies in  
front of Sebastopol. In the village were some very pleasant  
small country houses, surrounded with large and bountif-  
-ally ~~filled~~ <sup>stocked</sup> gardens, and the outbuildings needful for  
the carrying on of the vineyard farming industry, which was the  
reason ~~for~~ the existence of the village, around which there was a  
large extent of ground bearing a rich harvest of <sup>black</sup> grapes small,  
and delicious to the taste, just ripe to perfection and ready for  
~~planting~~ for the wine vat.

At the time of the year specified, this portion of the Crimea was  
a paradise for campaigning purposes, the cattle employed in  
conjunction with the vineyard culture had need of fodder and  
the



the hay crop was all ready for carting, ~~but~~ but the oxen to eat it had either been hurried away or had been <sup>slaughtered</sup> ~~been~~ by the warrior hosts, for whom the hay in the fields <sup>also</sup> provided most luxurious couches, ~~and~~ <sup>as well as</sup> splendid forage for the troop horses. It did not last long however.

I reported my arrival to the adjutant of the regiment, and got a bauman <sup>out of</sup> ~~from~~ one of the troops for the horse which I had brought from Gibraltar, and for my ~~own~~ <sup>self</sup> needs in respect of ~~my own~~ <sup>the and working of</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>of drawing, rationing,</sup> tents had not as yet been disembarked, nor were they then particularly required. It was no hardship to live in the open air, day and night in the balmy ~~at~~ time of the early autumn.

The seamy side of war in the field was revealed to me very soon after my arrival in camp. Dinner <sup>my moping</sup> - as the term was - <sup>was being</sup> ready soon after noon, <sup>the bauman brought me</sup> for my share of the entertainment, a lump of boiled salt pork on a skewer. I had no plate at hand and nobody had one to lend. The uninviting "moping" <sup>consisted of</sup> ~~was~~ fat without a single streak of lean meat about it. Hunger compelled me to try to eat the ration, and in the <sup>preliminary</sup> <sup>measure</sup> to commencing that of getting some substitute <sup>for a plate</sup> on which to set the unsavory mess, fortune came to my aid <sup>as I found a</sup> ~~in the way of~~ a broken piece of board, mud covered on both sides. A superficial cleansing of the substitute for a plate, was carried out in the water held in a canvas bucket and for all analogous purposes though intended primarily <sup>use in</sup> for the watering of my horse. Severing a portion of the fat pork from the lump with a clasp knife, I tried to eat the nauseous morsel with the aid of the ration biscuit - almost as hard as stone - which I tried to grind with my teeth at the same time; but my hunger was not up to famine point, and the food never got further than my mouth. In the afternoon, however, I got on very well by soaking the biscuit in the tea - and - to use ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> present day expression - I found the meal to be, "grateful and comforting".

My duties at this time were very light, <sup>and</sup> in the execution.



execution of them I was superintended by the surgeon of the regiment. One bell tent was allotted for the hospital needs, without however any equipment. The sick men lay on the ground in their regimentals and had their chairs <sup>to use</sup> as coverlets. Though the amount of sickness was light, in a few cases it was of the gravest kind; cholera which had reached Europe from India the country of its origin, was in epidemic prevalence in the south of Europe ~~and~~ outbreaks of it occurred amongst the troops in the Crimea, lasting the usual number days, and then apparently disappearing - but only as a flower disappears, until next season's flowering time - The illness attacked, fatally, two or three men of the regiment.

Together with medical duty I had that appertaining to the campaigning stage of active field service, having to turn out and accompany the regiment whenever it was called on for action entailed on it by the close neighborhood of the enemy. At this time it was a part of the routine duty of troops so situated to form up an hour before day break to be ready to receive any sudden attack of the enemy, and the light cavalry brigade of which the 8<sup>th</sup> Hussars formed a part had its share of watching in advance of the troops, with videttes but a short distance from the <sup>red</sup> ~~back~~ videttes whose long <sup>red</sup> pole ~~like~~ lances were very conspicuous features on the plain. Sometimes the whole brigade was moved on as a consequence of communications from our advanced posts, but usually, after sunrise the troops were dismissed without having stined for the whole of the weary hour. This was sufficiently tiresome work coming regularly every morning, but it was nothing to the duty which after a few days, became almost a regular one, that of turning out in the night when information was sent in that the convoys of provisions and ammunition were being passed into the besieged city. There were few nights on which we were not roused from our slumbers by the trumpets sounding the "turn out" not infrequently this occurred twice in the night, and ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> one occasion ~~on which the~~ <sup>the</sup> harassing call



call was made three times; the horses were kept saddled  
<sup>at this time</sup> up, and the men were bivouacing in an analogous fashion  
so that armed men may almost literally be said to have  
sprung to the earth in obedience to the trumpet's sound. I  
believe that on no single occasion did the enemy fail to  
pass their country into the city with complete success. The  
darkness, and the <sup>protecting</sup> Tchernaya river together ensured this.  
Faithfully following the precedents of the Peninsular war,  
our troops had been landed in the Crimea in full dress, <sup>and</sup> the  
venerable traditions of that time were acted on with an  
almost superstitious reverence. Apparently it had not  
then dawned on the minds of our military administrative  
rulers that ~~(the unnecessary weight)~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>reference</sup> to  
~~carrying~~ <sup>of</sup> showy trappings and equipment impeded the  
wearer most unnecessarily and thus detracted from his  
usefulness, to say nothing of their being most incongruous  
with <sup>(the seriousness attaching to)</sup> duties in the execution of  
which death might at any moment lay the individual low.

and overloaded  
the horses

I have already stated that the village of Kadikoi around  
which the two brigades of the Cavalry Division were  
placed, was the centre of extensive fruit and vineyard cul-  
- tivation, a circumstance which was for two or three days  
very much to their advantage <sup>of the Division</sup>. In that time however the  
last grapes had been plucked, and not only had all the  
fruit been gathered from the trees and bushes, but the trees  
themselves had been felled, to meet the imperious need of the  
field cooking pots. It was wonderful to see how rapidly the  
utter devastation of the whole area of the vineyards was  
effected; the news respecting the fruit-treasures at Kadikoi  
soon reached the main body of the troops investing Sab-  
- astopol, and both the English and the French sent emis-  
- saries to get a share of the <sup>harvest</sup> ~~fruit~~. There was a difference in  
the way in which the representatives of the two allied  
armies set about the work of securing the <sup>spoils</sup> ~~treasures~~. The  
English after satisfying individual wants, carried off each  
man



man, in his haversack - or it might be in his hands, as much as he could. The French, worked methodically and in pairs, provided with branches from the trees or poles on which they strung the clusters of grapes gathered ~~and~~ <sup>other</sup> two men carried them to their camp at the front on their shoulders.

But comparatively, the destruction of the houses and the buildings connected with them in the pleasant looking village, was effected even more rapidly than that of the fruitful vineyards, till the inhabitants had fled excepting the priest of the Greek church who remained undauntedly, and had his reward in the preservation of the building which remained uninjured whilst the allied armies occupied the country. Consequent on the presence of invading troops, the process of destruction was as simple and so to say natural, as possible under the existing conditions, and it began as soon as the men dismounted after arrival. A meal had to be cooked for the hungry campaigners - firewood could not be carried on the march, so it was sought for in the deserted houses, where no sufficiency was found, but furniture was there and the crasser sort of tables and chairs were broken up ~~to serve~~ <sup>for</sup> the instant service of the cooking, pots. Successive parties on the same errand <sup>next</sup> laid the better kinds of furniture under contribution, and by next day the houses were empty; then the doors were taken off their hinges, and the next comers had to content themselves with the frames of the doors and windows, and the wooden flooring, and the roof. The walls soon fell in and in a few days a heap of stone only remained to show where a pleasant looking country house had been. There was not an atom of malice in the proceedings which were excused on the ground of urgent necessity. But the heaps of stone even did not long remain to mark the sites of former dwellings, they too were urgently wanted for use in making a substantial roadway between the base at Balaklava and the encampment before Sebastopol six miles off, and for this purpose the broken



broken stones of the Kadikoi houses were put to use. The church only remained to show where a smiling village had been; every other building was absolutely obliterated. Every tree had disappeared, and the very roots of the vines had been dug up for firewood - A small brook which ran through the village to the adjacent Black Sea soon disappeared - ed, its ~~course~~ bed ~~was~~ dried up without any interference and the water did not reappear during our long occupation.

After my unsatisfactory attempt to dine on a lump of the fat of salt pork, I made no further call on the services of the cooks of the troop to which I was attached for rationing; it was unnecessary, as many of the transports arriving at Balaklava with stores of all kinds for the army, had also on board little trading ventures of various kinds, most acceptable to both officers and men of the besiegers of Sebastopol, the most highly prized of all I think - taking precedence even of wine or spirits, was jam - strange it was to see the eagerness of all officers and privates to procure when in the field, the prized <sup>luxury</sup> ~~enjoyment~~ of their youth - but indeed the craving was only an instinctive, ~~unconscious~~ desire for vegetable ~~food~~ <sup>food</sup> capable of warding off the disastrous scorbutic illness - ~~one most potent factor in the forward or bullet in destroying~~ <sup>terribly destitute</sup> ~~to armies in the field not devoted~~ <sup>provided abundantly and</sup> ~~reclusively with a dietary~~ <sup>capable</sup> ~~having in view the overwhelming importance of averting~~ <sup>not so prohibited</sup> by its use the rapid enfeeblement of troops, ~~without such aid~~.

Deprived of the regimental mess when the troops were sent on active service, just the time when such an institution might have justified its existence by a special usefulness, the officers of the regiment established small messes for themselves on the best plan of all, that of elective affinity in the membership, two or three having their rations cooked and served in common; this plan permitted one or other of the members to visit Balaklava occasionally to procure from the stores there which were sprung up, and from the transports

additions



very  
additions to their field rations which added much  
to their comfort and through this something to their efficiency.  
Next to jam, I think that bread was usually the luxury  
most prized, an officer who brought back in his haversack  
a loaf of bread was an object of admiring envy - everyone  
asking where <sup>and how</sup> did he get it, ~~and how did he do it?~~. The  
biscuit issued with the daily ration was not unwholesome  
or even repugnant to taste, but it was certainly not relished,  
and bread was much sought after. A small and irregular  
supply, was obtained from an unexpected quarter. Among  
other things in which the superiority of the French military  
administration in victualling their troops appeared, was  
that of the issue to them of ordinary baked bread within a day  
or two <sup>after</sup> their arrival at Sebastopol - and the issue was con-  
siderable enough to allow a <sup>portion</sup> of it to find its way into  
our camp, in exchange for something more desired by the  
soldiers of our allies. This traffic was initiated <sup>through</sup> the  
presence of French soldiers - wandering about the neighborhood  
searching for edible vegetables with which to season their soup.  
and in this way they procured a grateful addition to the food  
served out to them. To us the plants gathered eagerly by the  
French, seemed weeds, I suppose for no better reason <sup>than</sup> ~~research~~  
that they had not been grown in a garden - and ~~there was a~~  
a staple subject for joking amongst our people when the  
weed foraging allies were met with near our camp. But  
the sagacity of the French in this matter was justified later  
on, when the carefully sought for additions to ordinary  
diet, together with <sup>the</sup> knowledge of cookery so generally an  
acquirement in French soldiers, were potent factors in main-  
-taining the health of their troops during the first winter  
before Sebastopol, which <sup>as</sup> ~~was~~ so distressing to our troops from  
the occurrence of much preventable sickness -

The road from the headquarters before Sebastopol to Mala-  
clava passed through the camp of the Cavalry Division, and  
this circumstance made life in it less wearisome than it  
would



would otherwise have been where ~~the first~~ interest in the novelty of campaigning experiences had worn off. The daily stream of visitors <sup>were</sup> on their way to the ships and stores to pick up palatable additions to the field ration - of clothing - especially boots, and perhaps most <sup>eagerly sought</sup> ~~important~~ of all the <sup>luxuries</sup> ~~luxuries~~ <sup>and things</sup> brought down the news as to the progress made in the siege preparations. On this matter everyone - having no responsibility in the matter - was very hopeful. The siege was to be a short one, the fire of the enemy having been suppressed by our much superior artillery, the entrenchments of the place would be stormed - and there you were <sup>with</sup> the ~~impregnable and~~ <sup>are not</sup> redoubtable fortifications and fleet - in our hands. In <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ <sup>case</sup> ~~of the case~~ hope told an extravagantly flattering <sup>and</sup> ~~tail~~ <sup>tail</sup>.

way of looking  
at the case

The road to the front was well frequented <sup>and</sup> the traffic to meet ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~had been constructed being~~ heavy, the first <sup>part</sup> ~~and foremost~~ of this being that of the carriage of food for the troops, whilst, just second to this primary need, was that of the transport of the Siege Train, and of the materials to supply its wants. Even from the first there was a return flow of travel on the road, due to the necessity of sending many of the sick and wounded to Balaklava for ultimate transport to Scutari, the base of the British troops in Turkey. The transport service was outrageously insufficient from the first, and of a special service for the carriage of disabled men there was at first absolutely none. When the army embarked at Varna for the purpose of landing in the Crimea, two <sup>the only two with the army</sup> ~~four~~ wheeled waggon<sup>s</sup> were placed on board one of the transports to subserve the needs of the wounded, but on second thoughts it was considered better to utilise the space on board for the carriage of horses ~~for~~ and the only specially designed carriages. The two in question were bundled on shore again. Possibly this was in strict conformity with Peninsular War practice - as on the ship in question two old Peninsular officers of high rank were embarked. At the present day the statement made above seems to be incredible - but in the evidence given before the Parliamentary enquiry



enquiry later on - "Mr. Noebels Commission" as it was popularly called - the fact was <sup>fully</sup> brought out.

The general transport for the needs of the campaigning army was strengthened a little after its arrival by local resources brought in by the Musalmann population in the neighborhood, - Tartars we called them, settled in Europe, and not nomadic; Amongst the transport animals brought in by them were a few camels, which were mostly used for draught purposes, it was strange to see them yoked in to drag the small rickety waggons, used by the inhabitants of the country: To many of us only acquainted with the camel through pictures ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> it was an object of interest, but a very short experience in pelting or harrowing <sup>camels</sup> ~~the~~ sufficed to discredit the quantity of patience usually conjoined with a mention of them in books, as we found them, they were bad tempered, and their bites were very serious, as well as "frequent and free"

As time went on, tents <sup>were</sup> ~~had~~ ~~not~~ ~~been~~ served out to the troops sparingly. They were now much appreciated, as the nights <sup>were</sup> beginning to get cold - though the day time was warm and pleasant. The want of water for cooking and ablution purposes <sup>was</sup> now the most pressing <sup>trouble</sup> ~~need~~ of the camp. No sufficiency of it could be obtained at hand; the small quantity which for a time was afforded by the brook <sup>ing</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>passed</sup> through the centre of the camp was ~~soon~~ turned aside for the purpose of watering the horses; as the immediate gathering ground of this water ~~was~~ got foul, it became unfit for use in the tents, so a supply to replace it had to be sought at <sup>some</sup> available distance and thus, bathing and clothes-washing became the luxuries of the scrupulous and the comparatively, leisured classe in camp; and ~~as~~ <sup>practically</sup> every one wore the ~~same~~ clothes ~~every~~ day, and slept in them every night, no baggage having been landed for a considerable time after the army arrived in the country, For the majority of those in camp the result was, that one of the most exasperating of the Plagues of Egypt, fell on the camp - universally & fancy. This may be an exaggerated view of the case, but it was the current saying throughout



the army that every one from the commander in chief downwards, <sup>shared</sup> contributed to the ~~degree~~ <sup>there was</sup> of misery resulting from the plague which ~~had~~ <sup>there was</sup> no respect of persons - With the disembarcation of the baggage, the plague was stayed, disappearing almost as suddenly as it had begun - Subsequently to the Crimean expedition it was my fate to be employed in four other wars, in two of which the operations extended into a second year of campaigning, but the field service ~~not~~ mentioned was the only one in which the pest alluded to, was epidemic in the army in the field -

The active stage of the siege of the great military position of Sevastopol had now commenced, the firing being pretty nearly continuous from one side or the other, though it was intermittent in ~~the matter~~ <sup>the matter</sup> of the intensely distinguishing it; much of this quality was thrown in the night when both sides were ~~very much~~ on the alert to repel real or suspected attacks on their respective siege works. At first it seemed as if the capture of the place would not necessitate a lengthened undertaking, the very day was named on which the allied forces were simultaneously (both by land and by sea) to attack and to capture it - On the day before the intended storming of the works, I remember being warned by the Brigade Major - as I believe was every other assistant surgeon of both brigades of the division - that next day our services would be wanted in the trenches when the attack on the works of the enemies was made - But the assault did not come off for nearly ten months after this, the Navy made an attack on the sea front defences, which sheltered the large Russian fleet, but the experience gained in the action, though short, was very decisive as to the ability of - for the most part - wooden sailing ships of war to overcome the fire of the enemies' casemates. After this the service rendered by the Navy was that of effectively blockading the port, to keep the fleet of the enemy in the harbour -

Meanwhile the convoys of the enemy continued to pour into Sevastopol provisions, stores, and reinforcements; <sup>whilst</sup> our cavalry were reduced to helpless lookers on at the proceedings which



with which the nature of the ground precluded successful interference. The besieging force was too small to blockade the place completely on its land side. The hold of the British troops at this time on Balaklava was precarious, as the Russian troops occupied the heights <sup>north</sup> ~~west~~ and west of the plain through which the road from the seaport base to the <sup>front</sup> ~~camp~~ before Sevastopol ran for the first two miles of its course.

North

On the arrival of the allies, part of the population—mostly women and children—remained in the town of Balaklava, a few also in a village on the south side, and it soon became apparent that the enemy was supplied with useful information in spite of the vigilance of our videttes. The Russian General was communicated with, and was requested to withdraw all the inhabitants of the country within our lines, as we could neither provision <sup>them</sup> nor tolerate their signal fires and other services to the <sup>to which</sup> ~~troops~~ we were opposed to. He refused however to entertain the request, and as the inconvenience was urgent, the Russian authorities were notified that the remaining portion of the inhabitants would be excluded from our lines. On the morning of the day specified all the women and children were taken beyond the lines, but the Bosporus videttes refused to allow them to enter the Russian lines, and the unhappy crowd remained on the plain all day, neither side allowing it to pass its picquets. Before dark however our authorities relented, and the ejected and rejected victims of war were allowed to return to their homes, but only temporarily, until an effectual means of securing their departure could be arranged for with certainty. This done ~~time~~ they were taken on board ships and landed on the coast near Galata, where perforce they <sup>were</sup> received.

excluded

temporarily

There was yet another little <sup>incident</sup> ~~episode~~ which excited interest and continued to do so from time to time in the camp of the Cavalry Division, during the whole of the period of the siege. This was connected with the presence of a battery of guns the fire from which was intended to sweep the plain between the camp and the enemy, but from time to time a single shot—or occasionally though very rarely a second shot—followed, but this demonstration never elicited any return.



any return fire from the foe? The disturbance was due to the fact that the nature of the ground at the locality was favorable for the passage of spies or deserters, the individuals of the two classes not being always from the Russian side. The shot sent from our battery was either to aid the fugitive coming over to us by turning back the Cossacks in pursuit; or if the fugitive were an outboard bound one from our side, to aid our *violettes* in his capture.

On the conclusion of the war I remember seeing a statement given in the newspapers in connection with the trial in England of a deserter from our army given over by the Russian authorities when peace was declared, contrasting with the

number of deserters from the ~~allied~~ French army in the Crimea, the number <sup>number from our own</sup> ~~contrasted with the comparative strength~~ of the two forces <sup>this</sup> was humiliating; and by the explanation in respect of the French deserters that all the three belonged to the Foreign Legion <sup>did not diminish this</sup>. I have no doubt that the explanation was in the desperation created amongst certain of our enemy by the

overwork and imperfect nourishment which was their portion at first. Their misery in the trenches in winter in the hard winter would have taxed invention to exaggerate.

Now and then I had a short outing to the front - a half hours ride - and met there many with whom I had been associated - more or less - in former days - such as the *Boynough Rangers*, with which I had been employed in Trinidad, <sup>also</sup> the regiment with which I had returned from Nova Scotia to England, and more than one of the regiments with which I had done short periods of temporary duty at Gibraltar now formed parts of the besieging army at Sevastopol. The officers were doing their work in the trenches at that time in full dress, <sup>which</sup> ~~was~~ also served them for a sleeping suit when off duty, but the ornamental epaulettes had been discarded. and as it turned out, finally, as after the war - a time replaced the swallow tailed coat for the army. The bright scarlet does not do well with the mud of the newly dug trenches, and most of the officers looked grimy and weary. Long days passed

perhaps of  
neurotic  
tendency



passed in the trenches <sup>the</sup> with cold nights <sup>and</sup> with constant apprehension of a sally out in the darkness from the works of the enemy, made the time of the besiegers an anxious one which they would doubtless have been glad to exchange for the excitement of a storming <sup>ing</sup> the whole position in front of them. From the slight eminence called by our troops Bathurst's Hill, at nearly the centre of the British portion of the besiegers, an excellent view was to be had of <sup>much of</sup> ~~nearly all~~ the town in front, and of the defences, as well as of the offensive works which were steadily being pushed on for the reduction of the place. The harbour, then occupied by the large fleet of the enemy, was partially seen. Conspicuous amongst the line of battle ships was that of the flag ship a large three decker - which was ~~an~~ oddly named, the "Twelve Apostles", surely an inappropriate mixing up of the ~~most~~ message of peace and good will on earth, with ~~an~~ instrument of slaughter and destruction - but the extreme right ~~(the view took in the)~~ French troops completed the investment having the conspicuous Malakof Tower confronting them. Beyond this the high ground sloped down to the valley of the Tchernaya river, on the other side of which rose a high wall-like cliff on the face of which ~~high up~~ <sup>leading</sup> were ~~wall~~ <sup>to the</sup> openings ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> we were told ~~led~~ to the former dwellings of a prehistoric people - The French troops also occupied the left extremity of the ground, about a mile from which was the excellent harbour at which they had disembarked. At this time visitors to the trenches were discouraged - if not absolutely prohibited, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> curiosity was out of place when its indulgence was so immediately connected with the suffering of others occurring in the trenches, appalling from <sup>their</sup> suddenness and intensity.

The unprovided for state of the regiment in respect of special hospital provision and its concomitant requirements was a little amended within a fortnight after the brigade arrived at Kadokui, where bell tents were issued for the lodging of the sick and the ordinary ration served out to them could then

powerful  
means



a little

be supplemented, with other articles of diet more suitable for the <sup>or</sup> needs of sick men. Blankets were now available for their use but they still slept on the ground without bedding, and in the clothing they wore during the day - their ordinary uniform. As the transports arrived with stores their condition was day by day a little ameliorated. All the sick of the Brigade were now located at one quarter of the camp instead of remaining in the regimental lines; <sup>and</sup> this consolidation some advantage accrued, but I suppose that the Peninsular tradition through the light of which even medical arrangements were then viewed at Headquarters, demanded that what had served the needs of our troops nearly a hundred years before should <sup>suffice</sup> be adjusted for the existing conditions of a war at the other end of the Mediterranean.

The efforts of the enemy at this time, to pass ~~pass~~ stores and men into Sevastopol were unremitting, and also successful, and it seemed as if the enemy had recovered from the perturbation which their unsuccessful fight at the Alma <sup>river</sup> and the unopposed march of the Allies to Sevastopol, had caused them; ~~and~~ the movements of the Russian troops were held seriously to threaten ~~that portion of the English troops force which protected~~ the port of ~~their~~ disembarkation. To meet this danger ~~a brigade of infantry~~ <sup>composed of Highland regiments</sup> under the command of General Collier Campbell, who had served with great distinction in the Peninsular war was posted between Kalaklava and the camp of the Cavalry Division.

the Cavalry Division posted at Hadikoi with some Field Artillery was aided by several companies of a Highland Regiment.

The Turkish army was also represented by several newly raised regiments which were stationed partly in earth works along the crest of the ridge between the Cavalry camp and the Tchernaya river. This body of men was not held to be representative of the quality of the Turkish army in general. It was understood that it had been hastily gathered from the troublesome part of the population of Constantinople, and had been shipped off to the Crimea, where <sup>it</sup> they joined in the campaign without ~~a particle~~ of military instruction training, ~~but only for a short time~~ <sup>at this time</sup>

The Russian troops now were seen to be in large numbers

on



on the Fiolukani heights about a mile and a half from the river on its west; this threatened the cutting off of communication between the seaport and the British camp at the front, which depended on Balaclava for everything.

It has been mentioned that at first the enemy had the great ~~advantage~~ of getting a knowledge of the proceedings of the Allied forces through spies in the outlying villages who signalled by means of fires at night, amongst other ways, but after the deportation of the inhabitants this advantage was lost. whilst to the Allies good information respecting the movements of the Russians was obtained during the whole of the siege, ~~which~~ <sup>this</sup> it was believed was usually brought in by the Tartar co-religionists of the Turks. At this time notices as to intended passages of convoys past our lines, into Sebastopol were very regularly received, and usually they turned out to be accurate - but the 24<sup>th</sup> of October an intimation reached the British headquarters that a large body of Russian troops had arrived at the heights referred to, but as similar notifications were constantly made, it was not considered necessary to make any special further provisions than those daily carried out every day, of forming up all our troops in front of their lines, for an hour before day break, so as to be ready to meet a surprise on the part of the foe.

As was known afterwards, the troops at Fiolukani heights, and in the adjoining Baidar valley, consisted of 25,000 men, with 76 guns, under the orders of General Liprandi, and that during the night a portion of this force had occupied Ychernogorsk, the village close to the Traction bridge over the Ycher ~~Ychernaya~~ river, which was in possession of the Russians. At the same time the village of Kamara <sup>on the heights</sup> overlooking the village of Balaclava on the northern side was also occupied. By this the Russians had placed part of their army within less than two miles and a half from Balaclava. Before day break the whole of the main body of Liprandi's force had crossed the Ychernaya and was marching on Balaclava.

Between



between the river and the camp of the Cavalry division at Kadikoi, on slight rises at intervals in a line extending from the south side, nearly half across the valley, over a thousand Turkish soldiers had been stationed, in hastily thrown up earthworks, and on the northern border of the valley a little in rear of the earthworks on a prominent isolated hill, called by us, Leavelle's Hill after the name of the French General then in command. A redoubt had been constructed in which also, Turkish troops had been placed. The Russians advancing from the river at daybreak, rushed the line of earthworks, overcoming the defence after some resistance, the Turks hastening in disorder towards the camp hotly pursued by the Cossacks whose long red spears laid many of them low. At the same time the attack on the earthworks was made, the redoubt on the hill was also assaulted, but the Turks holding it made a strenuous and protracted defence losing a great part of the troops within it. ~~But~~ Before eight o'clock the Russians were free to advance. ~~Before this however~~ the village of Kamara on the northern side of the valley on the high ground nearer to Balaklava, had been occupied by another division of General Lipanov's <sup>forces</sup>, coming up from the Baidar valley. This position had not been seized by the Allies, and its proximity to the seaport gave the Russians the opportunity, of threatening an advance on it, whilst their main army advanced from the west.

To meet the advance of the enemy, the troops immediately available consisted of the two brigades of the Cavalry division, and of about 400 men of the 93<sup>rd</sup> Highlanders, with a few details of other regiments, the numerically most important of which was that of about a hundred men more or less disabled who had been awaiting at Balaklava, transfer to the base hospital at Scutari. Shortly before the crisis - it may be said, of the day the 93<sup>rd</sup> was reinforced with two weak companies - With this force - which has become historically known and famous, as "the thin red line" <sup>direct</sup> the road to Balaklava was ~~barricaded~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>to this line</sup> strength may - in the eyes of the attacking force, have been added, by the presence of two battalions of Turkish troops encamped in proximity to the Kadikoi



Kadikoi camp, but they added little real strength to the defence, their confidence had been shaken by the sight of their comrades driven head-  
-long over the plain in the early morning, and the battalions were, <sup>unreliably</sup> unreliable - many of ~~them~~ <sup>Turkish soldiers</sup> had left the field and made for Balaklava, where apparently they expected to find transports waiting to carry them back to the Bosphorus.

The infantry at Kadikoi were commanded by Brigadier Colin Campbell an old ~~senior~~ <sup>senior</sup> officer whose first act of distinguished service was that of ~~leading~~ <sup>leading</sup> the "forlorn hope" at the storming of a breach in the wall of a citadel when he was a very young officer with Wellington's army, some forty two years after this interesting beginning, and after much service in the field of signal importance in China and in India, he now awaited the attack of the enemy with calmly resolute ~~eff~~.

The Russian attack was led by ~~the~~ <sup>several</sup> ~~regiment~~ <sup>regiments</sup> of ~~very~~ fine looking and well mounted men, the Leichtenfeld Hussars, chiefly ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> a few of whom I made a professional acquaintance later on in the day; ~~part~~ <sup>part</sup> of the ground over which the regiment had advanced to reach "the thin red line" was most unsuitable for horsemen to traverse quickly, as on its area the former smiling gardens and vineyards had flourished, ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> of them ~~which~~ <sup>but</sup> at this time not even the roots of the bushes remained, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> the holes made in excavating the ~~roots~~ <sup>roots were</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~undoubtedly~~ <sup>undoubtedly</sup> very effective hindrances to horses traversing the ground. - The Russian infantry for some reason which was not apparent took no active part in this attack. The cavalry came on readily, but slowly. There was no headlong rush to shorten the time during which they were exposed to the fire of the infantry which it was their aim to reach. When this fire became effective the attacking cavalry retired quietly, but in good order. To an onlooker like myself the charge seemed to be a halfhearted one - and it was not repeated.

The greater part of the Cavalry division had been with-  
-drawn before the Russian advance to a position near the heights



heights on the south side of the valley, where ~~they~~ it could  
await the developments of the fight, but a part of the Heavy  
brigade was kept near the camp, and at this time it was ordered  
to attack the Russian cavalry, drawn up after its futile effort  
against our infantry. Led by Brigadier Scarlet this attack was  
signally successful, ~~it drove~~ the charge drove right into the  
enemies' ranks, <sup>of the enemy, and hurled</sup> and drove them back into the western end of  
the valley. As a consequence of the charge, General Liprandi  
lost his chance of capturing Balaklava, - if indeed he ever  
intended to do more than to make an improving reconnaissance  
with the hope also of withdrawing for the moment a large part  
of the ~~besieging~~ investing force from the front.

It was now nearly 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and two divisions  
of British infantry had arrived in hot haste to succour the  
position at Haderkoi; they were soon followed by two strong  
divisions of French infantry, with two regiments of cavalry, -  
by the arrival of those troops, the day was practically won  
for the Allies, although the Russian troops remained in the  
valley, and held ~~the position~~ <sup>the village of Kamara</sup> ~~undisturbed~~ of the village of Kamara,  
no serious menace was made against the Allies holding the  
eastern end of the valley - although a little desultory firing  
was kept up.

This almost passive attitude was broken at about half past  
four in the afternoon when a misunderstood order was con-  
veyed by a Staff officer to the commander of the Light Brigade  
and was accepted as a direction to capture twelve of the  
enemies' guns at the western end of the valley close to the  
river; the fire from this battery swept straight up the valley,  
on the sides of which also the infantry of the enemy directed  
their fire on the brigade as it charged onwards; ~~but~~ the  
battery was reached, and was captured by the decimated  
brigade, but as the horses of the battery had been withdrawn  
the guns could not be removed - the capture was useless, and  
nothing remained for the captors, but to retrace the  
valley in any order or in no order, to reach their own lines,  
facing



forcing a second time the infantry fire, and pursued by the Cossack horsemen, their escape was largely due to the demonstration made by the French cavalry which arrested the advance of the Russian horsemen - With this episode the battle of Balaclava may be said to have ended - The spectacle of the <sup>audacious</sup> charge down the valley, and the disordered return of the light cavalry, was well characterised by General Bosquet commanding one of the French divisions, in the words, "it is magnificent, but it is not war", a striking phrase which has remained as one suitably applicable to many occurrences in probably, all wars.

The casualties in the ~~fact~~ famous charge amounted to 36.7 per cent of those who rode in it - and four hundred and seventy five horses were lost in the action, ~~but~~ this number I fancy included horses disabled only temporarily, but ~~for the rationing of~~ <sup>sustenance</sup> ~~which~~ whose ~~feeding~~ in a certain time of inactivity would outweigh in value their prospective serviceableness; it was one of the unpleasant accompaniments of war to see the poor horses so circumstanced, led out to be shot.

Of the prisoners taken by the Russians on this occasion, I venture to mention the case of one, who was exchanged in the course of the campaign rejoining his corps, the 13<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons in the field.

The man had been shot in the chest in the charge on the 25<sup>th</sup> of October 1854. I say venture to speak of the case because some - perhaps many -

and not unjustly - may consider the facts too trivial for even <sup>reference</sup> ~~allusion~~ to. His wound had healed apparently perfectly, and he

continued at his duty until the close of the war, never coming near the hospital. <sup>(of which I was surgeon)</sup> On the 25<sup>th</sup> of October 1856, the regiment being then stationed at Bahir in Ireland & being then surgeon of the ~~regiment~~ the bullet which had travelled half round his chest was extracted, and our Balaclava hero was soon again at his duty.

At the close of the fight the Russians retained all the ground they had seized early in the morning, with the earthworks and the redoubt on the top of Cammer's hill. Their outposts were thus brought unpleasantly near to our camp - On the other hand a

division  
division

Just two years  
afterwards



division of French infantry under General Vinoy was permanently located on the high ground on the south of the valley close to our cavalry camp. The defence of the narrow portion of the valley leading to Balaclava, hitherto entrusted to about half a regiment of the Highland Brigade was now seen to by the whole of the Brigade.

My own share in the proceedings of the day had been a very unimportant one. The evening before the Russian advance I had relieved the medical officer in charge of the small hospital at Kadikoi to which the regiments of the Light Brigade sent their more seriously sick men, until they could be transferred to the hospital at the base. This turn of duty was for twenty four hours, and it included the looking after the wounded men who fell near to it. The hospital was within a hundred yards of the infantry force which blockaded the road to Balaclava. No wounded were received from <sup>the</sup> force after the charge of the Russian Hussars on it in the forenoon; but an officer and a few wounded men left on the ground by the Sichenstein Hussars were ~~seen~~ <sup>attended</sup> to, until their embarkation for the Bosphorus next morning. I noticed that even where cavalry met cavalry, a rare occurrence I believe in all fights, ~~the~~ the wounded in the encounter in the majority of instances suffered from gunshot injuries not from the sword.

As where the  
squadrons of  
the Heavy  
Brigade closed  
with the Russian  
cavalry.

In the afternoon, hearing that my own regiment was advancing, I got on my horse arriving too late to see more than the retirement of the Light Brigade. I passed the night in ~~looking~~ attending to the wounded occasionally brought in. There were very few; and next morning, when relieved, I rejoined ~~at the camp~~ of the regiment. There was unrest all about, and Humour with her hundred tongues was busy with the propagation of distressing news; it was persistently repeated that Balaclava was to be immediately abandoned with all its stores of food and ammunition, the transports lying there being withdrawn if possible. It had required no military knowledge to divine that if the Russians had

but amongst  
them were an  
officer and three  
men of the  
Sichenstein  
Hussars, now  
prisoners of war



had pushed on with their 25000 men at daybreak, they might have possessed Balaclava within an hour or little more -

That the notion of abandoning Balaclava had been seriously entertained was a fact every one believed, and provident Hupars in camp were weighted with the care which is said to ride behind the horseman, as to how to retire successfully, the little articles of the camp kitchen, on which they depended for the cooking of this <sup>or</sup> daily food. On my way to the camp in the forenoon I had met two naval officers riding ~~up~~ about anxiously looking for the general of the Banabig division. I told them where I had seen Lord Lucan, a few minutes before, and they rode off quickly in the direction of the place indicated - I afterwards heard that one of the officers was Admiral Lyons, then the second in command of the fleet: perhaps - as was rumoured - his counsels determined the retention of Balaclava -

Very shortly after this the 8<sup>th</sup> Hupars were moved up to the front and ~~were~~ encamped close to a Zouave regiment of the French army; this ~~little~~ circumstance brought with it a little enjoyment recurring every day before sunrise, when the band of the regiment roused the men from their excellent little shelter ~~"tent and abris"~~ by busily marching up and down the special parade ground of the corps, playing the inspiring strains of the serenade from "Don Pasquale" -

Though the nights were cold, the weather continued to be very pleasant, and every day brought some little amelioration of the conditions of camp life, the transports arriving from Scutari, now systematically landed clothing, bedding, and extra food supplies. My own lot was a very easy one, the regiment was never roused in the night, and I had no trench duty. But to this seemingly favorable turn of fortune was due a turn of adversity. Having leisure I sought the stream of water near St George's Monastery on the coast, some two miles from the camp, and there enjoyed an "al fresco" bath; returning to camp heated and a little tired, I lay

close



lasted

down on the ground, and incautiously went to sleep with the wind blowing in through the upturned flaps of the tent. I awoke feeling chilly and uneasy, had no sleep during the night, and next day was feverish with pains all about me and almost as weak as was compatible with continued existence and indifferent to everything in the world. Three days afterwards I was jolted down to Halaclava, and was put on board a transport with other sick for conveyance to Scutari, very early next morning - it was the 5<sup>th</sup> of November - a continuous roaring of guns was heard, coming from the front, and this continued all day - the meaning of it being (explained by) the arrival from time to time of ~~great~~ numbers of wounded men from the great fight at the battle of Inkerman. The transport ~~was~~ not specially fitted for the reception of either sick or wounded men, ~~it~~ was soon crowded ~~off~~, but it did not clear out of the harbour until the day after the engagement, and being a sailing vessel her passage across the Black Sea to the Kos - ~~pharos~~ was a leisurely one, but Scutari was at length reached, and the ineffective soldiers were transferred to the huge barrack there ~~which~~ previously <sup>the</sup> quarters for Turkish troops had been made over for the British troops on their arrival in the country, and <sup>which</sup> was used as a base hospital for the ineffective of the force. The building, though very spacious, was terribly crowded - especially <sup>so</sup> for the lodgement of wounded men, and was deficient ~~for~~ in special accommodation for the use of the sick. Sick officers were in many cases lodged in other buildings, or in private houses rented in the town.

When disembarked, I was placed neither in a private house, or in a public building, but in a small house near to the hospital of the Turkish barrack on the border of the lower entrance to the Bosphorus, from the sea of Marmora, exactly facing the Stamboul quarter of Constantinople on the western side - a small wooden structure, it was quite isolated, with no garden or grounds round it, nor any outbuildings whatever - very desolate in appearance externally though in good repair, and no fittings of any kind inside



inside - nor appearance of recent habitation, I hear of afterwards that it was one of a numerous class of buildings scattered about in the neighbourhood allotted to those who had fallen from high estate and royal favor together.

I had no reason to pride myself on the peak of fortune which ~~had~~ lodged me in an offshoot of an Eastern palace, though I had it all to myself. ~~But~~ <sup>indeed</sup> the words of the poet; it was better "to live in the midst of alarms, than to reign in the horrible place"; the bauman who looked after me in the field, had been left to look after my horse there and for the three days of my occupation of the former abode of a discarded favorite I depended on the good offices of the medical officer attending me, for everything my situation required. It was however more than instalment in the grandest habitation <sup>would have been</sup> worth to live alone day and night in a solitary dwelling, and far out of reach of communication by voice with the nearest neighbours, and with a door always open for the easy access of individuals from the swarms of Servantine scoundrels abounding in the slums of Pera.

The last night of my stay in the lone habitation - on the dirty floor of which I lay in my uniform with my cloak and a rug for bedding - ~~was~~ is memorable to me as the period of the occurrence of the worst storm <sup>of which</sup> I had up to then, or ever since ~~had~~ had experience; ~~this~~ <sup>it</sup> was connected with the sad tempest which at this time sunk so many transports and other vessels ashore off the harbour of Balaclava, and off Eupatoria on the southern Crimean coast - ~~and~~ in which so many lives were lost. The violent wind of the evening, seemed to me suddenly to rise to all the fury of a most violent tempest; and it continued in fearful gusts all night, causing the frail wooden structure in which I was lodged seemingly to be on the point of being lifted up in the air, to be hurled from the promontory on which it was placed into the waters of the Bosphorus. And so hours after hours passed away, until

with



with daylight the violence of the wind took off, and settled down into a steadily decreasing flow.

From the desolate abode I was moved in the afternoon to the hospital in which I shared a room with two other invalids for a few days, ~~until~~ finally I was quartered with others in one of the Turkish houses rented by the Commisariat in the town of Scutari - The dwelling was pleasantly situated close to the Bosphorus where it leads to the Black Sea. I was now convalescent from my illness, I had a room to myself, and the companionship of five or six officers in conditions similar to my own, and also the great comfort of the attendance of an attentive and capable Maltese servant. In the course of life however, unalloyed satisfaction is (I fancy) a feature of rare ~~frequency~~ occurrence, in this case cholera which was prevalent at the time broke out in our quarters, and the servant of one of the officers ~~soon~~ speedily died of it. The difficulty was to find out where to bury the man; ~~being~~ a private servant, the authorities disclaimed all <sup>our</sup> responsibility in the matter, this ~~responsibility~~ was held to belong <sup>to</sup> his employer, It was not readily ascertainable where a burial place for strangers was to be found amongst a dominating population of fanatical Moslems, the garden of the house was proposed, but rejected as the project if carried out might have started at once an outburst of religious animosity amongst the Turks. But next morning we found that the matter had been settled, a door in the garden wall opened directly on steps leading to the Bosphorus <sup>and</sup> a native boat - a caique - brought up to the steps at midnight carried the body down the rapid stream to the very place below Scutari where for hundreds of years the living <sup>and</sup> bodies of stricking victims from the Stamboul palaces have been tossed into the stream - and there the body of the sufferer from cholera was set afloat -

The arrival of English troops, had of course created quite a harvest of gold in Scutari, and we saw a

curious



a curious exemplification of this at breakfast one morning when in cutting the loaf of bread on the table one of the officers present <sup>found</sup> ~~laid open~~ a bright new sovereign in the heart of the loaf. This raised the question, how could it have got there, and the feelings of the two Levantine servants waiting at the table were painfully agitated as they hurriedly explained that it was their property; they failed to show any reason for investing their savings in the dough of the bread they had brought from the bakery for our breakfast, and the officer whose action had discovered the hidden treasure constituted himself trustee of the coin at once. The same day in the course of the afternoon ride of three of our associates at table that morning one of the party spied a little golden glittering on the pathway and dismounting promptly, found himself the discoverer of another strayed sovereign.

My stay in Scutari at this time made me acquainted with that custom in Moslem communities which <sup>arouses</sup> ~~excites~~ a stranger on his first notice of it, a weird interest which I fancy is never quite forgotten in after years. I allude to the recitation <sup>every morning</sup> from the top of the minaret of a neighboring mosque of a prolonged invitation to the faithful within hearing, to waken themselves from slumber and <sup>make</sup> ~~pay~~ their early devotions at the mosque. The exhortation <sup>begins</sup> ~~begins~~ long before sunrise, and it was continued in a loud chant by the muezzin for perhaps five minutes, or rather more, and it woke up everyone, faithful or not faithful, but especially of course the first class of hearers, with its increasing fervency for them to fulfil the injunction, and apparently every Turk in Scutari responded daily to it - for before the muezzin had finished we heard them leaving their houses and hustling on in great numbers to the holy building, there to prostrate themselves in prayer before undertaking the performance of any act of daily duty. I was told that the conclusion of the chant was nearly this, "prayer is better than slumber, prayer is better than enjoyment, come ye then to prayer."

With



With ~~the~~ reestablished health my services were ~~at once~~  
made available to aid the hard worked medical staff of the  
hospital; it was a painful sight to see its wards occupied by a  
daily increasing number of badly wounded men from the  
front, and by those suffering from the special illnesses of armies  
in the field, which we were long ago told thin our armies quicker  
than the sword. At Gibraltar I had been a witness of the intense  
enthusiasm amongst the men of the regiments there, <sup>who</sup> ~~regiments~~  
selected to proceed to the East; to volunteer for service with the  
selected <sup>for</sup> service and thus to make up the strength of the latter to  
the full quota for field service; and it so chanced that some  
of those very men - the volunteers - were in my professional charge  
in the Scutari hospital - I saw almost daily - how even the  
"paths of glory, lead to the grave".

base  
As my detention at the base of the army was only to last  
until a transport arrived with reinforcements for the troops  
before Sevastopol, I <sup>employed</sup> ~~made use of~~ my time in the afternoons when  
practicable, in visiting the European portions of Constantinople  
to procure necessaries and clothing for use in a Crimean  
winter. The passage across from Scutari was made in ~~the~~ a  
caïque, manned by a single rower - always a Moslem, and  
necessarily a big stalwart man, the work being one of very  
strenuous labor. The course over to Pera the principal  
European suburb of the city was against the stream  
setting out from the Black Sea, and it was often as  
much as a good rower could manage, to escape being  
carried downwards towards the sea of Marmora - ~~near~~  
Pera, with the connected suburbs of Galata and Fophance,  
formed essentially one town on the Golden Horn, as the  
waterway joining them is called, a magnificent harbor, at  
this time having a <sup>large</sup> ~~great~~ amount of shipping in it. brought  
there much of it by the necessities of the Expeditionary Force in  
the Crimea; but there were also some Turkish line of battle ships,  
venerable from their age, reposing peacefully at their last  
moorings.

28  
Judged  
Considered



Considered

~~I judged it~~ as a ~~capital and~~ separate city, the northern part of Constantinople was mean looking, but its chief thorough-fares were animated enough, and in its shops everything in reason could be found, and the restaurants furnished fairly good entertainment of the kind sought in such places, and at a time when tourists, contractors, and anxious relatives of officers at the port swarmed in the streets, most of them looking forward to being allowed to get as far as Balaklava, as pure curiosity or mercantile interest, or absorbing family affection animated them. The resident population was a confusing mixture of seemingly all peoples in which all tongues ~~in extent~~ languages were heard. On landing for the first time I found myself the object of the attentions of a large group of men, who singly or in little bands were anxious to promote my wishes and make everything smooth for me, contending vehemently singly for my possession or failing that of joining a ring with others to share in the beneficent work of making things pleasant for a new comer - and thus make shopping easy for him - being recently from Gibraltar where part of my official duty was made easier if not quite dependant on a rudimentary knowledge of colloquial Spanish, I now heard with wonder this particular section of the loungers at the shore conversing fluently with each other in the Spanish tongue - although they <sup>were in</sup> ~~were in~~ an Eastern garb - and having foolishly expressed my surprise - I heard one of them call out to the rest, "beware of this man, he knows what you are saying." The men were Jews whose forefathers had been banished from Spain hundreds of years before, I was told <sup>they</sup> had transmitted the language, as the every day one, to their descendants for habitual use. Greeks were very numerous, and as to those called collectively Levantines, the separate varieties were so mixed up that it was impossible to discriminate them. The crews of the English and of the French transports enjoying themselves on shore, added their respective quotas of speech to the babel of language heard on setting foot on shore at

Perla



Pera.

The soldiers of France ~~had~~ ~~very~~ early in the ~~expedition~~ campaign in which they fought side by side with those of England, ~~had~~ fraternised with their allies to a small extent when individuals met; the Frenchmen had picked up two words one of Savantine the other of ~~the~~ English speech, and with these they used to address their comrades in arms as the embodiment of common place civility - the salutation was "bono Johnny"; the English soldier returned the civility in the slightly altered phrasing of "bono Francey"; ~~but~~ it seemed to me that cordiality was not that of the effusive kind. though I believe, ill will was equally absent.

Judging from my own observation I should say, that there was even less intercourse between the officers than amongst the men of the two armies; the French soldier did occasionally hail his insular and temporary comrade, but the officers of ~~our~~ allies ~~them~~ were restrained from boisterous though well meant familiarity, and when individuals of each were unexpectedly brought together a more less frigid salute was usually all that the situation was thought to require; many English officers understood French, but wanting practice in speaking it, most frequently they could not make their knowledge profitable, nor did their natural shyness often allow them to try; on the other hand, I never heard a French officer attempt to express himself in English.

Amongst the sights of Pera, one of the most striking was that of the porters in the streets slowly bearing along, and often uphill, loads which seemed to be three times greater than those I had chanced to see on the backs of porters elsewhere. I understood that the men were mostly Armenians.

There was a great deal for a stranger to see at Pera and at its sister suburbs, but one thing always haunted the visitor from Scutari, namely the necessity for leaving early on his return journey. I have mentioned at how early an hour in the morning the Moslems of the town on the Asiatic side were roused from slumber to begin a new day with public devotional



devotional duties - a counterpart to this was the universal custom of the observance of the set of the sun as a time for prayer and adoration by every man; and so if a visitor did not leave it <sup>Pera</sup> in very ample time for making the transit, it was likely enough that the delay might result in a great upsetting of his plans, as when the consequence found that the current was unexpectedly strong he would at once turn back, even if close to Scutari, in order to reach the shore at the Golden Horn in time to prostrate himself in prayer at the close of day; no money present offered by the turier in addition to the usual fare would have tempted the Moslem rower to subordinate his religious duty to a sunset, to the earning of a large reward.

In the last week of December, I embarked for Galaklava, and had a very enjoyable passage with the 18<sup>th</sup> Royal Irish Regiment, which had been sent out to reinforce the troops at the front.

Followed by

No 2<sup>a</sup> (received Monday 5/9/02)

"On disembarking I found that my regiment had rejoined its Brigade of the Cavalry Division



# Field Service Continued

XO2A

useless acquisition

On landing I found that my regiment had rejoined its brigade of the Cavalry Division at Hadlekoï, occupying ~~exactly~~ the same lines it had before the action on the 25<sup>th</sup> of September. The Russians ~~had found~~ <sup>seeing</sup> that the earthworks from which they <sup>on that day</sup> were ~~had driven the Turkish troops~~ <sup>were</sup> but a ~~stroke~~ <sup>stroke</sup> ~~consequence~~ <sup>suggest</sup> and had retired from them, <sup>and</sup> as our troops did not resume

their possession of them they became a sort of "No Man's Land" overlooking the valley down which the famous Cavalry charge was made. ~~The date memorial of a futile battle~~ The base of the English part of the allied army was now however defended by the Highland and a portion of the Guards' brigades. Other- wise things connected with the defence of the seaport at Balac- lava, were very much the same as they were before General

exception, namely that a division of French infantry was ~~now~~ <sup>permanently</sup> encamped on the high ground overlooking the valley and close to what had been the village of Hadlekoï

Lipianoli's <sup>futile</sup> raid on the lines, with ~~however~~ a most important, but troops ~~however~~ were now ~~all~~ lodged in tents, but both officers and men were experiencing the incidence of that condition in connection with living under canvas, famil- -arly known as "doubling up" Fur coats and good warm underclothing had also been served out, and the rations were abundant, good of their kind and regularly issued - but the mischief caused by <sup>at first</sup> unpreparedness for the inevitable consequences of neglect of arrangements for the availing of sewvy amongst the troops, as soon as they entered on field service, had set in with a rapidity and a severity very men- -acing to the success of the operations on which ~~they~~ <sup>their</sup> troops were engaged. The drain of enfeebled men from the field force to Scutari which had <sup>begun</sup> set in within a few days after the investment of Sebastopol, had steadily increased to alarming proportions, and its distressing consequences were accentuated greatly by the want of suitable carriage to convey the invalids to Balaclava for embarkation. ~~But~~ The courtesy of our French allies did somewhat mitigate this by the temporary use given ~~to~~ of a part of their sick transport - the mule caçolets - which were effective, when wheeled carriage over heavy ground was

was



~~unpleasant~~  
was at its lowest point of efficiency.

The nights at this time - the end of December - were bitterly cold, though the sun had warmth enough <sup>during</sup> the day ~~to~~ to prevent inconvenience from the trifling amount of snow which up to ~~that time~~ <sup>then</sup> had fallen. The men of the cavalry division could not be said to suffer from the hardships of field service if ~~these were~~ <sup>these</sup> compared with ~~the terribly severe ones~~ <sup>the</sup> of the infantry divisions engaged in the siege, at a season when the surface of the standing ground within the trenches was seldom other than either soft mud, or half frozen slush. But it would be nearer <sup>reality</sup> ~~the truth~~ to say that the <sup>cases</sup> ~~special~~ sufferings of the two classes of soldiers were <sup>not comparable</sup> ~~incommensurable~~. The cavalry camp furnished one painful sight which could not be matched, in point of magnitude, at the front - that of the sufferings of the horses. These ranged in lines in front of the tents, without any shelter ~~whatever~~ to minimise the blasts of the cold ~~with~~ wind which swept up the valley, beyond that given by a flimsy blanket, suffered <sup>terribly</sup> ~~permanently~~ <sup>not overfed certainly</sup> they stood in a sea of mud or it might be occasionally on frozen snow, day after day, without exercise - excepting for those on picket ~~and certainly not~~ <sup>overfed</sup>; it was pitiable to see them when at a certain stage of physical deterioration, they were adjudged to be, as the saying is, not worth their keep - and the sufferings of the poor brute <sup>we</sup> ~~creatures~~ summarily ended.

Occasional frosts ~~had~~ <sup>in</sup> appeared in the early part of December and snow had fallen occasionally during the month, but as the 30<sup>th</sup> of the month at night the thermometer marked only 42° ~~but~~ a week later in the early morning the reading was 10°.

At the end of the year there were frequent alternations of rains with high winds and of frost and snow falls, which greatly restricted exercise beyond the camp ~~when~~ not undertaken at the call of duty - and this made camp life very dull, as there was no substitute, <sup>no</sup> ~~in~~ social gatherings - ~~which~~ such as in the times of garrison life, the meetings at Mess afforded to lessen the dulness of military life in quarters. Nor in camp at

and some employed in bringing up fodder from Malaklava



at that time was there much lounging about or visiting from tent to tent, perhaps rather a reaction from the buoyant excitement of the first part of the campaign might be seen in a moody listlessness which followed on it quite naturally, and made the seclusion of the tent more sought after than an exchange of ideas in conversation on the one point of interest held in common by all, which was contained in the question, "when do you think they are going to finish this (siege) business?" A weariness had set in very early, as <sup>regards</sup> ~~respects~~ the siege and all its works, amongst <sup>those</sup> ~~the~~ connected with it closely or remotely. From the first there had been a notion - possibly a wrong one - that Sebastopol might have been rushed and captured on the very day of the arrival of the Allies on the ground; at any rate the camp gossips shewed to demonstration how easily this might have been done -

The appearance of the ground was greatly changed from what it had been at first by the encampment of a division of the French on the tableland ~~to the~~ southwest of the valley and contiguous to our lines; its presence there ensured the safety of the road to the front, and its constant liveliness in the daytime was pleasant to see. One of their regimental bands also played every day, affording a distraction shared in by us in the valley; the rule in the British service was, that when regiments were ordered on field service the musicians of the bands reverted to their places in the ranks, and the charm of music ceased until the campaigning ~~duty~~ was over.

In the Cavalry division at Kadikoi, apart from the daily routine of picket duty, the calls on the regiments composing it were infrequent; the village of Tchongown at the west end of the valley, and on the other side of the Tchernaya river, was still held by the enemy as an outpost, but the ~~troops~~ <sup>presence</sup> there gave little trouble. ~~But~~ Soon after the arrival of the French division, the village was captured and burnt, so its amenity as a winter's quarter was greatly impaired ~~for its Cossack garrison~~ which continued to confront

But it



the Allied picquets -  
confront ~~our position~~ in a friendly sort of a way for  
months after this.

The weather during the first week of January settled down  
that of into the regular winter character of the region; preceded by  
a bitterly cold wind, a heavy and long continued ~~storm~~ storm  
covered the ground with snow to the depth of three feet, and  
even in our sheltered valley the discomfort brought by it was  
great, owing to the multitude of small worries which came  
along with it; one of the more prominent of these was, that the  
wind drove the snow into the tents exposed to it, through the  
flaps of the canvas which should have shut up the entrances to  
the tents, but ~~did not quite do so~~ in gales of wind, thus the  
floors of the exposed tents got a powdering, or it might be a  
thick sheet of snow over more or less of its area, the occupants  
being powerless to remedy the matter - <sup>of the division</sup> the horses suffered  
greatly; it was said that as many as sixty of them perished in  
one night of particular severity.

this was not  
quite effected

<sup>plateau can</sup> The sufferings of the troops at the front occupying the exposed  
plateau of high ground there were great, in some instances -  
those in which men on duty were frost bitten <sup>they</sup> may be said  
to have been appalling from the terrible mutilation which  
sometimes followed. Compared with the amount and the severity of the  
sickness amongst our troops <sup>at this time,</sup> that amongst the French force was  
inconsiderable proportionately, but they suffered from the same  
kinds of illness as those which <sup>disproportionately</sup> so ~~greatly~~ weakened the British  
force serving in the trenches.

The sick and wounded of the force in the field were now lodged  
in the special marquees allocated for their needs, but as at first  
the men ~~they~~ still lay on the ground and lived in their clothes, and  
their dieting, in kind and in cooking was but little <sup>if any</sup> better than  
that of the men at their duty; They were attended by "hospital  
orderlies" who might be - indeed who usually were - without  
any acquaintance whatever with the requirements the position  
in which they were placed, ~~properly~~ demanded - the Peninsular  
war standard only, was considered ~~for guidance~~ in the  
selection



sent

selection of the orderlies, and this determined the appointment of men ~~told off~~ with no more care for their suitability for it, than if they had been told off for regimental fatigue duties.

Meanwhile at the front, the trenches were being pushed forward zigzagging up to the enemies' defences, and although ~~at~~ from Kadokoi nothing of the duel between the attacking ~~army~~ and the defending <sup>was seen</sup> forces, there were many nights on which the roar of heavy guns made known to the dwellers in the valley that a deadly struggle was going on between the assailants and the defenders of the works at the great fortified position of the Tauric Chersonese.

At one time a successful defence of Sebastopol on the part of the Russians seemed possible, in appearance at least, as at a particular point they had assumed the rôle of besiegers of our works: but this inversion of parts in the drama of the siege did not continue long.

Through ~~nothing~~ of the siege operations could be seen from the Kadokoi valley, ~~but~~ there were few days on which evidence of their <sup>progress</sup> existence was not to be heard. It was a common saying, perhaps an exaggerated one - that every gabion set out in the onward construction of the parapet covering the front of the trench, cost a man his life - as was explained to me one day when I was allowed to visit ~~one~~ part of the trenches - the skilful shots of the enemy, well screened from the view of our sharpshooters, were always on the watch waiting for the momentary uncovering ~~of the sapshead~~ when the roller ~~was~~ pushed on for the placing of fresh gabions, and the ~~one~~ - ~~protected~~ engineers and others engaged at this point of great danger, <sup>were</sup> ~~who~~ exposed without protection.

at the sapshead  
was

From time to time, <sup>also</sup> usually in the night - fierce firing from heavy guns, woke our camp up - this might occur when one side or the other was determined to destroy ~~out of existence~~ ~~or~~ a piece of fortified work which threatened to become a lodgment more than usually perilous to its <sup>position</sup> ~~efforts~~.



position, or the firing might cover a sortie from the town, <sup>on the other hand</sup> or an attack from the trenches. The losses on such occasions might be quite disproportionate to the long continued and rapid fire of the guns; the daily loss in the trenches however, even on quiet days as they were called, steadily wore down the fighting strength of the Allies.

The accounts received in England of the destitution of the troops in the field, and their consequent enfeeblement as a fighting force, had roused a furious resentment against those whose shortcomings in respect of the equipment and provisioning, and lack of foresight as to the amount and kind of carriage necessary to the very existence of a field force, had brought about the calamitous state in which the troops were placed at the end of the year. One of the first measures taken to remedy the evils which the supineness of the authorities at home had created, was that of sending out to the headquarters of the troops a ~~small~~ small committee composed of men whose past services in public duties justified their selection for investigating, on the spot the extent of the disasters, <sup>with</sup> authority to remedy them at once when this was practicable, without waiting for sanction to their proposals contained in their report sent home on the completion of their inquiry. Presided over by Sir John McNeill an eminent retired officer of the Indian Civil Service, the commissioners made a most <sup>both</sup> painstaking visitation which took in all parts of the force, those at its base, and those in the field, and took down the evidence given in most instances by those cited before them. Amongst other medical officers of the division on two occasions I attended the sittings of the Commission at Balaklava, to give my evidence and to answer questions; it was a nice break in the weary monotony of camp life at this time to have attention fixed even for an hour or two, on something outside of it.

The pity ~~aroused~~ at home by the newspaper reports of the sufferings of the army in the field ~~due to the want of foresight on the part of the authorities charged with the responsibility of providing~~ field



Although the duties of the Brigade since the battle on the 25<sup>th</sup> of September were essentially only of a routine kind to guard against sudden attack by the enemy occupying the Fidukeni heights and the lower ground near ~~Tee~~ Tcherougou and in the Baidar valley, on rare occasions some further call might be made on its wasted numbers; one such occurred on the 20<sup>th</sup> of February, when a reconnaissance had ordered ~~been arranged for~~ to be made by a large part of the infantry of the French division at Kadokoi, with two squadrons of their mounted Chasseurs; on our side about eighteen hundred of infantry and all the effective strength of the Light Brigade of cavalry were to be employed.

The movement was to be a surprise, and nothing was known of it in our camp until about 10 1/2 m when the order was given to rouse. The air was extraordinarily warm and moist, and had become so almost suddenly, and to this bewilderling phenomenon was soon added another, that of the sudden oncome of a darkness more intense than I had ever known in my life before - or have ever had acquaintance with since; it might almost have been characterised, as a "darkness which might be felt". The troops were not to move before midnight, but it was long after this, at the cavalry camp -

before ~~before~~ ~~where~~ the contingent from it got clear of the lines, and as no one could see the man in front or in rear of him, many accidents occurred, through horses stumbling over the tent-ropes and dismounting their riders, or by their falling into trenches, causing great confusion and delay. When at length the troops got clear of the camp, they were halted for a long time - no one could guess why - but subsequently we knew that the halt was made in order to get in to touch with the French portion of the force, but this was not then effected and later on it was known that the French General recognising that the atmospheric conditions were so opposite to those necessary for the carrying out of the intended operation, ~~and~~ had sent notice to the ~~British~~ officer commanding the British portion



56  
the force that the reconnaissance could not be made. The officer charged with the carriage of the communication had lost his way and wandered about for some hours in the darkness. In ignorance of the fact that he was unsupported the officer commanding the British troops at length gave the order to march. The darkness had now lifted a good deal, and following this change an intensely cold wind succeeded to the previously unnatural heat experienced, then came a heavy snow fall, making the march a very slow and trying one. At length the river was neared, and at a time when it could be seen just before day break, that the enemy had become aware of our approach. With a threefold number opposed to us, <sup>and</sup> of men who knew the ground well, and to whom snow storms were not bewildering, our position might have become a very serious one. A trifling exchange of shots between the advanced men of either side lasted only until our troops were ordered to retire; the Cossacks were slow to follow: still with wearied men and our small number, it was a great relief to find that the French division <sup>their</sup> as soon as it came to their knowledge that Ellis had begun the reconnaissance, by a ~~very~~ rapid movement joined with the British portion of the troops. When this was ascertained the Russians ceased to follow ~~our retreating~~ men, and we got back to camp without further incident. It was both a striking and a pleasant sight when day break showed us the French troops hurrying up to join us that morning.

The ~~so~~ snow storm continued all day and with it cold of a severity which may be judged of from a strange experience in connexion with it; on arriving in camp and dismounting I disembarrassed myself of my cloak and flung it into the tent close to the door. it was not easy to do this as the cloth had become frozen. and for more than two days <sup>it</sup> the cloak remained ~~upright~~ <sup>upright</sup>. Looking very much like a sentry at the door, stiff and upright: on the third day it slumped down with a change of weather. ~~I did not suffer~~ <sup>the wind had blown</sup> the falling snow under the <sup>canvass</sup> flap of the doorway, and on walking

66  
Carry on to 7<sup>a</sup>, help page the



6/7  
67  
first  
A day after our little outing, I found a white sheet of snow  
neatly spread over my feet and halfway up my legs. I fancy  
this was the case with many others in the camp on that  
windy night.

The overflowing pity aroused in England by the  
newspaper reports of the sufferings of <sup>the</sup> troops, was shown  
at this time by the receipt in the camp of  
carry on 673

7A



in time for the special requirements of soldiers hard worked  
and many of them greatly overworked and living in their  
unlined tents during a winter in which the <sup>snow</sup> ground was  
never off the ground, was shown in the arrival of presents  
from private individuals of large quantities of food, clothing  
and articles of every description which the generous feelings of  
the donors had suggested would add to the comfort of the men  
"at the front", or at least help them on in the struggle for exist-  
-ence - and the presents were <sup>indeed</sup> very highly prized by the men  
and officers, who were gratified by the knowledge of the interest  
felt for them and its benevolent form of expression; the  
kindly donations exerted a sustaining influence nerveing  
them to endurance of their hardships. The warm clothing sent  
out, and received before the Government stores of this sort <sup>arrived</sup> was  
probably the form of present which served its purpose best, in  
the conserving of the strength of the individuals fortunate  
enough to receive gifts of it; <sup>early</sup> in the end of the autumn season -  
How rapidly the strength of the British troops was melting  
away may be estimated by a consideration of the fact, that  
in one week of January a thousand sick or wounded men  
were sent down from the front for embarkation to the  
hospitals at Scutari and elsewhere -

At this time it had become difficult to recognise - by their  
dress at least - to what branch of the service the men - or sometimes  
even the officers - met, belonged to: the full dress uniforms with  
which they had entered on field service ~~with~~, were now either  
worn out completely or were hidden under outer fur lined  
garments of any sort that were to hand, which met the  
first requirement of warmth; the head dress too was now a  
fur cap of any pattern having the essential feature of protect-  
-ive ear coverings. Thus, for the time uniformity <sup>in</sup> of the  
appearance of the men in the ranks had gone, and with  
this there set in a slight but perceptible slackening off in <sup>local</sup>  
the more formal disciplinary observances; the slouching ~~step~~  
succeeded to the rigid machine like ~~with~~ step which had  
been



had been impressed on the recruit by the efforts of the drill sergeant, and the martinet ~~which was~~ the outcome of his labours with his pupils sunk down into slovenliness - which seemed to have taken the place of the old style of carriage permanently. Something like this is inevitable on field service ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> whatever conditions it is conducted ~~under~~ <sup>I fancy</sup> but the "lump" does not always set in so quickly and continues so markedly, as in the instance in question.

A change set in however - one was due in the natural course of things and would have come under any circumstances, but I associate the shaking off of the period of dormancy in respect of those external appearances which we are accustomed to connect with the profession of arms, to ~~an~~ an incident <sup>un-</sup>likely to have influenced the matter, it was this: the <sup>former</sup> Surgeon of one of the regiments of the Heavy Brigade as it was called - had died shortly after his promotion to a position which entailed his transfer to a division at the front; he had been a long time with the dragoon guards, and was highly esteemed by every one in it - officers and men - and the commanding officer proposed that "St. Shilleigh Pine" should be buried with his old comrades of the 14<sup>th</sup> who in the field or in hospital - had fallen at Balaclava - The suggestion ~~being~~ was enthusiastically acted on, the body of the deceased ~~being~~ brought down from the front, ~~and~~ <sup>was</sup> followed by every officer and man of the regiment off duty, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> placed amongst those who had gone before - .

As the procession ~~had~~ <sup>on</sup> threaded its way along the southern ~~edge~~ <sup>border</sup> of the camp the spectacle brought out every one aware of its passing, to look at the wonderful sight of a body of heavy dragoons dressed and equipped as if they were paraded for a duty in England, and with nothing to suggest that the season was still that of the semi-arctic winter of the Crimea - just about to burst into spring, but still presenting the appearance of winter. The critical onlookers - and ~~everyone~~ <sup>all</sup> of those gazing on the spectacle were ~~sharpest critics~~ <sup>all</sup> in the particular matters under   
view



resuscitation of smartness of appearance of the  
vill, noted the ~~brilliant appearance of the~~ ~~lively~~ ~~fresh~~ dragons  
but especially they were excited by the brilliant appearance of the  
stripes on the overalls of the men, and kept asking in wonder, ~~of~~  
~~each other~~, where was the yellow ochre got ~~with which the stripes~~  
had ~~been~~ <sup>the stripes</sup> made, so attractive and soldier like? The exhibition  
had in fact awakened up a desire amongst the men and the  
officers too, that their regiments also might smarten up. I do  
not leave out of count the subtle <sup>or</sup> influence of the approach  
of spring as a powerful factor in the acceleration of the time  
when every one was ~~restlessly anxious~~ <sup>ready</sup> to discard the skins of  
furred animals, and revert to the habitual dress which these  
for a time had superseded. But I am sure that the incident of  
the funeral set the beginning of the action for the change -  
Soon after this the sight of the early flowers coming up in sheltered  
places and the notes of birds fluttering about everywhere, told us  
that the winter was over and gone -

But though general opinion had been a little  
hasty in assuming the advent of spring, from its forerunners  
only, and occasional sudden snaps of wintry weather did  
not cease to present themselves, the general hopefulness of the  
camp was warranted by the many visible signs that the epoch  
of languid siege operation was over, the comparatively well-  
made road from Balaclava to the front was used most  
profitably, and the construction of a railway to connect the  
two places was actively commenced, and eventually its  
utility had a most important effect on the siege. At the  
time of the greatest despondency about the issue of the siege I  
saw it stated that about five hundred applications from  
officers in our army had been made - to retire by the sale of  
their commissions; this was a monstrous exaggeration. even  
if applied to the army in all parts of the world. But supposing  
that a tenth part of the number <sup>of applications</sup> given in the newspapers  
had actually been made, the fact would leave a startling  
impression of the evil produced through ignorance of the  
gravity of the task entered on - as regarded the British  
portion

subtle-



portion of the allied force, when the siege of Sebastopol was entered on. The applications were all refused - and those who <sup>those</sup> had sent in their papers as the phrase for these matters in days ~~was~~ <sup>was long past</sup> was, had to stay on whilst the war lasted - The period of mistrust as to the <sup>probability</sup> result of the siege was over, no one talked as before of the <sup>probability</sup> of a two years siege, <sup>or</sup> even <sup>of this</sup> as a possibility. A blind confidence that somehow or other, all would come out right, had taken the place of the former disencouragement. There were now so many evidences of a change for the better - such as the arrival of fresh regiments, and of drafts of men to fill up the depleted ranks of the corps which first landed in the Crimea; reinforcements for the cavalry - the strength of which <sup>effective</sup> in horses, had in some instances almost ~~blotted out~~ disappeared; fresh meat was now issued as a ration nearly every other day instead of the daily <sup>former</sup> issue of ~~the~~ salt meat - which ~~so long continued~~ had become intolerable to the men - vegetables were also made a part of the <sup>whilst</sup> ration, and fuel for cooking was regularly issued, ~~and~~ the operation of preparing the raw material for dinner had got beyond the "nothing could be worse" stage, into that of the "well," it might have been better <sup>if</sup> one. Sutlers had arrived and were to be found wherever money was to be had, and there was plenty of that as the men could spend their pay in nothing else, so it went in the purchase of the more dainty forms of food, above all in that of jams.

Whilst reinforcements from England and from stations abroad added to the strength of the army in the field, a considerable number of temporarily inefficient men within it, were placed in hospitals in Balaklava, and re-joined the ranks much more quickly than if they had been sent away to Scutari -

The sight of men - "navvies" and others - sent out from England to construct the little transport railway from Balaklava to the front was cheering; connected with  
the



the inception of the work, the question was asked, "if you contract to make a railway, why not contract for the whole job of the siege?" but the suggestion was probably only the fun of some habitual joker; it raised a ~~good~~ laugh however, and even that was a gain.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> of April another reconnaissance was made in the direction of Ichergum and the river, in order to discover what opposition could be made by the enemy to a force seeking to place itself between Sebastopol and the district through which the garrison received its chief reinforcements of men and supplies of all kinds. The reconnaissance was under the orders of Buer Pasha the General of the Turkish force, being that which gave the infantry needed for the occasion. English and French cavalry took part in the movement also.

From the rattling of waggons and guns over the road near our camp, on the night before and <sup>the</sup> early morning of the next day, the preparations might have been considered as those preliminary to a great battle, but as it turned out the affair was nothing more than an outing of the most delightful kind; no surprise apparently was intended, the march ~~down the valley~~ was made in full day light, down the valley <sup>and</sup> over ground now covered with verdure and bright colored flowers, the ~~rough~~ <sup>sun</sup> wood in leaf, the ~~crushed mint~~ <sup>crushed mint</sup> and other flowers perfume in the early time of the morning seemed intoxicating to persons who had just left the ~~solitary~~ long tenant-cot sodden lines of a cavalry camp. There was also the satisfaction of penetrating through the distance which had hitherto made the ground occupied by the Russians so mysterious to us. There was no <sup>serious</sup> fighting, but when our force ~~retreated~~ <sup>ired</sup>, a newspaper correspondent who unhappily had lingered too long, was killed by a rifle shot.

About this time - a little late in the day perhaps - the War Office sent out an agent - I might almost call him a personage



personage - so high was his ~~genius~~ <sup>reputation</sup> ~~and~~  
in his important art - charged with the duty of reforming  
the system of cooking of the army in the field. Monsieur Soyer  
was renowned in England as the greatest existing ex-  
-pert of culinary art, and the reform was to be effected  
by ~~his~~ practical demonstrations of it in the field cooking  
places, by an investigation of the equipment <sup>in use</sup> ~~provided~~,  
and ~~by~~ suggestions ~~for~~ its improvement ~~and~~ naturally  
those privileged to be present would benefit by hearing the  
remarks which came from a master mind on the general  
subject of efficient cooking with restricted material and  
apparatus - Perhaps some indirect good resulted from  
the visit of the eminent man, as it called attention to the  
fact that good cooking had a near relation to the  
efficiency bodily and mental of those who were lucky  
enough to be provided with it. But I doubt if the flying  
visits of the instructor left much impression on his  
pupils. His flights through the camps however were  
always noteworthy - dressed smartly and accompanied  
by a small entourage of his own, he galloped from one  
place to another, any one who could say "I saw Soyer  
today cutting along ~~like a house on fire~~" always  
commanded an interested audience, and so, added  
to the good humour of the camp.

The bright weather of the early summer, now free  
from the Spring freaks of frequent and sudden changes,  
made a daily ride out ~~from the camp~~ in one direction  
or another an almost necessary part of the routine life of  
those <sup>encamped</sup> ~~quartered~~ at Haidarlik, when no turn of duty shut  
out the individual from its enjoyment. Gallies on acquai-  
-ntances at the front was a very common way of passing  
a portion of the time, and a pleasant one, affording the  
opportunity for unlimited gossip, though a sight of the  
works in progress for the reduction of Sebastopol was the  
chief



chief object of a <sup>fully</sup> never sated curiosity - For this purpose the visitor would choose 'Catherine's Hill' as the best stand-point for his purpose, a small elevation in front of the camp of the 4<sup>th</sup> Division, commanding a very extensive view, right and left and in front: from this the harbour and the creek dividing the town could be seen, and some of the ships of war which were subsequently to be sunk by the Russians themselves to save them from falling into the hands of the allies, as well as to block up the entrance to the harbour to the ships of their enemies -

The town itself was extensive, much of it built on the side and crest of a ridge of hill which shut out a large part of the harbour from view. The houses on the ridge were numerous, and of many varieties of apparent importance, ~~as~~ estimated by style and spaciousness, some with gardens and enclosures, and others forming parts of streets of houses. There were many public buildings and churches and storehouses. Of these some were injured, or even <sup>which</sup> had been destroyed by the shells of the besiegers, aimed at the Russian field works, but ~~which~~ overshooting their mark, had fallen on, ~~and~~ or near to, inoffensive buildings beyond them.

On two occasions only was I able to visit the trenches, and I only saw them under the very favorable circumstance of fine weather, and of that of a quiet day as it was called, that is, when the fire of the enemy was not directed on the particular works in question - The men guarding the trenches in a general way kept near to the embankment of the trench which screened them from the enemies fire; look outs, were placed at intervals who watched and warned <sup>all</sup> <sup>whenever</sup> <sup>came</sup> the enemies' fire came from. The men not ~~doing~~ <sup>engaged upon</sup> fatigue work, looked weary of trench duty - I noticed that a small shelter had been made sufficient to lodge one or two wounded men



men from fragments of shells exploding near them, but not strong enough to resist <sup>the</sup> shot <sup>if it exploded</sup> <sup>in</sup> on its <sup>roof</sup> close to its walls.

On a subsequent occasion, I visited another part of the siege works, reaching them through the well known approach, called familiarly, "The valley of the shadow of Death", a significant and sadly appropriate name for it; this was the main road by which access was had to the English, and also to the French works on the right, and <sup>was</sup> habitually used. Before the siege it had been the road leading from the north into Sebastopol, It passed at the point referred to through a ravine which could not be seen from the works of the defence, but the Russians had a perfect knowledge of it, and as the term is had located it most accurately, knowing the importance of it to the besiegers, and being fully informed of the frequently occurring changes of the hours on which the incoming and the outgoing ~~outgoing~~ occupants of the trenches had to traverse the road through the ravine. At such times the fire from the Russian works into the ravine was sharp, and often deadly, <sup>inexplicable</sup> was the use of occasional surprise, shots from them into the <sup>ravine</sup> ~~works~~ both by day and by night, neglected, a practical form of "nagging" which was very effective. The ~~state of the~~ <sup>the</sup> surface of the valley was strewed with shot and fragments of shells which had thus been sent into it from the guns of the garrison, it was an amazing sight; ~~causing to wonder~~ how any one entering the valley had escaped death - was a puzzle.

where the enemies' guns were directed on it.

There was one gruesome sight at <sup>a</sup> one part of the valley about forty yards from the pathway, and in full view for men marching to take the duty of relieving the trenches for twenty four hours, it was that of four or five newly opened graves, prepared I was told in anticipation of casualties. I asked the question pointedly



pointedly - I hope I misunderstood the answer, that the graves were there in case of need: if otherwise the sight would have shown how possible it was that the phrase of "digging ones own grave" might have a very literal - as well as the usual figurative, meaning attached to it -

occupied by  
the French  
as their port  
for the landing  
of stores &c.

A very favourite afternoon ride was that to the monastery of St George on the coast between Kalaclava, and Harniesh close to Sebastopol. There was a good deal to see irrespective of the monastery and of the village of Harani, from which as before mentioned the entire population had been deported soon after the commencement of the siege. Towards the north - about thirty miles off the Chatir Dagh mountain, - that is "the tent like mountain" nearly five thousand feet high stood out grandly. To the ~~east~~<sup>west</sup> the eye could take in a great part of the coast line along which the allied armies had marched from the Alma river to its objective before Sebastopol; and eastwards, part of the coast line leading to Yalta was visible - The whole of the ground in this neighborhood had an unremembered history of Greek colonisation, indicated by the presence of abandoned but not exactly ruinous structures, one of which the books told us had been the temple of <sup>Diana</sup> ~~of the Greek period~~ - If this statement was correct, the building must have been between two and three thousand years old; it had no roof, but perhaps it never had one - somehow it seemed to be complete without one - The walls were made of huge well squared closely fitting blocks of a very hard unweathering stone without any cement joining; and there was no trace of ornamentation inside or out. The structure quite suited the description given <sup>long ago</sup> in another connection, of being "simplex munditiis"

The neighborhood seemed to be eminently one which might be expected to yield a grand harvest to the

investigation



investigations of a skilled explorer of the Egyptian or of  
the Assyrian school of <sup>architecture</sup> inquiry in such matters

The health of the British troops in the Crimea had now -  
~~become~~ speaking of the force as a whole - become very  
good, partly through the energetic measures taken by the  
Commissioners sent out from England with plenary powers  
to adopt at once all practicable measures to root out the  
marts of ~~the sickness~~ <sup>the originating causes</sup> which had ~~prevalent~~ <sup>had</sup> come  
near to bringing about the extinction of an organised  
siege force, of the troops serving in the trenches in the first  
part of the winter; another <sup>The</sup> reason for the marked improvement  
in the health of the men at the front was, that those amongst  
them who had weathered the terrible conditions of the  
first winter and remained at their duty were men of too  
~~hard~~ <sup>exceptional</sup> constitutional powers of endurance, and being at  
length well fed, suitably clothed, and cared for in every  
reasonable way, were physically fit for any exertion that  
could be required of them. The qualification made implies  
that a part of the British force in the second year did not  
~~reach~~ reach the standard of health to which the other  
part had attained, the less healthy portion of the troops  
was ~~mostly~~ <sup>mostly</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>compensated</sup> and mostly found amongst the  
newly arrived regiments and drafts.

Insert here the  
sheet marked  
16B

In April the epidemic cholera which had been dormant  
since the February of 1855 - <sup>broke out afresh</sup> ~~reappeared in 1855~~ <sup>May</sup> and  
did not disappear amongst the troops in the field until  
November; the men newly arrived in the country suffered  
from it out of all proportion to their numbers; <sup>a</sup> ~~one~~ recently  
landed regiment - encamped near Balaklava <sup>losing</sup> ~~lost~~ ten  
men in one day ~~from it~~; in my own regiment (I had  
now been transferred to the 13<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons) with only  
one exception all the men attacked, were ~~those~~ of the  
newly arrived drafts from England.

Taken all together the loss by cholera in the Expeditionary  
force

Take in 7<sup>th</sup> Vols here



tabular

In 1857, the year following that of the restoration of peace between the Allies and Russia, a professional report of the medical aspect of the war in the East was issued, prepared by the Head of the Army Medical Department. In this elaborate and carefully prepared work the utmost pains were taken to supply data which by their accuracy and their completeness might be relied on, for guidance in any future war. Full reports were also made by the different Commissioners sent out to the Crimea to investigate the causes of the disastrous enfeeblement of the Army by sickness in the autumn and winter following its arrival, and most valuable of all is the Report of the Royal Commissioners who were appointed in the year 1857 to inquire into the Regulations affecting the sanitary condition of the Army & together with the evidence on which the Report was based. From a short but very instructive brochure, entitled "Sanitary Contrasts of the Crimean War" by the late Sir Thomas Longmore Professor of Military Surgery, in the Army Medical School at Netley, I take the following facts, the dates of which are given in the various Reports referred to:-

The deaths amongst the V.B. officers, and Men of the British Army, in the war in the East from April 1854 to June 1856 were 18058 in all, of which only 1761 were those of men killed, or who died of wounds received in action; whilst the deaths in hospital from disease were 16297. Thus the percentage of deaths from the fire of the enemy was only <sup>her count</sup> 9.75% of the whole number; but the deaths from sickness amounted to 90.25%, that is to say were tenfold greater than the rate of the casualties occurring in battle. "War has its means of destruction more terrible than the sword" wrote Dr. Johnson, how forcibly the truth of his statement is shown by the above statistics.

How effectually as well as how quickly, the drain on the

X.A. continuation of above.

is an average strength of 31333

Proofs by the mortality from disease was stopped by measures taken to strengthen the individual soldier is shown by the facts, that in the first winter in the Crimea, say from November 1854 to April 1855 the from disease alone were 102839, while in the ensuing winter, between November 1855 and April 1856, in an average strength of 50166 the deaths were only 557 in number -

16 BB



Insert at page 16, for a Foot Note

Foot Note

Extract from "Sanitary Contrasts of the Crimean

War, by Surgeon General Longmore G.B. page 9.

"The contrast between the earlier and later states of health of  
" the British troops is rendered still more striking, and the  
" observation seems in some respects, to be fairer, by noticing  
" the different rates of mortality during the two complete  
" successive winter seasons of 1854-55 and of 1855-56. The  
" winter in the Crimea may be said to have lasted from  
" November to April inclusive. Now the number of deaths  
" from disease alone - all deaths from wounds being  
" excluded - from November 1854 to April 1855 was 10283;  
" while the number in the ensuing winter between November  
" 1855 and April 1856 was 551. The average strength of the  
" troops during the first winter when so frightful a num-  
" -ber of men perished from sickness was a little over 31,000  
" (31,333); the average strength during the second winter  
" when the number of deaths was so diminished, was above  
" 50,000 (50,166). Had there been no reinforcements to keep  
" up the average numerical strength, but only the troops  
" ~~here been~~ present who were there at the beginning of the  
" winter, it will be seen that nearly one third of the force  
" would have perished from disease in the first winter;  
" while in the corresponding months of the second winter,  
" under like climatic conditions - not so much as one  
" ninetieth part of the force would have been lost. Again  
" the total number of deaths from disease during the whole  
" campaign, as already mentioned having been 16,297. The  
" fact is shown that out of every hundred of this total number  
" of deaths 63 occurred during the first winter in the Crimea,  
" while only 338 out of every hundred, took place in the second  
" winter in the Crimea."



Concurrently with the rapid improvement in the health of the British troops in the field from a state which seemed to forebode ~~the~~ <sup>its</sup> dissolution ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> a fighting body, to one of vigorous health, was that of the equally astonishing lapse of the French force in front of Sebastopol through a steady decline in its health to a state of weakness from the prevalence of virulent sickness, ~~that probably accounted for the readiness with which terms of peace ultimately proposed by the enemy were acceded to.~~ The French army beginning ~~the~~ the campaign with so marked a superiority to that of its ally in sanitary provision, lost this by not recognising that good as were their methods, they were a long way short of the unexpected requirements of a force placed in conditions ~~admirable~~ <sup>resembling</sup> - let us say, those in which the army of the great Napoleon found itself in winter in its retreat from Moscow. The triumph of their arms at the siege of Sebastopol was due to the resolution with which they provided increased fighting power in the shape of reinforcements from France, as the resistance became more and more desperate: thus the strength of their force for the four months September to December 1854 averaged 49,150 men, amongst whom ~~2 per cent only of the strength~~ <sup>for the period</sup> if the deaths from wounds received in action and the ~~deaths~~ <sup>deaths</sup> from epidemic ~~choler~~ <sup>cholera</sup> be omitted, ~~the death rate for the period was only 2 per cent.~~ <sup>the death rate for the period was only 2 per cent.</sup> But the death rate of the army ~~for~~ for the period from January to April 1855 inclusive - that is after the fall of Sebastopol and the cessation of operations in the field, in an average strength for the period of 125,250 men had risen to 7.15 of the number for the period. Sir Thomas Longmore summarises the statistical results of the mortality in the two allied armies in the statement, that whilst the deaths from disease amongst the British troops decreased 80.49 per cent in the four months of September to December 1855 in comparison with the rate of the same months in 1854, with the French troops on the other hand the death rate for the same period increased by 57.43 <sup>percent</sup> <sub>by the Royal Commissioners</sub>. In reply to certain questions addressed to her in 1857 when inquiring into matters affecting the sanitary state of the army in the Crimea, Miss Nightingale showed that whilst in the first seven months of the field operations the mortality of the British troops from sickness alone was at the annual rate of 60 per cent, in the last five months of the war, the mortality was only at the rate of two thirds of that of the troops in England.



force amounted to 4513 horse<sup>men</sup> officers and men.

In May the Allied armies received a very acceptable accession to their strength through the arrival of some ten thousand men of the Sardinian army, under their distinguished General, La Marmora - they were fine looking well equipped soldiers who later on, <sup>but</sup> took an important share in the battle of the Ghermanya ~~these fresh troops arriving at the time of the cholera recurrence~~ ~~suffered very severely from this scourge.~~

but these fresh arrivals at the time of the cholera recurrence suffered very severely from this scourge

Encamped on the slopes of the hills near Karani their presence added to the animation of the valley which was the headquarters of a large force representing four nations. It was apparent from the concentration of troops, that something was intended to be done with them, a view that was strengthened by the reconnaissance made by the French and Turkish troops into the Maidar valley, up to that time held by the Russians. It was afterwards known that the intention had been to march a strong body of troops towards Simferopol the capital of the Crimea and to close in Sebastopol completely, shutting it out from reinforcements, and supplies: this intention was abandoned however - almost as soon as formed. and until the day of its evacuation by the Russians, <sup>the town</sup> remained in open, unrestrained communication, on its western side, with the country <sup>adjoining</sup> ~~in proximity~~ -

In spite of the untoward <sup>re</sup>appearance of the cholera pestilence the hopefulness of the army as to the result of the siege was unabated. ~~the~~ summer had brought the conviction that the worst part of the business was over, and the domestic life - if I may so call it - of the troops - was one of quite a settled regularity - varying of course with the particular duties which fell to the individual according to the branch of the service to which he belonged. So it came about that in camp there was a daily approximation to the tastes and pursuits that would have been followed

in



in a peaceful garrison life in England; an afternoon ride into Balaklava, or the French Hammesh, meant shopping, only the shops oftener than not meant ships, occasionally <sup>more</sup> ~~well~~ well supplied with goods suited to the market, in which, as in others - trading, at first confined to the necessities of life, grew into that of ~~the~~ its luxuries. ~~of the~~ Books especially were eagerly bought, and as was natural from the contiguity of a French army of about three fold the numerical strength of our own, the works of fiction in its language imported at that time into the Crimea, were much in evidence in the English camp -

All the amenities of life however which gradually followed on the prolonged encampment of the army, were as nothing <sup>with regard</sup> ~~in respect~~ to the comfort of the troops - <sup>compared to</sup> the satisfaction given by the regular and frequent postal communication with the outside world - the greatest boon that could have been given under the circumstances -

As the besiegers pushed on the trenches nearer and nearer to the works of the enemy, the occurrence of little battles for supremacy at particular points became usual. ~~at particular points~~, After one of ~~these~~ called the attack on the Quarries - which might have been called a well contested and successful action with considerable loss on both sides - an armistice was arranged for the time necessary to bury the dead. Having nothing to do in my own sphere of duty I rode up early to the front to offer my assistance to the surgeon of the regiment with which I had had the pleasure of voyaging from Scutari to Balaklava six months before. The presence of one surgeon more with the wounded may sometimes be of great moment, such as when a man wounded in a large blood vessel may slowly bleed to death unobserved - There was nothing of this kind amongst the wounded <sup>on this occasion, in attending to whom</sup> I assisted my friend



Insert at page  
16, where noted  
in the margin

in attending to. The work finished - I had a view <sup>more handy</sup> of the besieged town in a more <sup>than</sup> convenient way ~~that~~ I could have attempted under ordinary circumstances.

Amongst the reinforcements landed in the country for the second year's campaign were two ~~strong~~ <sup>regiments</sup> of Light Cavalry. The 10<sup>th</sup> Muzaffars and the 12<sup>th</sup> Lancers, by which the Light Cavalry Brigade was <sup>greatly</sup> ~~augmented~~ <sup>brought their horses from India with them.</sup>; they ~~arrived from India, from whence~~ they brought their horses. The regiments were in excellent order, and contrasted very favorably in appearance with the regiments of the Brigade that had gone through the storm and stress of the first winter in the Crimea. Though not encamped in close proximity to the Brigade, the newly arrived regiments were ~~source~~ <sup>of</sup> worry and vexation to their newly made comrades, owing to the number of their horses that broke loose in their lines, and came over, snorting defiance, to the lines of the old regiments, quite spoiling for a fight as the Irishmen say. It was difficult for a person riding near the camp of the new comers to escape the turbulent attentions of the horses ~~from them~~ <sup>trying</sup> roaming about and through the escaped ones were followed by men <sup>trying</sup> endeavoring to persuade them to return by flinging leather buckets at their <sup>heads</sup>. The rider of the demure old stager attacked by the fiery youth from India did not always escape the bite or the kick meant for his quadruped-kind when the stragglers did reach the camp where the objects of his fury were fastened up in their lines, they caused great alarm to the dwellers in tents by <sup>their</sup> ~~getting~~ <sup>ing</sup> tripping up on the tent ropes, and it might happen - by bringing the tent to the ground, endangering the inmates of it at the time. The shriek of a wild horse near the old camp was likely to be followed by <sup>an exodus of</sup> ~~a great number of~~ those persons who happened at the time to be resting in the tents <sup>most liable</sup> ~~most liable~~ to accident <sup>in</sup> ~~to~~ this <sup>way</sup> particular injury.

pouring



In the middle of July ~~the French~~ a reconnaissance was made by French and Turkish troops into the Kaidar valley, an operation connected with the scheme of sending a force towards Simferopol. The survey of the country showed that the idea was impracticable of realisation. But the result was that the area of country occupied by the allies was increased by the permanent possession of the valley, which was only separated <sup>from that of</sup> ~~from the~~ Hadikoi valley by the heights on which the deserted village of Kamara stood. This latter very prominent feature in the landscape as seen from the plain held by the Cossacks all the winter and spring, was now occupied by a British garrison and securely fortified. The French remained in the Kaidar valley where they found an abundance of pasturage for the service of the baggage animals out of condition, and in the vast extent of woodland <sup>where</sup> they ~~very readily~~ procured the scrub wood for making the gabions and fascines, very large quantities of which were required to meet the urgent demands of their engineers at this time for the construction of the trench parapets, <sup>in the near approach</sup> ~~soon so near~~ to the main work of the enemy. the Malakof tower and its subsidiary defences. Large working parties of the French were employed cutting the wood for weaving the gabions and bundling together the rods for the fascines.

We had long heard of the beauty of this valley of the "nightingales" as it was called, and a ride out to it was a pleasure we could now have; it was certainly a very beautiful valley, charming the eye with its verdure, and <sup>the air</sup> ~~radiant~~ filled with the notes of the singing birds which were in amazing numbers and equally amazing variety too. A small stream ran through the <sup>ravine</sup> ~~ravine~~ on the side of which had been cut the main road which led to Yalta, a far famed watering place in that region, often the temporary residence of the Czar. In the valley there were ~~so~~ <sup>and there were many</sup> ~~few~~ houses of the Tartar country people <sup>and there were many</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>extensively</sup>



extensively cultivated, and taken altogether the place might well be called a smiling happy valley.

Though the enemy was near, the road was securely held along its course, and where the occupation ended, at the Phoros Pass, close to the margin of the Black Sea, the French had a ~~well~~ fortified port; the new conquest became the object <sup>of the afternoon ride</sup> ~~to which~~ ~~every one in the cavalry~~ ~~came on his after-noon ride~~ ~~not being impeded by duty~~, hastened to make acquaintance with. I followed the fashion, and at a later time when a small British force was established in the valley I had the opportunity of making a visit of two days to it, connected with some matter of duty - a very pleasant break in the monotony of life at the time.

On the occasion of my first visit to the valley of nightingales I had to take a part in a very unexpected incident, which I cannot call trivial, because it involved puzzling, ethical considerations which might never come up in the ordinary course of life, were one to live on for a <sup>hundred</sup> ~~thousand~~ years; At one point of the road on the far side, overhanging the ravine, I saw an officer dismounted ~~and~~ beside his horse which stood on three legs with drooping head, ~~with~~ a melancholy eye, and perfectly quiet: a glance showed that some accident had brought the horse into the condition in which I saw it; the officer accosted me with the question, "have you a pistol to lend me; my poor horse has broken his leg, and must be killed" I told him that like himself I had no pistol, but if the matter were urgent, he - having no sword of his own with him, might use <sup>mine</sup> ~~my sword~~ to drive into the heart of the poor animal, and so kill it instantly; he said he would not kill his horse in this way, would I do so, my answer was no, to do so would pain me as much as your ~~dealing~~ dealing the blow would pain you. if it is a duty, it lies with you to fulfil it - done by anyone else it would look too like murder. As John Bunyan says "I went on my way and I saw no more of him but I pitied him."



The French  
occupied a  
ridge

an aqueduct

The large force - estimated at 50,000 men which the  
Russians had accumulated on the further side of the Tcher-  
naya river with the view of repeating, vigorously, the  
attempt feebly made by them at the battle of Balaclava,  
had now become a formidable menace, the intelligence  
brought in by the secret agents of the Allied armies showed  
that an attack was imminent. To meet this a strong  
division of the French force had occupied the high ground  
at the Traclia bridge over the river, had fortified it specially,  
and with their guns could sweep the open plain more than  
a mile in length over which the Russian troops must pass to  
the attack. ~~The high ground referred to was broken~~ was a  
ridge broken into abrupt <sup>enormous</sup> ~~small~~ hills the bushy surfaces of which  
greatly added to the difficulty of climbing them; but before a  
hostile force could reach the foot of the ridge the Tchernaya  
river running along its face like a moat, had to be crossed.  
At ~~the~~ <sup>mid</sup> height of summer the water in the river was very low,  
the course of it seeming more like a succession of pools of very  
unequal depth, than ~~that~~ <sup>the bed</sup> of a running river. The ~~sides~~ <sup>sides</sup> of the  
channel, <sup>which</sup> had been scooped out from the plain of clay, full of  
collected stones large and small, the sides were nearly six  
feet high and were not easily taken in a descent to the  
water, whilst the ascent of the left bank - the clamber up - was  
difficult, but here and there where the sides had fallen in,  
there were facilities both for reaching the river bed, and for  
leaving it. But the foot of the ridge of broken high ground  
on which the camp of the French was placed could not be  
directly reached until another ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> impediment had been  
overcome, that of ~~a~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~aqueduct~~ <sup>aqueduct</sup> which conveyed water for  
domestic use to Sebastopol from a point higher up the  
river the course of which ran between the river and the  
foot of the ridge. The depth of the water in the <sup>aqueduct</sup> ~~canal~~  
at this time seemed to be a little less than ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> feet and  
the depth of <sup>its</sup> ~~the~~ banks of the <sup>aqueduct</sup> ~~canal~~ to be about the same,  
the width of water <sup>was</sup> seemingly about six feet; The  
passage



water course aqua  
passage over this, ~~in fact~~ in a leisurely way, might  
not be difficult; but when the attempt was to be made in  
a bustling scramble it <sup>would be</sup> a very different affair.  
The Sardinian troops of the Allied Army, had been brought up  
nearer to the river, and a force of good Turkish troops was  
available for the northern side of the valley.

During the early days of August the rumors of an immediate  
attack by the Russian army became more specific day by  
day, and the Light Cavalry Brigade marched out of camp  
every morning before day break and joined up with  
the other allied forces at the river, <sup>awaiting attack.</sup> ~~where~~ began to be distinctly  
~~discredited~~ on the subject of an imminent onset by the other  
side, but on the morning of August 16<sup>th</sup> a heavy continued  
cannonade from the ground at Tracter <sup>bridge</sup> startled the  
camp and showed that the ~~proof~~ <sup>proof</sup> ~~proved~~ <sup>proved</sup> attack had  
~~begun in great earnest.~~ <sup>ordinary</sup> It was not ~~part of my duty~~ <sup>a military practice</sup> to accom-  
pany the regiment on an ordinary marching out, so  
as had up to then been the character of the early morning  
movements from the camp, but it was very much a fear  
of my duty to be ~~present~~ <sup>with</sup> the regiment, when its presence  
in action might be inferred so I galloped in hot haste  
down the whole length of what has been called the Valley  
of Death from the action in it on the previous 26<sup>th</sup> of September,  
and joined <sup>the corps</sup> ~~formed up~~ <sup>formed up</sup> with the Brigade at the head of  
the valley, <sup>the regiment</sup> ~~where on that day~~ the charge of the Light Brigade  
~~ended~~ - The Russian troops coming from the heights,  
which closed in the valley on the right bank of the river  
had made a ~~most~~ determined attack on the French  
position, and to the wonder of every one - not stopped by  
the works at the bridge, had rushed the river and the  
aqueduct <sup>also</sup> ~~successfully~~ <sup>also</sup> and the leading troops had <sup>also</sup> got  
some way up the <sup>steps</sup> ridge of hills on which the French  
camp was placed, before they were hurled back by the  
fire of their opponents, and retreated in complete disorder  
followed by the French.

ordinary

Hearing the  
firing I joined  
the regiment in  
hot haste over

but after the  
repulse of the  
Russians

Another



Another body of the Russians had seized the hill on the west, and close to the burnt village of Ichernaya, from this they were driven by an intrepid ~~spirit~~ assault, made by a part of the Sardinian army. in which it lost a general and 200 men - General La Marmora, under whom the light cavalry brigade of the British force had been placed, ordered it to cross the Ichernaya and pursue the retreating Russians, but the order <sup>was rescinded</sup> - owing to the obstacle of the river and the nature of the ground on the other side, not permitting its ~~execution~~ execution until a pursuit would have been useless. Having nothing to do amongst those of my own charge, I offered my services to ~~help~~ <sup>assist</sup> a few of the Sardinian wounded who had been placed close to the regiment.

A second attack was attempted - very feebly - by the Russians in the same direction as the first one - they did not reach the river bank by a long way, but turned back in disorder, halting after a time. ~~but~~ Apparently, the men could not be brought up again. The plain was covered with troops, <sup>and</sup> looking down from the rising ground on our side the appearance to me of the Russian troops brought up for the second attack (and fallen back from it), was, at the distance - wonderfully like that of a field of corn swayed to and fro by the wind, but it did not last long - the Russians retired to the Fiolukani heights, and the battle was over - there was no pursuit on the part of the Allies.

The loss of the ~~Russians~~ <sup>enemy</sup> was stated officially to be about 5000. but this could only have been a conjecture - as the enemy were not likely to send in returns of casualties (after the action) to their opponents. The number stated probably estimated the loss in killed and prisoners, only - <sup>many</sup> ~~the~~ men <sup>had been</sup> drowned in the ~~regiment~~ <sup>regiment</sup> - <sup>many</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of them</sup> were <sup>men</sup> ~~wounded~~ <sup>wounded</sup> ~~unable~~ <sup>unable</sup> to raise themselves above the height of the water.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the scene of the fight in the early morning where fatigue parties were ~~busily~~ <sup>very</sup> busy engaged in the work of burying the dead in huge square pits, the bodies of the fallen being regularly packed in layers



layers, ~~the whole~~ being covered over with a shallow covering ~~layer~~ of earth. Other parties were engaged in the systematic collection of the arms, ammunition and accoutrements of those who - to use the French way of expressing it, had fallen on the "Field of Honor"; and there were many visitors who - like myself - arranged that the afternoon ride from the Front or from the "Hadikoi" camp, should that day have its objective at the battle ground of the morning.

On another afternoon's ride to the Ichernaya, and very near to the ground on which the light cavalry brigade had stood in the recent action - I rode past one of the localities where the men of it ~~were~~ <sup>had been</sup> killed, who had fallen in the charge down the valley on the previous 26<sup>th</sup> of September <sup>and were</sup> ~~forced~~ by the Russians - The rains had washed away much of the surface earth, and in some cases had exposed <sup>sufficiently</sup> ~~of the bodies~~ <sup>Corpses of many dead</sup> to enable the <sup>requirement</sup> ~~of the man~~ to be identified. The uniforms were unimpaired in three of the instances that came under my notice; and permitted of ready discrimination of the regiment to which the "poor inhabitant" <sup>"below"</sup> had belonged; Thus a minute difference in the cuffs covering the bones of the forearms, showed ~~two~~ <sup>one</sup> of the 13<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons - the other of the 14<sup>th</sup> Lancers; <sup>in</sup> another grave was the protruding hand of a man of the 8<sup>th</sup> Hussars.

The incident of the battle of the Ichernaya was taken calmly in the camp, sojourners in it having had the crust of excitement well worn down during the tediously long time the siege had already lasted - and now that only a small distance separated the trenches of the Allies from the defences of the Russians, and that daily shortening, the approaching crisis - the storming of the hostile works - was not only uppermost in everyone's thoughts, but may be said to have excluded interest in every other matter - At length it became known that on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September, the attempt would be made to carry the place by storm - such things cannot



cannot from their nature, be kept secret. On the day before I went up to the front, and from the best position saw the panorama of the siege before me. There was a striking - if only a comparative quiet, the firing on both sides though not quite extinguished, had ceased to be regarded <sup>as to</sup> ~~for~~ nearly the whole of the whole of the front. Behind the furthest ~~acrossed~~ <sup>across</sup> parallel of the French, a large area of ground was covered with troops lying down to escape a stray shot inward then passing over them, but in that position fanned up, and in instant readiness to dash onwards for the defences in connexion with the Malakoff tower. No shells from the enemy <sup>was looking</sup> reached them, whilst I ~~looked~~ <sup>stood</sup> on at the spectacle, the Russian fire had been "dominated" by that of the besiegers at the particular point. Naturally I avoided going near the tents of my acquaintances in our camp at a time when their thoughts would surely be with their families <sup>which</sup> ~~perhaps~~ <sup>they were</sup> ~~never to be again seen by them.~~

The day for which all the sacrifices of the Allies for the past twelve months had been made arrived <sup>on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September</sup> and the French after a strenuous fight captured the Malakoff <sup>works</sup> ~~position~~ - which <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ seen to be, as they thought from the first - the key of the whole position. The attack on the Redan was at the same time made by the British, but was a failure.

With the capture of the Malakoff the defenders judged that Sebastopol was incapable of a successful resistance, and having sunk all their remaining ships of war the Russians evacuated the city leaving its battered defences and ruinous houses to the besiegers - but still holding the Northern Forts -

The capture of the besieged town did not come as a surprise to the camp <sup>this</sup> ~~it~~ had <sup>of</sup> ~~later~~ <sup>been</sup> looked on as a certainty, ~~and~~ the result was received <sup>however</sup> with the greatest satisfaction but <sup>unanimous</sup> with no mad exultation; the relief that the abrogation of duty in the trenches would bring, had been discounted by anticipation.

On the afternoon of the day following, I went up to the front, and having no knowledge of the localities followed the  
French



French soldiers I had seen making as I thought for the Malakof; this brought me to the ground where on my previous visit I had seen the storming party lying down awaiting the signal to attack; working parties were everywhere about burying the dead. I was struck by the fact that no other person in English uniform was to be seen where I expected to see many; almost as soon as this was evident, I was horrified by the sight of a notice that it was forbidden to any one not on specific duty to be present at this place. The situation I had created for myself almost took away my <sup>feeling</sup> breath by the <sup>of</sup> shame and confusion, mixed with <sup>the</sup> prospective worry which would befall me, when as ~~at~~ every instant I expected, my presence would be challenged. However Fortune favoured me completely, I rode on quickly and left the scene of the great assault by the first path I could see leading away from it, and went straight back to the Dekov Camp.

Two days afterwards a general permission was given for all ~~so inclined~~ to visit the ~~line of~~ <sup>area of</sup> the ~~large~~ entrenchments and that part of the town which was <sup>practically</sup> safe from the fire of the enemy, who <sup>from the forts still held by them</sup> stationed outside the fortifications on the right bank of the river, <sup>might</sup> ~~could still~~ send an occasional - though infrequent shell ~~shot~~ into ~~that part of~~ the town on its harbour front.

As a matter of course the officers of the Allied armies - ~~a number of~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>who</sup> had the requisite leisure, took advantage of the permission and streamed in to make the acquaintance of the place which for a year had been so all important to them, ~~and~~ so near to ~~them~~ <sup>and</sup> yet in effect so far off.

The whole system of the works formed a spectacle of absorbing interest, though needless to say the Redan was the part most interesting to officers of the British force; all the works had been more or less carefully prepared to baulk off attack at close quarters, but at one of them I noticed a particularly gruesome looking arrangement of rows of bayonets stuck into frames of wood which were fastened <sup>ground of the</sup> into the <sup>little</sup> glacis - if that term is applicable - giving it something of the look of a long and <sup>broad</sup> ~~deep~~ parterre of flowers; the ditch in front



the parapet was thus securely guarded - no assailant could either thread, ~~or~~ jump over <sup>the</sup> obstacle.

The town was quite deserted both by its civil and by its military population - The feature of that small portion of the outskirts of the town I was able to see was, the number of small houses with nice little gardens in front of them, which might perhaps have been the residences of the lower class of the official body; but of spacious houses also there was no lack.

The work of dismantling the fortifications, and of destroying the docks, so that the place might be unavailable for some time at least as a Naval Port, went on apace; and the cessation of all sounds of war that followed the retirement of the Russians from the town was a grateful relief to the ears as well as to the nerves of those who had so long been worried by them.

A large Russian force remained outside, but neither ~~side~~ <sup>army</sup> provoked the other to useless, aimless exhibitions of valour: the same outposts and videttes faced each other at distances within the range of annoyance, but without any concertation.

unless a tacit  
one - they were mutually ~~tolerant~~ forbearing, just as we read that in the Peninsular war English and French outposts developed understandings with each other, to the advantage of both; it was whispered in our camp that little courtesies were occasionally exchanged between the officers on outpost duty in the two armies, on rare occasions however we may be sure - I heard a specific mention of one in which the Russian and the British officer had exchanged a high kind of hospitality with each other.

From the height over the Kadokoi camp, on a dark night, it was easy through a pair of field glasses, to see the men of the Russian outposts not on sentry or vidette, coming and going, to have a warm - and no doubt a talk, round the large watch fires they were able to keep up -

The great topics of discussion in the camp, after the end of the siege, of course were, what, and where, next? the possession of Sebastopol did not seem to have done anything to



the  
mode of action of  
the just and  
necessary war.

to dishearten the enemy, they could spare one town and a few miles near it, without great inconvenience and were apparently awaiting movements from our side, calmly. The "quidnuncs" in camp, had settled all about it, and made it easy for the "High Contracting Parties" in Paris London and Turin, to arrange for the ~~continuance of the war~~ mode of action of the course of the "just and necessary war": they were not unanimous on the point - a minority of them advocated a plan for penetrating into Russia near Bolesta, the great southern mercantile port, but an imperious majority said no, to this project, and ruled, that the Allies in the next year should advance into Bircassia, and aid the Muscovite population there to repel the Russians who were bent on subjugating them. It came as a surprise to the camp that the leaders of the army, had a plan of their own for immediate action - which took no notice of either of the counsels which had been elaborated in the tents. The plan was a resuscitation of the one hastily abandoned in May, namely, that of getting between the Russian forces near to Sebastopol and those holding Simferopol the capital of the province, and the great depot of supply, through its communication with the North; by a successful realisation of this project, the Russian troops would have been starved out of the country. It was quickly attempted; a large French force was the main feature of the expedition, which was under the command of a French General; the Turkish force which under Omar Pasha had successfully repelled an attack on Bessarabia by the Russians contributed an important contribution to the strength of the expedition, which was further augmented by the cavalry sent from the British force, under the command of the Brigadier of the Light Cavalry Brigade - which furnished three regiments for the service; of these the 13<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons was one. We embarked at Beclaclava for Bessarabia on the 15<sup>th</sup> of October. which place was less than forty miles west from



from Sebastopol; the interval traversed between the two places had a mournful interest so many of the ships lost in the great cyclonic storm of the November before having been engulfed <sup>there</sup>, ~~along~~ carrying all on board to the bottom. - The first part of the voyage took us along the sea front of Sebastopol, a striking view with its huge casemated works and numerous large buildings, the last part passed along the front of Kalamita Bay, near the Alma river. Eupatoria reached we were speedily disembarked and encamped close to the sea.

The town of Eupatoria, small in size and with a good deal of the look of an extensive village, was not particularly attractive; Asiatics, that is to say Tartars, were more numerous in it than Europeans, and the visible means of transport for the troops assembled ~~at~~ were largely those in which camels were the draught or carriage animals; we seemed to be placed in an outpost of Asia, on European territory. - The Turkish army in possession held a fortified position, and as events had shown, were able to hold it very effectively, but the Russian army outside left the Turks a very circumscribed locality for occupation, and it was a little time before the arrival of the French and the British troops added anything to the area of the environs of Eupatoria. The Russians occupied the whole of the country between Eupatoria and Sebastopol. - The town had no suburbs.

The troops for the projected expedition soon arrived, and in a few days the combined forces moved out and began the march into the interior; the weather was perfect for the purpose, ~~march~~, and the ground to be traversed was absolutely an ideal one for the use ~~which~~ was now to be made of it. - A perfectly level plain covered with short coarse grass with quantities of flowers all about. stretched out as far as the eye could see in front and on each side making a carpet for walking on, so that marching became as pleasant and easy, as ~~the least~~ <sup>one</sup> could wish. - the only prominent object to be seen near at

hand

a miniature  
representation  
or perhaps the  
actual moving-  
-ation of a  
Russian steppe  
30 soft



hand were here and there tall ~~light~~ towers - evidently  
old, and intended for look out stations over the plain. In  
the far off distance the Tchotye Dagh mountain ~~deriving~~  
~~its name - the Tent Mountain - from its likeness to a tent - was~~  
was a very prominent ~~spike - rising as it did nearly 5000 in~~  
~~height and - as the name shows - rising abruptly from the~~  
plain - The part traversed only produced pasture, ~~and~~  
no animals had been left on it for our use.

As the country afforded <sup>at that time</sup> nothing for the use of a hostile army,  
everything it required for the sustenance of its men, and for  
the animals connected with it had to be carried from the  
point of departure - a severe strain on its resources, as <sup>the</sup> for  
protection <sup>for</sup> a long line of transport had to be arranged.  
Water was scarce also.

~~When~~ the bospack vidoettes who were close to the town retired  
gracefully as soon as our advanced guard appeared on  
their horizon, but it soon became necessary for them to  
mend their pace, and abruptly too, for the Turkish cavalry  
consisting of the irregular - in all senses of the word -  
Bashi Bazyuks, from Asia Minor, rushed out on them at  
headlong pace, yelling wildly. The bospack had had the  
misfortune of being posted on one of the towers mentioned  
above, and on descending hurriedly ~~had not been~~ <sup>was not</sup> able to  
mount his horse in time <sup>and</sup> a Bashi Bazyuk was there to inter-  
fere in the matter; the bospack sought to escape by running  
round the tower, which he did once or twice followed by the  
wild warrior from the East - but he was not seen again alive -  
the Bashi reappeared after a short interval, holding the  
head of his adversary on high - and throughout the day  
he carried this token of his prowess at his saddle ~~bow~~ fastened  
to the pommel of his saddle - apparently performing all his  
duties without inconvenience.

The march lasted until about four in the afternoon, and  
then the force encamped on the plain, not a shot I think  
having been fired by our opponents who retired slowly  
before



that the expedition was only a feint intended to draw off the attention of the enemy from the attack about to be made on them in the Baidar valley by the French.

before the advance of the Allies, but seemed to avoid fighting as much as our side did: perhaps they wished to draw the troops of the Allies away as far from the coast, and the supplies it ensured, as possible; and it might be assumed, after another unexciting day's march, on the following day we returned to Eupatoria.

Having rested from our not overhiring labors, the march in the direction of Simferopol was made again: the Russian troops marched parallel to our own, and in the afternoon they used their guns for a few minutes against the Allied Cavalry, drawn up about half a mile from their own, their fire went over the heads of the cavalry ~~drawn up~~ about half a mile off and did no harm, unless I except from this statement the fact that an officer an acquaintance of mine in the regiment of Lancers of the Brigade, had his cap blown off by the wind of one of the missiles passing near his head. I went up to my friend thinking he had been injured, his explanation was simple - that he jerked and his cap fell off without any assistance from the missile - but I prefer to think that the theory of the attraction of wind in very rapid motion close to a cap - perhaps not a closely fitting one - was the cause of the commotion raised, and the harmless mirth which followed when it was realised that the officers head was not in the cap when it fell to the ground.

The Russian cavalry numbering, it was said sixty two squadrons made no attempt to charge that of the Allied force - only of thirty squadrons only, and we encamped shortly after, returning to Eupatoria next day.

I thought at the time that a contest between the two bodies of cavalry might have had consequences not foreseen when the British portion of it was sent to engage an enemy without any suitable provision for carrying off the wounded that might be expected - for in spite of all the indignation roused in England when it was known that after the battle of the Alma the army had no <sup>suitable</sup> carriage of its own to remove



remove its wounded - the Light Brigade was sent to Eupatoria with no other provision than a few canvas stretchers carried by the <sup>farriers</sup> ~~farriers~~ of the regiments, in front of them as they rode ~~on their horses~~. As it would have been necessary to dismount four men in order to carry one man wounded, and that another man would be required to keep the horses of the dismounted, it follows that if the necessity had arisen - one wounded man would have depleted the ranks, of five other men. The authorities must have known <sup>the presumptions</sup> ~~this, and this fact seems to show~~ <sup>to be</sup> that it was not thought that the expedition would be engaged with the enemy.

When the force returned to Eupatoria in sight of an army it had not engaged, <sup>the supposition was, that no</sup> ~~it was not expected that any more attempts~~ in the direction of Simferopol would be made, nor were there any, but conjecture was at fault in assuming, that the brigade would never ride over the <sup>steppe</sup> again, as it took part in a completely successful little enterprise, bringing advantage to the allied forces, <sup>and</sup> ~~some little~~ <sup>disrupt</sup> ~~corruption~~ no doubt, to the enemy. The intelligence officials had come by the knowledge that large flocks and herds which provided for the sustenance of the ~~foes~~ in our neighbourhood were within striking distance of Eupatoria, and a <sup>mounted</sup> ~~small~~ force was promptly sent out to seize the prey; it did so as completely as the heart could desire - every head of herd and flock was secured and brought safely in, before succour for the animals pasturing unsuspectingly could be sent - the capture was unchallenged by the enemy. - So complete was the raid, that even the great contractor for the supply of this kind of food to the Russian camp, was himself roped in - and placed by his captors in his own "droshky" rode to Eupatoria at the head of the booty, as if he had a place in a triumph.

From this time our acquaintance with the open country in the environs ceased, and we were thrown back on the attractions of town life only - if these could be said to exist at all; dinner could be had from a restaurant. a  
little



One of the nights at Eupatoria was an effect of the great storm of November 1854, which had been exceedingly disastrous there, two Egyptian line of battle ships had been sunk, and a fine French three decker - the Henry the Fourth had been blown clean on shore where it remained almost immovable, literally, out of the water. But the French utilised its timbers which were shipped off to Kamiesh, and were very useful in the trench work of the siege - Very little of the three decker remained, a plank from its side - a short one gave a bridge for entrance to, and exit from it.

little of courtesy of the least exacting kind, which supplied a sufficiency, but not a variety of food for the meal. We often wondered if the meat served at table was that from the ox, or from a nobler animal worn down by the hardships of war, and utilised after death, for gastronomic purposes, to this day an unsolved problem in my mind - Camel beef was openly sold in the market, and one day a dish of it was served at dinner to satisfy our curiosity, which was very quickly satisfied - and the "ship of the desert" cutlet, never was called for again.

Between the officers of the French contingent, and those of the British, there was more of an approach to intimacy, than I had ever seen before, or heard of as occurring in the intercourse of the two bodies at Sebastopol. Hardly ever did it happen to me there, to hear a Frenchman speak a word of English, or even to understand a word of it. On the other hand, our officers ventured to air their French - which a few of them spoke fluently and well, - but usually a sudden breakdown soon reduced them to silence. Those who essayed to converse in a language only learnt from books. At Eupatoria the officers of the French cavalry, showed much friendliness to their British confreres, a great advance on the studied civility - lacking in verbal expression of the first period of the war.

The climate at the season then arrived at - the late autumn well into December - was delightful. - Seabathing was a pleasure to be had within a few yards of the tent; but there was no afternoon ride, and no too frequent intercourse with the world outside of Eupatoria. On one occasion the whole town was startled by a piece of intelligence which actually announced itself, namely that of the explosion of the great magazine of the French army at Sebastopol - which every one judged, and correctly could only be that of the greatest magazine in the country -

At length came the order that the Light Brigade was



Punch d'adieu  
a punch

was to proceed to Scutari ~~on the arrival~~ <sup>at</sup> the shipping  
fort. The day before the embarkation the officers of the  
French cavalry paid our Brigade the greatly valued  
honour of an invitation to a Punch d'Adieu; this expression  
of good comradeship was <sup>very</sup> exceedingly gratifying, and at  
the function, the greatest cordiality between our French  
hosts, and their English guests was in evidence.

short

In less than two days after embarking we were steam-  
ing down the Bosphorus enjoying sight of its lovely  
banks, a foretaste of the satisfaction we were to have on a  
return to a peaceful tranquillity, no matter for how short a time.

Landed at Scutari in the end of December,  
the regiment was quartered at Haidar Pasha, <sup>in</sup> one of the  
many small palaces belonging to the Sultan (~~unoccupied~~  
~~a deserted~~), and as they successively arrived from the  
Crimea, the other regiments of the Light Brigade were sent  
to this place - avowedly to remount, refit, and prepare  
generally for the next year's campaign. the scene of which  
was only known negatively, as being, not in the Crimea.  
At first we had a good deal of cold weather with occasional  
snows, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> winds which swept the plain roughly, but the  
snow did not lie - a few hours sufficed for its disappearance,  
and as Spring advanced, many days of delightful weather  
came along with it - and greatly promoted the exercis-  
-ing and drilling of the regiments, which had been a  
very minus quantity - or perhaps altogether unknown, at the  
Kadikoi camp.

My own special work was made easier by the <sup>allotted</sup> share of the  
Turkish hospital subservient to the needs of the barracks of  
the Sultan's guards at Scutari; there was a great deal  
more sickness at the base of the army now, than with  
the army in the field; cholera in its third year of epidemic  
visitation attacked a few, <sup>men</sup> recently sent out from England,  
enteric fever was also prevalent, and a good many men  
were affected, through having to do with mangy horses -  
which



which were found in considerable number in the lines - The change for a sick man from lodgment in a tent and lying on the ground, to the comfort of a spacious building designed for hospital use, thus came very opportunely.

The town of Sentari with its miles of cemeteries had nothing to attract the new comers; the afternoon ride was rarely taken in any other direction than that of the <sup>h</sup>ospitals; we were warned that armed robbers would be quite likely to be found after a little <sup>time</sup> within a mile or two of the town in the course of a country ride in any other direction, and this limited the scope of curiosity respecting the environs of the Asiatic town with most of us.

As might be expected, after a year of field service, the great rush of the new comers <sup>was</sup> ~~would be~~ to Pera, the suburb on the north side of the Golden Horn; the military authorities graciously, and tactfully, raised no question on the point, and a daily stream of visitors from Haidar Pasha to the European side of the water kept the caïques available for transport constantly employed before sunset - In addition to ~~the~~ attractions of its own, the principal suburb of Constantinople had at the season arrived at, a fresh one connected with it, namely the sight afforded by the assembly of many hundreds of persons of both sexes, - though the sex was most largely represented in the Valley of Sweet Waters about <sup>two</sup> miles from Pera; this <sup>took place</sup> ~~occurred~~ on one day only <sup>the</sup> ~~was~~ Friday of the week. The place bloomed like a garden with the bright colours of the women's dresses, Turkish and European, crowded together on a relatively small area; children were also there in plenty. Friday we understood had some kind of sanctity attached to it by the Moslem population, and amongst others the ladies of the Palace or a portion of them were allowed a holiday to the Valley on this day - and they eagerly availed themselves of the tacitly conceded right

Vera

Miss Keegan  
wrote to me. Thank  
at Scotland



right, to take their recreation where they could see -  
and be seen by - the ladies of the subject Infidels.

a time The procession from the Palace - honoured or guarded, or  
both - by the officials who walked at the carriage doors on  
each <sup>side</sup>, and who would not in ordinary times have hesitated  
to cut and slash with their sabres <sup>male</sup> any passer by whose  
eyes wandered towards the interior of a carriage - was at  
this time eagerly looked for, times had ~~temporarily~~ <sup>temporarily</sup> for  
changed; the French and English officers had now no scruple  
about ~~taking~~ <sup>the</sup> liberty of looking at the veiled and  
guarded beauties. But the veils did not always veil  
the faces in the carriages. nor did the ~~stern~~ <sup>stern</sup> commands of  
the guardians, always suffice to keep ~~the~~ <sup>their</sup> guarded ones  
mute, ~~they~~ <sup>these</sup> evidently enjoyed being seen, and it was said,  
- I make the statement on hearsay - that they often  
met the angry orders of their officials by handing them  
out little pacificatory presents of sweetmeats -

The programme at the valley of sweet waters - was a very  
simple one - the entertainments were those of seeing and  
being seen, and of eating sweetmeats uninterruptedly -

Whilst ~~performing~~ <sup>on</sup> the "daily round and  
common task" of my duties, a sudden and not to be  
anticipated change in their kind occurred, giving me a  
lively interest in cognate matters, in a different sphere of  
action - and, writing this at a distance of nearly fifty  
years - an interest, which has never faded in my memory.

I have already adverted to the bewildering reversal of the  
sanitary well being of the French and of the British conting-  
ents of the Allies, in the early and in the later on days of the  
expedition to the East; the "debacle" (I know no other  
word which so completely conveys the idea) in the health  
of the British force, and the comparatively good health of  
the French one, in the <sup>first</sup> winter of the campaign. Leading  
amongst other things to the necessity for our asking the  
aid of the French to <sup>assist us to</sup> ~~con~~ move our ineffectives from the  
front



front to Balaklava, and now ~~at the base of the two~~  
~~forces~~ the almost unprecedented extent ~~to~~ which the French  
force suffered from <sup>a</sup> highly infectious fever, brought  
from the general commotion ~~that~~ Galata to the Commu-  
-dant of the British force at Scutari a request that he would  
lend the services of twelve British medical officers to  
assist in the French hospitals until more of his own, could  
be brought from France. The mortality amongst the French  
medical officers had been very large from this one form of  
disease acquired from their hospital duties in attendance  
on soldiers suffering from it.

But medical officers were asked to volunteer for the work, the  
only special condition being that those offering, must have  
some acquaintance with colloquial French. Amongst others  
I offered my services, instigated to this largely by the desire  
common to most people of wishing from time to time to  
make for "fresh woods and pastures new," <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ I may further  
say that I was urged somewhat in the matter by a grateful  
recollection of the generosity of the French educational author-  
-ities in allowing all foreign medical ~~officers~~ students to  
pursue their studies in Paris, <sup>freely and</sup> gratuitously. Paris being then  
the greatest school of medicine in the world, having the  
largest field of <sup>medical</sup> instruction ~~from~~ <sup>in</sup> its public hospitals numbers,  
~~and from the fame of its professors in all the branches of a~~  
~~scientific education. My own education having been com-~~  
~~pleted there, I think a sense of the propriety of repaying in a~~  
small way something of my debt ~~was not absent when I~~  
~~offered to assist in the hospital work at Galata - partly~~  
influenced me in the course I took.

With the others who had offered their services I  
reported myself to the French, Principal Medical Officer,  
at Galata, the headquarters of the base of the French Army,  
we were very courteously received, and were each  
appointed to ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> charge in one of the hospitals of the base,  
of which there were many. The charge allotted to me  
was

the professors  
and the lecturers  
who conducted  
the course of  
studies were then  
the most  
famous in the  
world - pioneers  
in the advance  
of medical  
science.



was in the Dolma Batehli hospital - which ~~building~~  
had fallen from a very high previous estate - an Imperial  
palace I understood - to that of a residence for the sacrifices  
to War, caused by disease -

a most pleasant  
incident ~~in my~~

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a  
French, Surgeon Major, whose friendship during the months  
of my work at Dolma Batehli, was ~~one of the most gratifying~~  
~~occurrences~~ in my life -

The contingent of medical officers sent from Scutari had  
no difficulty in falling in with the routine of the work  
which now devolved on <sup>them</sup> ~~us~~; the French, ~~both~~ sick did  
not seem to have any objection to being placed under  
the care of foreign medical men - most of whom had  
acquired a knowledge of French methods and customs in  
the hospitals of Paris; the Sisters of Charity, who superintend-  
ed devotedly the domestic affairs of the establishment, and  
the needs of the sick, made us feel awkward - but gracious  
in speech, simple, and demure in manner and most  
exact in seeing to the carrying out of all directions, their  
value was recognised, at the first visit to the hospital  
wards. We thought that the French hospital regulations  
were somewhat frugal in the matter of dieting, but the patients  
seemed contented, and were certainly well cared for under  
the conditions in which war had placed them - The chief  
of which was the diminished power of resistance they had to  
struggle against the formidable disease so prevalent at the  
time - How greatly the sanitary condition of the French troops  
had fallen <sup>off</sup> may be seen from the statistical facts given in the  
Report already mentioned\*: the deaths from typhus fever  
in the French army during the first six months of the campaign  
were 90 only, whilst those from the same disease in the same  
period in the second year, were 10278. Thus allowing for the  
fact that in the second period the strength of the French troops  
had been increased by three fifths over that of the first year,

\*Sanitary Contrasts of the Crimean War by Surgeon General Sir  
Thomas Longmore &c.



the number of men carried off by the disease in the second winter period was 114 times as many as that in the first winter period.

The increased intensity of the disease in the second period is shown in the facts that whilst in the first period, out of every hundred men attacked by it, the deaths were fractionally less than 14; but in the second year the deaths amongst those who suffered from it were in the rate of 53 per hundred.

The malignancy of the disease as time went on is also shown by the fact that 58 of the French surgeons died from ~~the~~ <sup>alone</sup> ~~the disease only~~. (the average strength of the medical corps for the whole campaign, having been 450. This gives a death rate of 12.89 per cent of the strength.)

<sup>Recalling</sup> ~~Heusinger~~ <sup>Johnson's</sup> frequent saying, it came into my head to see what application it had to the matter in hand, as shown in a superficial statistical working out of the data available in the case. The weakness of this method I at once allow lies in the having to deal with comparatively very small numbers on one side of the question; but even with this <sup>allowance</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~illustration~~ <sup>only</sup> of the ~~truth~~ <sup>truth</sup> leads to a startling ~~conclusion~~, namely, that taking ~~the results of~~

the two great battles of the Boer war together - those of the Alma and Tulkern <sup>of the allies</sup>, the whole of the carnalities in them amongst those engaged - that is the killed in action, the wounded, and a small number of missing (some returned) worked out into a rate per cent of the strength, did not

equally <sup>death</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ rate of the French medical officers attending the sick men of their army suffering from typhus fever during the campaign. This looks incomprehensible at first, nor is, rendered less so by the fact that in one scale

are included a large number of trifling injuries, whilst in the other deaths alone are weighed. Stated shortly -

- the data being taken from the well known "Hayden's Dictionary of Dates" - we find that the <sup>combined</sup> strength of the British

<sup>and French</sup> ~~and~~ forces together at the battle of the Alma, was 50,000 men amongst

the result is

but was 3.74 percent lower than -

the statement



amongst whom there were 3288 casualties of all kinds, being at the rate of 6.58 per cent: and at the battle of Inkermann, <sup>as combined</sup> in <sup>the</sup> strength (so given, in the notice) of 14000 men there were 2605 casualties being 18.6 per cent of the strength - But taking the two actions together we have, in a combined strength of 64000, with casualties amounting to 5893, a loss of 9.2 per 100 men, <sup>only</sup> being 3.7 per 100 less, than the death rate of the French medical officers who fought - and died - in their battle against the deadly typhus fever ravaging the French force in the Crimea, and at the base of the Army -

Before leaving the domain of figures, in connexion with enquiry, and having well in view the portion of truth <sup>contained in</sup> that sometimes seems to justify the sprightly jest, "that" "the only things more fallacious than facts, are figures" I give a few more of them, <sup>however</sup> which may have interest for some readers. They refer to the causes under which the mortality in the French army in the expedition to the East have been grouped; they are taken from the Report of Dr. G. Chenevix, a Med. Prin<sup>t</sup> with the force - a man characterised as "a most painstaking and earnest seeker after truth" by whose ~~late~~ persevering labors and expositions a vast amount of good was accomplished for his country. The deaths were 95,307 in number - of which 8084 were ~~causes~~ due to cholera and other <sup>diseases</sup> ~~causes~~, before the landing in the Crimea; 29,095 deaths occurred in the Crimean ~~and~~ field and reserve hospitals, and 27,281, in hospitals at Constantinople; 10,240 were killed by the enemy, or disappeared: 4342 men died without entry into hospitals; 394 men were lost in a troop ship on passage; the deaths in France after the evacuation of the hospitals in the East were 15025. ~~Figures in the last instance are at least instructive - they show without comment the price at which martial glory must be purchased~~

846 deaths occurred on board ship.

After hospital duties over, the afternoons were passed



passed pleasantly - often in company with my French confrere, in visiting the mosques and tombs at Stamboul and parts of the city built by Constantine yet to be seen; the bazars and caravanserais where travellers and traders from Asia Minor resorted - half inns and half warehouses were interesting to look at. The dancing dervishes in the full swing of their gyratory excitement might be seen any day. In the evening I ~~had~~ the night visit the Italian opera house, and in my ignorance, could enjoy its music quite as much I am sure, as if I had been seated in La Scala itself.

But the greatest satisfaction was that which followed in the course of the talks I had with my colleague; we lived in the same house and we had our meals together; he had many acquaintances amongst the officers of the French force at Galata, and amongst the members of the French colony at Pera; through his means I saw much that was new to me. Though we talked about the war, and speculated as to what its issue would be, that which held us most; to which we oftenest returned was the old story of the difference between the French and the English, in everything - I had a fine chance of seeing myself as others saw me, but always in unoffensive portraiture. His view was, that the two peoples were radically incomprehensible to each other, pointing out that whilst there were thousands of English families, living, settled in France, it was an almost unknown thing for one of them ever to have had the opportunity of seeing the domestic life of the people amongst whom they dwelt; that all we knew or saw of French life, was the out of door frivolidy as seen in cities, with no conception of the bright, but impetuous indoor life of the vast majority of the nation, the members of the family being knit together by the strongest affection.

The soldier who acted as bawman to my friend was a fine example of the French peasant, always bright and

pleasant  
cheerful



cheerful: he ~~served out~~ <sup>meals</sup> nicely cooked well, and managed well. There was ~~always~~ a chronic joke on hand between him and "Mons<sup>r</sup> le Major", if Louis forgot <sup>ten</sup> a spoon for the table, or the name of a caller, or some ~~such~~ <sup>other</sup> small matter - the reproach was always the same, "Louis, you are bound to perish on the scaffold some day", but this forecast of his fate did not affect Louis' health, his happiness came when a letter from home told him what was going on in his village, and above all when he heard what had been sown or planted in this and that corner of the small paternal plot, he would one day inherit. To get back to this cherished spot, was his dream of happiness.

So the time passed, until the medical staff at Galata having been reinforced from France, our services with the ~~British~~ hospitals there were not further required, at parting we had the cordial thanks of our French comp-  
-anions, and the official acknowledgments of our labours from the General at Galata: some time later I was told that the French War Office had accorded to each of us more than thanks, a thousand times over, but that the tokens of this expression, which had been sent to our War Office for the English medical officers, were sent back by officials who perhaps could not see that the performance of work entailing daily risks in the course of the profession of medicine, merited any special thanks at all.

All things have an end, and ~~this~~ <sup>an</sup> end came even to a siege of Sebastopol, and a Crimean war: Through the good offices of the Emperor of Austria, terms of peace had been discussed, and an armistice had been agreed on between the belligerents in the war in the East, and on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of April, peace was proclaimed in the Crimea -

In the middle of April the 13<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons embarked for England, and as it was the first  
regiment



regiment of the Light Brigade to arrive from the late scene of war, a most gratifying honor awaited it, the Queen having commanded that the corps should be paraded at Portsmouth for inspection. Her Majesty accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince Royal and by Prince Frederick of Prussia, passed along the front of the drawn up regiment, and addressed a gracious welcome home, to the commanding officer, for it -

The regiment then re-embarked, <sup>was</sup> ~~and~~ landed at Queenstown in Ireland, <sup>and</sup> went into barracks at Cork. After a day or two's routine of garrison life, the hardships of war had been forgotten - like the fairy gold, in the legend of the country <sup>in which</sup> ~~we were~~ <sup>were</sup> then ~~in~~, they had faded away.

The End



No 3

1857

In the Spring of 1857, the regiment of which I was Surgeon  
 embarked for China, or say that part of it selected as the  
 nucleus of the Expeditionary Force detailed to coerce the  
 Authorities of the "Flowery Kingdom" into the acceptance - with  
 all its consequences - of our view of some dispute about  
 the importation of opium into their country. Of course  
 our view was the right one, but the justificatory reasons  
 for it have faded from my memory; Opium wars  
 were a sort of leading line in our national business at one  
 time. The regiment, which was a very strong one, having  
 recruited its ~~very~~ <sup>thin</sup> ranks after the Crimean war,  
 could not be provided for entirely in the transport. Our  
 vessel, of the Royal Navy, officered and manned from its  
 personnel; as a consequence of this, immediately on  
 embarking - and not as a mere matter of form - but  
 as a matter of substantial fact, as was quickly apparent.  
 The ship was adapted both for sails or for steam, and  
 acquitted herself well in each way, or in combination.  
 We took our formal departure from the shores of  
 England on sighting the well known lighthouse used  
 as a starting point for ships going southwards, the  
 dreaded ~~bay~~ of Biscay, we found quite equal to its  
 ancient repute as a place of trial for landmen not  
 unconcerned about rolling billows. But our ship  
 carried us briskly through the troubled waters, and  
 our newly found sea legs giving confidence we were  
 able to pace the deck confidently, enjoying the balmy  
 temperature of Southern Europe and that of Northern  
 Africa. In about 16 days we reached the Cape de  
 Verde Islands, our first coaling station; our anchor-  
 -age was some 2 miles from the landing place, and  
 the coal being brought off in barges, the filling up  
 with it was a very leisurely business. Seen from the  
 deck of a ship anchored at the distance we were, the  
 particular



particular island in view appeared to be desolation itself. though there is cultivated land in the interior; I believe that during our stay, no one from the ship - not having duty which required it, ventured on shore, the place looked so depressing, with its volcanic rocks, its heat and glare, that spite of the clouds of dust raised by the walking - the ship's deck with its thick awning overhead seemed a little paradise compared with anything

seemed/  
was new

~~the shore appeared to offer.~~ This seemed curious to me, as until this occasion, I had invariably seen a stampede of passengers for the shore on the arrival of a ship at a stopping place. - Base de Verde Islands ~~seemed~~ as we saw them more like our notion of a Lunar landscape, than of a Terrestrial one -

looked

On putting to sea again we had smooth seas, and steam had to do most of the propelling work to get through the calms and variable winds on both sides of the line. Life on board was not unpleasant, but there was nothing to go into raptures about it; the heat was not excessive, the deck was our place of assembly by day, cool even in a calm by reason of the current of air consequent on the ship's onward course. Books and yarning, games of chess, talking of a desultory kind, much of it bearing on the then recent Crimean war in which most of the officers and men had served with the corps, I noticed that blime or the immediate future, hardly ever came up in conversation. There was a good deal of quiet-inward contemplation which much resembled sleep, but was not - as when called on taking a forenoon nap, a mild resentment was always expressed and denial

by the accused &

\* of the fact. The regimental band played or practised frequently, and with good taste, the bandmaster managed to give music which the men could feel

and



and understand; thus the "Irish Melodies" were always to the fore. Much quiet interest was shown on the weekly recurrence of the festival, "plum stuff day", on which the pudding of the name was added to our somewhat Spartan dinner on the other six. The birds of the air gave us something to interest when we were below the Southern tropic, the large birds of the region began to appear, their hovering flight was always a mild attraction, and when we reached the latitude of the Cape, a stray albatross with its possible 15 feet of wing expansion, always excited curiosity. But from our setting out on the voyage to its ending, the thing that never failed to draw an audience, was the hourly heaving of the log, which told us how far the ship had got on her way since the previous heave; the news was circulated on deck, and the question put "what is she doing" was usually followed by the ungrateful remark, "is that all?"

At length our good ship anchored in "Simon's Bay" the little town of which is a sort of suburb of Cape Town. In the long run from Cape de Verde, I think we did not sight a single ship. These were the days of the sailing ships, and of course for India, Australia &c. was far away from the African continent. We remained at the new stage on the voyage about 10 days. The instructions to the Captain having been, to make no haste, as the whole of the expeditionary force could not be assembled at Hong Kong for a considerable time. Cape Town and its environs made an enchanting change from the weariness of life on shipboard on a long voyage. All who wished got leave in turns to stay at the South African capital; and no more quietly pleasant outing could be wished for; plenty to see in the town; the drives into the country, never failing delights.

On leaving the Cape, the course was laid for a sailing



sailing ship's passage to China, so we steered far to the south to get into the strong and nearly constant westerly wind met with to the south of the Cape, using sails only. We did find the wind we were looking for, and I for one wish we had never found it. Driven by a gale, chased before huge following waves, our ship was sent along with hardly any canvas set, at 13 knots an hour. As the screw at the stern was detached from the shaft of the propeller, whenever the ship used canvas only, it was sent whirling round at an amazing rate; ~~from~~ the pace the ship was going, and this made her quiver dreadfully when the stern was out of the water through the incessant plunging; the ship vibrated so much that it seemed as if she must crack into two halves. ~~And I think this was not quite an imaginary fear, as when lying in my cot at night during the gale, I felt at deep dis-occasionally a distinct jerk forward.~~ But the gale took off without harm to us, and we still spun along at a fine rate but edging northwards.

The birds in the course of the ship at this time were incredibly numerous - of wonderful variety; many of them settled on the sea round us, and did not disdain to contest with each other the possession of any unconsidered trifle thrown overboard that seemed to be edible.

occurred. One forenoon a sad incident befell, a fine young seaman fell from aloft, the ship was at once - Measures were at once taken to bring the ship to a life buoys thrown over the stern, and every one on deck fixed their eyes on the man to mark his position as the ship's position changed, he poor fellow made a strong struggle for life in the wake of the ship, but as we were looking at him, he suddenly sunk. It was a painful scene to witness.

We were now nearing the tropic, and so we that was left behind, the ship entered the Straits of Sumatra, and before it was dark

was



was dark, lay at her anchor off Anjeer Point - This stage of our voyage reached - almost touching hands as it were with Hong Kong, "All went merrily, as a 'marriage bell'; we began to speak a little positively as to the date of our arrival there - but meantime there were not unpleasant moments of speculation about tomorrow's breakfast on fresh comestibles brought off from the shore at this well reputed provisioning, stopping place - and many were anxious to put foot on Java, once a British possession - But this was not to happen - We had noticed a ship at anchor on the north side of the Straits, a Man of War, our experts said, and in the increasing darkness, we were feebly amused at the sight of a boat light bobbing up and down, and seemingly making for our ship. Nearer and nearer it came, and when alongside, a Vary Officer left the boat, and asked for the Captain; his bearing was serious, what could it mean; no one guessed rightly, but a voice from the boat astounded every one when the import of the words was caught: "All the white people in India have been killed, and you are to turn about for Calcutta and get there as fast as the ship can carry you" When the Captain came out of his cabin we did not learn much more than this. As we had used up a good deal of coal in crossing the line, it was necessary to fill up, for the voyage across the Bay of Bengal, and for this to Singapore we must first go. Next morning the ship left Anjeer Point, and to our surprise we anchored at dark, but the reason was plain. The ship was about to enter an area in the Eastern Archipelago, sui generis, such a one as I had never heard of up to that time, we read of, we could have imagined. Proceeding on the voyage next morning, as long as daylight served our course lay an uninterrupted succession of tiny islands stretching away on both sides; they varied in size, some were mere rocks, some an acre or so in extent - I noticed no large island. All were covered with a luxuriant vegetation of trees

(amongst)  
thoroughly



trees and scrub wood, but the trees did not seem in any case to be fully grown: the bright foliage shading the calm glistening water was a pleasant relief to eyes like ours wearied with the monotony of the long sea voyage. The islets were closely packed together, but I suppose the charts on board laid down the course with exactness, however bewildering it might look. and the water was deep enough to allow a large ship to go very close to the islets. The sea was as they say, calm as a mill pond. but was not ~~the~~ pleasant to look at from sight of the water snakes wriggling their way over it on all sides. A land snake in motion may be graceful, after its way. always allowing for its proximity to, and the notice it takes of the observer; but the water snakes we saw, were hideous to behold, apparently 4 or 5 feet in length, and quite 6 inches in diameter, their squatings aided perhaps by their color, chiefly I suppose gave them their repellent appearance, as with head and neck high above the water, they went about on their evocations. But it may be that a sense of horror on the part of the spectator at the possibility of having to meet on the briny deep this particular inhabitant of it, had something to do with the loathing their appearance excited. Sharks were very numerous: I suppose that the two inhabitants of the deep had in time acquired a respect for each others potentialities, counselling them to live harmoniously together.

Our ship anchored again at dark. Next day was as yesterday; still slowly feeling our way through the maze of islets, and again anchoring when light failed. No doubt every one on board set himself the problem of accounting for the formation of the little archipelago we had been threading. I came to the conclusion, that the man in the street, would probably arrive at, namely, that a portion of a subsided continent had not got down far enough to cover every lofty mountain peak with sea.

Next



the island  
of that name

Next day we were clear of the inlet-region, and were making for the Straits of Banca, between the Sumatra and ~~Borneo~~ islands. In the afternoon, being on deck, admiring the Sumatra coast close to us, I heard one or two words of command given energetically from the bridge - addressed to the Quartermaster looking after the steering; before I comprehended their import, the speed of the ship slowed down, and almost immediately she struck, and was firmly fixed in a sandbank. Then came a period of disciplined excitement. The engines reversed could do nothing to move the ship; we had struck at high tide and soon the water around began to fall. Anchors were got out astern to haul on; what little could be done to lighten a ship, whose chief cargo was a body of soldiers was done - such as throwing overboard some of our remaining coal; but nothing to materially help. Luckily a sailing ship, like ourselves bound for Ghinor, was coming up behind us; she was signalled, and communicated with, and anchored in proximity. Her presence was a guarantee for our safety so far as human life was concerned.

Next morning men were walking on the dry sand from stern to stern on one side of the ship; on the other side and at the stern, about 3 feet of water remained with us. We had struck just one day before the highest of the spring tide - and this was hopeful. The engines were ready, and when about 4 in the afternoon the tide seemed to have ceased to flow in, they were set on full power astern; grunt, grunt, grunt, they went on continuously for nearly an hour, and unavail-  
ingly, the ship stuck fast. During the time ~~two~~ soldiers

<sup>two</sup> in compact divisions, tramped heavily in ~~rows~~ from one side to the other - ropes from the anchors to the stern, were hauled on - all in vain? Hope was flickering out when



when the Chief Engineer, begged for another chance with the engines - and before a score of revolutions "Hope came by stealth", we looked at each other enquiringly, yes, yes, there was a springing under us, replacing the former dead tread on the deck, certain sure? and in less than 5 minutes, the ship began to slip slowly and steadily into deep water; the Himalaya was saved? - and rising at her ease, with I fancy not a penny worth of damage to her seaworthiness - We did not get away from our sandbank neighborhood for another 24 hours; weights of stowage required to be trimmed, and so on. Then our course was laid for Singapore - where we arrived without further mishap.

Having filled up with coal, the ship got quickly over the Bay of Bengal to the Sandheads. There the danger of the Hoogly having been piloted over - our good ship reached Berhampore, receiving from Garden Reach on -  
by - wards to our berth, the ~~frantic~~ cheers of the ships at anchor we passed. How the folks exulted at the sight of a ship full of soldiers, coming at the crisis?

A ~~March~~ up the country by steamboat  
On disembarking



1857

existed

On disembarking, the regiment was sent to Chinsurah, a neighbouring cantonment, to be fitted out there with equipment of all sorts adapted for service in India, and to await river transport to the upper country. Railway construction was commenced only at this time in the Bengal Presidency; a short piece of line leading from Calcutta to a coal producing district inland, but it was not serviceable, being so short, and leading so to say nowhere - that is, to no important centre of population.

To our great surprise we did not find at Calcutta, visible appearances of terror or great disquietude, such as a sense of impending catastrophe and of unreckonable extent, would have accounted for; the shops were open and the people native and European, were carrying on their ordinary duties and work in the ordinary way. The afternoon drives of the wives of officials, and of the carriage keeping class generally, were not discontinued; and in conversation the progress of the mutiny, its possible limits, its longed for suppression, though earnestly discussed, were not carried to the extent of making the mutiny a topic of such overweening importance that it excluded every other. No doubt there had been a partial exodus chiefly consisting of wives and children from up country, who had escaped massacre at stations where the mutineers had risen - and of others, where the husband being wanted in the field, and for no definable period, it was better that the families should return to England. But there was no aspect of flight in unreasoning terror. The newspaper columns gave ghastly reading nearly every morning - either that of fresh horrors, or with further details, augmentation of previous accounts - and it was sad indeed to read letters expressing the fearless confidence of an officer



officer in some particular Native regiment, that whatever had happened in other corps, his own would, through every temptation, stand fast in loyalty to the Government whose salt the men of it had eaten, and then perhaps next day to learn that the very regiment referred to had risen and killed all the officers with it - the writer ~~included~~ of the letter included.

For people fresh to India, - and I believe that every officer of the regiment, then at headquarters was comprised in <sup>e/</sup> ~~that~~ category - it was at first difficult to realise that the Native servants about him were - as a class - perfectly trustworthy, even the Mussulman section of it - none more so probably in the world. In view however of the unknown extent as to complicity of individuals in the conspiracy, it was natural to feel uneasy on reflecting that the bearer sleeping in the verandah, at your door had you at his mercy - But one gets accustomed to everything, and sound sleep, if ever absent, soon returned to any one suffering from unrest from this cause.

The transport provided for the voyage up the river consisted of two river steamers, each towing a "flat" carrying a section of soldiers, and further a hulk - a new sea-going ship, dismantled and fitted for the urgent particular service was provided - Very ample, and good of its kind, as this provision seemed, the heat was so great, that it was insufficient, and the men particularly those in the hulk, suffered on the very short passage up the river, on a river in flood - It is lamentable to see how experience of war unerringly shows the truth of the remark that, "war has its ~~means of destruction more~~ <sup>means of destruction more</sup> terrible than the sword" and how soon the process of "silently melting away" begins in a body of men involved in it. Cholera appeared (though very lightly) at Ghinsurah, and enteric fever on the course up, one of the assistant surgeons

"weasens  
more"



by

surgeons from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> to die of it.  
 The first stages of the route to Calcutta had been  
 arranged in view of the necessity of disarming those bodies  
 of Native troops near Calcutta, generally belonging to the  
 regular troops of the Presidency, who had not up to then  
 openly joined the mutineers. Certain corps, such as the  
 Sikh and the Mahratta ones, remained loyal from first to  
 last, and a large share of severest fighting ensuing,  
 fell to them, and was nobly done. The first disarming  
 at which the 90<sup>th</sup> Light Infantry assisted, was that at Ber-  
 ham-pore on the left bank of the river. On arriving at  
 this important cantinment, the regiment was landed  
 and marched to open ground, where it joined a  
 battery of artillery ready for the instant use of its guns.  
 When proper disposition of the troops had been made, the  
 Native infantry to be disarmed, were brought up, and  
 ordered to lay down their arms; they made no demur,  
 the arms deposited, the disarmed men were marched  
<sup>back</sup> to their lines. When the arms were examined it was found that  
 some of the rifles were loaded. A very fine regiment of  
 Irregular Cavalry, "Alexander's Horse" I think, was in turn  
 brought up. The first squadron ordered to give up their  
 arms, flung them down disdainfully. The succeeding  
 squadron suddenly wheeled round, and left the  
 ground at a gallop. As we had no mounted troops to  
 pursue, the mutineers escaped, and joined the others up  
 country. Subsequently we saw a few stragglers of them  
 journeying up on a track parallel with the bank of the  
 Ganges and near enough to our steamers to be recognised.  
 This disarming duty over the regiment marched across  
 the Rajmahal hills for a similar duty more inland,  
 but the troops to be disarmed did not wait for us, and  
 the 90<sup>th</sup> reaching the bank of the river, re-embarked, on the  
 river transport which had moved up during the  
 interval. The former process of steaming we during  
 the day, and fastening on to the bank at dusk then  
 recommenced.

back  
 to their lines

to  
 to



6/1 recommenced - The river was in flood and progress was very slow, but daylight was essential for the navigation of the river. So soon as planks were laid for in the evening the bank, the natives streamed out to cook and eat their meals, and some also to carry on specific employments, such as the clothes washing, an urgent necessity in the position. One evening after everyone but the dobies (washermen) had left the shore, a sudden shouting of "baah", "baah" and a race for the planks revealed to those on the steamer the fact that a tiger had surprised the poor dobies - most of them got on board, but two or three were missing. either they had jumped into the river in their terror and been swept away, or had been caught by the tiger. To some of us the untoward event meant very straightened resources as to underclothing for months to come.

7/ The sameness, and the ~~torment~~ of the scenery within sight, added to the weariness of the journey, excepting near small towns or villages, people were rarely seen in the fields. Crocodiles frequented the river in large numbers, they gathered and basked in the sun on any available gravel or sand bank in it, and the number of dead human bodies floating past astonished us much at first, but an explanation of the cause - as in the case of all wonders - turned this wonder into a prosaic understood fact, the Ganga, or the Ganges, as we call it, is held by the Hindu population to be a sacred stream, propitious for the dead, cast into its waters.

8/ Although it seemed to the impatient spirits on board that the steamers did little more than beat the waters with their paddles, holding their own, but not advancing more than a recruit at his "grove steps" labours, it was the fact that every day, of the "something attempted, something was done, and at the end of July, the station of Dinapore was reached, on passing the city of Patna, an important place with a large Musulman population, as the steamers passed close to



the bank, their arrival with a reinforcement of troops was greeted with hearty cheering from Native troops holding a post close on the river; and the satisfaction was not lessened amongst those arriving, to find that the garrison cheering, was one of Sikh soldiers; all knew that on the loyalty of those stalwart looking men and their fellow countrymen in other districts of the Presidency so much depended. The cantonment of Dinapore is the quarter for the garrison of Patna - and is about six miles from the town.

The arrival of reinforcements proceeding northwards, was most welcome to the cantonment population; a very few days before a ~~most~~ perilous trial for them had happened - that of the long delayed, and from the delay by only doubtfully expected ~~sum~~ revolt of the ~~the~~ regular Native troops in the garrison, who had marched off in a body to join the mutineer army. Though more than double the number of the European troops at Dinapore, the revolted men had not ventured to attack the latter, and as precautions had been taken in view of a likelihood of revolt no massacre had been perpetrated, but extreme uneasiness was felt as to the further development of events ~~consequent on the revolt~~, in connection with the strength of the Mussulman population in Patna. The arrival of European troops therefore, at the very crisis, was an intense relief, a breathing time from the agony of expectation -

All was astir, and notwithstanding their own comparative numerical weakness, the garrison had sent a force to relieve and bring off the residents at Arrah a town twenty five miles off, to which the mutiny had extended; the success of this measure was hope inspiring, but there still was the fact, that the spread of the revolt could not then be measured.

Here for the first time the regiment met the man to be forgotten General under whose command it was destined to march to victory, through hardships, trials



trials and dangers; one respecting whom I confidently say, a word of disparagement was never heard, the type of all that an Indian official should be, the universally trusted and looked up to, Sir James Outram.

The aspect of affairs at Dinapore appearing to warrant the permission, the steamers left that place and recommenced the toiling up river work, but a recall was soon made on account of a threatened attack by the enemy; ~~but~~ the danger having passed by a second start was made, and as before we slowly ascended the river, and reached Allahabad, where the regiment disembarked and went into camp preparatory to the march for Cawnpore.

Afterwards Lord  
Napier & his family,  
and brother-in-law  
of General Darnley

The Chief of the Staff, of General Outram, came on with the regiment from Allahabad Dinapore, Colonel Napier of the Bengal Engineers, a very quiet unassuming officer, with a large reserve of power in him.

The camp at Allahabad contained details of troops, meant to reinforce those under Brigadier Havelock, ~~whose~~ numbers were altogether inadequate successfully to undertake the supreme duty at that time, of succoring the garrison shut up and besieged in the Residency, - at Lucknow - the official dwelling of the Commissioner of the Government of India to the Nawab of Oude, but the breaking out of the mutiny of the Native troops at Lucknow, and a very general rising of the population there, both Mussulman and Hindu, in support of them, the official and commercial classes of Europeans ~~there~~, other retreated into the ground Residency, and to the buildings closely adjoining, and fortified the position in the utmost haste. The garrison consisted of a regiment of European infantry, and of every man amongst the refugees capable of bearing arms; from time to time fugitives from various parts of Oude, who had escaped death, reached the Residency. At first the Government of

the



the Nawab was not openly hostile, "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," at first, the unfortunate issue of an attack made on the revolted sepoys occupying a position near Lucknow, changed matters, the Residency was closely invested, and from time to time strenuously attacked.

danger

The imminent of every one in the Residency was known; again and again the force under Brigadier Havelock left Cawnpore for its relief, only to return to the Ganges, wasted from losses in action and from disease, for in addition to the always to be counted on illnesses incident to the hardships in the field, cholera had clung to the force from first to last - sporadic, but still with dire effect in the wasting away of its strength. In the situation there was only one thing to do - the subordination of every other consideration to that of averting at Lucknow a repetition of the horrors of Cawnpore; whatever it cost in lives, the women and children must be saved - if need were - every man must lay down his life for this object, and every one understood it.

Allahabad

At the time of our arrival was a place connected with recent and sad experience of effects of the mutiny; the most prominent of these, and from its involving systematic arrangements for assassination on a large scale, one of the most tragical, was that in which the officers of a Native regiment contained there were the victims.

European

(a) The officers had dined at the regimental mess as usual.  
(b) and so soon as dinner was over, all the Mussulman table servants hurriedly left the room. The mutineers then entered, and killed every one of the officers there. The commanding officer was one of those who had strongly protested in a public way and only a day or two before, against the slander that this particular regiment was other than staunchly loyal.

The preparations for the march to Cawnpore, were rapidly pushed on; the distance, about 117 miles was divided



divided into forced marches for six days, of varying length. The monsoon rains were nearing their close and as usual, intervals of very still & close steamy weather succeeded. With exception of the short time passed at Bhinmala, the men of the 90<sup>th</sup> Regiment had been cooped up either at sea or on board the river boats for a space of more than four and a half months, and the marching told very heavily on them, although it was done nearly altogether in the night; some dropped out on the march and were brought along in the untried Indian sick transport, "doolies" following the troops on the march, but other poor fellows held on only to succumb in the last mile or two of the march, when the sun was well down up, struck with heat apoplexy.

The march was along a well kept highway, with distance posts in regular succession, and the resting camps were always chosen where shady trees gave grateful coolness - the were men had good rations, and in good spirits; at the same time the duties were not harassing, though the country traversed being hostile the men required for pickets added to the fatigue on the route. Still with every care taken by a General, than whom no one more thoughtful - more considerate in respect of the men's duties, ever commanded in the field, the marches told on them, and immediately this was made clear General Butram sent off a courier to General Havelock at Cawnpore, to announce that the force from Allahabad could not join the Budh Field Force, until three days beyond the time that had been settled at first. A yet further delay of a day was caused by the necessity for detaching a force from the column to disperse a body of the enemy who had crossed the Ganges from Budh, and threatened to hang on our rear. Men on elephants and other transport - from our camp, drove the enemy back into Budh, without trouble. The march was then resumed, and the column arrived at ~~Allahabad~~ Cawnpore and joined the force there. Forty one years after this, it was told me

Cawnpore

by







Every one in the room roused up, and promiscuous firing ensued; but the panic soon ceased. With a few casualties, no one mortally wounded. But with so few to confront such hosts of enemies awaiting us in their own chosen positions, the loss of a single man out of the ranks, was a sort of calamity.

by 21 The Budh Field Force crossed the Ganges over a long bridge of boats and encamped near the bank of the river, the enemy occupying relatively high ground running parallel to the river about a mile from it, apparently an older deserted bank. ~~One General~~ Sir James Butram, with the chivalrous generosity of his nature (the Bayard of India) he was called, temporarily transferred his command to General Havelock. giving as his reason, that the indomitable tenacity shown in the repeated endeavors made with a very small and sickly force to reach Lucknow made it right, that he should lead the more competent force now about to attempt the same object. Taking all things into consideration, perhaps this was the first time in history ~~that~~ such an act of self-

recorded

by 26 -offacement ~~had occurred~~ - Sir James served under his junior officer as the commander of a body of mounted volunteers. about eighty in number mostly composed of officials from the civil service and of Europeans who had escaped massacre in the country districts. and never was ~~better~~ "scouting" ~~work~~ as it would now be called, and cavalry work generally, better done than by those volunteers. ~~or so great a work by so few men~~

by A day was allowed to bring the hitherto independent sections into relation as the organized body of the Budh Field Force, and to ascertain the completeness of the Field Equipment &c. In order to move quickly and to spare the men the <sup>men</sup> harass of large baggage guards, the severest restrictions were put on the amount of baggage taken. To begin with a small tent only was allowed for the commanding officer of each regiment, for the other officers no tents were.



were permitted; no tents for the men, and not even a solitary one for the sick on march - officers and men were to bivouac on the ground with only the stars over them. And the same rigid rules applied to all other kinds of baggage personal. The officers were allowed to take their Native servants with them - an inestimable boon as it turned out - as those men - even the Mussulman section of them - were faithful, and ~~to~~ <sup>even</sup> unto death, in some instances; and as a coolie was allowed carrying a pitarah, might follow, a little under clothing, a plate or two, perhaps a book, might be available. But generally speaking it may be said - the officer had only the clothes he stood in. There is little to say about medical field equipment; the army in India, even in cantonments was supposed to be ready to take the field at any moment, and with other forms the ~~rest~~ medical and surgical equipment was always ready - but on a reduced scale. It has been claimed above that the "pick to transport" of the Indian army, is for that country - supremely good. The system is theoretically weak in the fact that its distribution in the field is not controlled from a centre and that its proportionate distribution to individual corps may lead to its absence or partial absence where from severe and disproportionate loss, it is most urgently needed; whilst on the other hand where loss has been light, corps may be encumbered with it. The answer to this is, that in practice with very long experience the existing system is found most favorable for the wounded, ~~who~~ <sup>by</sup> its swift action clears the field of the wounded, placing the sufferers, in what are in effect cots, screened from the sun's heat, and the night's winds, if being also there are such ~~are~~ carried for short or for long distances with a minimum of discomfort. Unlike the waggon form of transport, which is apt to be useless unless made roads can be found for them to run on, the Indian "Doolie" slung on a bamboo pole, and carried by men with reliefs at intervals, can be taken anywhere, across rain swollen fields where waggons would stick like stranded ships



ships, or up the side of a hill, or over rock strewn  
ground quite impracticable for wheels. The doolie  
system never breaks down. no bearer parties are  
wanted with it. the doolie is carried up to them, not the  
wounded man to it. and what praise is too great for  
the hard working intrepid men who carry it. never  
grumbling at hardships, always ready for their work.

No. 4

"Before daybreak on the 20<sup>th</sup> of September



1851  
FASCICULUS  
NO. 4

the Budh Field Force under General Havelock's com-  
mand left its camp at the head of bridge of boats, and  
in silence - without beat of drum - began its march  
for Lucknow - Every one with it understood the gravity  
of the undertaking, knew that it was a "do or die",  
business, and that the call on his manhood, was one  
requiring to be met by the abandonment of all  
thought of himself individually. Before the rear guard  
had got well clear of the camp, the advanced guard was  
in contact with the enemy occupying the higher ground,  
which at one time had formed the left bank of the river;  
their resistance was short, probably it was not their  
intention to maintain the position which was soon in our  
hands, at no considerable loss, that is to say in actual  
number of the casualties, but the loss of even a single man in  
ranks already depleted by sickness was sensibly felt at this  
juncture. It was possible to send back to Cawnpore some of  
the wounded early in the action, but as the retreating enemy  
was followed up, the danger of being intercepted by a body  
detached from them intervening between our rear and  
Cawnpore, made it imperative to take on the subsequently  
wounded with us. and for efficient service of this nature  
nothing could equal the doolie carriage - the injured men  
were quickly placed in them, and the needful primary  
surgical treatment of their injuries ~~was~~ was swiftly carried  
out; and it was never necessary to halt the troops to allow them  
to join, although the ground at this stage was intersected  
with nullah's impeding movement greatly.

Sir James Outram had only given over the command of  
the Force to the officer who had had all the toil and danger of  
the early efforts to reach Lucknow, but he was still accompa-  
-nying it and doing most important work with the mounted  
Volunteers, leading the advance and - as it would now be  
called "scouting" all around; it was a most fortunate  
thing that the services of the Volunteers had been offered, ~~and~~  
410



by ~~no other mounted men formed part of the force~~, and in view of the nature of the country, its abounding in dense mango trees, in and about which parties of the enemy could be well screened, never were the "eyes of an army" more valuable. Some of our own revolted Irregular cavalry were now opposed to us, and on one occasion during the march brought dire, but happily short-lived, confusion into the rear guard.

Very little fighting took place in the first day, after that at the outset of the march, but another enemy beset us sorely almost as soon as the fighting ceased. The season at which the monsoon rains nearly always cease had arrived for this part of India, and most inopportunistically for the Force on the march, ~~came on~~ the sudden outburst of violent heavy and continuous rain with which the stopping of the seasonal rains is always preceded - came on when the march was recommenced. The downpour of rain continued all day, all night, and all the next day, with hardly an interval of intermission of any length. A few minutes of the rain for the most part sufficed to soak through the light drefs worn in the end of summer; few officers and I suppose no men, were able to protect themselves with overcoats, nor indeed would an ordinary garment of this kind have sufficed to keep out the downfall of rain, so heavy and so seldom slackening off. My own recollection possibly may be somewhat exaggerated, namely that the rain came in at my neck, and coursing downward like a small torrent, found exit at my heels for more than thirty hours, but the reality I am sure was something near this. Nor was wretched discomfort the only thing connected with the breaking up of the regular monsoon rains; for a considerable time the troops marched, not along the well kept highway, but through fields or pasture lands where "nullahs" that is water courses, ordinarily dry but after rains having the character of diminutive ravines with steep banks difficult



difficult to enter by, and most difficult to emerge from  
rapidly when the rising turbid current tore along on its down-  
ward course: of this I soon had unpleasant experience;

trapped over leaving to cross a nullah that there was no avoiding, and  
which those immediately in front of me had ~~passed~~ with  
apparent ease, and the taking off place for which was good, my  
horses readily got into the stream. not ten feet wide, but  
could gain no footing on the higher bank on the other side,  
happily before the turbulent torrent became too deep and  
several impetuous ~~some~~ of Braighar's Sikhs came to my aid; two  
of them dashed in, one on each side, and keeping the horses'  
head high, found a place at which he could clamber out. Every  
one knows what splendid soldiers, the real Sikhs, the "Kalsa  
\*7 Loq" make, and how ~~valuable~~ invaluable their services in the  
Mutiny time were: but not so many know how readily  
and how courteously their services were given in acts of  
kindness, like that stated above: "it was their nature to."

The latter part of the day's march was made over the high-  
road, a great relief from the slippery ground over which the  
\*7 first part of the day's march had been made, and all  
important in view of the facility afforded of bringing in the  
indispensable "impedimenta" to be moved with the force, the  
entailed \*7 ~~actual~~ necessity of rapid movement ~~had led to~~ the rigid cut-  
ting down of whatever could be dispensed with, in effect  
however this curtailment amounted to little more than  
the dispensing with tentage for the march, the baggage of  
officers added a trifle to the gain ~~(the suppression of)~~ food and  
ammunition were the primary needs, without which there  
could be no march at all; in a hostile country and with no  
sufficiency of troops to permit of foraging, provisions must  
necessarily have been carried, and the augmented number  
of carriage animals added to the embarrassment. Further  
as the bridge on the Seje river ~~it was assumed~~ would  
certainly be blown up to delay our progress, pontoons  
were carried with the force to provide against the proceeding.  
The difficulty of guarding the long convoy must have  
been



by been one of the greatest anxieties of the expedition, ~~if not~~  
\*7 ~~the greatest~~ -

come The halting place for the night was Busseretgunge; the  
troops had ~~marched~~ 18 miles since morning, which  
considering the conditions under which the march took  
place, the rain, the heat, the heavy ground, the weight  
carried by the men in the shape of ammunition, food &c was a  
great exertion; the rain was still on, with some infrequent  
intermissions, and the rest was most welcome, but what a

to bivouac poor comfort it was; <sup>what is a bivouac?</sup> it means lying  
down to rest in the open air, and if the arrangement is strictly  
carried out, in a military point of view, and in contact with  
an enemy, especially an active enterprising one, the different  
corps must be placed as nearly as practicable in the positions  
they would hold when awaiting the attack of the enemy; that  
again demands that each individual in the corps when  
roused up shall be standing - as nearly as practicable - in  
the place allotted him in the ranks of his particular regiment.  
A moments reflection will show that less than this means an  
unfitness more or less to make the best dispositions to baffle  
a night attack; were the men scattered about each one looking  
for some kind of shelter - and were the alarm to sound in  
the dead of night - no one could find where his regiment ought  
to draw up - and a mingling mass of men, under no  
common guidance - would be at the mercy of a body of  
assailants, a tenth of their number, who knew just what  
they had come to do. The question "which is my bivouac" is  
usually answered in the pleasuring - "Pack your arms, move  
two paces to right or left, and there you are, in your bed room"  
but not a well furnished one - it gives a bed, which may  
be soft and sticky, or hard and knobbly, and perfect ven-  
tilation, even a stone pillow would be a boon, but it is not in  
the bargain.

My special duty at this juncture, was to see what could be  
made out of the local conditions in which we found ourselves,  
for the comfort of the wounded and sick unavoidably

carried



and hardly  
any

carried along with the Force; given a deserted village, with darkness rapidly approaching, and an almost uninterrupted rain, with hospital servants straggling in weary and drenched, ~~and with very little articles of nourishment~~ suitable food ~~not~~ available until the convoy arrived, it will be apparent that little could be done at once. The hospital arrangements for troops in the Field in India, in the long bye gone days of which mention is now being made, were essentially those handed down from the times of Blive and his conquering peers, improved of course from time to time as experience dictated, but always keeping close to the fundamental requirement of each separate corps having a hospital system, as a part of its organisation in Cantonments and in the Field, admitting of being rapidly augmented and of being rapidly reduced; the pattern being alike both in material and personnel, for all corps. If it were necessary, by the subtraction of portions of equipment &c Field Hospitals could be at once formed to receive the ~~ineffective~~ ineffective from sickness ~~(men)~~, leaving the various corps disencumbered, and to that extent more mobile.

~~of peace~~ The system worked well: in ~~any~~ time I never knew or heard of a breakdown of the arrangements for the sick, ~~by although~~ in a country where sudden and alarming outbreaks of cholera - heat apoplexy or malarial fever, had to be reckoned with; its efficiency was mainly due to the provision as a part of it, of a "Subordinate Medical Service" the members of which, beginning with an intimate knowledge of the language, and of the customs, which had the force of laws of the Native servants, had been trained to the acquirement of something more than a mere elementary knowledge of medical subjects; and were thus enabled to co-ordinate all the duties in hospitals, in a perfect way, quite unattainable by a European medical officer. Few of the latter I imagine do not gratefully recall their indebtedness to the subordinate medical staff, and

how



how seldom it was that their resourcefulness did not adequately meet unforeseen emergencies.

On the occasion now under notice it was dark before the wounded men of the regiment reached the main body, the weight of a dooly having in it a soldier with his arms, ammunition and necessaries, to be carried 18 miles over very trying ground, was an exhausting piece of labor for the bearers, patient as they were, and tolerant of hardships - The wounded were few, but their injuries happened to be severe, and as no fires could be lit on account of the rain, ~~some delay occurred in providing them with suitable food~~; "the lantern dimly burning" enabled us to give them the requisite surgical care. I had expected to find them in a state approaching collapse after the long march, but this was not the case, the roof and side curtains of the dooly had kept out a good deal of rain, and the wounded men having got round from the severe shock following a bad wound, were in good spirits after the march.

There were a few deserted huts, but not available for the wounded owing to their narrow door-ways

were tried  
being found

~~As the locality where the doolies of the g<sup>d</sup> were set up, there were some empty, deserted huts, but the door-ways were too narrow to allow the ingress of one - and any attempt to wrest them would have brought down the roofs, so none could be made of the huts.~~ Where my professional duties were over, I had to consider where my own resting place was to be, as fate would have it, I had to try many places, without finding rest anywhere; the huts ~~not being found suitable~~, were filled to overflowing forthwith by followers of all kinds; first I tried for a lodging on the cold water-soaked ground, but having nothing, not even a stone - to serve as a pillow - I had to abandon my first choice; then I tried to rest by sitting up on the ground, leaning forwards, and clashing my knees with my arms, but gentle sleep would not come when I would her thus, then I tried sitting up against the wall of a hut, resting my back against it - but the drip drip, on my back soon dislocated



dislodged me, and I tried walking about, then I tried  
reverted to my former methods over again, again unsuccessfully.  
Somehow or other the long night did pass away, gladly I  
saw the first signs of coming dawn, with which came  
the welcome sounds of all kinds, intimating preparation  
for the fresh march. One great and quite unexpected  
satisfaction came to me soon after day break - the sight of  
my hitmitgar bringing food, of which indispensable matter  
I had tasted none for a whole day, nor had I had a sight  
of him for that time, indeed I thought that the whole of my  
domestic circle - Bearex - Khitmitgar and Coolie, had  
reconsidered their positions with respect to me, and as a  
result had turned back to the Ganges: the Syce (housekeeper)  
I knew had stuck to me, but the others I counted for lost.

The eagerly devoured breakfast consisted of tea, and of  
fresh baked chupaties - (wheat cakes) How this plenty  
was found in a wilderness I did not know, but perhaps the  
Musulman of the party, the Khitmitgar, had found means  
of communicating with people of his own faith in an  
apparently deserted country - with the result that his  
particular Sahib, feasted like a king for once in his life -

heavily) The rain was still falling, when the march began but it  
cleared off as the day advanced. No stand was made by  
the enemy; notwithstanding their great numbers, they  
retreated hastily under the pressure of the Volunteer band  
and of a few of the Native Irregular Cavalry - faithful,  
amongst the faithless found; Artillery being in support of  
them, again - In the afternoon the Syc river was reached,  
and crossed by the bridge on the high road, the retreating  
enemy not having seriously injured it, and the Force  
halted encamped at Bunnce about 3 miles further on. The  
day's march having been 15 miles.

monsoon] The rain had now ceased, and with its disappearance  
there sprang up at once a general cheerfulness, a feeling  
which became intensified into joyfulness when the news  
was circulated that a message had been received stating  
that



that Delhi had been taken by storm, and that the mutineers by whom it had been held were being pursued. On receiving the intelligence, the General ordered a salute of 21 guns to be fired, with the twofold object of intimating to the besieged Residency the proximity of the Force, and of signifying by the number of guns, that some unusual cause for rejoicing was conceived.

It was afterwards known that the garrison only heard the guns faintly and not at measured intervals, so they only recognised that the force was once more attempting their relief; this was joyful news, but when the firing ceased, and nothing was seen of an advance, a reaction of despondence followed.

On the next day - September 23 - the march was resumed. Every one was in spirits for dry weather correlated so many good things: it meant the possibility of cooking, with its pleasant prospects of a satisfied appetite, and an added strength to meet fatigue, it meant good walking ground, it meant dry clothes, and a diffusion of good humour, so potent a neutraliser of weariness. From the nature of the Expedition on which the force was engaged, every individual of it, or with it, had an instinctive wish to know the worst, and to have it over, and with the momentary expectation of descending duck-pond on the horizon, keenness of interest in regard to it was heightened.

I noticed for the first time since the march began, that some partial attempts were made to enliven it with music; the regiments had no bands, but a cornet had somehow survived the temporary suppression of its tuneful fellows, and was used to add to the prevailing spirit of gaiety.

But after all, conversation which interests is the great means for the averting or the abating of the tedium of a journey, and I was fortunate in having had this antidote at hand ever since the march from Allahabad.



The Adjutant Calcutta began. An officer of a revolted Native  
Regular regiment, had been attached to the 90<sup>th</sup> as  
an interpreter and instructor in Native matters gener-  
ally; being new to India I had everything to learn,  
and was glad to learn from one whose knowledge was  
both accurate and minute. His own recent experience  
of the transformation of a body of contented Native soldiers  
into one of turbulent mutineers was very interesting,  
and as it happened his knowledge of this became more  
fully developed some weeks after our causeries on the  
way to Lucknow, from his finding individuals of his  
(continued) own corps working at pushing on mines directed at  
the Presidency defences.

When the conspiracy against British rule in India was  
brought to a head by the issue to the Native soldiers of the Hindu  
faith of "greased cartridges" whereby any one handling them  
was according to their belief drastically defiled in a spiritual  
sense, it seemed certain to the officers of the - I think 40<sup>th</sup>  
Bengal Native Infantry at Arrington that the corps would  
throw in its lot with their coreligionists who had openly  
revolted, but the Native Officers strongly averred that there  
was no chance of its ~~them~~ doing so, again and again day after  
day, they protested that the men were thoroughly loyal.  
and speaking after their meeting took place, the Adjutant  
by my informant, and had no doubt whatever that the  
Native officers entirely believed in what they said. The  
routine regimental work went on as usual, perfectly  
smoothly - the Commanding officer and the Adjutant  
went to the Native lines daily, no trace of disaffection was  
perceived amongst the men. The European officers however  
thoroughly alarmed by the reports of occurrences at other  
places sent away all ladies and children to Ghazipur  
a place of comparative safety, and making arrange-  
ments for any sudden necessities, awaited events.

(en) Some field guns had been stored in the Native lines, long  
before the greased cartridge question had come up, and



it was considered to be prudent to remove these to the European officer's part of the Station - the order was given, and the Adjutant went down to the Lines to see it executed; he ordered the door of the shed to be thrown open and the guns &c to be run out - by the men of the regiment sent for the duty - this was promptly done; the next order was that the guns should be taken up to the European part of the Station, on this a Native officer laid his hand on the Adjutant's arm, and forbade the order being carried out - It was clear that a crisis had been reached - and the Adjutant returned to his quarters in haste - every officer was warned, that instant flight was intended - Meanwhile a message was received from the Native officers urging the European officers to get away at once, that the men were out of hand - As everything had been kept in readiness for the purpose, the officers in a body set out in all haste ~~for the purpose~~ - as they left they saw pursuers from the Native lines coming after them, but the start gained, and with better horses, the European officers increased their distance, and reached Phazipore in safety - In outline this was no doubt exactly the story of some other escapes in the outbreak of the great Mutiny; as we rode along my companion pointed out ~~to me~~ four men of his regiment marching together, with the column, they had followed him when he left - I know that later on these men rendered excellent service.

In the afternoon the Force was nearing Alum-  
with gardens - Bagh - a country house of the Nawabs, surrounded with a brick wall, here a large force of the Enemy were in position and their guns opened fire, our cavalry threatening them, whilst Captain Blpherts of the Artillery dashed up with his Battery, and by the effect of its fire bewildered and shook the intention of the enemy to defend the Alum Bagh - This officer widely known then, and universally known later on as a soldier whose name was one to conjure with, when instant and unflinching bravery was required, had vast influence with the men  
who



who had conferred on him a title which at once in their estimation transcended all others as descriptive of headlong daring; their pet title spread through the camp - and in time through the country -

column The little stand made by the enemy at Blumhagh, short as it was, cost some loss to the Force; when it was seen that they were likely to dispute the ground with us, the order was given to change the marching formation, into one in line, and unfortunately in the middle of the process, before the line was evolved, and when the men were thickly planted together on very little space, the enemy's cannon ball artillery opened, one single, skipping on after its first touch on the ground, mortally wounded three officers of the 90<sup>th</sup> and two men. When I went up to the far nearest of the wounded, a glance told me that his eyes would soon be shut in death; it was most pitiable - a very young lieutenant, tall and ~~very~~ handsome, whose reputation in the regiment was very high, for bravery shown at the siege of Sebastopol, when at the assault on the Redan, he was the second officer of the assaulting force to jump into the outwork; poor young fellow he gazed intently at me and said, "it's a bad wound I suppose" I hesitated to reply, and he said again with an excited voice and look, "you don't say it is very bad?" I thought it right to tell him it was mortal, he immediately became tranquil and resigned; his words were "well, I am dying a soldier's death" then he earnestly begged me to take his sword and belt, and get them transmitted to his old father a Retired Major, in Scotland, with a message - then he told me that he had left all the Company's money given into his charge, at Bawnpore for safety, and was dishearteningly anxious that I should take pains to remember this dying injunction - I was wanted to see the other wounded - when I had attended to them and returned, poor Graham was dead. I am sure that of all who have borne the name of that gallant race, no one was braver than he.



The Force halted at Allahabad, after a march of 10 miles, but the enemy gave a good deal of annoyance, they had plenty of guns and they used them on us to such an extent that the ground had to be vacated, after everyone had settled down - for a site further off; we took the step backwards, but in our case it was not ominous of evil;

Next morning the 90<sup>th</sup> again sustained loss; the regiment had found the rear guard on the day before; but the enemy could not be brought up to join the main body, and remained on the ground it held where daylight left.

In the morning when the rear guard was just ready to move up - some Irregular Cavalry were seen leaving a Mango Tree, at no great distance, and making for the high road at a walk - The light was imperfect, some said the enemies cavalry - others said nay, our own men who remained faithful in the mutiny and have been marching with us from Cawnpore, and are now coming in from outlying picket - The last explanation was taken; in fact the same regiment furnished troops for the enemy and

at the same  
time

for us, the Sowars from the Tree came along leisurely, reached the high road on which the convoy was, rode up the road mingling with our men, until suddenly they drew their tulwars sharp as razors, and slashed on all sides. The surprise was complete, and the rear guard lost a number of men. But recovering from the bewilderment the men turned the waggons into fortified posts, by

the simple means of getting underneath them and firing at very close distance on the enemy, through the spokes of the wheels, when every shot told; this at once drove the Sowars off. From the ground at Alumbagh,

by the affair could easily be seen, and as easily be misunderstood. - I saw the whole of it, but thought it was only some strange breakdown of the convoy - my first knowledge of the nature of the commotion was the arrival of wounded - and with them the body of a lieutenant - and of the regiment; but literally slashed out of

recollection  
knowledge



Knowledge & recollection. A bright young Irishman, full of fun and  
joking, on the voyage out from England, Nunn's indol-  
-iduity, was always in evidence: he had seen service  
in the Crimea, and when the regiment was under orders  
for China an important part of his provision for the antic-  
-ipated campaign was the provision of a fine sword made  
by the top maker in London. On the voyage out he practis-  
-ed the art of fencing, and believed that he could account  
for an enemy in single combat; poor fellow, he had not  
counted on half a dozen enemies at once. We buried him  
within the shade of a mango tree; "not in sheet or in  
but "shroud we wound him". ~~But~~ there a fine soldier, he was  
laid in a soldier's grave. On revisiting the Alum Bagh  
ground twenty six years afterwards, I recognised the  
grave of my old comrade, ~~which I had~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~sought out~~; "sit  
"terra levis"

The 24<sup>th</sup> of September was a day of much and hurried  
work, in connexion with the morrow, the Alum Bagh enclos-  
-ure had been cleared of the enemy, and became a  
depot for the reception of wounded, sick or crippled men  
from the Force, and their transfer was made, along with  
most of the camp-followers and servants; the stores of every  
kind were also left, ~~so that the next day's operations might~~  
~~be conducted with as little embarrassment as possible from~~  
~~the necessity of protecting a conveyance~~ through driven from the  
Alum Bagh position, the enemy did not retreat far, and  
kept up an annoying fire.

On the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup> the troops were formed up  
early for the final stage of the march. I mention merely  
what I saw myself - or very nearly so. The first thing that  
struck me was the quietness, the soberness, rather of the  
outset - at the distance of about a mile and on our left I  
noticed a very extended line of the enemy, the men dressed  
in white. I have no doubt they were part of the mutineer  
regiments, our numbers were in comparison so few, that  
it seemed as if we must be surrounded by them. heavy  
firing



firing, had begun on all the side which soon calmed  
down, as far as the mort. ligfield guns was concerned -  
the When we reached ~~ground~~ opening into the main road  
on which we were marching to our right, half of the  
regiment was ordered to advance along it at the double,  
side to capture the guns on the ~~road~~ where shot went through  
the successive sections of the force advancing along the  
the main road, this was rapidly done, Captain Olpherts  
impetuously accompanying the attack. The regiment lost  
few men owing to the short time taken, and to the men  
spreading out to both sides of the road, on return of the  
companies the march was resumed - and by this time  
the bridge over the canal with very deep banks, called the  
Bharbagh bridge, had been stormed, and the entry into  
Lucknow was in our hands - One of the main streets of the  
city leading right through it, and affording the shortest  
way to the Residency opened on to the road way over the  
bridge, but the General had never contemplated advance-  
ing by this street, which was known to be cut through in  
many places making it impassable for guns, and to be  
defended by vast numbers occupying the roofs of the  
houses along the route. The bridge, which it was evident  
from the amount of gunpowder found close to it, the  
the ~~gunpowder~~ enemy had meant to blow up, was intact, ~~and~~ being  
by carelessly handled, the gunpowder exploded causing  
some loss, especially in the 90<sup>th</sup> - By this time our wounded  
were numerous, from behind the garden walls along  
our advance, the firing was severe - at this time I saw  
by during a short check - haranguing the men, praising  
them for their quick capture of the enemies guns on the  
side road - the men on their part wished him to dis-  
mount as the enemy was firing very effectively from the  
walls of the gardens just there, Olpherts had hardly done  
apprising the men that the bullet was not yet cast  
which would kill him, than he fell back in his saddle  
wounded in the left shoulder - I went up to him - but as the

wounded



wound was superficial. he refused all aid at the time - I recalled this to him in the last year of his life when illness had laid a heavy hand on him, but had not extinguished - had hardly abated - the interest he felt in the recollections of his Lucknow days -

When the Force moved on after the capture of the bridge, its route lay through a suburb, and a long detour in an easterly direction was made, - as the enemy had expected the attack by way of the central street; their scheme of defence was frustrated, and it was some time before they brought away their troops from the central defences to oppose our unexpected movement, and at this critical time the advance was sorely impeded by the heavy guns which had been brought on; the streets now traversed were very narrow and sometimes crooked, and as the enemy arrived and occupied houses along our advance, the fire from them killed large numbers of the ~~troops~~ men dragging the heavy guns and the ammunition waggons - so that the advance was greatly retarded; our wounded also who now were very numerous, we brought on with difficulty - dooly bearers fell in large numbers, and at one particular juncture it was necessary to place the wounded on the limbers of the guns, At first, the enemy were disheartened by our rapid and successful advance in the forenoon, and before capture of the bridge; large numbers of them fled from the city across the Goomty river; but the delay in the afternoon, together with the staunch resistance of the men of the great noble Mann Singh, raised their spirits and their hopes, and brought them back again into the city - ~~through~~ some guns from the further side of the Goomty kept up a fire on our advanced body - But whilst the advance was slowly nearing the Residency, the rear guard consisting chiefly of the 78<sup>th</sup> Highlanders, left at the Char Bagh bridge to check attack from the central part of the city, was in a perilous position, the block on the route taken in the advance continued, the enemy, especially



especially Mann Singh's feudal retainers with their  
tutulas and shields and long guns, were pressing  
by on in their attacks, and their numbers kept increasing,  
ve whilst our heavy guns were hard to move. The 90<sup>th</sup> was  
by ordered back for their support, and retraced its morning  
having themselves path. The 78<sup>th</sup> being extricated, the 90<sup>th</sup> in turn became the  
by rear guard, and closed up again to the position it had  
before. Meanwhile the wounded had accumulated  
much, and there was a heavy loss amongst the bearers, so  
that to protect the slowly moving sick transport, the rear  
guard was much delayed. But the great end of the  
march - the relief of the Residency, had been attained, late  
in the afternoon. Generals Burtch and Hobelock reached  
the Bailey Guard, with substantially the whole force  
excepting the 90<sup>th</sup> regiment, which remained behind  
with the wounded, and two of the heavy guns, and their  
equipment of waggon &c. It was fortunate that the rear  
guard had been able to reach the Motee Munzil a palace  
or building, have connected with it a large oblong square  
where - very much crammed together the wounded were  
sheltered. The position was isolated altogether from the  
Residency, was closely invested by the enemy, who from  
other buildings kept up an almost constant fire, some  
of which reached the square -

ed As long as day light last the care of the wounded was  
the great duty of the medical officers with the rear guard  
but as much of the medical equipment and stores had  
been captured or had been abandoned during the  
day, the work was carried on under the greatest difficulties.  
Fights were scarce or wanting altogether - so that necessary  
operations could not be undertaken - from time to time  
men wounded by shot or grape from the Kaiser Bagh  
or other buildings, had to wait for daybreak before the  
needed attention could be given them - lights served  
to guide the enemies aim - It was a sad night. Day -  
light came at length, and with it power to serve.

One



One young officer was brought in - mortally wounded.  
in examining his wound in the chest. I noticed that  
he wore a small gold locket suspended by a thin chain  
from his neck: he was quite collected, and very calm, but  
spoke very little. But the little was about the locket; he  
opened his half closed eyes, and in a very weak, but clear  
me voice, asked to "give the locket to Dennison, (his captain)  
he will know what to do with it". I carried the locket in  
my pocket for a week before I saw his friend, and I fancy  
his former school fellow at Rugby - whose only words on  
sadly receiving the locket were, "Ah yes" About six weeks after, in  
the Residency, Dennison's arm was shattered by a bullet,  
\* / ~~when he was on guard~~; the wound was a bad one, but  
through - not ~~at all~~ necessarily fatal: but at that time blood poisoning  
was the rule - escape the exception, for the wounded, and  
he died - I had noticed the locket ~~round his neck~~ which  
the carried his young lieutenant's death bed thoughts we connect-  
ed with - round his own neck. ~~I knew~~, for safety - I  
took it away a second time, and transferred it to the  
hospitalant: who when the occasion came, sent it home.  
The story of the locket, I never knew - but I had a notion of it.  
\* / It might be said ~~that~~ - taken together with or similar  
occurrence, only three days before - that my experience  
was large in such matters; were it said, I could answer,  
that in forty years, the two occurring almost together  
were the only ones of which I had personal acquaintance

No. 5

"Although the notes I made on the pre-



No 5.

1857

Fasciculus  
No. 5.

Although the Mote Mungul on the pre-  
-ceding evening seemed to be completely invested by  
the enemy, communication was had next morning  
with the Residency through an apparently deserted  
Bazaar quarter, and a pathway near to the river Goomty.

As the first step to rescue the rear guard was to free it  
from its most onerous, and at the same time highest-  
duty, that of protecting the accumulation of wounded  
men, which at every turn clogged its efforts, intimation  
was made to Colonel Campbell of the 90<sup>th</sup> Light Infantry,  
who was in command at the Mote Mungul, that an  
escort would be sent from the Residency to bring in  
the wounded, which effected he could then proceed  
his way in. ~~I was ordered to have everything in readiness~~

~~to move the wounded, and in a very short time an~~  
~~Officer of the Civil Service from the Residency, arrived for as~~  
~~guide, as though the intricate road. The escort consisted of 50~~

~~men.~~ ~~The escort was said to consist of 100 men. I imagine~~  
~~it must have been posted in detachments along the~~  
~~line of road, as I saw only a few men - perhaps a~~  
~~dozen, scattered singly - as I thought, along that~~  
~~part of the double column visible to me. The great~~

point was surprise - to hurry on the proceeding so that  
it might in great measure be accomplished before the  
enemy was aware. The long column of dookies emerged  
from the square of the Mote Mungul, in single file,  
and met its first check in crossing a broad nullah  
full from the late rains, and at the same time it  
received some of the fire from across the river intend-  
ed for the troops posted at "Martin's House", chiefly I  
think the Kerogahne regiment of Sikhs. The route  
then lay through a square, which a few of the

after that dookies in front were able to traverse, and ~~there to have~~  
had a comparatively open course for the short remaining

distance.



and of Mr.  
Hurst of the  
Sub-Med Staff.

distance to the safety of the Residence - But the Bazaar  
which twenty minutes before - seemed deserted, was  
now occupied by the enemy, who from the roofs poured  
down a fire on the doolies, killing both wounded,  
by and bearers - ~~Directed Every dooly which had any~~  
~~bearers left was directed to return to the White Mungel~~  
~~and under the able conduct of Assistant Surgeon Bradshaw~~  
~~some regained the enclosure there.~~

Express at the further end of the Square was now blocked by  
the heavy fire from the houses facing the gateway, directly  
in front of the narrow opening. It only remained to turn  
of the back as many doolies as possible which happened to be  
near the entrance through which they had entered,  
and under the able conduct of Assistant Surgeon Bradshaw,  
and of Mr. Hurst of the Sub-Medical Staff, some doolies  
by were saved, and taking the river road, finally reached  
the Residence. For most of the doolies in the Square however  
by the case was hopeless. The ~~the~~ bearers were either killed or  
had saved themselves by flight - a little later on the  
enemy entered the Square, and the wounded perished -

On the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> Inst<sup>r</sup> under the happy  
guidance of Capt<sup>r</sup> Moorsom of the Staff, who had an  
intimate knowledge of the locality, the rear guard  
fought its way into the Residence; and with it came  
a remnant of the doolie column, which had main-  
-tained itself in one of the houses of the Square, since  
the previous forenoon.

The abandoned doolies remained in the Square  
all the time the Residence was held, could be seen from  
by it, forming a ghastly token of part of the cost of life  
ungrudgingly given for the supreme duty of succour-  
-ing the women and children crowded there, in  
their perilous need.



It was not my fortune to be an eyewitness of the entry of our troops into the Residency, in the afternoon of the 25<sup>th</sup> when the advance reached the Bailey Guard, <sup>by</sup> what ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> an ever memorable epoch in our life it would be to have seen the reception given by the "Old Garrison" to those who had come to its relief, especially by that part of it, the sobbing and weeping women whose joy at the deliverance took this form of ex-  
seen pression - Who would not wish to have, what an eyewitness - himself in the foremost file of the defenders - <sup>by</sup> describes, when the stream of soldiers, ~~beated~~ <sup>beated</sup> worn and dirty, but full of enthusiasm, passed by "Fayrer's House" where the ladies of the Garrison with their children had assembled in trembling expectation as to the result of the day, and saw before them - what they had come to save - How the rough and bearded soldiers of the 78<sup>th</sup> Highlanders, rushed amongst them, wringing their hands, with loud and repeated gratulations; how the rough looking men took the children up in their arms, caressed them, and passed them on to the others to be fondled, and how when the first outbreak of joy was over, their hearts turned to the comrades who that morning had fallen by the way, and of their sadly thinned ranks. But they had <sup>by</sup> the ~~knowledge~~ <sup>consciousness</sup> of duty well done, and in the performance of which every individual had contributed somewhat to the averting of an unspeakable calamity -

The Sixth Field Force had completed only one, though the most important part of its work - when it entered the besieged Residency; its completed mission would have been to carry away the noble garrison that  
had



had so successfully defended the hastily thrown up  
entrenchments round the dwelling of the Commissioner to  
the Native ruler - the Nawab of the Province -

artillery My first sensation on getting within the entrenchments  
was one of unbounded wonder how any one had managed  
to survive the rain of rifle bullets and of missiles of all  
kinds that poured in on the besieged nearly incessantly,  
during the 87 days since siege began. Every building  
was bespattered with the marks of bullets or of cannon shot;  
and to an incredible extent, what will be known in his-  
tory, as the "Residency of Lucknow" will not be what the  
term implies, but the fortified position surrounding the  
house of the Commissioner, comprised in a square of about  
450 yards each way, not systematically square, but pretty  
eye ~~to~~ nearly so, the chief ~~defection~~ <sup>defection</sup> being at the north west corner  
there was where a relatively considerable bulging out, well known to  
Innes' every one, as ~~Innes'~~ <sup>Innes'</sup> Battery - that gave and took many a blow  
during the investment.

Plateau The ground on which the entrenchment stood was higher  
than any in the immediate neighbourhood, was ~~round~~ <sup>like</sup> like,  
irregular on the surface, the Residency being on its highest part ~~but not abruptly so or irregularly~~; it ~~stepped~~ <sup>sank steeply</sup> ~~stepped~~ towards  
the river Goomty about 150 yards from the northeast face the  
intervening ground being part of it, cultivated, part built on. The  
river was about 200 feet wide and a little over 4 feet deep at  
this point, but of course varying very much with the seasons.

other ~~Many~~ <sup>Other</sup> houses, than that of the Commissioner were  
by were enclosed in the area forming the square; - one, not very  
far from being its equal in spaciousness and appearance, and  
at a distance of about 70 feet, was the bachelors' house - to  
mention only another - there was that of Mr. Martin Gubbins of  
the I.C.S. so well remembered, both on account of its highly  
important position on the west side, and of the most  
hospitable subsidiary uses to which its owner put it, as a  
shelter for many refugees, and a most desirable hospital  
quarter for officers, wounded from time to time - Mr. Gubbins

also



acted as one of the garrison of his own post, and as his double barreled rifles permitted of accurate fire. when in skilled hands, his services as a sharpshooter were of the great ~~utmost~~ value.

The entrenchment of the position had not been taken in hand earnestly before the middle of June, and when our it was begun, ~~labor~~ at all adequate to the need for rapid work could not be had; the natives in the employment of the dwellers, ~~those living~~ in the Residency were deserting; the offer of enormous pay however caused some ~~salutes~~ to engage in the work, though as the outlook became more ~~also~~ and more ominous most of them left; some remained faithful to the end. The Europeans and East Indians within the entrenchment - of whom there were relatively many - refugees from country districts, and clerks and shopkeepers from the city, worked constantly and with all their strength; even European ladies were anxious to do what they could in the all important work.

There was no continuous, systematic and complete scheme construction of the line of defence, the ~~work~~ had to be modified so as to take in by deviation any apparent advantage there might be of ground or of houses fitted by their position and strength of construction, to be adopted into the plan. The resulting effect was that the line of defence came practically to consist of a large number of small and nearly independent outworks, each with a permanent garrison of the same individuals, and often called after the name of its first commander. This was matter the urgent work at first; gaps were filled in as opportunity offered (afterwards) a short general statement of the

by defensive means used, might be this; earthen works surmounted with sand bags arranged to protect sharpshooters, and leaving a ditch in front. Houses from which effective could be made firing, had sand bags arranged on the roofs suitably. At some places barricades were constructed of large pointed



pointed stakes embedded in the ground and protected by earth work; or a mud wall might be built to protect the verandah from which the garrison might fire.

The choice of defensive works was restricted by the scarcity of necessary materials. Notably of wood. One of the first things observed on entering the open space in front of the Residency, was the curiously selected material used for the construction of the breastwork on the north side - the wreck and spoil of ~~treasured~~ ~~structural~~ offices; camel trunks (Kajawas) had been built up along with endleß reams of writing paper, and stationery of all sorts; necessity had no law, and even red tape I suppose, if in packages suitably bulky and heavy, had to serve another turn, than that with which its official use is ordinarily connected in non-official minds.

those which The straitened resources of the garrison in the way of materials for defensive works is shown in the fact, that it was necessary occasionally to form screens of canvas, as a better than nothing protection, for the men who in the course of duty had to traverse particularly dangerous intervals, such as might lead from one house top to another - A sufficiently thick bulk of wood to stop a bullet was not available; the canvas at least in a measure hid the man passing along.

The chief weakness of the defensive works however was one against which no available remedy could be had. namely, the constant fire kept up from houses outside but quite close to the entrenchments, ~~from~~ trifling ~~occasional~~; as the garrison was far too weak to engage in sorties to destroy those houses, the fire from them had to be endured.

The firing on the position has been called almost unceasing. the qualification is needed, because just before dark - the firing fell off formally or was quite discontinued - perhaps the evening meal of the enemy, was connected with the occurrence - There was also much less firing at night than during the day -

The



The matter of the housing of the garrison was a good deal simplified by the fact of a considerable proportion of the male population - soldiers, volunteers. Native soldiers, being permanently quartered at the outposts, where as a body - the guard remained night and day - was never relieved - The families of the European soldiers were lodged safely in the under ground rooms of the Residency "the Tykhanas" as they are called, meant for temporary habitation in the extreme days of the hot season. The ground floor was occupied by soldiers of the 32<sup>nd</sup> Regiment, and the rest of the building by officers, ladies and children of the corps. but when the siege began, the ladies had to abandon the upper stories, and after a time the officers as well, the heavy fire kept up on the building necessitating this.

At the house of Mr. Gayer, which was one of the outposts - a number of ladies were received: when the firing was heavy the ladies were sheltered in the Tykhanas of the house - Other ladies found suitable lodging at the Kequinkotee - "the Queen's House", and at the house of Mr. Dummamy.

But all the preparations made for the defence would have been nugatory, if the first of all the necessities of the case - the collection and storing of food for the population ~~collected~~ in the entrenchment had not received most careful attention - This duty of primary importance was energetically undertaken, and brought to a successful issue by Mr. Simon N. Martin of the Bengal Civil Service. By his labors all the devotion and sacrifices of the Garrison were made possible.

Assist the  
officers and  
their

Blockade of the Outpost Force  
in the Residency



Blockade of the British Field Force in the Peninsula

No. 6

Fasciculus  
no. 6

The arrival of the 90<sup>th</sup> with the guns left at the Miti Mungil the day before, completed the operations of the British Field Force commenced on the 25<sup>th</sup> of September; but the regiment did not enter the entrenchment, it was ordered to hold that part of the Shutter Mungil which had been captured, ~~the~~ <sup>the day before</sup>. The enemy had pressed the rear guard very steadily during the whole of the 26<sup>th</sup>; and the 90<sup>th</sup> had suffered heavy loss in the continued fighting; amongst them that of the commanding officer, Colonel Campbell, who received a wound which in the end proved to be fatal. He was an officer of high reputation acquired during his service in the Crimea. The day before he had been saved from death by the failure of a bullet to force its way through a small prayer book, which he carried in his ~~left~~ breast-pocket - just over his heart; poor man he showed me this after he was struck, and with much satisfaction told me he had been saved by obeying his wife's entreaties, always to carry her little present with him.

It was not in the nature of things, but that much and long continued confusion should occur on the arrival of the Force in an already sufficiently crowded area. I had much to do in finding the scattered components of the regimental hospital organisation; the fighting on the 26<sup>th</sup> had already provided tenants for the as yet unfurnished habitation to contain them, they were scattered about much as chance dictated, wherever they could be lodged.

Before the arrival of the Force, the "Banqueting House" about 60 yards from the Residency, building with an interval of pleasure grounds between them, ~~had served~~ <sup>had served</sup> as a hospital for the garrison, but only the ~~lowest part~~ <sup>ground floor</sup> and the first floor of this spacious building could be utilised, owing to its very numerous windows exposing those within to the enemies fire; notwithstanding all that could be done in the way of blocking up openings, casualties from this exposure continued to be distressingly frequent in the reduced space retained.

But



But the building was already crowded, for its purpose,  
and temporary provision was made by placing the wounded  
tents of the 90<sup>th</sup> ~~infantry~~ <sup>in what had been the Residence</sup> <sup>force</sup> <sup>garden</sup>.  
~~But~~ As incessant firing went on in, and around the Chatter

Munzil, ~~but we set up~~ a second hospital for the wounded of the corps  
was <sup>selected</sup> <sup>in</sup> ~~arranged~~ <sup>at</sup> the palace, where the need was great. ~~As~~

was/ All the medical and surgical stores it ~~had been~~ <sup>was</sup> possible to  
carry from Shumbagh had been captured or abandoned in  
the fighting, on the 25<sup>th</sup> <sup>and</sup> the wounded suffered very much as a  
consequence, ~~and this was~~ aggravated by the fact that the

fighting had generally been at close quarters entailing ~~very~~  
severe wounds, the resources of the old garrison as regards  
were/ medical stores, ~~had been~~ exhausted, whilst the other corps of  
the Force were in much the same plight as my own, in this

We matter. I found space in one of the halls of the Serai - ~~and~~  
had it cleared out of <sup>the</sup> superfluous effects of its former inhabit-  
ants, and placed the wounded ~~who were~~ brought from time  
to time, in it. All day <sup>the</sup> <sup>surgeon</sup> assistant, aiding, the surgical duties  
in connexion with wounded men were going on, towards  
evening the firing slackened, and ~~very~~ soon ceased, except

~~that of~~ <sup>for</sup> a rare occasional cannon shot, which never I think did  
any harm. To the charity of a brother officer, I owed the only  
food I had that day - and I fear he could ill spare it - ~~frugal~~  
as it was - consisting <sup>a kind of</sup> <sup>used for horses</sup> <sup>feeding</sup> only of ~~some~~ parched grain, ~~without~~

and washed down with some water; this would have been quite correct if  
served up to a hermit in his mossy cell. but it was painfully  
incongruous when partaken of in a palace, besides which  
there wasn't half enough of it. I passed the night on the floor  
of a hall in the palace, an honour shared by all the officers  
and men in the regiment not on duty; we lay pretty closely  
packed, every one there worn out with fatigue and  
hunger. An embarrassing incident occurred during the  
night, a soldier was attacked - fatally - with cholera; this  
disease had been epidemic in the North West provinces, during  
the season of the monsoon rains, and its outbreak in the  
Force



Force of General Havelock, with which ~~the~~ twice unsuccess-  
fully attempted to reach Lucknow was one of the greatest  
difficulties he had to contend with. Cholera had also caused  
loss to the old garrison in the Residency, at the same time -

Next morning brought a supremely acceptable improvement in  
the personal position of every one of us - namely the issue of the  
daily ration, interrupted by the operations necessary to secure  
the positions seized from the enemy - The soldier's ration is a  
regulated allowance of food issued for him daily - differing  
of course in quarters, and when issued in the field - where  
the hard work of marching &c requires to be provided against  
by the issue of a larger quantity of food, as well as by certain  
and of additional ~~things~~ <sup>things</sup>, not ~~considered~~ <sup>issued</sup> necessary in quarters -

The issue of fresh meat - flour - rice, and salt for each individual  
was now systematically made, and with an imperative  
need for him by Kitmitgar - who I ~~had~~ <sup>thought</sup> had  
now turned <sup>up</sup> ~~been killed~~ <sup>been killed</sup> ~~as before~~. I now knew that my daily food under  
his consummate able direction would appear, with all the  
regularity of seed time and harvest in the natural world -  
Lt-Bradshaw and I joined in meeping, and now it was  
not the hermit's fare; ~~he saw~~ that the wheat issued ~~was~~ was  
ground into a coarse flour, and brought ~~thus~~ to our board -  
in the form of "chupatties" - thin cakes toasted on the embers of  
the wood fire - with these were associated a spoonful or  
two of boiled rice, and of fresh beef what purported to be a  
pound - a little salt also graced the board - This was not  
luxury - but to us after an experience of semistarvation, it  
appeared to be - Stimulated with unstinted praise, the  
Kitmitgar managed to buy some musty tea, and enough of  
guava jelly to last <sup>us</sup> for three days, under a very restrained  
indulgence - Thus we were let down gently from the rude  
plenty of outside campaigning life, to the painfully thought  
out calculations necessary in connexion with besieged life,  
as to how little life could flicker along on -

I have stated that some of those under my professional  
care



many  
bullets had  
perforated  
the blue  
canvas lined  
walls, on  
looking up

care were lodged in a ~~tent~~ <sup>tents</sup> in front of  
the Residency building; ~~there was a curiosity in its way,~~  
~~the ceiling, lined with blue canvas, the roof had been~~  
~~perforated by many bullets, on looking up to it on the~~  
~~inside, the appearance suggested that of a starlit sky.~~ <sup>one of them</sup>  
But the first morning of my visit a present ~~had~~ arrived from the  
sky, and had been left outside, close to the door; it proved to  
be the section of the trunk of a tree about 7 inches in dia-  
-meter and 12 <sup>feet</sup> in length, a missile which the enemy occasionally  
fired from a mortar, striking ~~the~~ <sup>of a house</sup> an already weakened  
wall it might do harm, ~~but it was not particularly dreaded,~~  
~~its slow flight caused some innocent amusement.~~ It so hap-  
-pened that the one delivered at the tent door was of the  
unusual kind, called 'a useful present', it served capably  
for me to sit on when examining the wounded lying on the  
ground ~~tent floor.~~ <sup>I thus</sup> escaped the <sup>pain of</sup> suffering entailed by long  
continued stooping, and the injured man had the advantage  
of a professional adviser, not on the rack from <sup>trouble</sup> sufferings of  
his own.

One night spent in trying to rest in a closely packed hall,  
was quite enough for a life time, so, as a good many others did,  
I moved to a covered terrace in the garden outside, and rested  
very well. Next day the enemy directed ~~a great deal of~~  
~~attention~~ <sup>their fire</sup> to the palace, the firing was pretty constant, and  
several times they made persevering attacks on the picket  
in the garden, with resulting increase of our wounded,  
making the want of medical stores an acutely felt one. Through  
the never failing kindness of my friend D<sup>r</sup> John Brown of the  
Sikh regiment I was supplied with a sufficiency of chloroform  
for narcotising sufferers in the most urgent cases requiring  
its use. With a forethought distinctive of him, on leaving  
the Alumb Bagh on the 25<sup>th</sup>, he had taken with him a small  
bottle of chloroform - carried it in his pocket; from time to time  
after our arrival in the Residency he allowed me to have 30  
drops of it - 'for the last time', as he always protested, and  
clear



dear fellow. he always broke his vow. On one occasion at this time it startled me to find that a man about to undergo a most painful operation, resolutely refused to be narcotised, and he endured the <sup>pain</sup> operation with extraordinary fortitude.

without the induced insensibility.

Throughout the day the firing went on though except in the instances above noted (in a desultory way) towards sundown it fell away to next to nothing, and we afterwards found that it was usual for the enemy to rest from their labours at this time; probably to cook, and to eat their ~~and~~ evening meal.

What we at first called 'the palace' ~~was soon found~~ was to be only a fraction of it; the Shutter Munzil was of vast extent, it consisted of a series of buildings, with courts within courts in all directions, in fact a small town. ~~The enemy~~ <sup>about</sup> knowing the intricacies of the place, hid themselves ~~about it in all directions~~ after we seemed to be in possession of it, and it was dangerous to stray ~~away~~ from the principal squares; one of our men on this day was caught very close to the large square, and his decapitated body showed how far off from security the military possession was. In the afternoon we captured five of our friends the enemy, in a tower which they had made their den, ~~firing on us from all parts of corners.~~ The enormous quantity of plunder the palace afforded made my men rash, they persisted in opening into new rooms to secure it, until everything <sup>the palace</sup> in it was declared prize of war - for all the troops.

small parties of the enemy

After making the garden my headquarters for a couple of nights, I had to leave it. there seemed to be a great deal too much method in the frequency with which shells burst just about the part a number of us occupied; it was said, and possibly it was the case, that the spies of the enemy had noticed the fact that many persons used the garden as a sleeping quarter, and the firing was not aimlessly directed. The next change was back to the palace - where with Lt. Bradshaw, I took a room.

A good deal was wanting in the interior of the palace, quite to make it quite fit in with my youthful memories of the



the "Thousand and <sup>and</sup> One Nights" ~~which~~ <sup>it</sup> required more of 'living furniture' than the palace rooms contained; of men in the dress of eastern nations there were plenty, but variety was wanting, those present were too visibly of one class - the coolie one, engaged in carrying off the treasures of the East - for their patrons <sup>at a</sup> ~~for~~ small reward. On two occasions ~~that~~ <sup>I had</sup> in the course of my ~~stay~~ <sup>visit</sup> through a part of the palace, the number of the rooms ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> and out of was as bewildering as the scene before my eyes; many rooms were used as stores for what looked to me exquisitely beautiful china such as one seen in the shops of dealers in bric a brack at home, Dresden and other kinds of which I ~~do~~ <sup>did</sup> not know the names. Side by side with the sumptuous <sup>art</sup> ~~work~~ of the potter's ~~art~~, were vast quantities of the cheapest kinds, for culinary and ablution purposes, much, if not most of it, hailing from Canton or some other exporting centre in the Flowery Land. The floors were littered with broken china, wantonly smashed, I suppose because the superabundance could not be carried away.

In the Serai were ~~immense~~ quantities of women's dresses, mostly of muslin. In other rooms ~~there~~ were quantities of books, in English, Hindustani, Persian, French, and I think Arabic. Of uncensored prints made in some other country of continental Europe than Germany, there was a profusion. Splendid vases, or ~~in some cases~~ the ruins of them, were found in some rooms; unworked lapis lazuli in great quantity, a whole service for the table in silver, Medicine chests - Lamps in incalculable numbers, <sup>nearly unworked</sup> ~~quite a ton of~~ ivory; carved ivory boxes and children's toys, were some of the contents of the palace that attracted my attention, there were also brass cooking pots in enormous quantity. The state robes of the Nawab had been found, and removed - they were said to be incredibly richly <sup>embroidered</sup> ~~decorated~~ and at the same time "covered" with jewels - And yet I was not satisfied, I had come to inspect, hoping to find an abundance of carpets - articles one connects with the East; as a matter of course. I did not see one in the course of half a mile's walk through the rooms, This was a great disappointment - our   
wounded



wounded were lying on the hard cemented floor, and I thought <sup>of easier beds</sup> to ~~provide~~ carpets for them. We got cooking pots and crockery for eating off: and most important ~~of all~~ just at that time, the ~~country~~ <sup>cut up into</sup> muslin "chudders" ~~made~~ the very best band-  
for the wounded. ages from their lightness and elasticity that could be desired.  
~~Thus the best hospital stores of the British Field Force were in~~  
~~a poor misplaced -~~

~~It must not be imagined that the rooms in the palace gen-~~  
~~erally,~~ <sup>either</sup> in their proportions or in their decorations were  
such as corresponded with European notions of this lofty title,  
most of them were plain and unadorned, and in keeping with  
the use to which they had been relegated, that of stores for  
valuables, not apartments for their exhibition. Some of the  
halls however were stately, and the marble columns support-  
ing the ceilings were painted in silver ~~tracery~~ green and  
faint colored tracery - as it seemed to me very harmoniously,  
and sometimes it conveyed the impression of grateful cool-  
-ness. ~~a consideration~~ for much of the year, in Bhoth.

<sup>gilded</sup>  
The ~~rooms~~ and ~~some~~ other parts of the exterior of the  
palace ~~had been gilded~~ and looked very well, giving to the  
exterior, the gorgeous appearance associated with the  
dwelling of an Eastern monarchy ~~dwelling~~. In another  
part ~~we~~ <sup>were</sup> found immense numbers of grotesquely carved  
palangiums, ~~which had also been~~ lavishly gilded; probably  
this discovery pointed to the existence of an extremely large  
household, the members of which took airings, or possibly went  
shopping, in richly curtained palangiums -

There were numerous small courts reached from the interior  
of the palace, usually having ~~small~~ gardens in them; these  
may have been pretty ~~once~~ when they were well kept; but when  
seen by us, they had run wild -

From the roof of the palace we had a momentary <sup>glimpse</sup>  
-pse of the city of Lucknow. I have since then seen most of the  
large and the historically famous cities in India, but in spite  
of the presence in them of some unmatched feature such as  
a



a Sumna Masjid, or a prominent fort, in my estimation the view over Lucknow is the most beautiful of all, the picture presented by the mingling of domes, minarets and spacious white ~~and~~ <sup>among</sup> buildings, ~~with~~ <sup>among</sup> green gardens largely sprinkled with palms and other trees of luxuriant growth, gave a vividness of coloring to the scene, which never struck me particularly in the view of any other Eastern city - No one ventured more than <sup>to snatch</sup> a glimpse of the beautiful city as the danger of being - what would now be called - "sniffed" from one of the houses close at hand, held by the enemy was extreme, but on other more auspicious occasions I had more leisurely glances at the outspread city from above it, each of which confirmed my opinion first formed on the roof of the Shutter Masjid - It occurs to me as I write, that perhaps the reason our party was not treated to a shower of bullets, when on the roof, may have been due to the fact that when <sup>there</sup> ~~on the~~ it was we were close to a ~~very~~ beautiful tiny mosque erected on it ~~there~~, and that from religious motives the enemy "hesitated to shoot," whilst we, all unconscious of our protection - gave them no time to alter their first creditable views -

Continuing our exploration on the ground floor we entered a ~~very~~ magnificent set of apartments - evidently those of the Nawab himself, with some fine pictures ~~on the walls~~ <sup>on the walls</sup>, by a European artist. The bath room was a ~~very~~ <sup>very striking</sup> grand affair, the bath itself being of beautiful red porphyry ~~very~~ massive and grand ~~striking~~ looking: near to this suite of apartments we found ~~that~~ a smouldering fire which had been going on for some days, ever since our arrival it was said. Entering one of the side courts we came on the body of a "misterie" <sup>(an artificer)</sup> ~~(an artisan)~~ whose occupation it was to forge cannon shot, for use against us - there he lay with his anvil, charcoal and ~~all his implements~~ <sup>other means</sup> - apparently he had just turned out one of his shot, when his industry was stopped for ever by a party of Sikhs who were looking about for unconsidered trifles, and treated him as the saying is, "according to the custom of war in like cases"



It was now known that the British Field Force, which ~~did~~  
~~so much difficulty~~ had reached the Residency, with the inten-  
 -tion of bringing away all its population, must itself remain  
 blockaded in the entrenchment along with the old garrison;  
 encumbered with helpless families, surrounded by the enemy  
 on every side, with a continuous fire from every building on  
 the route, the attempt to reach Lilium Bagh - if successful,  
 would have been miraculous, and failure would have  
 meant absolute extinction. Most energetic action was therefore  
 taken to strengthen the old position; the houses &c which  
 experience had shown to be in ~~an~~ <sup>disastrous</sup> proximity, were either  
 promptly stormed, or mined to, and blown up. As a result  
 the area occupied was extended to three times the original  
 size - most of the new ground was on the East and North  
 sides where there were several very large buildings; besides  
 Munzil, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~blutter~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> there was the adjoining Ferhat Bap palace,  
 and ~~with~~ <sup>near</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~quarters~~ <sup>the</sup> General Sahib's home, the Captain  
 Bazar &c; all the area down to the river bank was also  
 included; the jail, and some other houses between it and  
 the entrenchment, ~~from which a very gallant fire had been~~  
~~experienced, were also captured.~~ The operations connected  
 with these measures entailed a daily loss of men ~~from~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>our troops</sup>  
 fighting was against an enemy vastly outnumbering ~~us~~  
 who fired through loopholes on our men exposed in attacking;  
 their guns were also used, but musket or rifle bullets inflicted  
 nearly all the loss we suffered, ~~about~~ <sup>from</sup> this time too, some of  
 the corps driven out of Delhi began to arrive, and it was  
 reported by ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> spies that when a body of the mutineers arriv-  
 -ed it was ordered to make an attack on some part of our  
 position: perhaps this was true, for soon after the time adver-  
 -ted to, the attacks of the enemy were much more stren-  
 -uously maintained than previous ones; by means of a  
 mine on one occasion they destroyed an outpost, with some  
 loss to us. Before the arrival of the Force the enemy had used mining  
 against the garrison to a considerable extent, indeed an  
 unexpected



unexpected extent; but as was discovered, much of their mining owing to errors in the direction of the galleries, could not have destroyed the defences against which they were aimed.

After 10 days spent in the Bhutia Munzil, an order was received to remove the <sup>of the 90<sup>th</sup></sup> hospital to the outencampment; the palace was considered to be in imminent danger of a sustained attack, and with its small garrison, the question of its abandonment might come up for consideration; as coolies were not suitable to move the wounded through narrow passages in the palace - stretchers were got ready for special use on the occasion if the looked for attack - But spies had brought news of a projected attack to embrace the whole of the position, and this came off in the shape of a cannonade and incessant fire on the Residency portion of it, with an unusually serious attempt to storm the Bhutia Munzil - the <sup>90<sup>th</sup></sup> regiment, though fairly sheltered, lost ~~some~~ several men killed and 13 wounded - who were taken to the old entrenchment 500 yards off where more tents in the Square had been pitched for the regimental hospital - I had satisfied myself that something better adapted to the needs of the men in hospital was ~~needed~~ <sup>wanted</sup>, and I found that was wanted - although with serious imperfections - in one of the three squares called Sikh Horse Squares on the south west side of the entrenchment; they had been occupied before the investment by the corps named, but most of the men <sup>of it</sup> had deserted, and the end square on the south was quite empty except that in the east corner an outpost had been established only 80 yards from the enemies nearest position. It had a fairly spacious area, cleanly swept; a continuous shed ran round two sides of it, with a good thick roofing, the floor of good hard clay. there was and the advantage of unlimited fresh air - one which in a hospital where wounded men are treated in large numbers, very nearly counterbalances all disadvantages.

On the other hand no part of the entrenchment was closer to the enemy, whose clamour could easily be heard from it; the most conspicuous sight in the square was a patch of some 30 feet



feet broad at the east end of the outer wall (and extending into a contiguous house) filled in with planks, doors, boxes, and in fact any material available on an emergency to fill <sup>up</sup> gaps ~~etc~~. In the second month of the siege, the enemy had sprung a mine at this point, and unhappily the greater part of those holding the outpost perished by it; the two officers, and one of the men were blown into the square and were saved, whilst the sergeant blown outside the square, was killed by the enemy, seven of the men were buried in the earth thrown up, and perished. The enemy were all ready to storm the breach and two of their leaders rushed on, they fell by the fire of our other outposts, and on consideration their followers preferred the 'sweet security' of their own defences, to the positively dangerous task of rushing ours; so the situation was saved.

In spite of its seeming exposure, the 'Sikh Horse Square' was preferable for hospital purposes - in my judgment - to any available building in the entrenchment; having to act quickly, lest its advantages might be recognised by others, and the locality be appropriated. I applied for it, but assuming, that the application would be granted I had the men moved there at once from the tents; ~~as they were about to leave one house~~ As there were no hospital stores to be had, the problem of the provision of beds in the new hospital had to be thought out; primary principles being studied in connexion with existing means, this led to the substitution of the ragged sides, or "flies" of tents, to serve the purpose of mattresses, there <sup>were no charpans</sup> ~~was not a single charpoy~~ the native bedstead in the hospital. every one in it lay on the floor - that is, the ground. For bedclothes, the men's greatcoats and rugs were used - when they had any - and similarly to the men, at their duty; those in hospital lived in their clothes by day, and slept in them at night. There were no chairs or tables of any kind. no knives, forks or spoons, save those the men may have brought with them to hospital; the resources of the palace had furnished much crockery, but in connexion with the wastage of it that went on, none too much.

After



After experience I think justified the selection of the Sikh Square  
sheds for hospital use - there were a few doorways, but no doors were  
hung in them, thus no hospital air, was ever noticed in them, and  
as a consequence of this the wounded suffered less I think, than  
others who came under my observation living in good houses, and  
in apparent comfort - The inmates did not escape all the complica-  
-tions arising in their wounded state, especially that which  
is apt to appear during the change from warm to cold weather -  
they suffered from tetanus in common with the wounded elsewhere,  
but this dreadful affection was not absent amongst officers  
having every ordinary comfort in <sup>the</sup> houses of friends in the  
entrenchment.

As to security, notwithstanding all appearances, I believe &  
~~might say~~ this hospital held the record for safety, of any in the  
Residency; only one man was wounded in it during the 53 days  
it was occupied; flights of bullets sometimes flew over the sheds  
rarely ~~but being low, hardly ever~~ did one find an entry, one of the roofs  
was struck by cannon shot four times, all within a foot or two of  
each other - all harmless -

~~I think I ought to say that from first to last the general~~  
conduct, ~~and the appearance & contentment~~ of the men in the  
Sikh Square hospital, was <sup>very good</sup> ~~all that could be wished~~; they put up  
~~cheerfully~~ with great and long continued hardships - and  
amongst the hardships was that arising from the paucity of  
hospital servants at a time of extreme need for them. The  
men were very kind and helpful to each other.

Mr. Bradshaw and I, on leaving the Bhutta Munzil,  
took up our residence in the ~~verandah~~ <sup>of which</sup> of the Residency  
building, the whole of the upper part was deserted; ~~and~~ no  
one disputed possession with us. Seeing a comfortable room  
on the first floor, looking west, I rested there for the first  
night; there was a large opening through the outer wall  
made by a shell. I only learnt a day or two after, that  
Sir Henry Lawrence received his death wound in this room.

Next day I moved into the verandah of the house as  
more



more acceptable; we found a Sepoy's Paul, pitched in the grounds just outside a veteran one, riddled with bullets, and this we made our dining hall. I don't know why, the verandah had illimitable space in it, and we were the only occupants, I suppose <sup>perhaps</sup> the reason was, — for ~~the~~ <sup>sake</sup> appearance of the thing, — we might have dined on the door steps as far as ~~as possible~~ <sup>that went</sup> (as ~~as possible~~ <sup>as possible</sup>) there was absolutely no one to notice us; but the conventional prejudices die hard.

After the alarms and worries of the Ghutter Murzil, the Residency was a perfect haven of rest, a monastic calm brooded over it; this was a reaction from the time when it had been battered continuously — the calm came after the storm, and lasted all the time we were in it; we never heard the whizz and the spatter of a single bullet ~~in it~~; but before only two days after we left it, the enemy <sup>gave</sup> ~~again began~~ to pay painful attention to it; perhaps the spies had reported our presence there, though this view arrogates an importance for ourselves we never <sup>would</sup> ~~should~~ have claimed — Finding that we could be lodged, though in a distastefully mean way, in the Sikh Square, we exchanged the obliquity of the principal building, for the square of the Square, with eagerness. Moving was a very easy matter; we had no baggage of any kind. As our duties entailed constant visits to the hospital, it was a great relief to be near it.

The quarter found for us was at the northeast corner of the principal shed, separated from it by a good thick <sup>partition</sup> wall of ~~partition~~. Apparently it had been the quarter of some minor Native N.C. officer of the Sikhs — it was about 8 feet square with a doorway similar <sup>to those</sup> ~~to that~~ of the sheds, admitting air and light — there was no window: at first its grim desolation was depressing, but we soon wore off that feeling and found the dwelling very restful after the wearisome gipsy life in tents, palaces, and mansions of great men. Everything making for contentment in our domestic life rested on the efforts of the unsurpassable Kitmitgar — the pivot on which in relation to it, everything <sup>domestic</sup> turned: under his supreme control



Later on,  
 and follow-  
 ing on an  
 inspection of  
 the hospital  
 by General  
 Outram, the  
 ever accessi-  
 ble - ever  
 thoughtful  
 and kindly,  
 an incise of  
 the fresh meat  
 and of the rice  
 diet for the  
 inmates was  
 ordered -  
 General  
 Havelock,  
 accompanied  
 the General  
 and  
 the Division  
 on the visit  
 of inspection

44 of 45

men

control everything turned; difficulties ~~either~~ were solved  
 at once by him, but <sup>or</sup> more frequently failed to arrive at all.  
 I at once gave him the honorary rank of Khansama (steward)  
 though that after all came to him as a matter of course, his  
 own office being the natural stepping stone to the higher rank.  
 The bearer had been left at Blam Bagh for safety, but there  
 poor man he was killed; the <sup>sure</sup> pyce and horse had been lost  
 on the 25<sup>th</sup>. I had no <sup>no</sup> dhobie - <sup>no</sup> sheestie - no coolie, no sweeper,  
 but the Khansama agreed for a stipulated <sup>sum</sup> ~~fine~~ a day  
 to <sup>find</sup> ~~perform~~ all the service we required, and with our rations,  
 provide us with sufficient food. I fancy he must have  
 arranged with the head of ~~the~~ domestic establishment, in  
 the old garrison, as servants had become very scarce, so  
 many of them had decamped.

One inconvenience in the new quarter was the want of  
 lighting after sunset, but we got accustomed to this; the  
 darkness did not prevent us talking, when we were tired of  
 this amusement we lay down to rest.

When the force arrived, <sup>issued daily for men at their duty</sup> the ration ~~for all alike, sick~~  
~~and well~~, consisted of 12 oz of fresh beef, 16 oz of Flour and 4 oz  
 of Rice, <sup>and 1/4 of an oz</sup> of salt ~~and moderate allowance~~ - no Tea or Sugar <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ issued,  
 and the usual Field ration of Arrack could not be given.  
 For the men in hospital the ration issued was one of 8 oz of  
 fresh beef, 8 oz of Flour of a fine kind, and of Rice, 4 oz<sup>2</sup> - <sup>1/4 of an oz</sup> the salt  
~~of the same amount as in the ordinary ration~~ - An allowance  
 of Tea and of Sugar was also issued daily for the men in hospital.  
 All the Arrack in store, was kept for the hospitals, the amount  
 of it received daily in the 90<sup>th</sup> hospital was between 8 and 10  
 rations; it was kept for emergencies - mostly those in which  
 freshly wounded men, suffering from the ordinary shock  
 following a bullet wound, required support. It was a great  
 deprivation for <sup>men</sup> ~~the~~ hospital, when the Rice issue was cut  
 down more than half, that is, from <sup>four</sup> ~~4~~ to <sup>one</sup> ~~two~~, and a half oz<sup>2</sup> daily.

On the day we occupied the Sikh Square Hospital, 84 men  
 were placed in it - of them 68 were wounded, the rest suffered  
 from



from illness, mostly climatic in nature -

The stores of food laid in so anxiously before the Residency was invested, were ample so far as related to the principal constituents, - fresh meat and wheat, convertible into coarse flour - enough to serve to serve for all the troops - even after the arrival of the Field Force; and to serve also for all the other residents in it - but as no fresh vegetables of any kind were to be had, nor under the circumstances had it been possible to procure limejuice - the sufficing substitute for vegetables, the diet was a defective one in sustaining property. The wheat part of it too, being necessarily ground into a very coarse flour, affected the health of every one in the entrenchment, more or less - But so far as my own observation went, I did not see the scurbutic state amongst the men of the regiment in the intensity or in the suddenness of its appearance, which is normal amongst troops in the Field when their dietary has not been arranged with a very special view to the averting of scurvy -

Of food specially suitable for men in the early stage of recovery, for whom ~~the~~ a spoonful or two of light nourishment taken from time to time might possibly <sup>have</sup> meant the chance of tieling over the apparent interval between life and death, there was none -

The want of sugar with the ration of the men at their duty was severely felt; this may appear strange, but in the Crimea I had constantly noticed how eagerly when opportunity offered men and officers alike, purchased marmalade <sup>or jam</sup> - how they craved for it - and how distinctly the use of such youthful luxuries, helped to sustain them; men soon hark back to the joys of youth in such matters, when abiding hardship fronts them -

The flour of the ration was made into "chapatties" - that is into cakes made of flour and water, well kneaded, and toasted over hot embers - but though I eat the delicacy <sup>ies</sup> three times a day, I endured them only - they wanted salt, and indeed everything to make them palatable; yet I was told that



on their arrival at the Residency, the men gladly gave a rupee each, for chupatties - four of which might make a breakfast. - but not a surfeiting one.

Probably the greatest privation felt by the men was that of the accustomed pipe; tobacco was not to be had at any price approaching their means for purchasing; it was said that seven shillings only bought one cigar; the dried tea leaf substitute was ~~used~~ <sup>were tried</sup> and also the leaves of certain shrubs both I believe with <sup>poor</sup> results, though the last named I think had a temporary favor. I judge so from the fact that a good many of the bushes affording the substitute, had been plucked bare.

The hospital - chiefly through exertions other than mine - was made, bit by bit a trifle more habitable than it was <sup>were first occupied</sup> when the ~~needs first attracted my attention~~; this improvement was effected chiefly through the contributions of its great brethren of the palace order; but on the other hand disadvantages not recognised at first, became prominent after occupation, and of these the greatest and the most irremediable perhaps, was that of the plague of mosquitoes and of other members of insect tribes - water from wells - was fairly plentiful ~~from wells~~, but labor to fetch it was not; of soap, there was not a single square; substitutes for towels came along <sup>from</sup> the palace bounty, but ~~scarce too many~~ <sup>sparingly</sup>.

I had now  
got into the  
groove of  
regular work,  
having that

~~The life was led by the Assistant Surgeon and by me had that one particular condition attached to it,~~  
which is authoritatively stated to be the tap root of all happiness - plenty to do - and with a great deal of variety in the matters presenting themselves to be done. Most of the night was spent in a losing fight with the mosquitoes; "tired Nature's sweet restorer, came at last, but often too closely followed by the dawn of day, so that at the very beginning, a considerable discount had to come off the day's happiness. ~~It was these my business to make a hasty visit to the hospital to see two or three perhaps of the sufferers~~

It there



~~there requiring special attention~~

It was a great relief to have even the shadow of a hospital in working order, as methodical arrangements met emergencies which otherwise might have raised endless worries; and to be near my work under the existing circumstances, which entailed ~~very~~ frequent summonses to see newly brought in men or men in a ~~highly~~ critical stage of illness, was a great matter. And I could now see about bettering my own personal position, though the experience picked up in ~~my~~ recent tramps from pillar to post. I had no clothes but those I wore on leaving Calcutta - my feet were encased in a pair of dilapidated canvas shoes, I had no rug to pull over me at night, as much as anything I explored the laps of the metal plate with low bowl like rim so perfectly adapted to camp life, and which had done German's service for me during <sup>long</sup> eighteen months of brimcan experiences - this with a metal tea cup, a knife, fork and spoon in one arrangement, formed my equipage for the table, but with this horse it disappeared on the 25<sup>th</sup> September. ~~And~~ It was the duty of the Khansama to provide some substitute, and equal to every duty, he accomplished this pressing one.

But the wares brought from the city, and available on our arrival were mostly fancy articles, valueless at the time. I except writing paper and ink of which I bought a supply, and was grateful to the enterprising trader for the chance.

Amongst the population of the old garrison, were Europeans shopkeepers from the city of Durham, some of them became much relied on for good work at the outposts; a few of ~~them~~ had been able to carry in with them articles in their trades, which at first were eagerly competed for in the Residency, but as things soon rose to extreme famine prices - such as £3-15 - for a flannel vest, competition was killed off, and coveted garments were the prizes of the wealthier class. This was before the arrival of the Field Force, by that time the market was empty of clothing of any kind; my necessities in this way being extreme. I think I would have given the wealth of the Indies, (in a promise to pay document) for a modest outfit of clothing - and probably fully half of the Force were as badly off as I was in this respect. When my things wanted

the



the attention of the ~~Shobie~~ if they were returned to me on the "whilst you wait" principle. As a substitute for toilet soap we used a little of the coarse flour - it answered very well, but it meant eating bread at a time we could not spare a crumb.

Though there were frequent and sometimes prolonged intervals of cessation of firing at the outpost in our square, few days passed without some demonstrations against it: the first serious one took place on the third night after the establishment of the hospital ~~in the square~~. All night long the guards at, and adjoining the post kept up a sort of musketry duel with the enemy outside, the reverberations of which among the neighbouring houses made an intolerable noise: thanks to the warnings brought in by the spies, our outposts were never at a disadvantage - on the occasion of one night attack on the 19<sup>th</sup> of October, the fire from the enemies position pointing our outpost was so severe and sustained that I fancied a rush on our square defences was imminent - I therefore called on all the men in hospital who were able to use their arms, to put on their belts - 20 of them at once volunteered. The hospital sergeant took them across to the post: but the enemy did not attack - at this time the men brought to hospital all had their rifles, and ammunition, ~~with them~~ <sup>using</sup>.

The enemy had recommenced ~~firing~~ <sup>using</sup> their guns against the outpost two days before the night attack, nine shot lodged in the square and two shells burst in it: but nothing hit the sheds: there <sup>was</sup> a six inch mortar in the outpost, ~~which is~~ <sup>used</sup> occasionally - not often, owing to scarcity of shells - used against the enemy, whose defences are so close to the square that only 5 oz<sup>s</sup> of powder are used to charge it: this sends the shell slowly along, and it usually bursts just outside of their works: but the effect always is that they cease their fire ~~at us~~ <sup>on</sup> for the time.

Insert here  
18th Nov

NO. 2  
After a time the attacks of the enemy became more infrequent, but they continued their mining work steadily at the palace garden ~~pit~~ <sup>where the 90<sup>th</sup> find the guards;</sup> <sup>these</sup>



Amongst the  
"old garrison"  
were many officers  
of Native regiments  
who had escaped  
death. I was told,  
about 50. Having  
no one to command,  
most of them took  
the duties of the  
rank and file, for  
the time, and  
were eminently  
useful at the  
outposts.

Somewhat or other the days slipped away; in spite of the feeling of emptiness, after every meal, and of wretchedness due to want of clothing we did very well. Hope, that of the arrival of the commander in chief's army, was at the bottom of the box of our ills, and made us <sup>fairly</sup> cheerful. I had other duties than those in the Sikh Square, amongst them one I could not neglect; was that of looking in on the other medical officers at their hospitals, to see if they could be talked over into 'lending' something much wanted in my own; and to abuse their confidence in this way as often as I could. And there was the extreme satisfaction of having talks with John Brown of the <sup>hore</sup> ~~Yerong~~ Sikhs, who always taught me something.

In the course of my duty I had the pleasure of meeting Surgeon Brydson, who was ~~an~~ a person of special interest in the garrison - a historical personage in fact - from having been the the only one of the remnant of the British Army, retreating through the Khyber Pass in the first Afghan war, who escaped massacre; <sup>though wounded</sup> he managed to reach Peshawar. Sixteen years after this, he escaped death at the hands of the revolted Sepoys, and reached the Residency, where he was <sup>wounded</sup> again.

The wearisome sameness of the musketry firing on the Sikh Square, was varied one forenoon by a change which roused the dwellers in it into a mild and short lived excitement. I was summoned to the west side square, where the men in hospital for some little time had been hearing a noise - top top - a muffled sound, coming from the ground - and quite distinct - just that which a pick driven into the ground under their might make. I quite fell in with the unanimous opinion that we had to deal with a mining gallery, of the enemy being driven under the Square.

in process of

word was sent up to the Brigade Office immediately, and had instant attention - an officer - a specialist in such matters arrived in all haste - heard the noises plainly and was perturbed for a moment; but ~~was~~ a more extended view given by scanning outside the wall - explained the case, a grass-cut was trying to get a little green food for his horse by rooting up the few roots, with a piece of sharpened iron driven by a mallet.



these are only relieved once a fortnight. by this arrangement the loss of men going on, and returning from duty is minimised. The enemies' mines <sup>were</sup> said to be beautifully executed, and the galleries to run for long distances; <sup>once</sup> an officer of the Engineers managed to enter one of them, and shot a man at work, the others in the gallery ran - until they got to the top of the shaft where they halted. From the bottom of the shaft the officer began talking with them; they gave as the reason why they had revolted, ~~was~~ the belief, that the Sahibs wanted to make Christians of them. About this time my occasional companion on the night marches from Allahabad - Captain Scott of the revolted 40<sup>th</sup> Native Infantry at Arrington, who was now attached to the Engineers for duty, told me that when in one of our countermining galleries

An attack  
preceded by  
the explosion  
of a mine at  
this garden post  
held by the go  
and by a  
detachment of  
the Ferropore  
Sikh regiment  
was easily  
repulsed; but  
unhappily several  
of the Sikhs were  
killed by the  
explosion.

he distinctly recognised the voice of ~~one of the~~ <sup>a</sup> Native officer of his old regiment in the enemies gallery, that he called out, "is that so and so?" of the 40<sup>th</sup> Pultan?; a reply came back at once in the affirmative - asked why the Pultan, without a single grievance, was faithless, <sup>he</sup> answered, "Sahib, we were led like a flock of sheep, a few led, the rest followed." The Sepoy who protected Captain Scott when the regiment revolted, (and some of whom were actually working with him in the mining) all said, that most of the men who continued at Arrington, were unwilling, were coerced into revolt. The enemies fire, ~~which was a damp & of poor quality~~ <sup>was called snuffing</sup>, continued, though its power to hurt was more restricted since the destruction or capture of the buildings very close to the entrenchment, effected after the arrival of the Field Force. Their guns also fired occasionally on the Residency building, but irregularly, without system; still casualties from bullets, not aimed at the persons struck, were pretty frequent, almost of daily occurrence - and a pretty steady loss of men on the various picquets continued - I have said that severely wounded men died badly in hospital, but ~~even in hospital~~ some men recovered - I see in

my



my notes that on the 19<sup>th</sup> of October 14 men were discharged to their duty from the hospital in the Sikh Square -

On the other hand the wounded officers were doing badly, Colonel Campbell, the commanding officer of the regiment, wounded in the Shutter Munzil, and Captain Dennison, mentioned before were hopelessly ill - and Captain Phipps slightly wounded only, was in great danger.

About this time the ~~casualties in the~~ principal hospital - the former 'banqueting house' received <sup>much of the fire</sup> ~~a great deal of attention~~ from the enemy - one of the Sub-Medical Department was killed in it - ~~on the 21<sup>st</sup> of October~~ <sup>and</sup> a man of the 78<sup>th</sup> Highlanders had both his legs carried off by a cannon shot, ~~and~~ <sup>on the 21<sup>st</sup> of October</sup> an officer of the Madras Fusiliers received a bullet wound. - But the casualties on this day were due to a special cause, the ~~at~~ Mughulman position of the enemy through that any true believer killed on it. ~~marked~~ by the Feringhees - ourselves - would march to Paradise, straight; they did not however act as if they knew it. There were not wanting amongst their resolute men who tried to allure their comrades onwards to attack, but when they fell, their example counted for nothing;

On the 23<sup>rd</sup> of October we heard distant firing from the Akhun Bazar apparently; ~~our~~ spies brought word that it had been attacked in the usual aimless way, and that this had been harmless. A great deal of gossip - or as the local term was, 'gusi', was always in circulation, usually with some basis of truth. and it did a great deal of good, in the way of keeping up the spirits of the besieged; thus the news of Colonel Grealhead's action near Lagra with the Sepoys making their way South ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> Lagra, was worth a reinforcement of men to the Residency just at the time, and following soon on that, came the news of the action with the <sup>revolted</sup> Gwalior contingent in which it was badly beaten losing guns, ammunition and treasure. News was also brought in by spies that the besiegers were badly off for shells; luckily for the besieged, the necessary knowledge amongst the enemy of how to cast iron in moulds



was very imperfect. and the sand to form the moulds <sup>was</sup> wanting, so they fire hammered shot chiefly, much of which <sup>was</sup> sent back to them from our guns. a doubtfully useful <sup>interchange</sup> ~~interchange~~ - ~~blocks~~ blocks of wood <sup>were</sup> still occasionally sent fired into the Residency. Amongst other news, a letter was brought in by a spy from some prisoners made by the mutineers at the beginning of the revolt; Natives of Goolah, who had sold provisions to us - they were held as hostages. and were kept in chains in a house near the entrenchment. Amongst the news reaching the Residency from Akhun Bagh - was that of the death of both of the officers of the 90<sup>th</sup> - Perrin and Preston, wounded by the same shot on the 23 of September.

On the 3 of ~~October~~ November ~~that~~ Khansama brought in along with our morning's chapatties, news, that a large force of the "Horse Artillery" (European troops) was at the village of Bunnymunge, only two days march from Lucknow, but <sup>had been</sup> ~~were~~ delayed by the bridge over the Syce river having been broken down; - the news was discredited. But on this day he set before us for dinner a highly appreciated curry ~~for dinner~~ instead of the ~~regular~~ <sup>we did not know of</sup> ordinary melancholy stew, where it came from we could not guess, but its production <sup>showed</sup> seemed to me to be connected with his belief in the truth of the Bunnymunge story; all along, it was known that the Native soldiers and others in the entrenchment, had special sources of intelligence from outside. About this time a system of signalling between the Residency and the Akhun Bagh had been established, and was of extreme value. The raising of the spirits of the besieged was shown by the fact that betting, <sup>as to</sup> went ~~on~~ about the very day on which Sir Colin Campbell's Force, would arrive -

I had an opportunity at this time of seeing one of the letters prepared for carriage by a spy, to Gwalior; the writing was in Greek and on very thin paper.

Amongst the population of the Residency living in ~~an~~ a surrounding of absorbing excitement of the most personal kind, it need hardly be said that ~~the~~ the amenities



amenities of social life had been nearly crushed out, or at least suppressed into a state of latency. There were many ladies and many children in the Residency, but I do not recall a single instance in which I met one of either class outside <sup>of</sup> their own dwelling place, although I had very frequent, regular visits to make in different parts of the entrenchment. The domestic cares in nearly every family were of the heaviest kind - all engrossing; sickness was painfully rife amongst the children - and was also increased amongst the adults of the families. Native servants were very few, or there might be none at all. Then, especially amongst the refugees who had reached the Residency from outlying districts, the only clothing possessed might be that which they were wearing when, at no notice at all, they had to fly for their lives; this meant a constant stitch, stitch, to keep the dilapidated garments together. It may well be supposed what a terrible ordeal it was for ~~the~~ <sup>as to</sup> mothers to undergo, in ~~having~~ the ever present solicitude of what would become of her children should the remainder from the tips of a bullet through the air, or its spatter on the masonry of the wall, ~~accidentally~~ <sup>be</sup> so constantly.

in the event of  
her death by  
one of the  
flying bullets

In connexion with the mention of children, it may not be quite irrelevant to mention here what I heard a year or two after the period under notice, concerning an occasionally occurring incident consequent on an outbreak, in which the European parents having been killed, their children were saved by the devotion of their *Ayahs* (nurse) and at the risk of her own life. It was not in one or two cases but in many only that the *Ayahs* fled with the children, and reached her native village or some other place of safety ~~with them~~, and maintained them for months - it was even said for years. The Mutiny trouble suppressed, Government having information that European children were still living, where their *Ayahs* had brought them, ordered a carefully conducted close search to be made through the specified districts, and reclaimed



reclaimed the surviving children - If the boy was still living and could be traced, the name of the parents could be ascertained - failing this, it was usually a hopeless quest; the child had no language but Hindustani - ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> told it was ~~most~~ pitiful to hear a child so circum-  
-stanced when asked his name, reply with "Johnny Kaba" or such like; his identity was lost. nothing more could be discovered than, that he was "the Baby John"

One of the painful incidents of the siege, was that of the burial of the dead, which was carried out at night, in trenches dug in the small piece of available ground, between the north west angle of the Residency house, and the little church of the Residency - Had lights been used, or had even the smallest assemblage of friends been seen, or ~~even~~ suspected - the fire of the enemy would at once have been concentrated on the burial ground - Thus no matter how high the position held by the dead, or how much personal regret the death had evoked, in darkness and in haste the body was laid in the earth with the dead of the day - ~~Considering the suddenness of the great majority of the deaths~~

Amongst other rills that well up from the springs of memory, is the grateful recollection I retain of the hospit-  
-ality of a brother medical officer, one of the old garrison on whom I had the pleasure of calling. I was proffered a cup of coffee with sugar in it; never in my life before had I known <sup>charm</sup> what bliss might be evolved from gustatory feelings; the odour of the steaming coffee to be begin with was "as a gale from Arabia the best"; and the succeeding twin brother cup, repudiated in perfection the joy of the first. Possibly the fact that the lady of the house found in her guest one who could listen with eager interest to anything about the Tweed and the border land, repaid her for the hospitality. I never had the pleasure of meeting my hosts since - I wish I could hope that it might yet be lot, to see them -

the full power  
of the quest



The expectation of the arrival of the "Bom" in blief with a Force strong enough to break through the encircling thousands of the enemy, and to raise the siege of the Residency entrenchment, at first an earnest wish, then a hope, had at length grown into a conviction: the strength of the Force to accompany him was given, vagueness of statement on all matters in relation to the advance was soon succeeded by precision - one report laid it down confidently, that the Force was to reach Alum Bagh from <sup>Calcutta</sup> Calcutta at 2 p m on the 10<sup>th</sup> of November, and rumour was right this time, for at the time stated, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Alum Bagh. The spies brought in news that the Sepoys amongst our enemies were greatly discouraged, that some of them had left Lucknow, though the greater number remained, and had resolved to die for the "Deen", that is, the Faith - On the evening before, Mr. Havanagh of the Mercantile Civil Service, had started from the Residency to reach Alum Bagh, there to give the "Bom" in blief all the information possible conducive to his success in reaching the <sup>goal</sup> of his undertaking, and to act as a guide - Mr. Havanagh's <sup>projected</sup> attempt to reach Alum Bagh was so audacious in its risk, that it took away one's breath to hear it mentioned; it was triumphantly successful; the

exposed parts of the body dyed to the color of an up-country Native and dressed like one of their own matchlock men, with shield and turban and accompanied by a very trusted spy, he left the entrenchment after dark, got clear away into the city and strode on through the most crowded street, and then onwards to Alum Bagh. There was great joy in the entrenchment, when his safe arrival was signalled -

Next day firing was again heard, but it soon ceased - Orders were issued in the entrenchment for great watchfulness, as it was believed the remainder of the Delhi mutineers having reached Lucknow, would signalise the event by a heavy attack on our defences; they did not do so

however

and fording the Goomtee river and crossing it by the iron bridge he



But the ordinary desultory firing was kept up, and brought ~~caused~~ the usual <sup>losses</sup> casualties. On the 14<sup>th</sup> of November, the troops of the Gorn in Chief could be clearly seen clearing out the enemies defences and gaining ground steadily.

A very pleasant proof of the hopefulness of the situation was that for the last three days, the old ration of food had been issued - a substantial increase. As the day advanced our troops could be seen occupying the Martiniere a large building about a mile from the entrenchment. ~~The enemy took away from the Cantonment barracks.~~ On the 16<sup>th</sup>, the operations to join the Gorn in Chief's Force from the entrenchment were carried out; the houses outside the Chatter Mungil <sup>being</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>by the 90<sup>th</sup></sup> ~~shelled, and were set on fire~~; the garden wall, so long our protection, was breached to admit of a battery commencing the Kaiser Bagh, ~~which was held persistently by the enemy.~~ The capture of the houses caused some loss to the 90<sup>th</sup> greatly depleted 90<sup>th</sup>; As a result of ~~it~~, the bazaar where our wounded were so unhappily entrapped on the 25<sup>th</sup> of September was taken for it the empty doolies still remained. Next day communication was opened with the Gorn in Chief's Force, but it was hazardous, several persons were wounded in attempting to pass the distance separating it from the Residency. On the 18<sup>th</sup>, the communication was complete, though no troops from without entered the entrenchment; at 10 p.m. the column of the sick and wounded in a very long column commenced the

one of the - last acts of the siege of Lucknow - ~~the first to leave the~~

that of leaving the entrenchment. The road lay through the Palace garden, beyond which the doolies were very close to the enemy - as after passing through the recently made breach in the garden wall, they went along by the river bank, and then branched off to the Secundra Bagh. The long train could not have been unobserved by the enemy. I know that at least one of their sentries close to us ran off; why the enemy did not open fire on train



even at a  
distance

train, & never heard explained - From this the road  
leading to the second bridge was taken, and here a  
large escort of the 9<sup>th</sup> Lancers joined. Progress had been  
very slow from frequent halts, and there was now good  
moonlight. For those of the 90<sup>th</sup> regiment there was ~~now~~ a  
very pleasant surprise; it has not been noted before that  
when the regiment left England for China - being a very  
strong regiment; the Himalaya only took the headquarter,  
and between seven and eight hundred men, the rest of  
the corps, between three and four hundred men, embar-  
ked at Portsmouth some days afterwards under the  
senior major - in the "Transit". The ships met at the  
cape of Good Hope for coaling - the "Transit" being left  
there completing its object where the Himalaya started  
on the next stage of the China voyage, and met with the  
disaster already related. The "Transit" in due time also  
reached the Straits of Sunda, and were <sup>there</sup> ~~about~~ headed  
off, as her sister ship had been - from a course up the China  
sea, to one across the Bay of Bengal; she followed the  
same course to Singapore the Himalaya had taken before  
her, both took the Strait of Banca - between the island of  
Sumatra and that of Banca - but whilst the Himalaya  
~~had taken a course~~ <sup>went</sup> close to the shore of Sumatra, the  
"Transit" kept close, too close to that of Banca. It has been  
told how the Himalaya went on a sandbank and  
appeared to be irrevocably lost: the "Transit" on the opposite  
side of the strait, struck on a deep water rock ~~there~~, and  
went to the bottom, there to remain, very little time was  
given, but it sufficed to land every one in the ship, not a  
life was lost. In due time the companies of the 90<sup>th</sup> were  
landed at Calcutta, made the route up country and after  
some service at Cawnpore, were incorporated with Sir  
leoline Campbell's Force; and as fortune would have it  
on the night of the evacuation formed the outlying  
picket on the <sup>along</sup> ~~evening~~ which the sick and wounded of its  
head.

by the frigate  
in waiting



headquarters were being carried; - naturally there was much question and answer business on hand. - The Captain of the picket had been a distinguished officer in former Indian and in Crimean service, and was afterwards to become the great soldier of his day in England - his name destined to enduring eminence in the page of history -

Leaving the road, after a most wearying march over a sandy plain, the sick and wounded of the lately beleaguered Residency - arrived at the "Dil Koorsha", that is, the "Heart's Delight", a country house of the Navaab's.

The British Field Force, at Alumbagh



## The British Field Force at Alum Bagh

No 1  
To the Hon. Secy  
1857  
Fasciculus  
No. 7

After reaching the Dil Khosha we found ourselves in a  
babel of confusion so far as regarded medical arrange-  
ments, and it was only after several hours that the  
ordinary routine course of medical duties as respects the  
sick, could be initiated - Lodging, food, and medical  
attention, were all urgently called for - in the same  
breath so to say - and by slow degrees were provided, very  
painfully so. In explanation and in extenuation it ought  
to be said, that a sudden reduction of between 400 and 500,  
to the estimated normally occurring ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> effectives of an  
army in the field of only 4550, taxed to the uttermost the  
capacity of the regular medical provision for a force of that  
strength, to meet the emergency - Nor was this all, as the  
sick amongst the civil population of the Residency had  
also to be provided for - those having the responsibility of  
meeting the requirement might well have been overpowered  
by the magnitude of the task. The wonderful elasticity  
however of the Indian Medical Service, was shown in the  
fact that before nightfall, all the sick and wounded from  
the Residency had been provided with tentage, or with  
hospital quarters in the Dil Khosha, all had been provided  
with suitable food, and had had careful attention  
given to their special medical or surgical treatment -

detachment  
they

In addition to the 88 men brought from the Residency to  
the Dil Khosha, 3 wounded officers and 23 men of the 90<sup>th</sup>  
regiment were found there on arrival, they were those of the  
companies, wrecked in the transit, who having reached  
India, had formed part of the Com<sup>d</sup> in Chief's force, and  
had been wounded in the operations of the three preceding  
days, mostly in the taking of the Shah Nijef. where the  
commanding officer, Major Barnston, was as it turned out  
fatally wounded. The senior assistant surgeon of the  
regiment Dr Robert Jackson had come up with the  
detached companies, now united with the headquarters



a great aid to me.

Although the strength of the Com<sup>o</sup> in Chief's Force was so small (~~only 4550 men and 32 guns~~) the camp appeared to be of immense extent; during the day it was noisy in an astonishing degree, and after dark it became noisier than ever, from the incessant <sup>out</sup>shouting of the followers asking the whereabouts of comrades, and the replying, which followed: conversations in this way were kept up at great distances, the air <sup>in the locality</sup> presumably being an excellent conductor of sound, but happily, the early to bed, and early to rise maxim being enforced, the worry caused by the confusion of tongues was stamped out early.

In the General Order issued by the Com<sup>o</sup> in Chief after the complete and successful withdrawal of all the troops from the Residency entrenchment on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November. the reason is discovered why the camp seemed to the relieved troops to be of such extraordinary extent. The Com<sup>o</sup> in Chief stated in the Order, that ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> whole of his troops, from the morning of 16<sup>th</sup> to the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November, had been <sup>they</sup> formed - one outlying picket, covering the retreat <sup>from the</sup> the Residency - In the same Order he stated <sup>the manner in which</sup> that the rescue of the garrison was effected, "was a model of discipline and exactness" the retreat being made in the face of 50,000 enemies. The enormous employment of transport animals - bullocks, camels, elephants, necessitated also <sup>inclosure</sup> the ~~enclosure~~ of a large space, within the strictly camp area; the horses also were in multitudes, requiring for each, one, or not seldom two attendants. The camp indeed was a suddenly sprung up town, and one came along excellent bazaar land, ~~springing up~~ <sup>springing up</sup> as a necessary part of it to supply, first of all the wants of the vast number of Native followers, and in the second place, the more exacting requirements of the officers and men of the Force - And well the Bazaar sufficed for the needs of all within the camp; supplies of groceries - milk, vegetables - butter, were profuse, nearly



2  
nearly everything, brought in by the country people in the neighbourhood - the magic of the rifle, turned them all into (temporary) brethren anxious to help the stranger. Artisans were also to be found in the camp. But above all the flow of gratitude ought never to dry up in the memory of the besieged, respecting the services of the bakers, who furnished a such excellent bread, in what might be called a wilderness, after the morning meals ~~in the Residency~~, of the sugarless misty tea, and the tough cheapness of coarsely ground wheat, served up in a tableless, chairless shed, the contrast of the breakfasts in the Hilkoocha camp, served in nice tents

in unvarying  
normal

One little drawback, almost a microscopic one when weighed against the comforts and luxuries of the camp, was the smoke given off after sunset by the countless little fires necessary for cooking the evening meals of the Native followers of the Hindu faith; each individual being required to cook for himself - a pall of smoke hung over the camp all the time, making the eyes smart

with plenty of attendants, and with all the amenities of the table, the snowy covering, the napkins, the clean plates &c. &c. was great enough to have <sup>the</sup> turned heads <sup>even</sup> of those whose experience of life had not been wanting in lively vicissitudes ranging some length along the grooves of change - It was also very pleasant to mount the prancing steed once more - for the bazaar left in hurs - and to utilise its services appropriately. Though the sound of the passing bullet had become aware, instead of a frequent incident since the Residency had been left behind, an occasional reminder of besieged life came along to those taking their walks - or rides, abroad at the Hilkoocha - when one of our enemies - greatly daring and doubtless well screened, fired off his matchlock or ~~smoked~~ <sup>intended</sup> at a distance - The present was ~~detected~~ <sup>fores</sup> by the dawn, for his friends in general, and arrived in camp too wearied with its long journey to injure much, unless when it fell nearly vertically - A little fighting still went on near the city, not provoked by us, the object of the Govt in Blue was to withdraw and to reach Bangalore with all haste, the position there being still very critical, but a certain amount of necessary preparation had to be made, an army can only move swiftly by fits and starts -

at midnight).

On the night of 22 November the Residency was ~~completely evacuated~~ - the last man to leave it was Sir abandoned

James



James Butram<sup>who</sup>, when every one else had left rode through the Bailey Guard<sup>gate</sup> and the march to the Nil Nosha commenced; no resistance was made by the enemy, who appear to have been in ignorance of the movement.

Before leaving the Residency, all the guns which could not be carried off were burst. A large amount of treasure which had been buried at the beginning of the investment was dug up and taken on; I recall a feature in the square in the south near the General Hospital - a draw well alone which it was said a very large amount of copper coin had been thrown; perhaps it was left there as being too heavy to carry. The jewels of the Nawwab, were taken <sup>on</sup> by our retiring troops - such of them at least, as had not fallen <sup>into private hands</sup>.

It has been mentioned

I have said that Sir James Butram was the last man to leave the Residency - so it was thought at the time - but the next day revealed the fact that an officer of a Native regiment had - as others did - taken a little rest before midnight, confident of being awakened when the retirement began; his confidence was not justified, the troops had left before he awoke - he followed with all speed, and overtook the rear guard <sup>far</sup> after it had got clear away from the furthest parts of the Residency -

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of November part of the Lion in Shirts Force, taking with it all the sick and wounded, marched to the Alum Bagh. The column was a very long one; of wounded the relieving Force alone had 35 officers and 379 men, and it may be estimated that the men of it ineffective from sickness was not less than a quarter more than this number. Of Sir James Butram's Force, the sick and wounded may be estimated at ~~not less than~~ 400; the 90<sup>th</sup> regiment alone had brought 88 out of the Residency. To the numbers given a large addition would require to be made in respect of the sick and wounded of the Civil Population. The column seemed to me about 3 miles long:

and







The work of selecting, of arranging for, and of making out detailed statements of the men transferred from the regimental hospital, for transport to Bannpoor was a very laborious one. The time allowed was short, and the severity of the injuries, of the sickness in the men selected, necessitated very exact and detailed reports to accounts - any other; but when taken in hand the work was got through - worries always look worst at first.

Our recently joined assistant surgeon Dr. Jackson was told off to accompany the wounded to Bannpoor, and to him flowed in countless commissions to be executed there, ~~with aspirations as to carefulness~~ <sup>and the care to be given to see</sup> that he brought back with him the anxiously expected results of his dealings on our behalfs; he was our High Commissioner.

But good fortune had smiled on me since ~~my~~ reaching the Alumb Bagh; on the morning of 25<sup>th</sup> September, all the baggage allowed ~~me~~ <sup>there</sup> on crossing the Ganges, was left in charge of the cooly who carried it, in two small pitarāh's suspended on a pole across his shoulder. My bearer was a sort of overlord of the property, but he poor fellow had been killed, and I never doubted as to the complete loss of every shred of my effects. What happiness it was to find the cooly and the pitarāh's waiting for me; there were no locks on the slight tin boxes. and everything <sup>left</sup> in them was there, exactly as left. The towel used in the early morning was on the top of the things in one pitarāh, and beneath it a bag of rupees, which on second thoughts instead of carrying with me I had hastily put just under the towel. and there I found them - the talz exact. Now this was really wonderful; the cooly was the lowest paid followers - but he had touched nothing; ~~but~~ how the baggage had escaped looting when he left it - intended to cook his food every day, is a mystery, my ~~best~~ surmise is, that the cooly was one of a craft all the members of which were equally bound

6



bound by immemorial obligation to see to the safety,  
of all effects entrusted to a brother of the craft.

Following the pleasure, in accordance with inexorable  
law, came the pain, in this case it took the form of a  
request by the cooly to allow him to return to his home,  
somewhere in Bundelkhand. I was very sorry to lose  
such a man. I think not selfishly - but I speeded  
him on his way - <sup>giving him</sup> ~~and with~~ an unsolicited "chitty" to  
the local functionary ~~in charge~~ of the place where he  
resided, asking his attention to my story of the loyal cooly.

But the law which ordains an hour of sadness, for  
every period of ~~time~~, unlooked for gladness, has to be  
expiated - had not done with me. Ramiyoo, my  
unequaled Khansama, came to me desiring leave  
of absence on family affairs. I need not have given it  
to him, only I must, was the feeling. All he wanted  
was to go down to Banars, and to return by the first  
convoy; to make the cup less bitter drinking, he mentioned  
that by his presence there, household supplies could be  
selected, such as would add much to the comfort of  
camp life - I was not deceived, but I fell in with his  
wishes, he had earned whatever in reason I could  
give him, many times over. I never saw Ramiyoo, again  
after he left the Almorah. Before leaving he found me  
a completely manned establishment. Every member of it  
reliable and good in his way. and did everything to  
make things easy for me during his absence. He did  
not return by the first convoy - nor by any other - but  
I had a most respectful message from him, to the effect  
that he had found it absolutely necessary to go down to  
Calcutta - but that all the household commissions had  
been executed, and the articles comprised in them, sent  
on with the convoy. A word or two expressive of best  
wishes, had been added - perhaps by the messenger. Every  
thing entrusted to him to purchase reached me duly, and  
the



the little romance of his life after leaving the Blum-  
burgh - also reached me - through excited common  
rumour - which was to the effect, that Ramijoo on leaving,  
became the leader - whether by election, or by <sup>was immaterial,</sup> ~~isoborn~~ sup-  
-remacy of character - of a band of Kimitgars - all going  
to Banaspore much for the same reason as himself, but  
associated with him in the leadership was another, well  
fitted for empire - All the Kimitgars were men of substance,  
the Residency had been a treasure house to them in money  
and jewels, but before they reached Banaspore, ~~all~~ their  
earnings and ~~all~~ their loot had been annexed by the  
leaders, who did not tarry at Banaspore for a moment, but  
set off by themselves for Calcutta - On the road down, the  
appropriator of the treasure woke up one morning to find  
it had vanished - and that so had Ramijoo.

Now this story is a one-sided one, told without the hearing  
of what the other side had to say - it was current in the  
camp at the Blumburgh - and - unfeelingly - was thought to  
be a capital joke: but supposing the story were true, it  
would not alter my obligations to one of the brightest and  
most capable men in his vocation, who <sup>depressing</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>te</sup> failing cheerful  
alacrity in very ~~depressing~~ <sup>depressing</sup> circumstances made his services  
invaluable. When Ramijoo took work quite outside of that in his  
own profession, he seems to have been faulty - he showed in fact  
that he was human - ~~but~~ all the same, to the end of my life, I  
remain his grateful debtor.

The day before the boat in which I left for Banaspore, he  
visited the hospital of the 90<sup>th</sup> accompanied by Sir James  
Buttram - his manner with the sick soldiers was very nice  
natural, and unofficial - I had seen him frequently in the  
 Crimea, and for a time rode close to him on the night in  
December 1854. when in <sup>he commanded</sup> a projected attack on the village  
of Tcherghun, ~~the~~ <sup>very heavy</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>stopped the march</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> a pitchy darkness -  
my knowledge of him however was not personal, but as were  
the men he visited in hospital, I was impressed by his  
manner



manner. Though it is difficult to say what Sir Colin's manner was, resolution and impetuousness, I suppose would be apt to suggest themselves to those with whom he talked. I recall an incident in connexion with him which occurred on the occasion of his second march for the final capture of Lucknow: one afternoon visiting the outposts, he had dismounted to get a better view of one held by a picket of the 90<sup>th</sup>, and was speaking to ~~a young~~ <sup>the</sup> lieutenant of the regiment who commanded there, when all at once the young officer called excitedly to all - "look out", and flung himself <sup>flat</sup> on the ground: Sir Colin automatically followed suite, but immediately got up, and addressing the officer said "you young scamp, you have made me do what I have not done since I was your age." Young ~~Edgell~~ <sup>Edgell</sup> Edgell is reported to have replied, "and I will not do so again Sir, until I am your age," but this seems to have a touch of the midnight oil about it. The shot struck very close to the party but hurt no one.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> of November, the Com<sup>d</sup> in Chief's Force left the Alumbagh, for Campine, taking with it ~~all the ineffective men of the Division remaining~~, and the late population of the Residency. As the Force left, the drums and fifes of the various regiments burst out into gay music, probably to cheer up sorrowing hearts of the Division left to face the music of the matchlock men. But unavailingly - the brightness and bustle of the big camp had gone ~~with it~~, and above all, the bazaar which for a few days <sup>had made</sup> ~~of~~ Dilkusha so enjoyable, was terribly missed.

Next day some stir was made in moving the camp to new ground a short distance off; in our reduced circumstances we in fact had to take a smaller house to live in; the days were still hot, whilst the nights were cold, the officers had not as yet got tents; had the bazaar remained, this inconvenience would have been met by the <sup>action</sup> ~~expansion~~ of the <sup>law</sup> ~~market~~ of demand and supply, as it was, the bivouac alternative continued - much softened however by the facility with which the light "charpoy" - was procured; to sleep.

but as the ground retained was ten miles and twelve hundred yards in circumference the 13<sup>th</sup> Division could not be said to be cramped for room.



sleep under the sky, was no hardship when stretched out on its elastic matting. The retreating force had left behind, a sufficiency of provisions to permit of the theme uninterrupted issue of the army field ration, complete in every item - and the good effect of this was soon seen in the subsidence, or at least weak-

ened power of the illness so common in the Residency.

The garden of Alum, (Alum Bagh) with its high walled enclosure containing a square of about 500 yards of ground, <sup>it had</sup> been strengthened and had since our occupation of it in September <sup>it had</sup> been strengthened into a fairly efficient fortification. all the trees in it <sup>were</sup> cut down, and it served as a general store for the use of the <sup>1st</sup> Division - the effect of this was to make the camp look singularly open on every side - <sup>allowing</sup> a very desirable freedom of movement in every part of it. Near the garden on the West side was a patch of park like ground with tops of trees - mostly mango's, scattered about: in first arrival in September, a few scattered deer had been noticed about this ground. Beyond this, well cultivated land began, carrying good green crops, and some <sup>also</sup> of sugar cane. A few deserted villages were in view, I never saw a Native cultivator, but no doubt, from the appearance of the ground, cultivation was carried on at night.

In face of all the movements of our troops, the enemy had not been idle - but busy in his own way, that of firing at pickets at a distance and worrying generally. a few casualties were due to his efforts at long range <sup>firing</sup>, but his chief successes were those in which our camp followers <sup>were killed</sup> were straggling outside, perhaps looting the sugar cane fields, though most of the losses occurred amongst the "grasscutts" of the camp - men who went out to secure green forage for the horses and cattle; poor creatures, they were following their special business without reference to any motive - political or religious - but that of earning their daily bread, nor did the fact that a party of grasscutts had been destroyed one morning, prevent the others in camp from going out to seek grass, next day, only I suppose it made them more watchful.

But more offensive proceedings against the Division were

used



used in a short time; guns were brought to bear on the Alum  
Bagh, and a nearly daily desultory cannonade on it was  
practised, but the result might be summed up in the words of  
~~the tolerant~~ <sup>the tolerant</sup> "navy" in the analogous case of justifying in-  
~~action~~ <sup>action</sup> on his part in respect of the daily pommellings he  
received - about the head - from the irritable and diminutive  
wife, "it pleases she, and it don't hurt I." But if the firing  
continued too long, a shot or two from our side convinced the  
other side that enough had been done for honor for one day, and  
the firing dropped.

The enemy had now a very large force between the  
camp and Lucknow, and kept possession of the fort of Sel-  
alabad about 2 miles <sup>off</sup> ~~off~~; but strangely enough with  
their vastly predominating numbers, they did not shut  
off the Division from the Cawnpore road, the by far the most  
important of all, as along it came ~~all~~ the supplies for the  
camp, and all communication with Cawnpore - nor were  
our troops ever seriously attacked, when escorting convoys  
from Bunnagun, where, 10 miles from the Alum Bagh - a  
small force <sup>of between 400 men and 500 men</sup> was placed to secure the bridge over the river Tye.

~~We had a good deal of news from Cawnpore, but not  
seldom of doubtful kind, the principle in regard of this was to  
accept all favorable news; thus the news of a severe defeat of the  
Syndia's contingent, greatly raised everyone's spirits, when  
further news came that the same Rebel force, had kept pos-  
session of Cawnpore for three days and amongst other things  
had burnt the whole of the baggage stored there - the news was  
too depressing, and was voted to be pure "gossip"~~

The afternoon ride was the distraction of the day, but no  
one rode - or in deed would have been suffered to ride -  
beyond the pickets, as the "sowars" of the enemy, screened by the  
frequent clumps of heavily leaved trees, watched, and would  
have pounced down on any straggler riding out from  
our lines, but there was no necessity to give them this trouble, as  
there was plenty of room inside the picket posts, for a good  
ride



get ride. I used to admire on those occasions, the long line of "abbatis" protecting an exposed part of the position at one point. ~~for~~ <sup>have</sup> I dismounted at the end of the abbatis, to try if I could not coax my way from the outside through the branches of the trees which had furnished the material for this defence. I never once succeeded - the sharp pointed ends of the <sup>heavy</sup> branches pinned <sup>judiciously</sup> down in line could not be got through by a man either singly, or in a rush of men - Long years after, and in another country, I used ~~ferociously~~ to extol the merit of the abbatis, as a protection for a few, against a host.

Mention has been made of the ready way in which, availing myself of the camp bazaar following in the train of the Comin bliefs army, I was able to replace my lost horse, and all its necessary equipment. I had at the same time bought a baggage pony, and this large addition to my stable necessitated the entertainment of a "grasscut" to aid the syce in his labours. I learned with surprise shortly after, that a further development had taken place in the stable department; although in the field, when at any moment the order might be given "Strike your tents, and march away", and when the camp might any hour be searched through and through with bullets, yet under these unsettled conditions, the syce had thought fit to direct his family to rejoice him. The only intimation I had of the arrival of his household treasures, was conveyed by the sight of the young children dancing about near where the stud was located; the division was taking on itself more and more the features of a moving town, though in that way, it was still only the shadow of the metropolitan growth of the moving town connected with the force of the Comin bliefs.

Within the circuit protected by our pickets were some <sup>tiny</sup> ~~small~~ pagodas, or religious shrines in connection with the villages of the neighbourhood; it was said by some of those we looked up to as authorities on all subjects of Native manners



manners and customs, that there were as many different sections of the Hindu faith in India - as there were <sup>Hindus</sup> villages and other separate communities in it. I fancy that this, vastly overstated the case, ~~but~~ in the few instances we saw the interiors <sup>of the shrines</sup> were dissimilar; but uninstructed <sup>observations</sup> on such a reconcilable subject is mere trifling. Sometimes on the confines, - just outside of the camp, the ashes of fires showed how the bodies of the dead of those of the ~~the~~ camp, followers of the predominating faith <sup>in the camp</sup> had been disposed of.

There were indeed plenty of subjects of interest - quite a choice - to suit different tastes - to be found in the course of an afternoon's ride round the camp. It was moreover a real charity to ride up to a picket and give the officer of it a few minutes converse, in which the "quasi" of the day might be served up to him, (in a late edition), (as the poet writes) this might be called one of the small charities of life, "that soothe and heal and bless"

The great event at the Alum Bagh Camp, the one that dwarfed all other matters of interest, was that of the periodical arrival of the convey from Cawnpore, especially of the particular one that might bring a mail from England.

In the beginning of December the news from Cawnpore was far from encouraging; we learnt that the enemy had possession of the place, ~~for a day~~, our troops having retired into the entrenchments there, and it was feared that Sir James Outram's Division would have to fall back from the Alum Bagh, to aid the troops at Cawnpore; the news from Lucknow was that the enemy were extensively fortifying the city; it was suspected that this accounted for the abated interest as to the division, they had shown for some days past. But there was not an atom of apprehension as to our own safety. The Division was now being confronted by revolted Native regiments from Delhi, and elsewhere, and it was curious to see the attention paid to the formalities of their profession: their pickets were opposed to ours, and their Field Officer of the day <sup>went this</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>equally</sup> ~~round~~ <sup>to</sup> visit and inspect the various



various posts, with great regularity and correctness. The routine words of command ~~about orders~~ were all given in English. On one day they had a grand and well conducted review of their troops before us; it may be supposed that the object was to inspire their foes with fear; this they did not do, but it was universally allowed that they marched very well, their drilling was praised.

After a period of suspense not mitigated by a general knowledge of the fact, that a special and never alluded to, message had been received at Headquarters on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of December, news arrived of the complete rout of the revolted Gwalior contingent ~~at the battle of~~ by the Com<sup>d</sup> in Chief. During their ten days of possession of Banaspore, all the baggage stored there had been burnt - a loss most keenly felt by every one at the Alum Bagh. We had heard the day before of a report in darkness that the defeated leader of the Gwalior mutineers had arrived there with an enormous baggage train: and the same report brought was from the city that the people there were all at sixes and sevens, which was likely enough with Hindu <sup>followers</sup> ~~followers~~, under Muslim-man leaders.

The weather with <sup>the</sup> violent north winds carrying clouds of dust which it swept into the tents, covering every thing exposed, was much against the health of the men, dressed as they were for the most part in thin worn out clothing. - Upwards of 80, chiefly wounded men, had been sent on from the 90<sup>th</sup> regiment to Banaspore; yet in a fortnight afterwards of 600 men left 12 percent were ill in hospital, the exposure on picket duty was very trying to men dressed for the hot season, in India - nor was the distant fire of the enemy quite innocuous, and accidental injuries - as in all wars - accounted for some casualties from time to time. At this time it was my official duty to write the annual report of the medical history of the regiment for the past year; and a painful matter it was to go into detail on the subject of the unrelenting march of death, in a body of young men leaving England in high health and spirits, during only a little more than eight months.

There was at first quite a famine <sup>in the camp</sup> of material for mental intellectual

Thus when a party of men were marching off to relieve men at some post, a rifle accidentally slipping from the hand killed one of the relieving party, and cost two other men each an arm



mental ~~inability~~ assimilation, a ~~very~~ heavy loss under the circumstances - much of which might have been saved had it occurred to most of us to use our opportunities - such as they were - aright; simply by reading the same book again and again and <sup>practice</sup> ~~again~~; and no doubt this ~~simple measure~~ <sup>employed</sup> would have been ~~just in practice~~ had it not been for the eagerness of others waiting for their turn of the book in hand. An odd volume containing three of Shakspeare's Plays had been brought out from the Residency - the only book it was my good fortune to get a reading of at the Alum Bagh, the "midnight oil" was not burnt in camp at all. neither candles or any substitute for them could be had, and bedtime usually came about 9 o'clock. Occasionally, the enemy put on a little activity when darkness gave encouragement to their native daring; this did not always take the same form. One redoubtable exploit of the "Pandies" - as the commonly received term for our foes was, had a real success, but I think <sup>repeated</sup> ~~was only once~~; suddenly, one night when the whole camp was wrapped in repose, two of their horse artillery guns were run up to within an easy range of the camp, were fired once, and were <sup>then</sup> ~~immediately~~ galloped back <sup>out of range</sup> ~~to their own lines~~. The whole division was roused, and formed up to await attack. It was an irritating annoyance - the shot hurt no one - ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> the laugh was altogether on the side of the smart Pandies; ~~but~~ one sally of this kind seemed to have satisfied them - it was never repeated.

The only proceeding respecting which our enemies showed pertinacity was ~~that~~ in their attempt to reduce the Alum Bagh entrenchment into their possession, by a fairly steady bombardment, but considering the effort made, the little <sup>ing</sup> ~~impres-~~ sion result<sup>ing</sup> was astonishing; on one day they fired 75 shot into the enclosure or the surrounding walls, but only one man of the garrison was injured.

An extensive work with a circular bastion, and stockade had been erected by the Pandies, on the side of the camp fronting the city on this they had placed 4 guns, but the firing from this  
battery



battery was nearly harmless; through a glass we could see the men belonging to the battery sitting on the parapet, surveying our camp, apparently very much at their ease. About this time the division occasionally assumed the offensive against the enemy; on the ~~same~~ day above mentioned on which their continuous bombardment of the Akum Bagh was going on, a sally from our lines resulted in the capture of a large number of their camp-followers, who were much wanted for our service, and four days later a strong force sent out before day break surprised and captured a camp of the enemy near Jelalabad. with great resulting loss to them <sup>and</sup> all little to ourselves: 4 fine guns were captured and a large quantity of miscellaneous booty. Soon after this a foraging party from the camp captured a large number of cattle. The tangible results obtained by worrying the foe in comparatively small operations were not to be despised, but the greatest good effected through those outings, as they might be called was that of raising the spirits of everyone, and of giving the camp something to talk about - actuality in conversation replaced incessant surmise, with great advantage.

But a more convincing proof that the tide of success on the side of the revolted <sup>was closing</sup> in ~~broth~~ was given by the change of the behaviour of the country people around the camp: hitherto they had shunned all intercourse, now ample store of vegetables, and of grain sufficient for all its population human, ~~and~~ equine and bovine appeared in the camp. No single peasant was ever seen, the welcome products of his labour were translated from his fields to the camp by some mysterious agency, set in motion in the first place by the all powerful regis; had my lamented Khansama, Rum-yjoo been in the camp I would at once - instinctively have known, that the pleasant change from want to plenty had been brought about in some way, through his agency, but in his absence I could only rejoice in a result, whoever brought it about.

The end of the summer was now near, and the country looked beautiful, from the soft green hue of the sprouting corn, I  
was



was told that four or five crops were commonly taken every year off the not particularly fruitful looking soil; this was with the aid of irrigation effected through the water collected in wheels, the term for natural or artificial ponds. A very hopeful feature in the outlook for the peaceful settling down of the country was now seen in the establishment of bazars in the camp, by the banyans - small traders - from Lucknow itself, <sup>owing to ~~reactions~~</sup> where life for that class had become unbearable ~~from reactions~~. It was also reported in camp that the country people in the neighbourhood refused to pay taxes to their Lucknow rulers, and ~~it was reported~~ <sup>further</sup> that the men of the revolted Sepoy regiments there, were beginning to drop away. Before the mutiny Bude had furnished exceptionally many soldiers for the Native army; it was said that at least one soldier came from each peasant family; the mutineers were now returning to their families - wiser, if not sadder men.

Naturally all this was very gratifying gossip for the camp. The bazars were greatly prized; there was now ~~no more sucking~~ <sup>plenty</sup> of dried tea leaves ~~in the~~ tobacco <sup>for</sup> the men, the bazar provided for all their wants, and the field ration was ~~now~~ both ample and good. To enhance the comfort of camp life the convoys from Bawnpore now came in very regularly, bringing clothing, and all reasonable luxuries, such as chairs, and tent tables - books, and prized above all - letters and newspapers from the outer world. Owing to the dwindled down strengths of the ~~of~~ various corps in the Division, the duties of the men, and also of the officers was still very heavy, and of a particularly exacting kind, great watchfulness being required on picket duty - but time was ~~now~~ found for a little - a very little drill, just enough to keep up the memory of it - and the Bands also - of some of the regiments at least - were again heard in the land. As is the rule on field service, the men of the Band had been sent to their duty in the ranks, where they had suffered with the rest; the casualties in the Band of the 90<sup>th</sup> had reduced its former power of evoking sweet sounds



sounds in harmonious measure, but it was still an enjoyment to hear the old music - and it was thoughtful of the presiding officer over the Band to direct that a good proportion of the airs played should be such as from old association appealed to the feelings of the men of the corps.

It has been stated before that the General commanding the Division, usually knew from the reports of the agents acting in our interests in the city of Lucknow - when attacks on the position at the Alum Bagh would be made; so that when at daybreak, the foe began an attack, the assailants found that preparations had been made for their inevitable reception, well in advance of daybreak, and might surmise from the prompt action taken on his advance, that every one on our side, was anxious to have the formality over before breakfast. This certitude as to the proceedings of the enemy, was no doubt due to the care taken by the intelligence department officers of the Division to check information received from the regular agents in Lucknow, by that <sup>coming</sup> ~~received~~ through some second source; this was procured in various ways, one of which was that of ~~some~~ sending deserters into the city. In the camp there were Native soldiers who had stood by their officers when the regiment to which they belonged had recoiled, and whose need was, one of the soldiers referred to could be sent out, to stay away until he had acquired some knowledge of the actual state of things in the city at the time, and then to return to the camp. The reports of the regular agents were very frequent, - daily almost, and generally were truthful. Our ever genial and hospitable General, in command of the Division, occasion - all honoured me amongst others, with an invitation to dinner. I say honoured, in the literal, not in the conventional sense of the word; every one invited to his table was proud of the honour. After dinner in the large tent, it was usual that a paper was brought to Sir James, which possibly he would welcome with "oh here comes 'the Lucknow, Court News', and he would read out to his guests such items as could safely be made public. He knew that he was in fact, addressing the large public, outside his tent. On one such occasion



occasion I recall the intelligence from the city, thus com-  
-municated for the enjoyment of the camp; it was, "The 40<sup>th</sup>  
"regiment, and the regiment of the Monkey, having bound them-  
-selves to carry death into the British camp, have in  
"consequence each received a small increase of pay". In this  
matter the Rancee had acted too impulsively, the money  
credited before it was earned, - was never earned - on  
another occasion Sir James read to his guests the report of an  
incident in connexion with a recent, more than usually,  
futile attack on the outposts - it ran: "As a gift to the loom-  
"-mander in chief of her army, after his late attack on the  
"British camp, the Rancee has sent him, a woman's dress"  
The guests at table received the news with hilarious mirth -

The Rancee referred to was the widow of the late King -  
-the Nawab - of Lucknow Budh - and mother of the son  
called to the throne on his death: she ruled for him during  
his minority, and seems to have been one of the class of  
notable energetic women, who in other parts of the world have  
occasionally held the reins of empire for a time, and have  
made a mark in history, by the capacity ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> shown in the  
government of the peoples they ruled. The fight for her  
favor however, did not add to the efficiency of the  
military measures sanctioned by her - of the leaders.

Time ran on, and Christmas day dawned on a  
camp the dominating residents in which were prepared  
to reproduce in Budh, what they could of the joyous obser-  
-vances of the day in their native country - And the means  
available - accorded fairly well with the intentions; the envoys had  
brought exotic delicacies in a sufficiency for the occasion,  
and the surrounding country sent in its choicest products,  
to be readily disposed of in a booming market. Officers and  
men alike, - after their own fashions - made their Christmas  
holiday, in cheerfulness and in visiting their neighbours for  
the evening the banquet followed  
he followed by banquet, and some faint shadow of revelry -  
"One friend the enemy", knew perfectly well what the  
"His mis"



"Kismis" of the Feringee, meant; they allowed us to <sup>though certainly</sup> to be <sup>ied</sup> carry out its observances in peace, not from sympathy certainly - and the precautions at the outposts were rather added to than lessened on that day.

I was startled in the forenoon by the presence at my tent door of a deputation of the hospital servants who brought me a little offering in honor of the day for acceptance - consisting of bright flowers, and fruit beautifully arranged on a brass tray. It was a pretty sight to see the men in spotless clothing of Eastern fashion, with their bright colored head-dresses and cummerbunds, gravely saluting and proffering <sup>the usual</sup> expressions of respect. Instructed by Mr. Hurst (who might indifferently be looked <sup>on</sup> as both my subordinate, and <sup>as</sup> my superior colleague) I brought out my most gracious smile and touched the edge of the tray with my finger, as evidence of acceptance, Mr. Hurst giving a word or two, expressive of my thankfulness. Subsequently a very modest reciprocity <sup>in</sup> acknowledgment <sup>merit</sup> took place. I was embraced with my present, placed in <sup>as in a bangle</sup> tent it had much the look of an offering at the shrine, ~~prospitatory and gratefully~~, but the chance view of the children of the syce racing about where the horse was tethered, head and heels - opened a way for the proper disposal of the offering. I had them summoned to the presence of the Sahib, and instead of beheading them, as in a vague way they may have thought was the correct thing to order on the day of his festival, I made over to them a banquet of fruit, such as they had never seen before - even in their dreams. The brass tray was quietly re-conveyed to the doors, and so closed the incident of my Christmas box, in camp.

I took my share in going about amongst my acquaintances, wishing merry Christmas and carefully adding also my good wishes in respect of a future interest in the new year; but the notable event of the day in my tent life, was the dinner in the evening



evening. Just as low water mark for me in culinary matters had been reached in September, when on one day I had no food of any kind, and on the next day had only a little gram, parched over the fire, to eat, so now on the Christmas day following, the flood tide of culinary prosperity was reached, the menu for dinner showing the following items:-

1) Soup 2) Tinned Salmon, brought from a far away northern land, to grace a board in rural Budh. 3) A roast leg of mutton, served with all attention to necessary accompaniments <sup>including</sup> potatoes, and succulent <sup>(4) a dish of chicken</sup> peas 5) An orthodox Plum Pudding wanting in nothing essential to a high class production. There was fruit of sorts, for after dinner trifling, and coffee followed, as at all well regulated tables -

The cooking was excellent; the function wanted nothing of completeness in respect to its main feature - <sup>that of being</sup> ~~which was~~ appetizing throughout; ~~the~~ the "Chef" had shown genius in the conception of the repast, and his visions were carried out with all the acquired aptitude of a long practised art. The question of how to roast a leg of mutton without a kitchen range, and so on - would have appalled an ordinary man, but ~~the~~ necessity in the case roused up the inventive faculty of my "officer of the mouth" as the French say; he directed a hole to be dug in the ground, big and deep enough to receive into it a large copper pot, (which had seen better days in a palace) into <sup>which</sup> ~~the~~ the leg of mutton was put. The heavy metal cover was then put on - the sides <sup>and top</sup> of the pot covered over with wood for firing until from successive firings hot ashes enough were obtained to fill up the pit, and by degrees thoroughly to roast the material inside. As the piece de resistance, ~~of the dinner~~ nothing could have been better in the opinion of those who partook of it. I had two guests at table, my friend Mr John Brown, and Mr Bradshaw, who ~~greatly~~ enjoyed and lavishly praised the banquet. I think that in a quiet way, and with ordinary talk in conversation, we had a very satisfactory evening ~~on~~ <sup>that</sup> Christmas Day.

"With the New Year came what"

With



No. 8  
1858

and even  
grapes of an  
excellent quality  
brought all the  
way from  
Babul, were on  
sale.

Fasciculus  
No. 8.

With the New Year came what is called "unseasonable" weather; the little rains were delayed, and the heat in the day-time was much in excess of what is normal for the period of the year; but the face of the country to our inexperienced eyes at least, did not show any falling off in <sup>its</sup> verdure, and the baryars in camp were kept well supplied with excellent vegetables for the table of all sorts. Whether a consequence however or only a coincidence, during the time of unusual heat, an exceptional amount of sickness occurred, not of a fatal kind, but a fuller hospital, meant emptier ranks, just when the enemy began to take matters more seriously than he had done of late. It is likely that the change in this respect <sup>showed</sup> ~~resulted~~ fear in the Council of Lucknow of the prospect of <sup>another</sup> ~~another~~ visit from the army of the Commander in Chief; success had followed success since the <sup>of the army</sup> ~~return~~ from Lucknow to Lawrence, and the extinction of the revolt, and with <sup>this</sup> the pacification of the country was going on rapidly: and it seemed that in a short time nothing would be left to subdue, but Broth - Whatever the reason, the attacks ~~made~~ <sup>made a little</sup> on <sup>the 1<sup>st</sup></sup> Division at the Alum Bagh were ~~now~~ more resolutely made. ~~the most important one in this respect was one in which an unlooked for explosion of religious fanaticism, was the dominant feature. The movement was confined altogether to persons of the Boudhist faith, and arose from the stirring up of a man who professed to be the representative of the dissimiles of a section of the faith most commonly in that of Egypt; but adherents were roused up in Broth by the frantic appeals of the self styled object of veneration, and warning reached the camp, that on a certain day, the new leader would vindicate his title by the destruction of the British force. The usual arrangements for similar visits were accordingly made, and true enough the attack was made, and not as a surprise, but in the face of day, and it was a serious one - or would have been if even a moderate number of the assailants had been filled with the same enthusiasm and sincerity of purpose as that of the~~

Houliay



Sir James Outram in one of his despatches to the Commander in Chief, estimated the number of fighting men opposed to us in Buolh at 120,000, mostly concentrated in or near Sucknow; they consisted in part of some of the revolted Native regiments, but the greater part were the followers of Native chiefs, the feudal landlords called Talokdars; one of the most influential and powerful of them Maun Singh, was said to have 10,000 followers arrayed against us. This great Talokdar's men had been the most active of the assailants of the Residency, their numbers, and their comparative daring, more than compensated for their antiquated arms of matchlocks and swords, and their cumbersome shields. The "matchlock men" had quite a reputation in the Residency, though this was also strictly comparative, the comparison lying with the low rabble of the city - the "budmashis". The country called Buolh, though ruled by one of the Mussulman faith, the "Nawab", whose chief officers were naturally, Mussulmans in religion also, was chiefly peopled by men of the Hindu faith, Maun Singh probably, the most important of the subjects of the Nawab, was one of the ancient faith of the country - and unfortunately for us at the particular juncture, he was also that unpleasant character - a man with a grievance - some thought a just grievance - The question of religion had not openly affected the relations <sup>partisan</sup> of the <sup>those</sup> Mussulman, and of the Hindu faith, coalesced against us, but it showed its vitality at this time in attacks made separately by bodies <sup>of men</sup> of the respective faiths. A success obtained under the auspices of a cherished faith, would have <sup>fired</sup> ~~stirred~~ the spirits of the successful party to white heat. On the 16<sup>th</sup> of January an attack was made under the leadership of a Hindu fanatic, who gave himself out to be the representative of the god Hanuman, one of the divinities of a section of the Budolh faith, His appeals brought many adherents - Warning reached the General, that on a certain day the new leader would vindicate his title by the destruction of the British Force. The usual arrangements for similar visits were accordingly made and



and true enough, not as a surprise, but in the face of day,  
the "Monkey God", as the fanatic was called in camp, made his  
onslaught, not however on the camp proper, but on the outskirts of  
it at Telalabad. Possibly a gleam of worldly prudence may  
have suggested that an easy success obtained at first would  
~~readily~~ arouse the enthusiasm of his followers so effectually as to  
bring about the storming of the camp itself. Be that as  
it may, the leader of the Hindu attack, looking on horseback  
~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> a large monkey, dashed on against the picket and fell  
in front of it riddled with wounds. A few of his followers came on  
with him, and were also shot down, but the main body of the  
men who had followed the Humman, halted far short of  
their desperate leader, and made their way back to the city;  
they had <sup>quickly</sup> recognised that monkey, or no monkey, theirs was  
a lost cause that morning.

It fell out that my acquaintance with the representative of the  
Humman was to be an intimate one - as I was passing along, a  
voice from a group hailed me, it was that of John Brown of the  
Terapore Sikhs, who was bending over a wounded Native, and  
in response to my friend's appeal, I readily undertook the office  
of assistant surgeon to him, in connexion with the fallen foe - so  
lately revered - so soon to find himself a byword and a jest,  
Most of the monkey faked up - if I may use a forcible expression  
not yet acclimatised in the English speech of what used to be called  
"white circles" - had been torn off in order to examine the wounds  
of the enthusiast. what remained was not particularly  
artistic. nor did some paint embellishments here and there  
contribute even a suggestion of realism. The only natural feature  
was the tail, but this also evoked derision, it was trailing, lifeless,  
and in the way; it ought to have imposed on no one. The  
wounded man (as I must call him) in spite of his many  
and severe injuries, was not suffering from the usual "shock" which  
commonly follows ~~nearly always~~ <sup>on</sup> after their infliction, on the contrary, he  
was quite collected, <sup>and</sup> answered questions boldly, even defiantly.  
he was still enthusiastic, and it was easy to see that if he had  
imposed

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imposed on nobody else, he certainly had, on himself -

Interest in the Humnum devotee however, was soon eclipsed by my professional admiration of the marvellous aptitude shown by John Brown for the duties of his office, - although this was no new discovery of mine; it took some time, but in the end through his labor, what at the first glance seemed to be a mutilated human form, was restored into a readily recognisable one, - though on a reduced scale. When all the necessary aid was given, the man who had shown an astonishing firmness in bearing suffering of the acutest kind, was sent to the hospital of the 16th regiment. I was incredulous on the subject of the report next day, that he was alive; ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> day after day, under Dr. Brown's care he lived on -

In 1884 - nearly 27 years after the devotee's disastrous exploit, I was in Lucknow, and in the course of conversation with a resident there, the Humnum incident in 1857 came up - (It was told) the man is still living, and is an object of curiosity on account of his wonderful survival; Government has given him a small pension, for years now. Could it be, that the miraculous recovery had been taken by the uninstructed portion of his own faith, as evidence of the truth of his resurrection <sup>and</sup> in spite of the untoward exhibition at the Alum Bagh?

~~The attack headed by the Hindu fanatic was only an episode in the proceedings of the enemy at the same time. Demonstrations of troops had become frequent, and harassed~~  
~~one troops~~

~~On the 15<sup>th</sup> of February,~~

Aware of the successes of the army of the Commander in Chief, and having evidence in the now occasional arrival of reinforcements from Cawnpore for the 1<sup>st</sup> Division at the Alum Bagh, that operations against Lucknow were in train, the leaders there, showed their anxiety by the frequent and seemingly aimless assemblages of their troops, threatening all sorts of unpleasant things, but withdrawing at the first intimation from



from the camp, that their presence was objected to: in the words of the great poet they "let I dare not, wait upon I would" But in one way their demonstrations were not without effect; In his despatch of 17<sup>th</sup> February, Sir James Outram, writes, "although these threatened attacks have cost us but very few casualties, they are excessively harassing to the troops, who I am obliged to turn out constantly, and keep under arms" On the 15<sup>th</sup> of February, our troops attacked a large body of the enemy - chiefly horsemen - who apparently were watching with the intention of intercepting the usual convoy, then due to arrive at ~~near~~ the camp from Cawnpore. With the enemy was some one of great importance, as he was carried in a palanquin, but agents in Lucknow reported subsequently that this was the "Moulvie" the official head in the country of the Mussulman faith, and its expounder; also it was stated that he - for the occasion, commanded the force sent out. No difficulty was found in routing the enemy and driving them back to their own lines, the Moulvie being also severely wounded - It was current in camp that the enemy's force was exclusively composed of men of his own faith, and it was satisfactory to know, that as the result of <sup>the</sup> attack, under a leader with all the sanction of his religion, was unfortunate, the hearts of his followers must have sunk ~~momentarily~~ considerably. Another attack however and one of persistent effort was made the next day, and by a very large force of the enemy, which had been assembled in their trenches; supporting it were vast numbers of men occupying the "tops" of trees in rear of the trenches, whilst on the left of our camp, a body composed both of cavalry and of infantry, was detached, and threatened attack. During the morning there were repeated demonstrations of attack, but nothing more than these, when the demonstrations failed to convince, the enemy returned to the <sup>in</sup> former positions - A second time they suddenly issued from their trenches, and advancing <sup>with</sup> behind clouds



clouds of skirmishers preceeding, seemed to be making straight for our batteries; they opened fire on the outposts in front of one of the deserted villages: ~~they~~ <sup>but</sup> retired with considerable loss, and nothing to show for their pains.

The futile attacks of the enemy were again and again repeated; a few days after that noticed above, one of the most serious of them was made, directed against the defences on the right of the position, but this occasion our friends the enemy were received with courteous attention by their foes, who did not wait for them to knock at the door, but, led by the General himself left the camp and greeted them with a counterattack, promptly routing the <sup>would be</sup> rash assailants and capturing two of the guns left behind in their hurry to be off.

Perhaps in consequence of advice given by the Rance to her generals, of a more telling kind than that through the airy, artillery she had employed on <sup>an</sup> earlier occasion, when one of them had returned early from his work, and had brought no sheaves with him, — another <sup>attack</sup> was made on the same day to get possession of the Alum Bagh position. It did not meet with even a modicum of success, but it showed on the part of the assailants an apprehension of the fact they had hitherto ignored, namely, that conveyed in the proverb which lays down the primary condition as to eggs, when used for the making of an omelette. This conjecture may be right or wrong, but it is certain that when the enemy, in the afternoon, again moved out of their lines, and attacked the position on its left, they showed more earnestness than on any similar occasion before, they advanced repeatedly within the range of grape shot, sustaining severe losses, and continued to threaten fresh attacks long after dark. It was supposed that <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>permanency</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>show</sup> was due to the wish of the enemy to carry off from the field the bodies of the many slain during the afternoon.

This was the final considerable ~~effort~~ <sup>the</sup> and well sustained effort made against the 12 Division at Alum Bagh; it only caused a loss to it of 40 killed and wounded.



The imminence of the approaching attack on the city of Lucknow was now very clear, Sappers and Miners, to the number of 1200, had arrived from Calcutta, and ~~following~~ in the forthcoming operations their special usefulness was to be prominently seen. Following these precursors of siege operations, an Infantry regiment and two squadrons of Dragoons, some Artillery, and the renowned Irregular cavalry called "Hodson's Horse" reached the Alumbagh position. On the 28 of February the Commander in Chief encamped at Bakara, five miles from Alumbagh, his Force being about 26000 men in all. Four days later the headquarters were at Dilkusha. The 1<sup>st</sup> Division which must always be associated in memory with the Alumbagh, was now fundamentally altered in its composition; in the first place, the noble soldier who had commanded <sup>it</sup> through all the period of anxiety subsequent to the relief of the Presidency, was now transferred to the higher command of a Force operating on the left bank of the Gwanti river in connexion with the larger part of the army to be employed in retaking former strong positions in Lucknow, and in capturing all the others necessary for its final ~~fall~~ complete subjugation. On giving over the command of the 1<sup>st</sup> Division Sir James Outram addressed the Commander in Chief in <sup>a most appreciative despatch</sup> ~~one of the most able, powerful, and sympathetic despatches that could be written~~ respecting the services of the Division, in the whole of the trying time it had faced an enemy overpowering in numbers, and animated with the frenzy of religious enthusiasm. In the despatch he <sup>recorded</sup> ~~expressed~~ his unbounded thankfulness to officers and men alike for their bearing on every occasion of conflict with the enemy, when <sup>the Division was</sup> ~~they were~~ under his command, ~~that he did not need to say~~ <sup>was the well known fact that</sup> ~~the knowledge of every man~~ <sup>of his own supreme</sup> ~~in the hands of~~ <sup>fitness</sup> ~~commander, his ceaseless anxiety in procuring the fullest knowledge of the enemy's projects as to attacks, his calm assurance in action, his judiciously~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~allocation of the troops at his disposal, and finally the charm of his manner, his~~ <sup>falling</sup> ~~unfailing~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~high and~~



The 90<sup>th</sup> was one of the regiments withdrawn at this time from the 1<sup>st</sup> Division, and marching to the Dil-Kousha formed, along with the 42<sup>nd</sup> and 93<sup>rd</sup> Highlanders, and the 4<sup>th</sup> Punjab Rifles, the brigade under Brigadier Adrian Hope.

It was not until the 5<sup>th</sup> of April that the whole of the troops were reunited, and the various sections of them were in their allotted positions, in the plan for the reduction of the city.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> of March the 90<sup>th</sup> took part in the storming of the Martiniere, and occupied it for the night, and next day the regiment was again similarly engaged at the capture of another building. Day by day the defences of the city were first bombarded and breached, and then stormed. On the 14<sup>th</sup> of March, the great mosque, the Imaum Bara, was stormed, six companies of the 90<sup>th</sup> assaulting through one breach. The Kaiser Bagh, had previously been captured, and the capture of the city was now assured.

By the junction of Sir James Outram's Force, coming from the left bank of the river, with the other part of the army, at the Imaum Bara, the city was effectively secured.

By this time the enemy were flying from the city by the stone bridge - which - as the proverb enjoined - had been left for a flying enemy. Many of the inhabitants also left.



~~pretend with the common note in brief.~~

The clearing out of openly defiant "irreconcilables" from the city took only a short time, and on the 19<sup>th</sup> of March, its subjugation was complete - and that of the whole country of which it is the capital, was soon to follow.

During all this stirring time, there was plenty of continuous work for those of my vocation with the army - and some of it inevitably, was saddening.

The camp life however was very enjoyable; after months of coupling up and exclusion from the external world, we now had all the pleasure people feel when they exchange life on board ship for that - ~~would~~ one on land for which they are suited. It was very pleasant to stroll over to some neighboring tents to find these acquaintances of perhaps long past days, and in other lands. Though even this had the touch of a passing shade of melancholy, when we found in conversation the prefix of *poor* so and so applied to men who, as it seemed - only the other day had entered on the serious work of life along with ourselves; it was startling to realize that <sup>had fallen by the way</sup> our youthful group of friends, so many, before they ~~of their lives had reached men~~ <sup>even of their days was</sup> ~~reached~~ <sup>reached</sup>.

I recall a striking spectacle witnessed by me one forenoon in this camp - and consequent on the storming of one of the defences of the enemy, in which the 93<sup>rd</sup> Highlanders had suffered severely. A lengthened train <sup>clothes carrying</sup> of the men killed, preceded by the pipers of the regiment, playing long drawn out wailing airs, wound slowly through the camp to reach the ~~appointed~~ ground for their final rest: this was followed by all the officers and men of the corps not on duty that day, and I am sure it was also followed by the genuine sympathy from the hearts of the many who had been attracted from their tents, by the mournful farewell paid to the lost comrades, so lately in life, and full vigour.

Subsequent to this, and after the ~~timely~~ <sup>timely</sup> ~~burying~~ <sup>burying</sup> of the fighting was over, ~~and the battle had been lost and~~



won, no one then present I think, could fail to remember all his life, the shock of dismay caused by the news of the death of the Commander of "Hodson's Horse", it was like that of a vivid sense of personal loss, even although to the vast majority, Hodson, was but a name; it was a name however with which was associated ~~such~~ a record of such brilliantly daring exploits - always crowned with success - that he had come to be looked on as <sup>a</sup> the paladin of the army; reflexion too, always ended in a bitter regret that he had not fallen at the head of "Hodson's Horse" -

The completeness of the submission of the city was well shown, in the security with which the crowd of sight-seers from the camp made their rounds in it, visiting all the great buildings, which hitherto had been the distant objects of daily wonder, and curiosity - was indulged in without restraint, considering that the population, both Hindu and Mussulman, was still fanatically loyal to the faith it espoused; it might have been expected that the presence of the Infidel, displaying his domination in the most unconcerned way, would have provoked an uprising in every street; but there was no visible sign of treacherous animosity, it seemed as if Lucknow, high and low, acquiesced in the condition in which Fate had landed it.

The city seen from its interior, did not of course sustain the character for stately beauty, which <sup>the</sup> view of it from the roof of the Bhutter Munzil, impressed <sup>on</sup> every one with but in spite of the utterly squalid parts, and the plenty of the commonest of the commonplace in its buildings, enough remained to stamp it on the memory, as being the most beautiful city in India - The Imam Bara, satisfied even those who had a fairly intimate knowledge of the great religious shrines of the cities, in which the Moslem is today still the absolute and unquestioned master.

The camp was a city in itself, and in its way an interesting one; it lacked <sup>the</sup> morning paper, and of ~~even~~ no



no sound of "Latest edition" or of evening pipers  
ever fell on the ear, in its streets - or rather, lines - as the  
broad intervals intersecting its area would be called;  
but this want of typographic medium, was well comp-  
-ensated for by the exertions of the 'gusi' distributing class  
in the camp. Released from the high string tension of being  
every minute in expectation of being warned for some  
duty from which they might never return, it was only natural  
that the younger officers should luxuriate in thought of another  
kind, one at the very antipodes of that which had been their  
portion for weeks past; and animated talk was now very  
largely mixed with speculation. It did not matter that the  
talk was about matters respecting which their information was  
on the French say, 'sadly to seek'; they were speaking to groups  
eager to listen. With the collapse of the enemy at Lucknow, a  
part of the Commander in Chief's army, might now be sent into  
cantonnments, and the great question in camp was where each  
of the selected corps, when released from war's alarms was to be  
located - and the 'gusi' of the day had this central subject to  
make use of. Every one had his scheme - usually declared by  
the hearers - in all frankness - to be perfect nonsense - and very  
protracted argumentations followed. as to the moral right,  
this or that regiment had to the very best station going - in  
wandering mazes lost (they found no end)

Some dwellers in the camp held a very per-  
-sonal interest in an incident - not usual, though not quite  
unknown in Field service - in former days a very common one.  
The inhabitants of a robber village a little way off the road  
from Cawnpore, had found "good business" in connexion with  
the passage of convoys and of mails, to and from the army - at one  
time communities in which robbery was a hereditary, and  
the only employment of the men, were common enough, espe-  
-cially in districts through which traffic channels ran. the  
profession was as uniformly followed by the inhabitants of such a  
village - as <sup>one</sup> another occupation - say, of weaving would be  
transmitted ~~down~~ <sup>from</sup> parent



transmitted  
~~descended~~ from father to son, in another - When attention  
could be given to the matter, a surprise visit was made  
to the particular ~~visit~~ village of this industry which was  
suspected - and rightly so, for much recent loot was found  
in it, and in one hut a fire was made of the <sup>captured</sup> letters of three  
separate mails. An officer told me that the floor of the hut was  
nearly knee deep in unopened letters - Amongst those  
captured was one for me, and <sup>it was</sup> only a month delayed in  
delivery -

A very well known officer, then on the Quarter Master General's  
Staff, told me in connexion with my story of the recovered letter,  
that when he had on a late occasion been out with a  
column, he went to rest one night on his charpoy, with  
a valued watch, placed for safety under the pillow. He  
awoke during the night, confused - but his confusion did  
not prevent him from darting his hand under the pillow to  
touch his watch; it was gone - and he could just see the legs  
of a Native being rapidly withdrawn at the spot where the  
robber had crawled under the fly of the tent - He knew he had  
no remedy, it was useless to rouse the whole column for nothing  
he accepted the position, turned on the other side and  
went to sleep - "Cantat vacuus".

In my early youth I had often heard stories of the  
village robbers from a relative who went to Bengal in 1792 - and  
they were just the ones I now heard in camp, on the same  
subject, that is the framework of the stories, the details were  
varied - the procedure of the existing village proficient in the  
art of conveyancing, in its essential, main principles, had  
been shaped, and handed down to posterity by immemorial  
ancestors, special natural gifts possessed by the descendant <sup>operator</sup> and  
might enhance the value in his hand - but all the principles  
of the art were known and fixed - whether a horse was to be  
carried off from a camp, or the moveables of a tent were to  
be abstracted, the hereditary robber stood on the old ways,  
very high training having also a value for success

The



The means relied on in the practice of the art were simple enough - the application of them, everything. Thus, if the case in hand were that of a sleeping man in a tent, patience inexhaustible, would be used awaiting the time when lights being out, and all the dwellers in the tent's word apparently gone to rest. the operator would approach the camp if possible at a place where sentries were few, and determine his selection of the exact spot by noticing one, the sentry near which paced the ground, and when his back was turned, the operator would advance, crawling on the ground like a snake, and remaining stationary when the sentry wheeled round again; if by any chance the watchful sentry saw anything suspicious, a second glance, and perhaps a little <sup>heard</sup> when, showed him it was only a prowling dog, which gave him no trouble; it had gone when he looked round again. Having selected a tent to work on, the place of least resistance to entry was decided, it was not necessarily the door, because this might be tightly braced to prevent entry noiselessly - the sagacity born of experience would direct to some weak spot where a loose peg could be quickly removed, the fly of the tent there lifted up, and entry made, to crawl noiselessly to the side of the sharpy, would be the work of a moment or two. Seating himself comfortably, near to his victim - or say rather his patient, the operator would treat him to the lifelike hum of a mosquito and after a little, to a gentle quick prick with a needle on the face, which would cause the patient to move <sup>his head</sup> uneasily away a little - and the little game would be played until the head of the sleeper no longer prevented the hand of the one at the bedside, from gently extricating the valuables, guarded by the head of the sleeper - who if by chance he did awake, would profit nothing by a too late alertness: probably however the loss would only be discovered in the morning.

In the beginning of April most of the greater part of the Army had left Lucknow, and the 90<sup>th</sup> moved from camp and was quartered in the Love Bunkle, Palace near







The China War In 1860

No. 9

1859

Fasciculus  
No. 9

In December 1859, I was ordered to Hong Kong for service with the Expeditionary Force being collected there to enforce on the Government of China, the views of our Government in relation to some disputed point <sup>regarding</sup> ~~but immediately~~ about Opium importation.

A crowded ship and the rough handling of a day of hissing gale, made the commencement of the voyage sufficiently irksome, but this was compensated for by a good time in the land of the Pharaohs, where owing to the corresponding ship at Suez, not being ready to receive the onward passengers, we had a week of holiday, spent at Cairo. As a matter of course the Pyramids had to be visited and revisited, and all the usual sights of Cairo, its citadel, bazars, mosques and other attractions, be made acquaintance with, not to mention the donkey rides on steeds not standing very much higher than the dogs of Pyrenean shepherds, <sup>these were</sup> attended by Arab boys, who though with a slender vocabulary - spoke English of the kind used in the parlours of London, with much force of expression.

Breaching began, the passengers for China were transferred to a smaller vessel, which before reaching Singapore, <sup>broke</sup> ~~afforded us a break in~~ the monotony of the voyage by a pleasantly spent day at Penang.

After coaling at Singapore, the vessel left with as much coal as room could be found for - even on deck - and every bit of it was needed to face successfully the fierce <sup>North East</sup> monsoon wind which had now set in, sweeping down the China sea.

At that time few steamers had power enough to force their way straight up against the wind of this season, at its ~~first~~ <sup>onset</sup> onset, and our one was not in the number that could - so the very round about course by the "Palawan Passage" was taken. <sup>by</sup> ~~in~~ this ~~which~~ there was less intensity of the wind and ~~with this~~ <sup>less of</sup> heavy sea, as it was, the steamer had to be hove to more than once, on account of trouble with one of the boilers, I asked an officer of the ship, what it was all about, he answered calmly, "oh nothing, only a hole in the boiler, we can easily settle that matter."

A large part of the cargo consisted of opium, the nauseous smell of which as it was shaken about by the tossing of the ship, was very distressing, causing even intense headache.



matter by blocking it up with a wooden pin<sup>driven</sup> through some  
tow, that will serve till we reach Hong Kong; this I took<sup>to be</sup> as  
~~it was~~ intended, - a pleasant rebuke to my idle curiosity, one  
of the wonderful stories the <sup>sailors</sup> ~~stories~~ keep in stock, to mystify the  
Marines (and others) with, as occasion requires -

We reached our destination without further incident - on the  
30<sup>th</sup> of January - finding the weather misty, milder like a November for us the  
English. I was not the only newly arrived passenger - a stranger  
to the colony, who was surprised to find how greatly the town of  
Victoria, around it, and in the distance, differed from all pre-  
- conceived notions respecting them; the name Hong Kong  
when referred to in England at that time, conjured up the  
picture of a far off exile<sup>in</sup> ~~its~~ desolateness and ~~unhealthiness~~ <sup>pestiferousness</sup>;  
indeed a favourite song - of the comic variety - much in  
vogue then, alluded to the island on the coast of far off  
China in a way to fix firmly in the mind the impression of  
its extreme undesirableness as a residence, when the chief  
actor in the lyrical tale - a rejected lover - smarting under the  
resentment caused by his dismissal - declared with a deliber-  
- ateness shown in the triple repetition - that "She may go, she  
may go - she may go, to Hong Kong, for me". Worse fate than  
this, he evidently thought could not be meted out to the lady,  
who had discarded him -

The town at Hong Kong, however was quite the  
reverse of a gloomy place of banishment, shut off from the  
world, and only visited by malarial breezes - built on the  
narrow margin of low ground running parallel with the  
extensive bay, and on the ascent of an abruptly rising hill  
of over 1800 feet in height, crowned by a ~~radio~~ <sup>radio</sup> signal station,  
the site was a very favorable one for picturesque effect, and  
the bay was alive with small craft, fishing boats, passenger  
boats, and other larger ones used for carrying cargo, to and  
from ships, also with plenty of coasting junks, which kept up  
an intercourse between the island and the neighboring  
Chinese ports as well as with the near at hand Portuguese  
settlement of Macao. Foreign ships - meaning by this non-  
- Chinese



Chinese ones - were numerous, but appeared to be less so than they actually were, from the scattered about anchorages they had taken up in the spacious bay - both on sea and on land at Victoria, the ~~most striking~~ first impression was that of ceaseless commercial activity -

After a general praise, I am forced to <sup>qualify it -</sup> ~~assert to the common~~ ~~place~~ that there is nothing perfect in the world - there were no hotels in the place then, but even this omission was due to a virtue, it was explained by the fact that the hospitality of the great merchants, <sup>chiefly</sup> ~~and also~~ <sup>as well as</sup> that of other residents, was so unbounded, that hotels could not have existed in ordinary times, and even in the case of unexpected, unannounced fresh arrivals, for service in the approaching Expedition, lodging was found for all. I was one of <sup>three</sup> ~~four~~ to whom the much esteemed Principal Medical Officer of the Station, <sup>gave</sup> ~~extended~~ the shelter of his roof -

I was surprised to find that in the winter, in lat  $22^{\circ} 16' 30''$  the climate of the so called pestiferous Hong Kong, was much the same as that of Southern Italy at the same sea level, and season - and in every way as enjoyable: it was in truth an illustration of the old saying - "give a dog a bad name" &c. The island had undoubtedly been most unhealthy when first occupied, and <sup>whilst</sup> the soil was being turned up for building, road making, and other purposes - just as it is found to be universally in other subtropical countries under similar conditions, but as also happens even when settlements have first been made close to West Indian swamps. In Hong Kong, a progressive improvement in the healthiness of the place had set in, perhaps due to systematic or even <sup>in</sup> accidental drainage - I was struck by the generally robust and healthy look of the Europeans met in the streets, and found that open fires were very grateful indoors, night and morning.

The principal street of Victoria, ran along the margin of the living land on the margin of the bay, before mentioned - in this, the ~~principal~~ <sup>many of</sup> merchants resided, their counting houses forming

After spending  
one night on  
board an old  
three decker  
man of war in  
the harbour



forming parts of the establishments, here also were the various banks, and the stores of the principal retail dealers, but ~~feature~~ feature in this street could not fail to attract attention on the most cursory visit in business hours; it followed on the general practice of ~~the~~ the merchants, of storing up money - that is in specie, in their own vaults, to this extent, being their own bankers, the Spanish dollar, was the form of the current money, and Chinese tellers acted as receivers and issuers of the bullion, or of the coined metal; their station was generally at, or near to, the door of the counting house, and every piece of the precious metal ~~received or issued~~ was tested by the practised Chinaman who received or ~~issued~~ issued it; thus all the time of the working day, in this quarter the clink, clink of the metal was the predominating noise in most parts of the street.

As in other tropical or semi-tropical places, similarly conditioned with a foreign and a native population, there were two very separate and distinct quarters in Victoria, the European, and the Chinese towns, the Chinese was that on the west; and it joined on to the European town without any break; its area was ~~very~~ small, whilst the inhabitants were exceedingly numerous, living in closely packed squalid houses, reeking within, and in connexion with them outside, with physical impurities. The inhabitants were nearly all Chinese - most of them foreign to the island, migrants from the mainland - and of these many were undesirable visitors, who had found it convenient to leave the ancestral home for a more or less prolonged residence, in the territory of what they called, the "Foreign Devils" and this unflattering designation was not used in an offensive sense so much, as in one which ~~which~~ appealed to their ~~apprehensions~~ <sup>sense of</sup> by the correctness of its description -

The European part of Victoria contained a largely preponderating proportion of English people, mercantile, governmental - military and naval, and of ancillary professions to the principal elements of the population.

The



The houses corresponded with the importance of the majority of the residents in the quarter, in any good compounds, good roads led all about; the place always looked a cheerful one, and in the afternoon when the ladies dined out in their <sup>or chairs</sup> carriages, were ~~driven~~ <sup>taken</sup> round the public grounds, it looked pleasantly animated.

Of the non-English part of the inhabitants - Germans - nearly all of them following mercantile pursuits, were the most numerous, and next to them, Americans, I was told by one having knowledge of the circumstances, that there was no social intercourse between those of the last named nationality and the English - and this not on account of any enmity between the two, but because of the want of matters mutually interesting. This is very much what happens when English people migrate to France, or other continental countries, and may reside there almost a life time, and yet never see the inside of a household of the country.

Besides the reasons already given to account for the absence of hotels in the even then considerable town of Victoria, was that of the presence of a large and good club, at which a certain number of its temporary members could be suitably lodged; this was naturally the centre of the gossip of the place, its reading room, a very valued adjunct for those who desired to know something of what was going on outside the world of Hong Kong.

In spite of the existence of a self contained Chinese town, most of the native ~~traders~~ shopkeepers whose trading was <sup>and others</sup> dependent on Europeans, such as tailors, shoemakers, who supplied their personal wants, had their very unassuming shops in the European quarter, and it was at one of these - a tailors - I first heard the <sup>word</sup> ~~language~~ called, 'pidgin English', used. This is a kind of lingua franca, which in the course of time has sprung up, and spread in the Treaty Ports, through means of which foreigners and China men habitually in contact, can communicate with each other with sufficient exactness for every day needs - even those of important barque making, and

the word  
pidgin  
being the  
Chinaman's  
way of  
pronouncing  
'business'



and yet I doubt if there are more than a hundred or so, of English words in the talk, or quite so many as fifty of the Chinese speech - but to supplement the poverty of ~~the~~ phonetic expressions, gestures <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>constantly</sup> accepted to help out the sense in conversation. The language of the Flowery Land, <sup>was</sup> so difficult of acquisition, that <sup>comparatively</sup> very few of the foreigners in the country, ever attempted it, at the time referred to: missionaries struggled <sup>the acquisition of Chinese</sup> through it - more or less successfully, and the young Consular Assistants, stimulated by the fact that <sup>on</sup> ~~any~~ a sufficient knowledge of Chinese, to act as interpreters, their promotion materially depended - applied themselves diligently to the study - but unless in the case of men <sup>quite</sup> specially gifted, the two classes named, had, amongst ~~the~~ foreigners, quite a monopoly of ~~the~~ knowledge of the speech of China - The imperative necessity for a machinery needed in <sup>inter</sup>exchange of thought between Chinamen, and the barbarians from without who had come intending to stay - was solved by the use of the gibberish sounding pidgin English - an initial success <sup>following</sup> which, perhaps, as in the analogous instance in the European Levant - may come later on - <sup>through</sup> further accretions of words, or portions of them, a sort of accepted language in grammar bonds

The friend who took me to the tailor Chinaman opened the conversation (after indicating me with his finger) with "Yi piecy man, wancluy, one piecy sleeping suit; you can do?" the tailor nodded his head affirmatively, and answered "laundaloo", the garments desired were produced, scrutinised, and approved of: then came the fateful question, "How muchy you speaky this piecy?" a moderate price was asked for very good material well made up, and I left the shop well satisfied. The owner of it saluting us by pressing his folded fists together on his chest, nodding and saying "chin-chin" - I do not know if this was a Chinese word or not: it may only have been a word that the Chinamen understand to be polite, conventional English. I had carried away from the shop besides the suit, a faculty <sup>as I</sup> thought - for speaking fluently and well pidgin English, which served me



capitally during my stay in China, in intercourse with shopkeepers and servants.

A somewhat incongruous feature in the English quarter at that time was the presence of a small plain Pagoda like building, ~~early to be~~ a temple for worship of one of the ~~great~~ sections of Chinese religious life; on the morning after my arrival at Hong Kong, I had seen a notice referring to it, in the local newspaper, in which business seemed to be very obtrusively mixed up with the higher aspirations of the spiritual life. It was to the effect, that Ah Hun Foo, (or some name like that) having bought the business of the Temple of the God of the North Star, all debts owing to it were to be paid to him. I mentioned this to a friend, saying how characteristic the advertisement in the English newspaper seemed to be <sup>in</sup> ~~of Chinese~~ the blending by the Chinese of the practical temporal, with the ideal supernatural; he however did not see in it anything more than a short English translation of some probably differently expressed and more guarded - by written composition in Chinese; the "business" of the temple referred to, being perhaps the cost of the ceremonies for the invocation of good fortune on a projected voyage by Chinese mariners.

Attached to a hospital with the view of noting in the illnesses of the inmates, features which had been induced by the special influences of a sub-tropical climate, my professional duty at this time was very light, but as the season advanced an occasional transport with troops on board arrived, having been able as the sailors used to say, in the days of sailing vessels - to "thrash" her way up the lower part of the China sea, sometimes I was sent off to it on some matter connected with medical arrangements. One of the first sights I noticed in the harbour was the presence of a dismantled line of battle ship, and it turned out that this was the ship which had taken the regiment I then belonged to - or rather what were then called the "service companies" of it from Harbours to Halifax in Nova Scotia, nine years before. The history of "HMS Hercules" was peculiar; built during the war with France, she was not launched until 1815 when the war was over - and had not been sent to sea until 36

7

years



years after, and then not in the capacity for which she had been designed, but in that of a transport, on a round voyage from England to the Mediterranean - thence to the West Indies, to Halifax and finally back to England with the companies of a regiment which had finished its term abroad - This turn I think ended the active service of the Hercules, and moved in the bay at Hong Kong, she was passing her old age tranquilly, and in such usefulness as she was capable of as a floating hospital for the navy. She had never fired a shot in earnest in the course of her career, but a day of glory had come to the ~~that~~ "Hulk", for such I confidently call the day on which she arrived in Halifax, and saluted the flag of the Admiral there - no other than the great Lord Dunmore, whose name will brighten the pages of naval history for many a year to come as potentially a second Nelson. but one whose hard fate it was never to have led <sup>an English</sup> a squadron into action - an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" -

two years before When the regiment then on board the "Hercules" at Halifax was quartered at Trinidad in the West Indies ~~two years before~~ - Lord Dunmore's flag ship, the "Wellesley" had anchored off Port of Spain, the capital, where he and his officers received much attention, before leaving the officers of the "Wellesley" gave a grand ball on board of the flag ship - at which the garrison of the island, and all society there <sup>were present</sup> - and to this day, it is a proud memory for me <sup>with the other guests</sup> that I had the great honor of bowing to the great Admiral on his <sup>own</sup> quarter - deck -

The Chinaman's harbor boat - the "samsan" as it was called was usually managed by one man - or even by the wife of the man, in his absence. I have also been rowed by the wife and the mother in law; and the master and owner. the wife and children might all be living on board together, and in spite of the overcrowding, food was cooked on board. The head of the family was supposed to be a fisherman, and the nature of this employment accounted for his absence; but I was told that the highly domesticated looking man might

Some personal  
description  
of "samsan"  
"Cochran"



might also have an alternative employment - that of a  
pirate. ~~coastal~~ - piracy was very prevalent in the adjacent  
waters, though the practice was confined almost entirely to that  
affecting the native <sup>merchant</sup> junks.

In the early part of the year the pleasant bracing climate,  
invited - almost forced residents with leisure to take long walks and  
of such there was a variety for choice - but the one which  
possessed most interest was that which led to the summit of  
the abrupt mountain peak nearly overhanging the town, and  
on which was the signal station. The view from the station on  
every side <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ worth the labor of the ascent, and just because  
of the task in achieving this, it was the fashion to string up the  
height, if possible to make a record ascent in time occupied, in  
doing the work. Other walks led to the north shore of the island  
to the margin of the canal like stretch of sea, <sup>the Limoon passage</sup> which separated  
it from the continent, and formed the passage through  
which ghips and junks going north, passed into the China sea.

At the <sup>then</sup> season the surface of the country was green with pasture  
wherever there was soil, but as the island was of volcanic origin  
and granite rocks shot up in every direction. The aspect of the  
country was ~~then~~ even forbidding - and this was not lessened  
by the lack of trees generally; in return ~~for this~~ however the  
rocks provided an excellent building material close at hand.  
and quarries <sup>ries</sup> were numerous; it was interesting to notice the  
process of splitting up the hard rock into required lengths of it, by  
hammering ~~slowly~~ slowly and regularly on the chisels sunk  
in holes in the granite, along the lines ~~thus~~ traced out, the  
rock after a time would suddenly split.

What there was of native population outside of Victoria, seem-  
ed to be confined to the coast - fishing being the occupation -

Although the merchants multiplied, and also  
had their mercantile establishments in the principal street of  
the town, there was one most notable exception to the custom,  
in the case of the then head of the greatest mercantile house  
in China - whose great establishment, formed a settlement by  
itself

low sun &  
cold water was?



itself on the northeast shore of the bay and about three miles from the town. Without any overstraining of language the merchant in question might properly have been called a merchant prince; the magnitude <sup>of the business</sup> as well as the vast sphere in which the business operations were carried on, the number of persons employed in connexion with it, and the scale on which the ~~accessory requirements~~ <sup>accessory requirements</sup> ~~subsidiary adjuncts~~ were planned, all contributed to notion of the fitness of the designation above given, to the virtual head of the firm. Thus the distant and isolated location of the head-quarters of the business, demanded a suitable protection from the descent on it of the pirates who infested the seas near the mouth of the Canton river, and this I was told had been obtained by the entertainment of three hundred well armed Chinamen, who guarded the costly merchandise, and of the bullion stored in the vaults.

Another factor for the prosperity <sup>business in question</sup> of the ~~undertaking~~ was held to be that of a sure and fast communication with Calcutta, and to secure this, the firm possessed a line of steamers of the best type, and the fastest by far of any then afloat in Eastern waters; not used for general trading purposes, but only in connexion with the operations of their owners; neither passengers or cargo from outside were sought.

The vessels had no fixed time of departure from Calcutta, and possibly the most important part of their cargo on some occasions might be that of news of the markets at Calcutta - and in Europe - News used frequently to circulate in Victoria, it might be several days, before the arrival of the postal service steamer, and then it was understood, that one of the independent steamers was off the coast, waiting for orders when to enter the harbour - if indeed it was meant that she should enter the harbour at all.

The firm next in importance to the one in question, and which in the language of the racecourse, might have been called, a good second to it, was presided over by a man of great energy and capacity, so it was inevitable that a rivalry <sup>between</sup>



between the two firms should spring up - and a partial -  
- an feeling respecting the merits and the prospects of the  
two firms, sprang up <sup>also</sup> in Hong Kong society; but the rival-  
-ry took a very unexpected ~~form~~ <sup>form</sup> - one so inconsistent with  
commercial instincts that, *a priori*, it would have been  
inconceivable. The rivalry <sup>it</sup> showed itself in the attempt to  
gain the first prize in the Hong Kong race course, and for  
this purpose very good horses, and competent experienced  
jockeys, were imported from England by both firms.

Wonderful interest was taken in the colony, as to the likely  
result in the race, and defeat settled nothing - as another  
horse was brought out by the losing side, and so the struggle  
was kept alive.

Meanwhile the cold season was fast passing away, but no  
definite action locally, had yet been taken from which some a  
conception of the nature of the intended campaign might be  
formed. At length the arrival of the commander in Chief, Sir Hope  
Grant, put an end to surmise; orders were given for the  
transports already arrived to be in readiness to proceed to the  
north - It was now known also that a French force was to be  
associated with our troops in the expedition, an announcement  
that caused much surprise, as the British force was ample to  
conduct the operations projected, to a successful end -

Sir Hope Grant was already a very distinguished officer, he  
had served in the first China war in 1840 <sup>41</sup> and his name was  
known far and wide in India in connexion with the early Sikh  
war in which he had shown not only conspicuous soldierly  
virtues in the field, but a moral courage of the highest kind. In  
the then recent Mutiny campaigns, his reputation as a leader of  
cavalry, was at the highest point. In every war he commanded  
the unbounded respect and confidence of his troops -

From this time the interest of all connected with the expedition  
was centered in the orders issued from day to day, organising  
the regimental and other units of the Force, into Divisions,  
Brigades and on the appointments of individuals to serve as officers of  
the



the Staff of the newly formed army; one evening I found my own name noted in Orders as medical officer of the personal Staff of the General. and I made my own little preparations in respect of the particular service - about the same time it was rumoured in Hong Kong that most likely there would be no war at all, as the Emperor of China had accepted the terms in the ultimatum of the allied Powers sent in to him, the rumour was generally credited, but the preparations for the movement of the troops to the North went on uninterruptedly, and as it turned out, it was well that these had not been suspended.

Having entered on my new duty, on the last day of March I embarked in the SS Grenada, which had been told off for the use of the General and of his Staff - he now purposed to satisfy himself by personal inspection in the North, as to the superior suitability of ~~one~~ <sup>a</sup> locality and ~~there~~ <sup>to be held</sup> in military possession during the continuance of the war, as ~~against others thought to be equally or more advantageously fitted for the purpose sought~~

The Grenada was a small ship, and she had to find accommodation for a considerable number of officers on the Staff, or in connexion with it. Amongst those on board along with the General, was (the Commissioner from the General commanding the French army) Count Hebon, an officer who spoke English well, and whose courtesy and savoir faire, made him a very acceptable intermediary. A naval officer was also on board as an advisor to the General in respect of nautical matters; and an officer of the Consular service from Canton, came in the indispensable role, of interpreter.

On the last day of March, the General embarked, and the Grenada left her anchorage: passing through the "Limooon Passage" which separates Hong Kong from the mainland, she entered the China sea. While day light lasted, and with fine weather, we had a pleasant run, being well in sight of the coast, and <sup>we found</sup> ~~finding~~ amusement in the watching

savoir



in watching the movements of the numerous trading  
junks traversing the sea in great regularity. Fishing <sup>in fleet</sup> boats  
were also met with in great plenty; at one point a net had  
been spread nearly a mile in a straight line, and this  
being right in the course of the vessel, the obstacle had to  
be charged, in consequence the labor of the fisher<sup>men</sup> ~~men~~  
was lost for that day at least.

Next morning the weather changed, a steady gale from  
the north-east set in, and with it much mist; much  
discomfort <sup>also</sup> came in the train of the change. The ship battled  
with the gale all day, and when evening was near, the  
captain - who had been navigating the China sea for  
twenty years, and knew the coast intimately, anchored the  
ship on the leeward side of Nomo island, opposite a  
small town. Thus we had the greatly appreciated bless-  
-ing of a quiet restful night.

On leaving the anchorage at daylight, the Grenada  
continued her course in the face of the gale, going through  
the same slow laboring, shaking, tumbling and  
pitching performances as on the day before; to add to  
the misery the vessel being now out of the tropic, the cold  
- with the thermometer at 50° was very much felt. At  
dark the vessel was anchored in a convenient bay on the  
coast; where a tranquil night made amends for the dire  
troubles of the day. At day break the northward course  
was again entered on, this lay as close to the shore as  
was prudent. We were now passing up the broad straight  
separating the island of Formosa from the mainland. The  
water in the course taken being very muddy from the rivers  
opening on the coast. In the forenoon we were off the great  
seaport Amoy, and much to our regret passed it, thus  
losing the only available <sup>anchorage</sup> passage for the night. On the  
succeeding day the gale took off somewhat, but the cold  
took an independent line of action, and became worse than  
before. We were now near Fou Chow, another large seaport,  
but



but its mercantile importance had little interest for us in comparison with the fact that near it the Grenada was under the lee of the White Dog group of islands, and we greatly enjoyed the protection they gave us from the heavy sea the gale had brought up. With the falling away of the wind, the merchant junks were again <sup>numerously</sup> met with; it was difficult to <sup>discern</sup> ~~detect~~ the junks from the pictures in memory, from which the Norman invaders landed in England; the junks of far away Cathay seemed to have been turned out in the same dockyards as the vessels which transported the conqueror's army. The larger junks were heavily armed, but the experienced officers of the Grenada told us that in practice, of two junks meeting on the high seas, the pirate would be found to be the one of ~~which~~ <sup>whom</sup> its crew deemed ~~it~~ to be that having the best chance of success in a fight.

On the evening of the sixth day out, the Grenada entered the archipelago of the Chusan islands, and a bright moon enabled her to be navigated safely through them during the night. In the morning we were in the mouth of the Yang Tse Kiang river; at least so the Captain told us, but no land was to be seen in any direction until the forenoon when we came in sight of the south shore of the river. The chief feature at this point was that of a very long line of junks at anchor along a bank, the line seemed to extend for more than two miles. On reaching the Light Ship, it was found that there was no available pilot, and so, the Captain, instead of <sup>temporarily</sup> joining the company of anchored junks, followed in the course of a gunboat which was making its way up the river; under its guidance on reaching Woosung our vessel entered the so called river of the same name, and in the afternoon, anchored off the English Settlement at the city of Shanghai.



As the term was understood in 1860, Shanghai meant the European settlements which had grown up outside of the Native town of that name on the conclusion of the war of 1840-1 - and it was a consequence of the great and sudden commercial expansion which took place in China after that event. A stipulation in the treaty gave the right to foreigners to establish themselves in China at certain defined places, with the privilege of freedom from the control of the laws of the Empire, within the settlements. The British settlement was by far the largest and the most important of these, as nearly all the foreign trade of Shanghai was conducted there, but within the settlement there were also Germans and Americans.

On landing from the steamer, at what was called, 'the Bund' - a long and well kept esplanade bordering the river - I was surprised to find what a large extent of flat alluvial land was comprised in the settlement, on the area of which excellent dwelling houses, <sup>usually</sup> with good compounds had been built; one of the houses in particular, the residence of the agent of one of the greatest merchants in Hong Kong, might - with a moderate qualification - have been called palatial, in external appearance, and the extension of it, in which the clerks and other officers of the <sup>great</sup> firm lived, was in its imposing proportions, but little less notable than the main building.

Well laid out, and well kept streets, contributed to the amenity of the settlement - and, as was the case at the town in Hong Kong, only perhaps more numerously than there, European ladies, carried about in chairs by well dressed coolies, were about on their daily rounds of house - hold cares, or of exercise - or simply of amusement.

There seemed to be more of social life, meaning chiefly by the expression - of visiting and of shopping, than at Hong Kong - and as I saw subsequently, the men of the settlement, took their pleasures differently than their countrymen in the south, rather in boating and in shooting, than in the pleasures



pleasures of the turf - but the great difference in latitude between the two places, probably controlled this matter -

The General remained twelve days at Shanghai, and during that time, landing every day, and remaining on shore the greater part of it, I saw a great deal of the place.

On the third day after the arrival of the Grenada, the reply of the Emperor of China, respecting the terms of the ultimatum of the Generals of the allied forces, was received, and war was now formally declared. This did not however in the least alter our position as visitors to the Native city, we went and came without let or hindrance during the whole of our stay - and we met with no incivility, and had no apprehension of personal danger in intercourse with our enemies - Once I did notice - or fancied I noticed sinister looks, but that was on an exceptional occasion when in company with the officer of the Royal Navy, attached to Sir Hope Grant's Staff, we by chance wandered into the lowest quarter of the town - that inhabited by the junk population - their protest against our presence - if indeed it was one - only took the form of scowling at us, instead of the reception usually accorded to the Foreign Devils namely that of being first intently stared at, and then of being uproariously laughed at - and perhaps finally of being asked to buy something <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>otherwise</sup>.

The Native city <sup>was</sup> separated from the English settlement by a small creek - and <sup>was</sup> surrounded by an old wall, with mouldering gates at intervals, guarded by Chinese soldiers, in dirty tattered costume; over some of the gates the heads of decapitated men in baskets were hung, and in considerable numbers; the heads were probably those of captured rebel Taipings, an army of whom were ravaging the country at no great distance from Shanghai - We paid visits, not of ceremony, but of curiosity - to the <sup>Yamen</sup> ~~head~~ or headquarters of the Governor - the "Tou tai" - of the Province, and in the courtyard saw evidence of one part at least of the methods of legal procedure of his court - in respect both of suspects and of adjudged criminals: lying <sup>about</sup> or more accurately stated, kneeling,



kneeling, in the courtyard, were a number of men placed in the "cangue" that is, a boarding about two feet square made of heavy wood, and in two sections of equal size, in the <sup>upper and lower</sup> centre of which space had been scooped out to receive the neck of the prisoner: or a perhaps a clearer way to describe the instrument of torture would be to liken the "cangue" to the advertising board carried about in the streets of London, with a hole pierced in its centre to receive the head of prisoner. No guard is required to watch the prisoner in the cangue, it is too heavy to walk about with, he cannot lie down with it; to kneel with one end on the ground gives the only, and temporary relief, and he may be maddened with flies or mosquitoes he

cannot reach with his hands

I saw no capital punishment inflicted at the <sup>Yamen</sup> ~~House~~ of the Tontai, but on the one or two occasions in which I saw the local ruler being carried through the streets of the city attended by his guard, and retinue of officials. <sup>noticed</sup> ~~I saw~~ the one whose duty it was to decapitate the prisoners for whom the Tontai had decreed this particular fate. The officer of "high justice" was always in attendance when the great man went abroad, and carried the sword of fate, with as little apparent concern, as he might have carried a walking stick. The sight of the huge curved, broad bladed weapon, was very gruesome however to a beholder; the important official who carried it seemed to be quite aware of the interest with which the "Foreign Devils" regarded his presence, he grinned and laughed to us good humouredly. The other members of the cortege took no apparent notice of us, and the Tontai himself looked unconscious of our presence.

The city was very crowded at the time of our visit, and this state was not due alone to the strenuous mercantile life of the place, sufficiently indicated by the vast number of junks in the river, engaged both in the inland and in the external carrying trade, ~~but~~ the city was also a manufacturing centre, and the refugees flying before the advance of the Taiping rebels <sup>temporarily</sup> ~~had added~~ to the numbers of the community. Yet in spite of its size and of its apparent splendour denoted by the number of shops the contents of which were the accipory to the condition of wealth. the



petty

city had a mean appearance - there was an entire want of striking public buildings or of spacious private residences - the religious temples, which in "pidgin English" we called Blin-Blin, or "Iq's Houses" were numerous, but petty, ~~and~~ the sacred goats in connexion with them abounded. Jugglers and fortune tellers, collected little audiences about them. In some of the streets there were ~~for~~ shops where very beautiful and also very costly furs could be had by the rich - Shops too in which the finest china ware was sold, were plentiful, as were also book shops, and old curiosity shops, ~~which were~~ very much in the style of <sup>the</sup> Wardour Street ones. By the ~~theatres~~ <sup>theatres</sup> also we saw quite a sufficiency for the entertainment of the inhabitants - A feature new to us was that of the Opium shops, where the drug was smoked by the slaves of the practice; those we entered were crammed with customers, all stages of the narcotic drunkenness might be seen: when the fitful excitement of the first stage of the narcotism was over, the miserable

victims  
of the habit

~~wretches~~ were put on one side apart, and lay ~~like slaughtered~~ <sup>like</sup> ~~troops~~, insensible ~~and~~ motionless, and ghastly to behold.

Despite of the foul ditches and the filth which in some quarters greatly detracted from the agreeableness of the Chinese town, its shops and the street life in it were very interesting, to me during the ~~ten days~~ stay of the Commodore in chief at Shanghai, and I may even say were of profit to me in one material point at least - namely in that of enabling me to lay in a store of small things which experience had taught <sup>went</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> so far to alleviate some of the discomforts of service in the field - The cold weather we had on the voyage up from Hong Kong had shown me the need of being provided with some very warm clothing to use in the campaign in the north of China, should this be prolonged into the winter and I took the opportunity of having my overcoat lined with fur, out of the abundance of Shanghai - Both the most suitable fur and the services of a pidgin English tailor, were available - when the latter was asked if he understood the nature of the requirements in the case, which his art was wanted for



for, he simply nodded his head, and said "candaloo".

I had also the pleasure of receiving the kindly hospitality of an old friend of mine ~~who~~ I had known in the West Indies, one of my own profession, who having migrated eastwards, was a prominent man in the English settlement. To give me a change from shop hunting, my friend, made up a little shooting party, ~~for~~ one day, consisting of a merchant in the settlement and our two selves. We went seven miles up the creek in one of the "house boats" as they were called, which were regarded as a part of a merchant's establishment, to facilitate work in connexion with shipping, cumbersome large junk like boats, partly covered over to protect against the sun and rain.

The country on either side of the creek was low alluvial land with good snipe shooting, and bordering this was highly cultivated and productive land; ~~and~~ we walked over long stretches of it laid down in beans and a grain. I took <sup>to be</sup> barley; pheasants were also sufficiently plentiful particularly amongst the bushes and trees about the very numerous ~~large~~ <sup>small</sup> places. We passed a number of small clean looking villages - all the people we met were very civil and raised no objections to our going across their fields of young corn. Not only did the burial places seem to be much out of proportion to the apparent population, but sometimes also we passed one of the huge heavy coffins placed in the field, as if burial were not meant.

As both wind and tide were against us for going back by the creek, we proposed to walk the five miles between us and Shanghai, which we reached without <sup>without interruption</sup> ~~any unusual incident~~, all was tranquillity along our pathway.

One worry for a stranger arriving at Shanghai in its earlier days was connected with the currency: the Chinese amongst themselves weighed out silver in unstamped lumps, and for small change had small iron coins, which the Europeans called "cash" in pidgin talk: the cash were small indeed in value -

eight



light of them only counting <sup>for</sup> as one English halfpenny, the weight of the cash ~~thus~~ prevented the use of them by foreigners. The Chinamen managed to carry rolls of cash about by threading a very tough kind of rush through the square opening in the centre of the coin, and tying the ends of the rush together. The population of the settlement did not like to make such extreme payments as that of giving four shillings and two pence for labor of which the ordinary price might be only ten cash, and necessity worked out the remedy which was found in the writing by the Chinaman official of the bank of notes, or <sup>one hundred</sup> boxes for so many cash. the ordinary number I think being ~~ten~~ <sup>one</sup> cash, each; armed with a bundle of the boxes the face value of which was  $6\frac{1}{4}$  ~~of a penny~~ payment could be made in respect of obligations to sampan men, coolies, and the like - who readily accepted the promises to pay of the foreign demon, the Chinaman official redeeming them in the current cash. Thus our sixpenny notes had their little day of importance in ~~Shanghai~~ Shanghai.

One strange feature in connection with the river at Shanghai was no doubt due to the action of the tide, though <sup>having seen</sup> with experience of the bores of more than one tidal river, the phenomenon referred to was singular in my experience extending to rivers in some part of each of the continents of the world. At Shanghai the ships and junks <sup>at</sup> anchored ~~in the river~~ might often be seen careering about in tumultuous water, the surface covered with seething whirlpools. the heads of the ships pointing at the same time in different directions - all so to say, at sixes and sevens. This was called in the usual pidgin English vernacular - 'chow-chow water', whatever its name, it could only be called very dangerous looking water - but as it was very common, people payed no heed to it -

The morning's stroll through the city usually ended in the same way, namely in that of partaking of the unassuming hospitality of one of the residents, at tiffin. In the afternoon a pleasant walk about the public grounds of the settlement followed, when after business hours, the residents were usually abroad, and



and visits were paid; a genial unaffected society was a ~~notable~~ feature of the ~~predominating~~ mercantile life at Shanghai in those days. At the table of one of the merchants I tasted for the first time of the bird's nest soup, which is supposed to be peculiar to Chinese cookery; of the semi-gelatinous dish, I was an unappreciative partaker.

On the forenoon of April 18<sup>th</sup> 1860 the stay of the Commander in Chief at Shanghai ended, and the Grenada got under weigh and <sup>ran</sup> down the river through the usual fleets of large junks. In the afternoon the vessel was clear of the Yang Tse Kiang, and making for the rendezvous of the allied expedition, anchored for the night, off the Ruggels, near to one of the islands of the Chusan group. At day light next day the vessel was again on her course and at noon had reached the combined fleets at Kin Yang. The intention - afterwards abandoned - was that of occupying and holding the Island of Chusan, so well known in the war of 1840-41. and some ships of war and transports with troops had already been sent there. From the anchorage at Kin Yang, the entrance to the river leading to Ningpo was only twelve miles off. From our berth, the island which sheltered the ship looked very beautiful ~~with~~ its surface covered with various young crops: we were anxious to land, but were warned against ~~attempting a landing~~ <sup>this</sup> by the sight of a boat from the fleet which had attempted to land, being swept out to sea by a furious tide, during the day however there was an abundance of mild excitement on board of the Grenada, through ~~the~~ the successive arrivals of officers paying official visits to the Commander in Chief. 1860

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of April, the Grenada left Kin Yang, and crossed over to Chusan - only fifteen miles distant - and anchored in the fine harbor there - The view of Chusan from the sea with that of the neighboring islands was extremely beautiful.

It had been rumored the day before we left Kin Yang, that the Chinese troops at Chusan had been reinforced from Ningpo, and that possibly a defence might be made. Soon after the arrival



arrival of Sir Hope Grant, the French Admiral - Peige, came on board, and after an interview with the British Commander in Chief, a flag of truce was sent to the chief Mandarin on shore, demanding the surrender of the town, this brought two Mandarins on board, who were pressing in their efforts to avoid or at least to modify the terms of the surrender. Mr. Parkes the well known Consul at Canton, and who later on was Ambassador at Peking, had come from Shanghai with the Commander in Chief, conducted the discussion with the Mandarins. I somehow felt sorry for the Chinese officials with their submissive manners, they could not alter the stern demands of the French as to the completeness of the surrender. As the result of the interview, the French landed men to occupy the town and the Tso Hooze hill which dominated it.

Along with our French Commissioner, Count Reboul, I landed next day, and we went up to the hill, where the French troops had established themselves, the town below it was small and mean in appearance. I thought it fortunate that <sup>British</sup> ~~our~~ troops were not landed to co-operate with our allies, the extensive swampy tract of Padoh fields, looked so very like a breeding place for malarial fever. We visited the military Mandarin, who preferred the usual cups of Tea, for our refreshment. We found that though a pure Chinaman, he was of the Mussulman faith - as far as I saw the only building left, connected with the British occupation of 1840-41, was the hospital, in which on one of the walls I found a scrawl or two of a soldier's humor. In the afternoon in company with one of the Staff, I again landed, only to find the General just pushing off from the shore: so we had to re-embark in all haste; the Grenada unmoored on the General's return, and steamed out of the harbour.

Next morning we were off the small island of Pu-Tu, in the Chusan archipelago, notable as being one of the chief centres of the Buddhist religion in China - the inhabitants being almost all monks. It was told us that there were about a thousand <sup>of them</sup> ~~monks~~ on the island - which might not inaptly



inaptly have been ~~considered~~ <sup>called</sup> a ~~simple~~ <sup>Buddhist</sup> ~~temple~~ <sup>temple</sup> - We  
launched after breakfast - From the beach a broad flagged  
road led to the centre of the island where the most of the Bud-  
-dhist temples and convents were, the latter being very num-  
-erous, whilst the idols in the temples might <sup>broadly</sup> ~~be said~~ to be  
be innumerable. In one of the temples ~~there~~ was an image  
of the Queen of Heaven, with a child in her arms, being <sup>at</sup>  
of the Goddess of Mercy representation - images of men-  
-dicant monks were common, and I saw a venerated <sup>on it</sup>  
tomb in one temple with - I was told - a Sanscrit inscription.

In several of the temples visited, there were pictures on the  
walls of representations of future punishments, some being  
- to our eyes, grotesque, but all were also horrible - One of  
the pictures ~~was~~ <sup>showed</sup> that of an old and fierce looking Mandarin  
in huge round spectacles, not only awarding - but also  
seeing to the execution of his sentences - one of which  
particularly struck me. That of a man represented as being  
placed between two broad boards, in which situation he  
was being sawn in two - lengthways -

There were well kept walks in every direction <sup>bordered</sup>  
trees, but I did not see a single inhabitant, lay or religious:  
probably the monks were in hiding from fear of the foreign  
demons - and as to others, there were proclamations conspicuous  
- by exhibited at the landing place and elsewhere, forbidding  
strangers to land on the island -

On the return of the party - which included Sir H.  
the Grenada continued on her course for Hong  
place was reached on the 27<sup>th</sup> of April: <sup>1860</sup> her  
the voyage considerably -

A March to Peking  
The Autumn Campaign in







having, enlisted themselves for the defence of the place against the rebels.

The weather was now oppressively hot, and our allies had notified that they were not prepared to begin the campaign for two months more - a great disappointment to our troops.

On the 22<sup>d</sup> of June the Grenada left Shanghai, and after a short delay at Woosung, <sup>to enable</sup> for our General to interview the French Admiral there, went on her way down the Yangtze River. Next day we had a bad time of it ~~when passing the mouth of the Hoangho river~~, (the swell caused by the entrance of the large river into the sea made all the lands - ~~me~~ very uncomfortable indeed.

On the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> the Grenada was ahead of the Shang Tung promontory and in the forenoon doubled the "Aleeste" Head; we had now delightful weather, the thermometer only marking 70° against the 94° seen at Shanghai. In the afternoon the ship anchored in the bay of Wei Hai Wee, ~~where the French had now established the headquarters of their troops for the expedition~~. Most of us on board went on shore, all being armed, but the Chinese. tall strong looking men with a distinct shade of red in their cheeks, were very peaceable. they crowded round us in a courting way. After palavering with the Mandarin of the place, and partaking of his hospitality, we re-embarked and the anchorage was shifted to the Blue Fun Bay in the midst of the French fleet, and the rendezvous for their troops.

Like all the coast scenery we had passed, that of Blue Fun was very pleasing, and the anchorage looked a very protected one. The French troops landed had encamped on a hill near the large village, and after their fashion were busy as bees at the conversion of their camp into a convenient and comfortable one, on a systematised plan.

Next day Sir Hope Grant left the Bay, our vessel taking a gunboat in tow, and standing across the Gulf of Picheli - a distance of about eighty miles, entered the gulf of  
Talien wan



fifteen miles long,  
La Lieu-wan, <sup>an</sup> ~~a~~ vast expanse of water, bordered on the  
east, ~~and also for some part, on the north, by the Kingdom~~  
of Coeca. On the passage across we passed a gunboat, moved  
near to a <sup>and happily, fortunately</sup> recently discovered sunken rock, to warn off ships  
on the passage from the south. In the forenoon the Grenada  
anchored beside the transports, the greater number of which  
had arrived: there were nearly two hundred British ships  
of all kinds at anchor, awaiting the time when the French  
forces were prepared to open the campaign; ~~this was not~~  
~~until a month had been spent in the anchorage at Yuhet~~  
sailing ~~amongst the ships of the Vang assembled, was a 32 gun frigate which~~  
~~had served in the China war in 1840, with special distinction,~~  
~~and the senior Captain of the Squadron - had served in the same war~~

Next day I went on shore with the Principal Medical Officer,  
who wished to examine the site proposed for an encampment,  
of the troops about to be disembarked. The country near the  
margin of the shore had the appearance of ~~an~~ arid desert of  
lime stone rocks irregularly covered with sand, but judging  
from the gullies which marked the surface, rain must have  
been plentiful at some season. Owing however to the  
difficulty of procuring water, it was subsequently found  
necessary to form another camp on the east side of the bay,  
but the primary necessity of life in both camps was very  
limited in quantity.

The country was very sparsely inhabited, but there was one  
village a little way beyond the western camp, and here  
and there a house could be seen; ~~but~~ the ground away  
from the shore, <sup>however</sup> was well tilled, and was kept as clean as a  
garden; a few <sup>peasants-men</sup> ~~men~~ remained to carry on the cultivation  
of the ground, sadly trampled down after the camp was  
formed; all the women and children had been sent away  
before the disembarkation.

The General, with the Headquarters Staff remained on  
board the Grenada, during the month of waiting for the  
evacuation of the preparations of our French allies; on three  
occasions the vessel cruised over to the Fort, in order that Sir  
Hobart Grant might consult with General Montaban, the Chief  
of



of the French Force, returning to Yalienuan, the same day.

During the enforced stay at Yalienuan, an unusual and unhappy incident occurred; a man on board one of the gunboats anchored there, shot at, and dangerously wounded, the officer in command of it; he was at once tried and condemned to death. Next day the sentence was carried out, in the presence of the large fleet of war ships in the bay, a boat from each with <sup>of the war ships</sup> a detachment of men <sup>attended</sup> ~~was also sent~~; the whole being arranged in regular lines, the gunboat, the oarsmen lying on their oars all the time. Every arrangement was made very quickly; on the firing of a gun, the would be murderer was in an instant run up to the yard arm by a strong party of the crew.

Lord Elgin, the special Ambassador to China. Lord Elgin - who had been sent out to conduct negotiations with the enemy, as soon as an impression on the Government of China had been made by the allied troops, was arrived at the bay in a ship of war of the Government of India. ~~along with all the members of the legation, he had had a narrow escape from going down with ships in which they had reached Beyfun.~~

On the Ambassador's arrival he dined on board of the Grenada. along with General Montebell, who had come over from Che Fou to consult with our General.

At length the men and horses disembarked a month before, re-embarked, and on the 25<sup>th</sup> of July, ~~all~~ the transports and the ships of war cleared out of Yalienuan, and stood for Peytang, at the head of the gulph of Pitchili, and ~~just out of range of the guns of the Taker forts~~, which had <sup>near</sup> severely punished the British war ships which had attempted some months before to force the entrance of the Peitto river. The Grenada left the bay early and steamed over to Odin bay; the ships of the French portion of the expedition joined with our own in the advance, and the gigantic fleet thus made was a grand spectacle. It was not until the forenoon of the next day that the first of the ships arrived and anchored at their



their destination, some eighteen miles from Pey Yang.

We found there two British ships of war; curiously enough one of the ships awaiting the arrival of the expedition, was the "Hector", the ~~very~~ ship I had seen in June 1857, at anchor in the Straits of Sumatra, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the transports on their way to China for the then projected war, to turn them back, to go with all haste to Calcutta that the troops on board might help in case ~~of~~ <sup>at the time</sup> ~~of~~ the great Mutiny peril -

It was not until the fifth day after the arrival of the expedition that - owing to the high sea running - it was considered safe to disembark. On the forenoon of August 1<sup>st</sup> both the English and the French divisions of the Expeditionary force commenced the disembarkation, the transports preceded by gunboats and escorted by the larger ships of the Fleets. As it happened, the gunboat to which I was transferred for the landing started before any other vessel and increased her distance from the other ships as she went on, being the look out for the rest, so the landmen taking a passage in her, had - in a small way - the excitement of bearing down to engage the enemy - should any such bar our way. The Yaku Forts on the South were avoided, the landing was directed to be made some five miles to the north of them, near the town of <sup>Pey Yang</sup> ~~Yang~~, the seaward fortifications of which - at a distance - looked very menacing. When yet well out of range, the gunboat was cleared for action; part of the bulwark was unshipped. I suppose to prevent its being away ~~blown off~~ by the blast from the big gun ~~some way nearer the middle section of the deck~~, and sand was scattered all over the deck, a needful, but very gruesome precaution, the object of which I need not particularise. Several days before all the ships of war needed ~~likely to have~~ to engage any of the Forts, had - so to say, stripped themselves for fight; the yards had been swung up diagonally, the uppermasts being ~~down~~ <sup>brunght</sup> to get them out of the way, the booms of the bowsprits being ~~shot~~ <sup>being</sup> in; all these <sup>were taken</sup> ~~being~~ <sup>intended</sup> to ~~avoid or to lessen danger~~, were the fire of the enemy, to bring down parts

Yards were lowered



parts of spars or rigging ~~and to cause loss of life on deck~~ - To  
give further protection in this matter we found on going on board  
that our gunboat - "the *Seven*" I think was her name - had a heavy  
rope netting <sup>covering the deck</sup> overhead from one end to the other, to catch  
splinters, blocks & shot away <sup>from</sup> aloft. All this preparation looked  
very much in earnest, and we quite felt ourselves to be quite  
for facing ~~ready to face~~ the battle and the breeze, all the more so perhaps  
because we could not help ourselves. Then came a drummer  
pacing the deck <sup>fore to aft</sup> ~~from stern to stern~~ - "beating to quarters" to the  
tune of "Hearts of Oak" on hearing which every man of the crew  
took the station allotted to him, when the ship was going into  
action, the guns were then unlashed. The ammunition  
placed in position - the powder boys - monkeys I think they call  
them - stood behind the guns ready to bring up more cart-  
-ridges & from the magazine - the guns being pointed on  
the Fort, everything was ready for opening fire on it instantly -  
The silence on board was impressive - an occasional word of  
command to the steersman, and the monotonous sound of the  
man heaving the lead <sup>regularly</sup> ~~constantly~~, and telling us, that it was  
"quarter less", something or other, alone being heard -  
Meanwhile the speed had been ~~greatly~~ slackened down, and  
we awaited impatiently to see a sheet of flame and smoke  
bursting through the embrasures on the sea front; but this  
spectacle never presented itself; all the preparations of the  
*Seven* for a fight, turned out to be merely rehearsal. Pey Tang  
was not to be defended, we could see Tartar horsemen  
issuing forth and galloping off in haste, for some other sphere  
of usefulness, and that was all.

The anchor was now dropped, and a boat was provided  
in which along with others, I left for the shore in the character  
of an invader; carried as far as the boat could float after a long  
wade - heavily laden with useful and with some useless belong-  
-ings, I managed to reach the shore - there a half marshy expanse  
which in spring tides must have been covered with water -

The transports discharged their military occupants rapidly,  
the



the French troops I noticed <sup>were</sup> formed into companies as soon as they left their boats, and waded the distance to the shore ready to act offensively, at once, even in the sticky mud they traversed.

We bivouaced on the shore - no tents or baggage of any kind had been landed, nor could any drinking water be had, until late at night when some of the precious fluid was landed from the ships.

During the night there were two false alarms, which were worrying - no real attack had been even threatened.

Whilst the troops were partaking of such repose as the conditions permitted, very important work was being done by the untiring energy of Mr. Parkes, who from the Consulship of Canton had accompanied the expedition to the North. Mr. Parkes was afterwards Sir Harry Parkes, and ambassador at Peking, one of the best known names in the history of Anglo-Chinese affairs. The chief of the English consular service in China, Mr. Wade, the greatest European scholar in the language of the country, and in experience of China, and its Governmental methods the greatest foreign authority, had also been attached to the Headquarters, to advise on, and to carry out any negotiations that might be possible during the expedition.

When the troops were disembarking Mr. Parkes had ascertained through his Chinese "entourage" that Pei Yang was undefended, and during the evening <sup>he</sup> was brought into relation with the ruling Mandarin in the town - and had arranged with him to facilitate the peaceful entrance of the invading armies into it next day; in the morning the allies took possession of the place without trouble.

The Head Quarters Staff moved into the fort, and occupied the bastion on the sea front, which had been so much the object of my attention the day before. When on the deck of the *Seven*, I had fancied myself - a sort of distant connexion with the "Hearts of Oak".

We had a miserable time of it on the bastion - <sup>due to</sup> ~~from~~ hunger, thirst, a burning sun, and no shade, and a filthy ground, all about. The baggage had not then been got ashore. We found that

Pei Yang



Bowdby

Pey Yang depended for the <sup>daily</sup> water supply of its population on that brought by boats from up the river, and this had ceased with our arrival: the ships kept at work supplying the troops with distilled water - but the distribution of it was of course a difficult matter. In the afternoon along with Mr Bowdby the Times correspondent with the Army, and Mr McGhee, the chaplain, I went into the town; it was a most depressing visit. The poor cowed Chinese were most peaceable, but they were being ill-treated in every way - not by Englishmen - but Provost.

Marshall was doing his best; but with absolute power of life and death - for evil doers - instant death, his energy was unequal to the protection of the inhabitants. I heard that only one coolie had been <sup>not only</sup> hung. Mr Bowdby said that he did not dare to publish an account of all he had seen on a second visit, when the inhabitants were flying from the town already, <sup>at a distance,</sup> half-deserted. I saw a flight of them - mostly women hurrying on in the direction of the river into which we were told numbers of them flung themselves. In the evening we heard from Mr Parkes a very sad tale: I have already mentioned that he had been able through the aid of the principal Mandarin to arrange for the occupation of Pey Yang by the Allies, through whose good offices also many smaller matters were satisfactorily settled. On going to the house of the Mandarin on the evening of the second day, Mr Parkes found him lying insensible - from poison taken, but after a time a partial recovery took place - when the distracted man explained, that he had killed his two young daughters, and it was his intention to kill himself. - next day on his <sup>ing</sup> retirement Mr Parkes found the Mandarin dead - It was said that many women had committed suicide, or had been killed by their own relatives.

On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of August a reconnaissance of the Tartar camp five miles off was made <sup>by the Allies,</sup> in the course of duty I accompanied this force; one of the <sup>divisions</sup> ~~of the British force~~ came from India, and one part of this consisted of Irregular Cavalry, pre-eminently adapted for this particular service in every way, their services too



too, in the Mutiny operations had been of the most brilliant kind - a <sup>body</sup> of these formed part of the force sent out to get into touch with the enemy. The Tartar force left their entrenchments, and showed considerable firmness, not only forming themselves up to resist attack, but also following our force up when its object accomplished, the return to Pey Yang, began; guns were also brought out to bear on <sup>our troops</sup> the force, and we had a few casualties - the French, <sup>losing</sup> suffering more, in a loss of twelve or fourteen men.

We suffered from the heat, and also from the great scarcity <sup>drinking</sup> of water - an amusing story was told in connexion with this: whilst the troops were on the ground at Pey Yang, in the <sup>morning</sup> waiting to begin the march, one Irish soldier <sup>fell in</sup> looking radiantly contented, he had come with a full water bottle - the only man in his regiment apparently who had, he was assailed by loud cries of "where did ye get it Mick?" he replied by affectionately patting his water bottle, and by addressing his comrades, with the words, "ah then if ye could only s'ake the Landowidge, He led the rest to see that their thirst might have been got rid of, if their acquaintance with foreign tongues - had been cultivated to an extent equalling his own.

The Headquarters Staff continued to reside in the fort, the disembarkation of the impedimenta of the army, at a distance from the transports, and on the narrow mud bordered shore being a long and laborious process. No tents had yet been served out, and the heat continued to be great; another of the staff and I had the good fortune to discover a sort of cave in the bastion, used as a magazine by the former occupants of the fort; removing the <sup>little</sup> powder <sup>found and</sup> emptying it over the wall into the water; we had the place cleared out, and found it very much more serviceable for occupation than the floor of the bastion - but ~~as so often happens~~ the same afternoon tents were landed, and were served out to the Staff -

At length the disembarkation of the force was complete, together with that of the coolies brought from the south, and all the material necessary for



for a siege, and also the provision of food brought as a precautionary measure in case the country from the shore to Hekin might be found swept clear of all supplies for subsistence, and on the 12<sup>th</sup> of August the allies began the march for the objective of the expedition, the road in the first instance being, over a causeway bordered by ditches full of water leading to a point within a quarter of a mile from the first of two Tartar entrenchments, obstructing advance towards the Taken Forts at the mouth of the Peiho river - The ramparts of the ~~first~~ entrenchment had a large number of white flags floating from them. Whilst the main body of the troops were halting, we saw the Tartars file out of the entrenchment to attack General Vassier's division, which, along with the cavalry, had marched by another route taken with the view of intercepting the garrison of the entrenchment when cleared out from it. The fight with the detached division was a very short one; the Tartars <sup>ours</sup> remaining <sup>in the entrenchment</sup> made a trifling resistance and then fled. and the ~~entrenchment~~ <sup>it</sup> was entered; their dead had been left. The Tartars had used cannon against the assaulting troops, and "qingals", but the more primitive bows and arrows were also used ~~against their enemies~~, and became spoil of war, for the curious in such things.

The second entrenchment was also taken, and after it, the village of Sin Ho. The French troops now advanced alone along the causeway leading to the village of Tang How, our Headquarter Staff accompanying them, <sup>but</sup> returning to Sin Ho shortly - I had a very comfortable resting place "sub Dore", for the night, having plenty of straw to lie on, got from the recently cut harvest.

Sin Ho, communicated with the Peiho river by a canal, on which happily were a number of junks by which the inhabitants. I think to the last unit of it - were able to leave after the misery of Pei Tang. The camping ground around Sin Ho, was like a paradise. Everywhere were gardens and orchards in which vegetables and magnificent fruit were found



found in profusion -

Preparations were energetically made for the capture of the entrenchment at Pei Yang, which, owing to the marshy ground, and the ditches made for its defense, was difficult of approach: the heat was great, but <sup>was</sup> not of the exhausting kind.

At day break on the morning of 14<sup>th</sup> August the allied forces advanced, the British, taking the right, followed down the bank of the Peiho river, and at first were annoyed by the enemies guns from the other side of the river, which did not persist in their attentions when our guns came up and replied to the ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> salutations ~~from the other side.~~ Leaving the river, the force made for a village <sup>on</sup> a bare plain. Here for the first and only time I saw rockets used in action, the enemy sent them from the other bank of the river, at first they appeared to be very dangerous as they hopped and skimmed and screamed along, but their bark was far worse than their bite, no one on our side was hit by the projectiles, and the horses though frightened, were immune also.

The Tartars defending the entrenchment had a bad time of it whilst seventeen guns plunged shells in amongst them, and their resistance was soon over. On entering their stronghold, which was defended on one side by the river, we found a good many of their dead. Next day the Head Quarters moved into the village of Tung Kow, and with four others I shared a house in it. I rode out in the evening with the Principal Medical Officer, and Mr Bowly; visiting the captured entrenchment we noticed quite a number of the bodies of Tartars who in seeking to escape had been drowned in the ditch at the further side. The tenacious mud had held them fast, and the appearance was that of men anchored by their feet. From the entrenchment the defenses at the mouth of the river were in full view, and at low water the two British gun-boats ~~that had been sunk~~ the year before in trying to force their way through, were plainly seen - The Peiho at this part of its course did not seem much broader than the Thames at



at Phehsea.

Following on the capture of Yang How, many flags of truce have passed; the Mandarins have <sup>ing</sup> gone the length of sending in some of our people who had strayed and been captured. The inhabitants of the town of Yaku also sent in a special deputation begging the Allies to make up their quarrel with the Mandarins, "as it was so very inconvenient for them to have their houses destroyed" these words <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ a close translation of their petition ~~from creatures~~.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of August <sup>1860?</sup> the preparations for attacking the nearest fort on the north side were completed: batteries had been placed at a distance of 700 yards from it, and in the General Orders for the day, General Napier was notified as the commander of the attacking force. It was known in the camp that there had been a vital difference of opinion between the leaders of the two allied forces as to the proper point of attack on the position, called that of the Yaku Forts. Sir Hope Grant, held that the Northern - General Montauban, that the Southern forts - separated by the Peiho river - were the ~~only~~ vital parts of the system of defence first to be captured, and it was rumored that as neither of the Generals could abandon his own opinion for that of the other, each would so far act independently on his own conviction. To capture the Northern forts was not considered a matter of special difficulty, and only a part of the British force was detailed for the duty which was that of escalading the the fort attacked after its fire had been beaten down by our guns, the great difficulty was that of crossing the wide ditch which surrounded the fort - the wading of the water having been impeded by bamboo splinters with sharp points <sup>cut & planted</sup> stuck in the oozy bottom. The scaling ladders were to be carried <sup>actually</sup> by Chinese coolies brought up with the force from the south of China. There had been no difficulty about getting the coolies.

In the afternoon Mr. Parkes had gone up to the fort intended to be attacked with a flag of truce, and advised the Mandarin in charge of it; to surrender; he was told to be off. as it was no

use



use asking the garrison to give up the place they had come to defend; there seemed Mr. Parkes said to be excessive confidence amongst the garrison, and as ~~confidence~~ <sup>an accompaniment</sup> some imprudence, with it.

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of August at day break Sir Hope Grant with his Headquarters Staff, set off at a ~~canter~~ <sup>canter of a</sup> through Tung How, and after a couple of miles, reached the marshy ground between the fort menaced and the sea. General Napier's Division was already on the ground, and when the daylight became good, all the <sup>Chinese</sup> forts, north and south opened fire on the Division; to this our siege guns in the batteries erected, and the usual field guns with the troops, at once answered, with the aim of silencing every gun in the North fort, the object of attack. The combined fire from the various forts was very heavy, but comparatively little harm was done by it, partly because the few shells fired against the Division were very badly filled, but perhaps chiefly from the fact that the shot from the forts falling on <sup>soft</sup> marshy ground in many if not in all cases <sup>was</sup> retained, so that the shot had but <sup>one</sup> ~~one~~ chance, not a dozen as it might have had, if the ground had been hard; sticking in soft ground the shot usually sent up a shower of mud splashes, which rarely injured severely, the person struck.

After about three hours of our fire, that from the fort had nearly subsided, and the column ~~for storming~~ <sup>for storming</sup> it was in readiness, the men lying down the while on the glacis, and the ground near it; powder to blow in the gate of the drawbridge on the wall being reached, was at hand, and the order to advance was expected every moment, when unexpectedly, the order was brought to General Napier, to delay the attack, and at the same time it was seen that the French troops were advancing from their camp in haste, the General Montauban had in fact altered his view as to the key, of the position of the Taken Forts and had informed Sir Hope Grant that he would join in the attack, and the intimation had come just before  
General



<sup>2</sup> had reported  
General Vapere's intimation that all was ready for the  
storming - The French troops had brought up with them all  
the ladders and other appliances which the matter in hand  
required -

The advance of the Allies was made at the same time, the  
French being on the right of our troops; the operation which  
might well have been looked on as a desperate one <sup>was soon</sup>  
over; the garrison resisted stoutly for a short time, but <sup>when</sup>  
the assailants had scaled the wall - ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> the Tartar troops  
to get away was another thing, - there was no available back-  
- door for them, in leaving they had mostly to descend into  
the ditch on the <sup>opposite</sup> side, and in this a good many of them  
perished; rather more than five hundred of the Tartars dead  
were left behind, <sup>including drowned men</sup> ~~this number would include the drowned~~  
~~men~~

stormers

The powder held in readiness for blowing in the gate of the fort  
was not used - entry was had by less forcible means, it was  
opened from the inside; but the drawbridge could not be  
lowered in an instant to give the remainder of the troops an  
easy entrance after the stormers had got inside. I was amused to  
see the effort made by the officer commanding the Royal  
Engineers to get over the difficulty by hacking at the retaining  
ropes with his sword, an implement of his, which I had ~~often~~  
<sup>seen</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>him</sup> in bygone years in the West Indies, when it gave  
dignity to "garrison boards" of one fort or another, and up to the  
time in question had enjoyed a peaceful age. The bridge  
was in due time restored to its old functions under new  
masters, the troops streaming in over it.

On entering the fort the first <sup>thing</sup> ~~sight~~ that fixed my attention  
was that of a Tartar soldier who had been fastened to one of the  
gun carriages by his own people, I suppose in order to encourage  
his comrades to offer a stubborn resistance, instead commencing  
- ing a hasty flight on the approach of the "pirates of the sea", and  
amongst the wounded Tartars were a few whose wavering fidelity  
to their colours had brought them a ghastly punishment. Their  
stern



wounded  
Tartars used  
in some cases  
during the  
bombardment  
of the morning;  
with a faster-  
ing under  
their arms the  
men were  
lowered into  
the ditch, and  
were floated  
along it into  
the river where  
wooden  
arrangements  
had been made  
to embark them  
for the south  
bank. I con-  
jecture that  
this method  
was only used  
with the highest  
claps of the  
garrison, and  
had no reference  
to the saving of  
the lives of the  
wounded, but  
only to that of  
getting the  
bodies of parents  
or relations back  
from the fort,  
the ancestral  
worship being  
practically the  
most venerated  
form of belief in  
China.

throats had been cut across, but only <sup>it might be</sup> superficially, more as  
~~the view of a warning to others, than that of a punishment to~~  
to themselves, unless indeed the shallow wounds had been self-  
inflicted - a routine method expensive of arms at want of success  
~~in the confined area of the fort the fire from our batteries had~~  
told severely. I noticed an ingenious mode of transport for the

It seemed to me that amongst the Tartar garrison a  
large proportion had been armed with cross or with long bows.  
but the effect of the arrows in the combat had been poor - but  
the first man I saw of our dead on entering, had been killed  
by an arrow. V

As I had no professional duty amongst the members of the  
staff to employ me, I attended to the wounded of the evening,  
lying on the ground. I was particularly struck with the  
likeness of the faces of the Tartars, to those of the dead and  
wounded of the Rappian soldiers I had seen in the Burman war.  
it was not a superficial resemblance, but as I thought a marked  
ethnological characteristic, pointing to a racial connexion  
between the two peoples represented.

An episode which occurred soon after the capture of the fort,  
heightened a little the national exultation consequent on the  
success of the day. In June 1859, when Admiral Hope, with his  
gunboats attempted to force the mouth of the Perho river, <sup>the forts</sup>  
had sunk two of them, and the Admiral himself had been  
severely wounded. In the interval the Chinese had fished up  
the guns of the sunken vessels, and <sup>these</sup> placed in the forts had  
told against ourselves until the <sup>North fort</sup> ~~one of the forts~~ was captured.  
The fleet had been in readiness to render any assistance in  
the power of ships, and when the fort was silenced the Admiral  
came up the river in his barge, and landed at it. Sir Hope  
Grant was seated on the big gun of one of the ~~sunken~~ gunboats  
when the Admiral came into the fort, and was generally pres-  
ented with the recovered part of the armament of <sup>one of</sup> his gunboats.

The success of the day had been complete; with the  
fall of the northern fort attacked, all the other forts north and  
south comprised in the term Taku forts, fell without any further  
fighting



fighting, hastily evacuated - The renowned Tartar General Samko lin sin, had lost heart and hurried off with his army towards Tientsin; During the first part of the day he had stationed himself in the fort on the south having the highest elevation - ~~which~~ <sup>of the work</sup> was the one which by its cross fire over the river had caused the greater part of the loss of the allies - The great initial success, cost the allied armies 503 killed and wounded, the French suffering most - one third more than the English force -

Later on in the day an exceedingly violent thunderstorm burst over the scene of the morning's work, and added greatly to the discomforts of all, and most especially of course to those of the wounded for whom transport was very greatly impeded the marshy ground having been turned into something like a sea of mud, and the field hospitals into very forlorn settlements - I had some difficulty in reaching the camp, <sup>getting</sup> ~~and got~~ there late, and very tired -

Next day, out of curiosity - I went over the <sup>captured</sup> fort, and came to the conclusion that a very good fight for it had been made by our opponents of the day before, the day of repeating rifles had not then arrived, and a personal armament largely that of bows and arrows, did not help the Tartar warriors much.

I noticed that the drinking water of the garrison - had been brought into the fort in the shape of block ice, a vast quantity of which had been stored in the early part of the year.

The French had buried their dead within the fort, in a huge common grave, where the bodies lay side by side, and at the head of the grave a board was placed, with the words "Mort sur le champ d'honneur", a short, but sympathetic adieu to their brave comrades.

In one of the southern forts a very interesting discovery had been made when it was occupied, of some of the correspondence of the Tartar General, and the "find" showed that Samko lin sin, had other qualities than the reputed one of ferocity only, shrewdness and literary judgment were indicated in a minute of his



his on a debate in the English House of Commons, of all things in the world - about the least expected; it was quite a revelation of the falsity of the accepted belief that no Chinaman, high or low, had a spark of knowledge about anything in the world outside of China -

The inhabitants of the country near Taku spoke very favorably of the Viceroy General in respect of the strictness he enforced on his troops in the matter of abstention from pillage, and further, respecting the encouragement he gave the inhabitants in the draining and banking of the neighbourhood.

On ~~the~~ precipitately abandoning all the Taku forts after the capture of one, San Kolin sin did not halt at the important city of Tientsin, but placed his troops further on between it and the capital - Peking - so whilst the English force was marching the 68 miles to Tientsin, Sir Hope Grant with his staff went on in advance in the Grenada; <sup>the Peiho was a small stream</sup> through a narrow river the water was generally deep; the country on each side was richly cultivated, and at that time covered with millet uncut, the aspect of ~~the~~ was that of a vast plain with no intersecting divisions, but with numerous villages scattered over the surface; When seven miles below Tientsin, the Grenada struck on a shoal, remaining fast until the rising tide floated her off, reaching the city on the morning of August 26<sup>th</sup>.

The city was in military possession of the Allies and more troops were arriving from the coast daily, at the camp about two miles from the city - Lord Elgin with the whole of the personnel of the Embassy had also arrived by the river route; Zuen-lin, the Chinese Commissioner appointed to treat with the Ambassadors was also present at Tientsin, and there was a likelihood that peace might ensue from their deliberations.

The heat was great - 92.5 in the shade, but it did not prevent us from going about the city; as far as regarded the better class of people this was deserted, by two thirds of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> better class and of course the shops were largely closed - lying on shore with Mr. Mangau of the Consular Service, we went into one of the ships still

but I did not see a single native on either side the whole day.



sketch

still open; the owner was asked ~~by~~ why the people had so largely left, and he answered simply enough, "because their hearts were disturbed through fear." Asked again how it came about that a boy in the shop was - as far as complexion went - nearly as fair as a European, the answer was, "because he is a young gentleman who stood at home and studied, adding with pride, that young as he was, he had already read the seven classical books. Losing his fear, the shopkeeper after staring intensely at me for some time, asked "How old is he?" Mr. Mangun gave him the ~~(as I thought) jocular answer~~ <sup>answer</sup> that I said, I was a hundred years old. This did not excite any wonder in the mind of the man, who calmly replied, "I did not think he was more than eighty." The explanation was, that in Chinaman wears carries an unshaven upper lip until he is a father - nor does he let his beard - usually a very feeble crop - grow, until he is a grandfather. I, unhampered by this conventionality, rejoiced in both.

It was apparent that however the rich classes might fear the presence of the invading army, the lower classes were indifferent to the war. They assembled in crowds wherever good views of the ships in the river were to be had, seemingly gazing all day long, and boys of an adventurous character swam off to pick up the bottles flung over the side when the casks had been drained out. A ferry boat which plied between the south and the north sides of the river, was crowded with wonder struck passengers at every trip.

In passing through the streets also, we "the pirates of the sea" attracted universal attention, without the expression of any feeling on the part of the beholders. and a small <sup>crowd</sup> ~~group~~ of curiosity mongers waited at the doors of the shops entered, patiently watching our unswath ways, and on leaving accompanied us to another shop, to continue the study of our ways and appearance.

The markets were exuberantly filled with fine vegetables, fruit and other productions of the rich soil; no army could have been better off in respect of necessary food supplies if quartered



quartered near a large town in Europe.

Part of the cavalry, consisting of the Indian Irregulars had now arrived, and the size of the horses brought from India, seemed greatly to impress the Tientsin citizens accustomed to horses not in ~~size~~ height exceeding that of good sized ponies, they were also much taken with the <sup>fine</sup> ~~stately~~ appearance of the men of the Irregulars; and Mr. Mangon told me that this at first made it awkward for the Chinese officials to designate the men when speaking of them - ~~at the same time differentially and deferentially~~ The difficulty was solved by one Mandarin calling the men of the Indian contingent, Black Princes, whilst the men of the British divisions he called White Princes - This courtesy title he told me had been exceeded by his Chinaman agent who had been charged to bring breakfast table supplies from the market ~~for~~ on the morning after his arrival at Tientsin: sleeping very soundly after the worry of the preceding day, he was gradually aroused by a voice from the staircase repeating the injunction to the sleepers in the room, "Arise o great Kings, the eggs and the milk are come."

In the matter of marketing, an important difficulty was at first found, the Chinese servants brought from Hong Kong and Shanghai, could not make themselves understood by their countrymen of the north, yet the language of the two was identical; at length the written language was tried, and thus at once unlocked the treasury of thought common to the two sections; buyer and seller relations were happily established between them -

At the end of August the Headquarters were established in what for a Chinese house - was a sumptuous house at the river side: in it Lord Elgin and the Embassy officials who lodged. The owner of the house was a rich wood merchant who when asked what rent he required for the use of his dwelling replied ruefully, that he would give five thousand ~~dollars~~ taels, if we would refrain from using it; according to Chinese notions, the house was desecrated by our presence -

Landing late from the Grenada to occupy my quarters on shore



shore, I failed to find the house, and after vain wanderings in the dark, at the suggestion of my servant concluded to take shelter for the night in a large Buddhist temple, the door of which was open. The feeble light of a small lantern showed me that I was surrounded by the usual plethora of images found in the religious buildings of the faith, noted - but I was too weary to look at them after I had found what seemed to be a suitable place to rest in. On waking next morning, I was <sup>startled</sup> ~~surprised~~ to find a Sikh soldier in front of me ~~bowing~~ on his knees bowing apparently in reverence, to me. On starting up I found that I had slept at the foot of the wall to which an image of Buddha, ten or twelve feet high had been fixed; and that the soldier from ~~the north~~ <sup>the north</sup> east of India had found in the north east of China, an object of adoration; several of his faith, <sup>consequently,</sup> joined him before I had time to clear out.

The weather had become very hot - oppressively so, and in consequence a good deal of sickness had set in - though not usually of a fatal form - Having occasion to go on board of the Grenada on the afternoon of the 7<sup>th</sup> of September I had the experience - unequalled in my life time before or since - of a sudden rise in the temperature to 103° in the course of about half an hour - the thermometer by which the reading was taken was placed under the wooden hood at the top of the companion ladder leading to the saloon, and it was further protected by a thick awning covering the weather deck; the sudden wave of heat however, soon took off, another but a good deal more gradual change brought down the reading of the thermometer to about 90°.

Lord Elgin with the Embassy after the futile negotiations ensuing after the capture of the forts had decided to move on with the army; it appeared that the Mandarin Kwei liang, sent from Peking as a Commissioner to treat for peace, held no authority to bind the governing <sup>body</sup> ~~authorities~~ there - called I think 'The Board of Punishments' to accept the terms offered by the Allies - The Emperor ~~it appeared~~ had left Peking in haste and dismay - and amongst the papers found in the Southern fort at Taku which had been the head-quarters of the Tatar General, was a letter, or the copy of one which



which had been addressed to the Emperor, by one of the greatest of his advisers, ~~which~~ in very respectful but very firm language entreat<sup>ing</sup> him not to leave the capital giving as a reason the fact, that no preceding Emperor who had <sup>similarly</sup> ~~not~~ acted had ever returned to it.

In connexion with the decision of the Ambassador was the exceedingly trivial one, that I was transferred from the Head Quarters Staff to the office of medical officer to the Embassy.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> of September 1866 Sir John Mitchell's Division began the march for Peking, and next day the Head Quarters, ~~left~~ and the Ambassador at the same time left for the camp at Pook on.

To replace my own horse lost by <sup>its having</sup> eating a poisonous shrub a few hours after leaving, one of the Indian Irregular regiments had been directed to supply me with a troop horse, and though of course the fact was not known in the corps, "the mount," had lost its reason. had become an insane horse in fact. for no other designation I am sure would be appropriate for the combination of unsuspected characteristics which came to light on his transfer. At the head of these I would place phenomenal cunning, and ferocity. A little unamicability of temper was shown when I mounted him late in the afternoon, and set out for the camp by myself, a short way on a long string of mule-carts was then riding the narrow way. On my trying to pass thus, my most regular horse suddenly shrieked, and after a kind of prancing dance struck out with his hind feet at everything, and <sup>at</sup> every animal, human and brute, he passed; the commotion made was immense, the shouting of the drivers and the coolies mingled with the rattling of the iron clad heels sometimes clearly on the jaws of the mules passed, went on until he reached the head of the column and then his fine qualities returned, - a child might have led him. It was now dark and I turned him off the road into a field thinking every minute to see the lights of the camp ahead. but after continuing some time in what seemed to be a line parallel with the road left. I was conscious that I had completely lost my way. and knew neither the direction



direction I sought nor that from which I had come. and Yientsin was also invisible, nor did any sound of voices or roll of wheels come in my ears -

After about two hours of aimless ranging about, with intervals of halting, in the hope of being picked up by some fellow straggler, it <sup>happened</sup> ~~turned out~~ that the looked for wanderer did turn up - <sup>in the shape of</sup> a distinguished captain in the Navy, who had been granted leave to accompany the troops on their march - and <sup>like myself</sup> "was all at sea" as to where to find the camp. Joining our forces, after a little more desultory roaming, we came in sight of a small cluster of cottage houses, for which we made, but as it <sup>dimly noticeable</sup> appeared not unobserved, as was apparent from the sight of a few Chinamen hastening on to the houses some way before us; when we got nearly up to ~~the houses~~ <sup>them</sup>, the noise of slamming the and of barricading the doors inside was all we did hear, our knocking loudly and addressing the people inside, the only response made was that of the noise of additional barricading; seeing the uselessness of further delay, we moved off, and we had not gone much further when suddenly the light of the camp <sup>at Yung Tsai</sup> caught our eyes - only about half a mile off, and we soon got within the line of pickets, and to the tents, but alas too late for supper?

The armies of the Allies marched next day for Peking - which was 80 miles from Yientsin, the Embassy accompanying the troops; in the afternoon it rained very heavily, with the effect of ~~very~~ greatly tiring the men. but a most refreshing coolness replaced the previous heat in compensation;

The baggage carts brought on from Yientsin, were deserted by the drivers at night, and they carried off the mules with them. But the rain had made the roads so heavy, that the march was arrested for a day - 1860

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of September the troops recommenced the march, a long one to Ngau Tsi Tsau; the Embassy took quarters in the house of an opulent farmer, the abode showing signs of his wealth. During the day messengers had arrived almost hourly from the Mandarins at Peking, begging that the march might



might be stayed, pending the arrival of the President of the Council himself to negotiate with the allies - this official if not the greatest was one of the very greatest in China, and wore a ruby button on his hat - no European had ever been connected with a person of his consequence, and the urgency of the case was demonstrated by proposal to send the President <sup>on the mission</sup> ~~on the mission~~ <sup>resided</sup> Lord Glyn and the French Ambassador were firmly <sup>however</sup> to march on to Tung Chow - only nine miles from the capital.

Next morning a march of thirteen miles brought the force to Hu si wuh - through a well cultivated plain, then bearing its second harvest of millet for the season; clumps, or to use the Indian word in common use amongst the troops - "topes" of trees in sufficient frequency and extent <sup>to give</sup> ~~to give~~ <sup>gave</sup> variety to the appearance of the interminable plain - The town itself was a comparatively small one; unfortunately ~~for itself~~ it contained quite a number of pawn shops filled with coveted articles, and this ensured their plunder by the army of evohies accompanying the troops -

The Embassy was lodged in a spacious Buddhist monastery, well equipped for its purposes, and in excellent order; to judge by the quantity and the quality of the stores of grain and of other matters laid up, the inmates must have been very well off: some coal of fair quality had been laid up - and in their hurried flight some excellent tea had been left behind - I saw no monks here, nor do I think I <sup>ever</sup> ~~now~~ saw a monk in North China in any of the numerous buildings belonging to them. I entered during the campaign; I do not think however that the monks wore a distinctive and readily recognisable costume - The next was a haltday, as the President of the Council had really arrived in the neighborhood, and our two great "Sinologues", as they were called - Mr. Wade and Mr. Harry Parkes, had entered into correspondence with him.

In the afternoon, in company with two of the Secretaries of the Embassy I rode out in the neighborhood, whenever we approached a village the inhabitants in a body scampered off -

The



2  
The whole of the French force arrived during the day and their arrival was fatal to a vast number of pigs whose dying squeals were heard throughout the day. Great quantities of a very fiery intoxicant called Sham Shui were found in the town, and whenever discovered the baneful drink was poured out on the ground to prevent its use.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of September <sup>1860</sup> the troops continued their march, the Embassy remaining at Hui si wuh, with a guard - and on the next day firing was heard. a Sowar of the Irregular Horse brought a despatch with the intelligence that the Tartar troops had attacked the allied troops at Chaug - Kia wan - by whom they had been very easily repulsed with small loss - about twenty men; but a very sad event occurring in connexion with the affair gave extreme importance to it; this ~~matter~~ was the sudden and treacherous capture by the enemy of a number of individuals of both the allied armies, who in the course of their duties, calculating on the sanctity of the flag of truce under which negotiations with the President of the Council had been initiated were close to the position of the Tartar army - Of these Mr. Parkes, and Major Loch the first Secretary of the Embassy, when seized were at once sent off to Peking, and were confined in a bath - some prison there amongst the lowest class of malefactors. To one of whom each of our officers was chained night and day - Mr. de Norman the fourth secretary of the Embassy was beheaded on the ground, along with other officers or officials of both armies. Some of the twenty Sowars of the Irregular cavalry were killed - some were carried off, not to Peking, but in another direction - Amongst the captured in the last named category was Mr. Bowdby, whose fate was peculiarly tragic; on the evening of the day on which a message was received from our officials then hopeful that the negotiations with the great Chinese official would end in success, Mr. Bowdby was dining at the Embassy, the message from Mr. Wade reached Lord Elgin during the dinner and broke it up, as well considered replies to

fourth

Bowdby

to



to the matters put before him had to be drafted and despatched, Mr Knowlby, very eagerly solicited permission to accompany the fourth Secretary who was to take the answer to the message to Mr Wade, the permission was refused at first, but at length with visible reluctance, it was granted, and the correspondent of the Times set out with alacrity on his errand for ~~of~~ supplying his newspaper with the latest and most authentic intelligence of - as it was imagined - a very fateful event.

During dinner Mr Knowlby and I had sat next each other, and ~~the conversation~~ by one of those coincidences - always called strange, though they seem to crop up constantly - the conversation had mainly been about an occurrence in the first China war relating to an English captive who had been kept in a cage with all contumely whilst the war lasted, the subject was well known to him and he gave me the details of it. I laughingly told him in view of what he had been telling me, that he should not press his request to the Ambassador. He answered in quietness of heart, very elated at having succeeded in getting an opportunity to gather information at first hand.

~~I believe that~~ In respecting in the cases of Mr. Parkes and of Major Lock, ~~none~~ <sup>few</sup> of the prisoners survived; they were either beheaded at once, or died ~~subsequently~~ shortly after their capture as a result of the treatment they met with at the hands of their captors - The story we heard at the end of the war was, that the prisoners tied hand and feet together behind, were then thrown into the wooden wheeled carts of the <sup>locality?</sup> country and were jolted over the country to the place selected for their confinement; in order to secure the rope fastenings for their hands and feet water was poured over the ropes to cause contraction - with the result that mortification of the extremities took place, and that death followed.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of September along with others, amongst whom was the officer of the Vary <sup>whom</sup> I had encountered in my night wanderings a few days before, I left Hsin si with to rejoin the main body of the army; we started just before day, with an escort



escort of 60 of the Indian Regular Horse, and we had much difficulty in finding our way. Several times we had to retrace our steps; we had the good fortune however to strike on a covey of ~~of~~ boats going up the river, and got directions which served us as far as that town; from thence we made for a very bright light ahead which we took to be the place where the camp had been pitched. Hour after hour passed, however, before we reached an outpost. The blazing fire was found to be the burning <sup>then</sup> town of Hi Kei Wang, to which we approached very closely, <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ neither saw nor heard the utterance of a living creature about the place. Farther on we came upon a picket of French troops who pointed out the position of our <sup>army</sup> ~~troops~~; we reached the camp at 2 a.m. and found that the Allies were to march at 4 a.m. There was nothing to do but to dismount, and wait for the approaching sunrise.

The army marched at the appointed hour, and after frequent halts came on the position of the <sup>at Pa Li chao</sup> Tartar troops about three miles from the camp we had left. The position of the enemy was a very extended one - estimated at nearly three miles, I heard no estimate of their numerical strength - but we knew that in addition to the levies under what was called the Black Flag, were those under the yellow banner - the supreme flower of the Chinese Tartar forces, which had not hitherto been met in the field by the Allies. The Tartar force was chiefly a mounted one, the men riding what had much the appearance of cart horses of a pony size - the riders being tall stalwart men, the principal arms carried was a long stout well made lance, with a <sup>large</sup> ~~long~~ triangular knife like ~~for~~ head -

The enemy began the action with a seemingly determined charge on the English line, but this was stopped a good deal short of close quarters - the Tartars at one point met with a very disconcerting obstacle in the shape of a low wall which hopelessly impeded them, though our cavalry took the wall with the greatest ease, and followed up the retreating enemy.



enemy; the Tartars made no fight at all - and unhappily for them their flight was obstructed by the Grand Canal, which passes from Yung Chow to Pekin near the ground they had chosen: many of them perished in trying to cross it. Another portion of the enemy came into contact with the French portion of the force and suffered very severely in the long pursuit made of the ~~wounded~~ Tartars - their

The tents had not all come up, and I had to sleep under a tree in what I saw next morning, was a cemetery -

~~But~~ In strolling about before breakfast in a locality where there were a few peasants houses I became acquainted with one incident connected with them ending very satisfactorily; in front of the houses was a large collection of firewood, chiefly of the branches of trees stored for winter use. As usual the inhabitants had fled, but the firewood remained - a very treasure for the troops quartered near it, one of the two primary necessities of camp life, the first being drinking water, the other being wood for the cooking kettles, so the stack of firewood received immediate and continuous attention, with the result, that after a time the discovery was made that the Chinese cottagers had excavated an apartment over which they had reared the large <sup>stack</sup> of branches, and in which they had placed their women and children for safety. The affrighted creatures were taken out of the place of concealment at once, and were escorted well past our outposts into the country beyond.

Coming across some wounded Tartars in my stroll, I had two of them who were very badly injured brought in, and placed in a roughly made shelter in a top of trees near my tent, whilst arrangements were being made to transfer them to their own people; in three or four days they were taken into Yung Chow, seated in small round baskets slung on poles, they seemed to deplore their transfer, perhaps misfortune in battle was looked on as a punishable crime.

In the evening during another walk to the bridge over the canal, the <sup>we happened over</sup> ground bore evidence of the great loss inflicted on the

Tartar



Tartar troops by the French, at this point,

As the allied forces remained at the same camp for the next nine days, there was ample time to become acquainted with the environs of it inside the outposts: it is curious to recall the fact that though in presence of the enemy, and with the very recent experience of gross treachery on the part of their officials, no one with our troops seemed to feel any apprehension of danger in wandering about - even a little way outside of the lines; the people seemed so peaceful on the very rare occasions when any were met, so anxious to scuttle away - the feeling of ordinary patriotism never seemed to be <sup>in</sup> ~~known~~ amongst them. In an afternoon walk with the Principal Medical Officer the usual features attendant on war were painfully evident: the trampled down crops, the rifled houses the broken furniture, and the scattered about ~~broken~~ farming implements; <sup>boxes</sup> ~~Many~~ of the unburied Tartar dead were also lying about and were ~~trailing~~ <sup>trailing</sup> the air - On another occasion we rode out along the Peking road to the town of ~~the~~ Tung Chow at the gate of which we arrived, and had it shut in our very faces. After a little shouting it was opened again, but we had given up the idea of entering, and perhaps it was just as well. Several of our coolies had been executed that morning for looting, and as the unexpected so constantly crops up we might have suffered vicariously, at the hands of the citizens - Continuing the ride we went round the city walls for some distance very high and very old; ~~and~~ returning we kept along the course of the Grand Canal where the bodies of many more Tartars than were seen just after the fight were now floating on the water: during the ride we passed many Buddhist burial grounds, with the usual monuments of <sup>the</sup> tortoise in stone supporting tablets with, as we thought - grotesque ornamentation. About the deserted villages passed through there was further evidence of the heavy loss of the Tartars in their disastrous flight. The aspect of the country generally was very pleasing - if the constant recurrence of traces of the footprints of war devastation

could



obliterated

could only have been made invisible. There were pretty looking houses as well as cottage ~~looking~~ buildings, with well grown timber interspersed here and there amongst the fields, whilst the windings of the canal, and in the <sup>north east</sup> distance, the looming up of the lofty range of mountains beyond Peking gave an agreeable variety to the landscape.

The long delay of the armies at this stage of the march was due to two circumstances - one a purely military one, namely, the necessity for awaiting the arrival of the siege guns intended for breach of the outer wall of Peking. The train had been sent on by country boats from Tientsin, and in due time arrived without let or hindrance at Tung Chow; the other cause of delay, was the resumption of negotiations with the ruling power at Peking - nominally that of Prince Kung, the brother of the Emperor, resulting in a constant interchange of messages between Peking and the camp, the object of the Chinese being at almost any cost to obtain the abstention of the armies from our approaching, ~~any~~ nearer to the capital - At this time a letter had been sent to Lord Elgin from Mr. Parkes in the prison at Peking, written in Chinese, but the effect of the message was quite discounted by a single line added by Major Fock in English, in which he said that the letter had been written by the "hookum" of the Mandarins.

On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of October <sup>1860</sup> the camp was moved to a position a couple of miles further on the road to Peking; in the afternoon's ride we found that Chinese of the Musulman faith were numerous in the locality, and we were struck by the sight of a well built mosque, Chinese in its external characteristics, but having distinctly Saracenic features in the interior - The young consular official who was taking his airing with us, asked the prominent man of the faith who had come to parley with us, why the four ridge ~~had~~ roof endings were ornamented in the usual way amongst Chinese, with a string of the figures of little dogs - the unclean animal, on the most venerated Musulman building; the main <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> quite straightforward



straightforwardly, that "they did not dare to leave their  
the dogs out": the converts had not reached the power of the  
martyr stage for the new faith.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> of September <sup>1860</sup> the troops advanced, leaving the  
heavy baggage behind - The confident expectation was,  
that the Tartar army would make a resolute defence in a  
country so favorable for them as that now to be traversed  
between the camp and Peking. Numerous clumps of trees, many  
suburban pleasure houses, and what appeared to be farm houses  
surrounded with dark coloured earthen walls, little fortresses in  
fact, if the enemy had cared to utilise them for obstructing the  
march, were met with all the way, until at noon the English force  
had arrived without, I think, firing a shot - at some old  
brickfields from which the first view of Peking - about thirteen  
miles off, was had - and there the camp was made - the heat  
had been very trying.

Early next morning the march was resumed, the object being  
to reach the Tartar position supposed to be on the north east side  
of the city - and <sup>was</sup> reached what seemed to be their entrenchment,  
in the forenoon, only no enemy was there - so the march was  
continued in a direction intended <sup>ed</sup> to outflank the works, and  
in the afternoon arrived within less than two miles of the gate  
of the city at the point, and bivouaced there - The heat had  
again been very great; ~~most~~ much of the ground gone over  
had been covered with ripened fields of corn - alternating  
with family burial grounds. Very few of the country people  
were seen, and then, always in flight - <sup>coolie</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>looters of the</sup> ~~foreign~~ <sup>people</sup> ~~demons~~.  
What had looked like an intrenchment at a distance was probably  
a part of the broken down <sup>earthen</sup> wall formerly a defence of the city.

The French part of the army had lost its way, and in the after-  
noon found itself at the Yuen-ming-yuen, the Summer  
Palace of the Emperor - about seven miles from the city -

Next day was a halt - not an enemy to be seen, and when  
communication was established between our force and that of  
the French, the announcement that the richest palace in the  
world



embroideries

world had been given up to plunder, lead to an outpour of the people not on duty at our camp - officers mostly - I should say - to view the spectacle - most of them returning with a part of the spoil, purchased from the holders of it - And this intercourse between the two camps might apparently have gone on indefinitely the treasures stored in the captured buildings being so enormous in quantity and so various in kind - the precious metals, crude and <sup>precious stones</sup> manufactured; costly silks and embroideries in countless bales; china of inestimable price - books in vast quantities, sometimes so venerated from association with the sages of former times as to be priceless - ~~Many~~ of the writings of sages had in some instances been engraved on slabs of the finest jade stone transcendently valuable - there were also presents to the Emperor brought by Dutch or English Ambassadors in long past days, one of the latter in the time of Charles the Second - A quantity of superb Gobelin tapestry from France, was also found - But so numerous were the contents of the Imperial buildings, that even an enumeration of those handed about, would draw attention into apathy -

The Headquarters were now established in the buildings connected with a Shamanist temple; the sect is a far off one of the Buddhist faith, retaining however the multitudes of images for worship in their temples - I took up my quarters in one of the clean and comfortable cells, or rather rooms, vacated by one of the fugitive monks.

In the evening Mr. Parkes and Major Loch, liberated from their horrible imprisonment, were received by the Chinese authorities - an omen of the greatest importance for the success of the negotiations in hand - Major Loch was suffering from the effect of the bad food given, and from the general misery of his position -

At the same time the Mandarins sent in the remains of six of the Europeans captured before the action at Pa-li-chiao - a few bones only in most cases, but parts of the clothing worn at the time of capture served to identify each individual - The scene in the very dimly lit temple into which the remains had



The remains  
were subsequently buried in  
the Russian  
Cemetery at Peking

had been brought, was a painful one - the comrades of the  
dead bending over with lanterns scrutinising for recognition  
what remained of the bodies of <sup>solitarily</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>their</sup> associates ~~solitarily~~  
Next day accompanying the Principal Medical Officer round the  
scattered Field hospitals, we saw some of the Sikh soldiers who  
had been captured along with the officers, but who had been  
treated with less severity; they spoke of the <sup>treatment</sup> ~~horrific~~ <sup>horrifying</sup> sufferings  
to which ~~of~~ the European prisoners had been subjected.

Negotiations between the Allies and the Chinese Government  
were now being rapidly and successfully conducted, in doubt  
the advance of the Taiping rebels from the south to a position  
only a hundred miles from Peking, contributed materially to  
smooth matters. As security for the bona fides of the Mandarins  
discussing ~~conducting~~ the terms, one of the great gates of the outer city  
had been given over by the Chinese authorities, and officers  
provided with special passes were allowed to visit the gate,  
and to walk along the wall at either side. The wall seemed  
to be a very grand piece of masonry, it was said to be forty  
two feet high, and sixty one, broad, and it was so well  
built that the Engineers doubted whether our guns could  
have made anything like an effectual impression ~~which~~  
had an attempt been made to breach it - a deep cutting  
which had been made on each side of the gate, so as to  
make practically a ~~deep~~ dry ditch to defend the position  
as soon as the gate was given over, had been a work of great  
labour on account of the excellent nature of the masonry - On  
the walls included in the ceded portion of the defences of the  
city, there were many brass guns of all sizes, some of which  
only were of native manufacture, and these were purposely  
and beautifully ornamented. I noticed that one of the foreign  
guns mounted near the gate, had been cast at Middleburgh  
in Holland in the year 1628 - Spoken of as a whole, the city  
seemed to be of great extent, the palace of the Emperor, in  
the "Forbidden City" was barely visible in the distance. In the  
outer of the three distinct cities - called the Chinese City, the  
every day



every day life of the people seemed to be going on regularly - as uninterruptedly as if no foreign demons were within a hundred miles of the broad streets running through and crossed at right angles by others. The houses <sup>near at hand</sup> were generally of one story only. The shops were open and well frequented, but I ought to qualify my remark above as to the <sup>apparent</sup> indifference of the people, by noting that near the gate crowds of sight-seers had assembled to gaze at the new comers in possession of the gate. north of the rabble claps. Even at that early period, a small but well attended market had sprung up to supply the needs of the demons in possession in respect of vegetable and other kinds of food.

Next day permission was given to go further into the city, that called the "business city", and I formed one of a small party availing itself of the privilege. Our first visit was to the temple of the Sun and Moon a far more stately one than I had seen hitherto: it had been subjected to extensive looting, but some fine emeralds had been spared, and a large marble tomb, the principal, and most attractive feature in the temple had not been injured.

In the evening the remains of Mr. Ksawolly the special correspondent of the Times, were sent in to the camp - scanty as they were. There was no difficulty about their recognition, a slight but peculiar injury to the bone of the upper lip of <sup>his</sup> standing showed at once that the remains sent in were ~~genuine~~ genuine. Without the further need of the coat in which they were enveloped, after inspection they were buried with those of the other officers previously sent in.

With the advancing season - the middle of October just passed - it had now become very sensibly colder, the thermometer marking 42° in the morning; snow had fallen on the summits of the mountain range to the north east. From the camp the inner Great Wall of China following the mountain heights unswervingly, could be very clearly seen without a glass.

General

1860



General Mitchell's Division had been sent out to the ground near the Summer Palace, <sup>part of</sup> where the French force had been stationed from the first. I made one of a party from the headquarters which paid a visit to the wonderful palace - called by us a palace, because it was an occasional residence of the Emperor of China, it seemed to be an assemblage of many houses, generally standing singly, scattered over an area of some three miles of ground, or so. The houses, as it always seemed to me on seeing ruined buildings in China for the first time, were what, compared with their importance were mean looking, but the riches contained in those of the Summer Palace were priceless; many of the buildings were untouched at the time of our visit by the throngs of looters, the number of the buildings and storehouses, apparently could not be overtaken by the spoilers - the libraries were of vast extent.

On the evening of our visit, the "Yuen-min-que" was set on fire by the allies, as a retributive act for the conduct of the Mandarins in respect of the treacherous capture and the subsequent torturings of the officers and others, when negotiations were supposed to be going on.

Yesterday orders were issued directing a Division of our troops to enter the city of Peking, should the Chinese Government in the meanwhile not have accepted the terms offered to them; when our troops were just on the point of marching, news arrived that the Mandarins had submitted.

Amongst the stipulations of the treaty was one for the immediate payment of an indemnity to the relatives of the prisoners treacherously captured.

The orders for the return of troops to the coast were now promulgated; all excepting three thousand men ~~who were~~ to hold Tientsin during the winter - were to leave the North of China, and the contingent from India, was to return there at once.

The now rapid setting in of the cold winter, shown by a morning temperature of  $28^{\circ}$ , and by the presence of ice of some thickness,

accentuated



coastways.

accentuated the necessity of a speedy march coastwards.

In connexion with the indemnity referred to above, to my vexation I found myself nominated as one of the Board of Officers appointed to receive the indemnity money from the Chinese authorities - nor did my protestations that I had no qualifications whatever for the duty, relieve me from it. The Commanding Royal Engineer <sup>and</sup> a Commissariat officer were my yoke fellows in the tedious business. When the Board assembled an initial difficulty was found in the fact that no scales had been provided for the weighing of the money duly tendered by the Chinese officials, and there was nothing for it but to adjourn the Board. Next day the members reassembled, and found that the weighing necessaries had been obligingly <sup>provided</sup> ~~found~~ for us by our late enemies, and the work of accepting or rejecting was entered on. The silver tendered to us was uncoined, in cup-shaped lumps as it issued from the ladles in which it had been melted. It took us two days after this to go through the form of scrutinising each of the lumps which together comprised the 300,000 Taels of silver tendered to the Board.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of October <sup>1860</sup> the Treaty of peace with the Allies was signed, and at once some of the troops began their return march to the Coast.

The Ambassador, with the officials of the Embassy now left the camp, and accompanied by a large escort of troops, horse and foot, with a band, and other tokens of importance entered the Tartar city of Peking, and took up his quarters in the E. Wan-Foo, or the Prince of E's Palace, near the gate leading to Tung Chow. The building was of great extent, but not palatial in magnificence, according to Western notions. The delay in leaving Peking was due to the necessity of first receiving the decree of the Emperor, ratifying all that had been done in his name by his uncle Prince Kung, as respects the Treaty.

I found that <sup>the kind of</sup> lodging in a nobleman's palace in the beginning of winter was altogether discomfited by the cold and general comfortlessness of dwelling. I understood now why the fur  
shoes



ships in the Valls of China were so numerous and <sup>comparatively</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>in</sup> import-  
-ant in size and appearance.

I suppose that every city has its own specific peculiarities in the matter of noises, one such I had heard in no other city than ~~in~~ Peking, and until explained it was sufficiently startling; a sudden and violent screaming bewildered and excited new comers to the Celestial city, until they came to understand that it was produced <sup>and</sup> through an apparatus fastened to a finger and acted on during its rapid passage through the air, but the noise was out of all proportion to the agency concerned in its production.

The day after arrival I took a long ride through the outer, or Chinese city, and found myself - as I thought - to be an object of contemptuous curiosity: the amazing number of beggars - always men - was a surprise - all encountered saluted me with the same words sounding like, "hum du leila". On my return I was told by a young member of the Consular staff that the term employed by the sinister looking beggars ~~that~~ was one of the highest respect, and meant "my elder brother", but all the same he warned me to avoid in future the shums and other places where the professional beggars did congregate.

Although the Government of China had <sup>not</sup> ~~never~~ until this occasion been approached by the British in negotiations carried on directly at the capital city, and with the highest functionaries of the country, one nation - Russia - had for a number of years maintained a resident diplomatic agent, of high rank there. And the partiality thus shown was not unreasonable considering that the frontiers of the two great empires were contiguous for many hundred miles, and that in the days before railways and telegraphs had done away with distance, there was an urgent need for the presence of an agent at Peking authorised to settle the smaller disputes constantly arising from the action of the subjects of the two powers. Indeed the conception was not only reasonable, it was inevitable.

During the active prosecution of the war, the Russian embassy maintained



maintained a rigid neutrality, but when negotiations had begun between the Allies and the Chinese Government, no doubt its aid was readily given to bring about a peaceful settlement. The relations between the English, and the Russian minister to China - General Ignatiev, were very friendly, dinners were interchanged, and offices of a social kind came along. It has already been mentioned that the remains of the captives who had died in the hands of the Chinese, were buried by us in the Russian cemetery near Peking, and the same generous conception on the part of the adherents the members of a markedly different religious belief was made in the permission to inter <sup>there</sup> all others of the British force who died during the occupation of Peking.

There was very little in Peking I think, which would have attracted the ordinary stranger. For the exceedingly few persons who at that time, ~~also~~ from a knowledge gained by the study of Chinese literature and history, were able to appreciate the opportunity, interest might, perhaps, be found in visiting the various buildings occupied by Governmental Boards, Yamuns as they were called - such as those of "Rites" of "Punishments" and "Revenue", all plain looking buildings, in poor repair, and semi-deserted. From the general appearance a stranger would have judged Peking to be a ~~deserted~~ decaying city. There were however some attractive shops, such as those where enamels were sold. pottery and furs, and those for the sale of ~~curios~~ "curios" or of contents much in the way of those in Wardrobe street in London. To one or other of the above, most of the money in the capital spent on luxury would have found its way. In the "Tartar city" there was much less bustle. and its streets at that time had a forlorn look.

Two or three times I had occasion to ride out to the camp. I never met with the least molestation or even incivility. On the first of November, the last time I paid a visit to it, I found that the "Lamistery" which had so long been the quarters of the Headquarters Staff, was being evacuated, at the same time the

French



French troops were beginning their march coastward.

On the second of November <sup>1840</sup> Prince Kung, the Viceroy, and the brother of the reigning Emperor, paid his visit of ceremony to Lord Elgin, and with him came the Heir Apparent; a number of Mandarins of very high rank attended them, ~~such~~ as had never been seen before by any British official.

Next day, the Ambassador, attended by the officials of the embassy, and in as great state as the exigencies of the situation permitted, paid his return visit to the Viceroy. The proceedings at the reception were <sup>as</sup> simple as they well could be. But the banquet given by the virtual though temporary ruler of three hundred and fifty millions of people, had naturally a special interest for the guests. The Viceroy was the only Chinaman who partook of the banquet, which was served in a small room, at one end of which Prince Kung and Lord Elgin sat together, but each had a small separate table; from these tables, others in two rows ran down the centre of the room, one for each person of the Ambassador's retinue; it would be simpler to say that there was a <sup>transverse</sup> long table at the top, with ~~lower tables in~~ two rows of tables running down each lengthways. Mr. Wade and Mr. Parkes, of course sat at the top of the one of the <sup>top</sup> longitudinal tables on each side, to interject between the Viceroy and the Ambassador.

A great number of servants - more than one for each guest - attended; the dishes on which the food was served, were very small, and the portions of it were also relatively so, but in number the latter were so to say endless. I counted that over twenty portions were offered to me, and thought that about the double of that number were offered at the high table. It was a strange experience to eat food with "chop sticks", but somehow when the attempt was made, a fair degree of success was attained. Prince Kung - who seemed to me a man about forty years old - talked a good deal, but as I thought with effort, a duty to be got through. His dress was no doubt of the most magnificent kind, but I could not distinguish in what way it differed from that of an ordinary Mandarin. Everything went off well, there



There was, on the part of the host, a sustained but not over-  
-strained courtesy, though the necessity of receiving the visit  
from the great man of the foreign barbarians - and in the  
capital city of the Empire too, must have been fearfully  
galling to him.

about this time I was asked to accompany Mr. Wade  
and Mr. Parkes who were about to pay a visit to a great  
Mandarin - the ~~object being~~ reason for taking me being that  
my professional advice might be afforded to the official in  
question - Hung Chi had been the Governor of the reigning  
Emperor in his boyhood; and from this fact was a personage  
of the very highest rank and influence in the State. The  
house in which this great official lived was in the Tartar  
city and near to the wall separating it from the "Forbidden  
City" which was altogether occupied by the Emperor's palace,  
and its adjuncts.

with the yellow  
tiles ~~and~~

We were received very courteously and unaffectedly. The  
"Sinologues" both said that they had never before seen the interior  
of so fine a dwelling in China, or until lately when in the  
presence of Prince Tung had they ever spoken to - or indeed seen, a  
Mandarin of such a rank. The outward mark of rank in China  
is that shown by a button on the top of the cap, and this in  
the case of Hung Chi was I think <sup>the</sup> of colour of a shade of blue, of  
furniture there was very little in the rooms we entered, but that  
was of great beauty. The only ornament of its kind we saw,  
was a picture of about nine inches square, at which my  
companions gazed with mute astonishment. I saw nothing  
more in the picture than a faded face, and a few letters in the  
Chinese character on one side. Mr. Wade asked our host if it was  
really the case that the image was that of the almost prehistoric  
personage denoted by the inscription, and was answered that this  
was so. that the authenticity of the portrait was undoubted, beyond  
dispute, and it was that of one of the earliest and greatest of the  
scholars and lawmakers of China, an object of reverence during three  
thousand







placards containing certain of the stipulations exacted as the price of peace were posted up conspicuously about the city, and everywhere large groups of people assembled to read them. Amongst those seen by me I noticed no excitement. After the proclamation of peace, women, until then never seen in streets frequented by the demons of the sea, <sup>now</sup> appeared in considerable numbers, and, in spite of proclamations on the walls commanding them not to look at the barbarians, did not hesitate to disobey the orders of their rulers.

Most of the shops which had been closed after the Allies entered Peking were now opened; and carts bringing the returning population to their deserted homes were frequently seen in the streets. In respect of the vehicles, I was struck by the want of conformity shown in them to the apparent social position of their occupants ~~of these~~, quite <sup>obvious</sup> apparent in other matters, such as <sup>dress</sup> ~~appearance~~. The cart conveying a Mandarin had the same outside appearance as that of a manifestly less important person; the great man was <sup>always</sup> however accompanied by a few unarmoured followers on horseback.

One of the notable features of street society in Peking at the then season of the year, in which the days were bright and sunny although the mornings were very cold, was the general custom of persons of the leisure classes, <sup>bring-  
ing</sup> out their caged singing birds for an airing in the afternoon; the little things were perched on rods, fastened by <sup>the</sup> a leg, and, judging by their clamour, enjoyed their airings greatly.

The beggars seemed suddenly to have been reinforced in number, many of them - as in all other countries - trading on some feature of deformity or of wretchedness. They were now also more pertinaciously troublesome; they still addressed the barbarians with the honorary title of "my elder brother" which however did not materially help to raise additional income.

Shopping continued to be a favorite amusement to the lad, with those whose duties kept them in Peking; the Chinese shopkeeper had the perfect manner in serving customers, never



never extolling ~~their~~ <sup>his</sup> wares or preparing ~~them~~ to buy, but always quietly, attentive, and gratulated, showing everything pointed at unweariedly, again and again; and ~~they~~ <sup>he</sup> had ~~their~~ <sup>his</sup> reward. As all the shops shut up sharply at dusk, and as the gates of the Tartar city were closed at that hour also, purchasers had often to "put on a spurt" as the saying is, in riding back to their quarters.

The Hon Mr Bruce, the newly appointed Minister to the Government of China had now arrived in Peking, and on the 9<sup>th</sup> of November Lord Olgin - the Ambassador Extraordinary, previous to leaving the capital received another - a farewell visit, from Prince Kung. Lord Olgin took occasion in a very courteous way, to warn the Viceroy of the harm that had already been done by some of the Mandarins about him by their deception; the brother of the Emperor looked very much surprised, but not I think displeased. Everything seemed to show a most friendly feeling on both sides.

After the visit the Embassy left the E Wan Foo, and went in state through the streets to the nearest gate; the Commander of the Nine Gates had been sent to open this <sup>one</sup> gate, and a ceremonious leave taking was made. Tung Chow, on the Peiho river was reached in the afternoon; very comfortable boats - "chops" they were called - had been provided for the transport to Tientsin, two passengers for each boat; but the baggage not arriving in time, a start was not made until next morning. The boats were sailed, or shoved on with poles, or rowed, or were tracted along with ropes from the bank. but good way was made, the "chops" floated downwards, a break occurring in the afternoon when they were made fast to the bank to enable the occupants to have dinner on shore, after which the flotilla set out again, and reached its destination next morning. The country not now covered with the harvest looked bleak and uninteresting.

Lord Olgin's departure from Tientsin was delayed, and the city, familiar at the time of the advance of the army, now presented a very much more animated appearance; it was

chops



was crowded like a fair - the headquarters both of our own and of the French army being located in it; the permanent garrison, and the troops marching down *also helped to* from Peking filled the principal streets suggesting a foreign, rather than a Chinese, population. The shops were all open again; and besides this a number of shopkeepers had arrived from Peking to partake of the advantages which experience in the Capital city had shown to be substantial, by far the most important probably being, the opportunities for buying back "loot", ~~the enormous value of which in many cases~~ could be purchased from the ignorant looters, at perhaps a thousandth part of its worth.

With the beginning of the cold season, furs were <sup>eagerly</sup> sought; and in addition to the shops seen in August, a whole street of fresh ones with furriers' wares had come into existence.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> of November, <sup>1860</sup> Hung Chi, the great Mandarin mentioned before, arrived from Peking with the first installment of the indemnity stipulated for in the Treaty of Peace. Fortunately the troops - not of the garrison - had left before the 20<sup>th</sup> of November on which day the first snow storm of winter ~~last~~ occurred, lasting with intervals, over two days. On November 23 the early morning reading of the thermometer was 23° Fah; and the day after the river above the city was frozen over. But the sole amusement of the garrison at the time - that of visiting the shops, was not suspended by the onset of the wintry weather - as much felt indoors perhaps in badly warmed rooms, as in the streets; and in the search for novelties new fields were opened when the fur ~~shops~~ and <sup>the</sup> curio shops had been exploited. *exploited.* In a Chinese print shop I noticed a series of pictures designed for the instruction of converts to the Roman Catholic faith, relatively numerous in Tientsin and its neighborhood. The various ~~subjects~~ matters treated of in the representations were brought to the comprehension of the Chinaman in a way which taxed his imaginative faculty.



in the clouds] faculty very little; thus The Virgin, was pictured as a Chinese lady of the most exalted rank, with two peacock's feathers descending from her head dress; and in another picture some Saints were being waited on by boy servants who handed them cups of tea, just as if they were ordinary guests to whom honor and hospitality were being <sup>1866</sup>freely offered.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of November Lord Elgin and the personnel of the embassy, left Tientsin, in a little paddlewheel steamer - the one which seemed to be the best available and at the same time adapted for the work of forcing her way down the now nearly continuously ice bound river, to the coast. Leaving at 7 a.m., the day was passed in a nearly unrelenting fight with the ice - Here and there where, owing to a rapid current there was clear water in the centre of the river, such breaks were nearly always short ones, for the most part the paddlewheels crashed down on the ice at each note, this was usually thin not checking the speed materially, but at the bends of the river where the current was slow, the ice was proportionately thick - at some places about four inches in thickness, and there the "Torrens" had her work to do in great earnest; but the object was attained, the sixty eight miles to Taku Bay were <sup>bravely</sup> ~~reached~~ <sup>on</sup> - throughout the day the issue of the fight was doubtful. Again and again the steamer had to go astern in order to make another rush forward to split through the ice; the noise, especially down in the cabin - caused by the grinding and crashing and the thumping of broken sheets of ice against the sides of the vessel, gave us all, at least an approximate notion of what it would be like in a ship beset in the Arctic sea - As the "Torrens" neared the mouth of the river and consequently the salt water, the passage was open; but in the clear moonlight the long ~~long~~ stretches of snow covered land served to keep the conditions of Arctic travelling well in our minds.

At Taku, the Admirals' hospitality was extended to the hungry travellers, and there the voyage was continued to the



anchorage outside the bar, where the "Feroze" was ready to receive Lord Elgin.

It had been arranged that the squadron of war ships in the bay should receive the Ambassador with all the honors due to his high rank; but this presumed his arrival before nightfall, and it was nearly 10 a.m. on the next day before the French transhipped the representative of the Sovereign - so the reception by the ships was one with "mained rites" only; not a gun was fired, but all the vessels, on the signal being made - were suddenly and brilliantly lighted up, and rockets were sent into the air. Then, as suddenly, the lights were extinguished, and all was silence.

During the day, I had done nothing more than alternately to stare at the "bitting" of ice, proceps, and to yawn and shiver in the cabin; but never had I passed a more tiring day in my life, or one on <sup>the close of</sup> which bedtime was more welcome.

Feroze

"The Feroze" was a sloop of war of the India Navy, and had brought Lord Elgin to China after the ~~short~~ week of the ship in which he was embarked, at Beijing. She was armed with few-but heavy guns - or rather guns which in those days were considered so, ~~which~~ was very trim in appearance, and had an air of much reserve about her - which I should say was shown in the very quiet way in which the necessary duties on board were conducted - no noise, no confusion; the ship made a very comfortable home for those transferred to her, for a much longer time than the most of them had expected, - by the bye

next

The Feroze remained at anchor all next day, with steam up, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Parkes who was to come by land. But the 28<sup>th</sup> of November the Taku Bay was left. The Ambassador being honored ~~saluted~~ with a salute of nineteen guns both from the French and from the British squadron. Admiral's ships, and as the vessel steamed past, the yards of the saluting ships were manned. The display must have impressed the Chinese. A contrary wind and a troubled sea impeded the Feroze and at



the best she did not include speed amongst her good qualities. something between seven and eight knots an hour was her <sup>in</sup>creasing speed, which no engine room artifices could materially increase; but in justice it should be said that a large French steamer lying the same course, did not outdo the sober pace of the *Teror* - 1860

On the <sup>third</sup> second of December, Shanghai was reached, and anchoring off the English Settlement, our sober and demure vessel was soon skipping about in the "chwo chwo" water, and straining at the anchor in her mad merriment.

The change from the snow covered region in the north to the pleasant temperature of Shanghai, with its trees still covered with leaves, <sup>was very agreeable</sup> as was also the bustle of the Settlement, and the hospitality of its residents. A universal feeling of hopefulness as to the vast extension of commerce in China in the immediate future was present, which not even the interrupted <sup>trading</sup> onward course of the rebellion could check. The river was crowded with merchant shipping, and the Chinese "compradors" or brokers, between the Chinese and the foreign merchants, were busy as bees.

My friend Mr. Lamond again offered me the warm hospitality of his home, and I remained there during my stay at the Settlement. The residents seemed to be like one large family, and the interchange of invitations to one sort of a social function or another never ceased. To be sure it was the season for hospitality, the Christmas season, both in its religious and in its social requirements, was observed vigorously as in the country from which most of the Europeans in Shanghai hailed. The last day of the old year too, was kept as might be expected where so many Scots ~~who~~ were to be found, in an enthusiastic way of old observances: and the New Year was ushered in with much firing and cheering with flags, on the part of the ships in the river.

On the <sup>1861</sup> third of January Lord Elgin reembarked with all his retinue, all grateful for the kindness shown them, and



and the *Feroze* was put on her course for Hong Kong.

At Hong Kong, as at the Settlement just left, the same hopefulness, inspired by the <sup>issue</sup> ~~recent~~ <sup>successes</sup> of the recent war, was found, and ~~as one~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~force of its~~ expression of satisfaction, was seen in the balls, dinners, and other social entertainments given by the ruling social class, at which naturally the military element and other branches of the public service were well represented.

At this time the cession - absolute or temporary of a tract of land at Howloon on the mainland opposite to Hong Kong, and dominating both the harbour and the town, had been made, and possession was received from the <sup>Chinese</sup> ~~local~~ authorities; many people crossed over from Victoria to witness the ceremony, and returned disappointed - there was nothing to see but a flag hoisted, or to hear, but a salute fired.

A visit of a few days' duration paid by Lord Elgin to the city of Canton, made an interesting change in the life at Victoria. The *Feroze*, conveyed us to the city which seemed to me - erroneously, probably - more spacious, more full of public buildings, more filled with pagodas, and vastly more populous than Peking. Mr. Parkes, whose name and whose influence are so intimately associated with the war in 1860, had now returned temporarily to his official duty as consul at Canton, did me the kindness and the honour of inviting me to stay at his house, whilst we were in the great commercial city, and further took the trouble of showing me the principle points of interest in it. Under his guidance I saw the (as in Peking) double city - Tartar, and Chinese - the shops, the Pagodas - the walls of the two cities, the canals, and most wonderful of all, the river on which floated a third city of many thousand boats, in which a population lived, sufficient in numbers to have made a large city elsewhere.

I spoke to Mr. Parkes one day after dinner as to the surprise every one found on arrival in China to find how exceedingly few



few of the European residents apparently knew even a word of the language of the country in which they were living, and apropos of this he mentioned that a little while before he had dined with an English merchant <sup>who was going</sup> ~~about~~ to leave Canton next morning for good after a busy and successful mercantile life in it of twenty six years; the merchant remarked to him, how strange it seemed to himself that during that long period of association with Chinamen he yet knew only three words of Chinese; Mr. Parkes was curious to hear the three words garnered in twenty six years, and the retiring merchant gave them out as "wai low", "low low" and "chow chow"; the consul had to explain to his host, that there no Chinese word in the <sup>long</sup> vocabulary; that the words given were thought by Chinamen to be English ones, whilst the English residents thought them to be Chinese.

#### Return to England

At length after about a month's stay at Hong Kong, in all, Lord Elgin thought that the China trouble had sufficiently subsided to permit of his return to England - but the voyage was not to be made by the usual route, visits were to be made to the Spanish colony at Manila, and to the Dutch one at Java, visits of courtesy <sup>only</sup> to the Authorities in those countries, unconnected with any diplomatic meaning - so with the heartiest expressions of good will on the part of our own colonists at Hong Kong, the *Ferret* steamed out of the harbour and shaped her way to the capital of the Philippine Islands. We arrived in <sup>the</sup> Bay of Manila without any unusual incident; and the Ambassador Extraordinary was received with all respect by the Viceroy of the Spanish Government, and was invited to make the palace his abode during his stay: the most courteous and friendly invitation also included in it the members of the Ambassador's official staff - During the stay of four days ~~we were treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration by all the official world from the Viceroy down-~~ <sup>was shown by</sup> wards - The city was a very spacious one, walled and fortified

at



at the mouth of the Pasig river, it contained many fine  
buildings of which the palace of the Viceroy was the largest  
and most stately; but that of the Archbishop, was not much  
inferior to it in either of those respects, and a very large and  
fine cathedral, adjoining the palaces mentioned, gave yet  
more dignity to the locality. There were also the amenities of  
pleasant recreation grounds, and the presence of a large class of  
wealthy people in the city was very much in evidence in the late  
afternoon. A large garrison was also a notable feature; still  
more so however was that of the ecclesiastical population, and  
the commercial activity of the place was striking. Most of the  
merchants of importance were of British subjects, but the Americans  
were in considerable numbers, and Germans came next in  
numerical importance. But alas! there was an obverse to the  
general appearance of prosperity and enjoyment, a few years -  
I think four or five - before, an earthquake had levelled to the  
ground every building, in a considerable area of the city, and  
no restoration had been attempted. The large <sup>desolated</sup> square gave the  
quarter a <sup>very</sup> <sup>depressing</sup> <sup>to the locality</sup> ~~most desolate~~ appearance, as may be imagined, but  
the inhabitants themselves had recovered from the shock of  
the disaster, and its warning perhaps had become less  
heeded. Three <sup>from the time of our visit</sup> years afterwards, in 1863, another earthquake  
prostrated the greater number of the buildings in the best  
part of the city, including the cathedral. The palaces of the  
Viceroy <sup>and</sup> of the Archbishop.

Nothing <sup>more</sup> could be wished <sup>for</sup> than the attention which Lord  
Elgin and his suite received from the Viceroy and the officials  
of the Government. The day after his landing, all the leading  
officials, <sup>I think, save one</sup> were received by Lord Elgin at a levee held in his  
honour; an amusing incident occurred in connexion with it:  
amongst the other great personages notified by the Viceroy, to  
attend was the supremely greatest of all - the Archbishop - who  
immediately replied to the intimation that he would not  
attend, at a function given in honour of a man - not a Christian.  
The Archbishop might have stopped there, but he went on to add  
that



that he had been told Lord Elgin was not only out of the Faith, but that he was a Scot, and therefore held one of the <sup>worst</sup> most hateful forms of Protestantism.

And the absolute ~~dominance~~ <sup>absolute</sup> of the army of monks in Manila, was said to be ~~the greatest that could be achieved~~, riches and power went together, ~~and no one dared to~~ <sup>oppose them</sup>. One very striking thing in connexion with the clerical ascendancy was that of the <sup>custom</sup> keeping up of the old <sup>mode</sup> of reverence for the Angelus: when the bell <sup>tolled</sup> for the evening recitation, every one in the streets, on the promenade grounds everywhere in fact, halted for a minute or <sup>60</sup> ~~two~~, and even

At the sunset

when the bell tolled.

"Scots' heretics" found it convenient to "assume a virtue if they had it not." I had never seen this custom in the Spanish Mother-country near Gibraltar.

Manila cheroots, have a worldwide estimation, and Lord Elgin was taken by the Viceroy to see one of the ~~man-~~ <sup>factories</sup> a government establishment, where at that time three thousand girls were in daily employment rolling up cheroots. in addition to this one was another at which two thousand girls <sup>said to be</sup> were employed.

In company with the Captain of the "Porpoise" and Mr. Stuart Wortley one of the attaches, I spent ~~one~~ <sup>a</sup> day on a boating excursion going up the river which issues from a lake a few miles from Manila. our object was to see a little of the country beyond the city, and ~~our~~ <sup>the</sup> boatmen took us to the quarters of a lieutenant commanding a detachment of troops at the margin of the lake. Furberising up <sup>the</sup> Gibraltar, Spanish. I asked him for permission to ride a short way into the country, with all courtesy and good feeling he replied that if we very much wished it he would give us a suitable escort for our safety, but strongly urged us not to go, the attempt was dangerous. So after an hour with the officer at his lonely post we floated back to the city.

Reembarking after the most gratifying visit Lord Elgin received a ceremonious <sup>at</sup> visit from the Viceroy with his suite



all was  
suile and the visit over, the "George" set out for Batavia,  
in Java. The weather was all that could be wished and  
land was generally in sight. The huge island of Borneo  
being near, <sup>but</sup> the Captain must have found it to be an  
anxious bit of navigation - with so many <sup>to be avoided</sup> obstructing islands  
~~requiring to have passing night visits arranged for them.~~

At Batavia, the seat of Government, and the commercial  
capital of the country ~~reached~~, Lord Elgin was received by the  
Governor General ~~fit~~ with every mark of respect, and as at  
Manila - was invited to take up his residence along with his  
suite, (at the Government House) ~~to which he went on disemb-~~  
~~-arking~~ - The same evening a great dinner was given in his  
honor to which the leading British merchants were invited,  
nothing was omitted ~~which was needed~~ to express cordial  
satisfaction with the visit of the late Ambassador ~~behaving~~ to  
China - The Dutch military and naval officers were particu-  
-larly friendly, very generally they understood English, and  
their ~~unaffected~~ manners <sup>was</sup> much <sup>that of</sup> ~~more~~ ~~usually~~ ~~apparent~~  
of their English counterparts, in their several professions -

bearing

The Governor General, at that time was living at his  
country house about twenty <sup>miles off</sup> ~~from~~, and to that delightful  
retreat we removed ~~next day~~, and for two days enjoyed to  
the full the charm of its hospitality. The gardens - filled  
with specimens of every kind of tropical fruit were most  
attractive, and the grounds surrounding the house afforded  
morning and evening strolls, of the most restful kind to weary  
mariners like ourselves.

Bantong.

From this Eden like bower we proceeded to Bantong, in the  
centre district of the island - resting the first <sup>night</sup> ~~day~~ at a half  
way house - of which the only impression I carried away with  
me was, that so near the equator it was possible to feel very  
cool in bed. I suppose that the altitude reached, had some-  
-thing to do with this phenomenon. ~~Starting at daybreak~~ <sup>on</sup>  
the next day we went through a country ~~on one side of the road~~  
~~shaping down into a funnel-like looking marsh in the other,~~  
over rising



over a road

~~coming gradually into forest, it struck me as a district  
just carved out for wild beasts, lodging during the day in  
the jungle and prowling on the deer in the low ground in  
the night: at breakfast the Dutch officer sent with us told  
me, that the fine road we had been travelling over was  
so dangerous at night from the tigers tracking over it, ~~that~~  
that no one dared to use <sup>the</sup> road after dusk.~~

At Bantoug Lord Elgin was received by the Regent, a Malay  
Chief having jurisdiction over the natives, and also the  
responsibility of seeing that cultivation was well carried out.  
The place had all the appearance of an Indian Cantonment,  
and in fact it was one, where Java was occupied by the British  
in 1811. In the burial ground a few headstones with the  
names of some of the then occupants, were still legible.  
Next day, provided with horses by the Regent, we had a long,  
and interesting exploration of the district which was covered  
with tea plantations, young forests of Eucalyptus, and of  
Cinchona trees. all flourishing grandly; subsequently in  
conversation with the Governor General he mentioned that  
the object studied in planting the two last named trees, was  
not primarily for a commercial profit. but for medicinal  
purposes - especially in the case of the cinchona tree, that the  
quinine derived from it might be cheapened in price. It was  
strange that on the first morning after my arrival in England I  
saw in the newspaper an official statement that the cinchona  
trees brought from South America, and transplanted in the  
hills in India had all died: so I wrote through the proper  
channel to the India House authority, mentioning what the  
Governor General of Java had said to me, and suggesting that  
Calcutta should apply to Java for young plants. I never had  
an answer to my letter, not even the severely curt one, that "my  
letter had been filed" or alternatively, the broadly jocular one, "that  
my letter had been sent to the paper mill to be pulped"; But two  
years afterwards when in Calcutta, I casually met an official  
of the Horticultural Garden there, and in conversation asked  
him



him if the cinchona tree had been acclimatised in Bengal yet; he said they had a copy of my letter in the office, received from England; it would be pleasant to know if the letter had had any effect in making quinine more obtainable by the poor malarious soldiers in the fever tracts of India.

The most prominent object to be seen at Bantong was a huge volcano, perhaps four miles off; as we neared <sup>it</sup> in our ride a thin streak of fluid sulphur was to be seen flowing down the side, and occasionally, a puff of vapor was ejected. and this was its ordinary condition, not quiescent, not in active operation.

evening ~~In the evening~~ the Regent provided <sup>a Native dance for</sup> ~~us with the entertainment~~ of a native dance. ~~the movements of the performers being~~ <sup>wonderfully graceful</sup>

On leaving the English created cantonment, we returned straight to Batavia, where Lord Elgin took leave of the Governor General, and where we <sup>said good bye to</sup> ~~took leave of~~ the genial officers who had accompanied us on board the Teroge to say good bye. we reciprocated their good wishes most heartily. ~~and parted the best of friends~~ - Before sunrise next morning <sup>we were</sup> ~~we~~ clear of the Straits of Sunda, <sup>padding</sup> ~~padding~~ <sup>across</sup> ~~across~~ the Indian ocean.

It might be said that the trip across the sea to Acheen was uneventful - but this would leave out of account a trifling incident that wells up <sup>from</sup> ~~up~~ memory when <sup>of more importance</sup> ~~hundreds of other events~~ ~~these~~ have faded out of it; on the morning after the Teroge <sup>was out of</sup> ~~left~~ night of Java, some one looking over the side noticed a few fragments of wreckage about two hundred yards off, such as might have been swept off the deck of a ship by a heavy <sup>sea</sup> ~~sea~~, or have floated off it when the ship foundered; between the wreckage and our ship a large dog was seen swimming steadily towards <sup>us</sup> ~~us~~. It seemed like abandoning a human fellow creature, and we were all ~~all~~ sorry when poor bow wow was left to his fate.

On reaching Acheen the Governor invited Lord Elgin

and



and his staff to spend the day, on shore - away from the coaling operations on board, and an interesting day was spent in one of the last places in the world such an occurrence might have been looked for. There had been a recent find at the Station in ~~the shape of~~ a large one too, of water tanks, excavated in the volcanic rock, in far away days when Aken perhaps was a stopping place for vessels on their way to Ophir -

From Aken, the Red Sea traversed. Suez was reached, and thence to Alexandria the journey was made in the royal train of carriages of the Viceroy of Egypt - which had been sent in honor of the Ambassador - The "Terrible" steam frigate had been told off to take Lord Elgin to Trieste, and a very pleasant time was passed on board, hardly ever out of sight of land - one remained place after another coming into sight

At Corfu, - then a Protectorate under great Britain - the Governor invited Lord Elgin to stay at Government House during the coaling of the ship, and there was plenty to interest during the day. On going on board next day the "Terrible" made for Trieste - from thence we reached Vienna, and the Ambassador with his entourage dined with the Ambassador to Austria that evening -

I spent two days in Vienna and then parting from the Embassy to <sup>with</sup> ~~Blücher~~ <sup>an impression of</sup> ~~at its head~~ <sup>home</sup> ~~of thankfulness~~ is the distinguished statesman, for his kindness on every occasion and ~~at its head~~ <sup>in due course</sup> ~~for its general~~ <sup>for its</sup> ~~attractives~~ <sup>attractives</sup> which has never faded.

in due ~~course~~ <sup>course</sup> I reached England - After my recent association with rulers of men in Eastern countries it may be imagined. ~~than in a kind of way~~ I might be just a little puffed up - ~~that is~~ - if this were really the case, the voice of the coburn at London Bridge Station, saying "where to" <sup>adventitious</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>importance</sup> ~~alluded~~ <sup>importance</sup> me - revealing the fact, that all my <sup>importance</sup> ~~importance~~ had "faded into the light of common day"

a good will  
for the  
members of  
his staff



"Incidental, in a great crisis"

No 11

Dec '61

Fasciculus  
No. 11

Let it not be supposed from the above heading, that I seek to associate myself with the actors <sup>in a crisis of a dramatic crisis</sup> of ~~the drama~~ <sup>rather</sup> ~~in any~~ <sup>more important way</sup>, than that analogous to the part played by the fly on the wheel, in the story. In the latter part of December 1861. I was one of the atoms accessory in the composition of a Force, which was being got ready in all haste to proceed to Canada. Momentous, would be ~~a~~ more suitable as a descriptive adjunct to the word crisis, than that employed above, for the matter originating the crisis might have brought in its train, ~~mutual~~ misery to hundreds of thousands of people, whose actions had not <sup>in any way</sup> contributed to the result ~~in the highest~~ <sup>degree</sup>. The Civil War in the United States of America, ~~brought~~ <sup>led to</sup> with it what seemed, a most defiant outrage on the honor of the British nation. War between the two nations seemed to be so <sup>surely</sup> ~~certainly~~ the sequel to the action of the United States' officer, which his government would not at first disavow, that energetic preparations were made in England for the prosecution of the expected - the inevitable, war. The most powerful influence in the country was unflinchingly used on the side of peace, to gain a little time <sup>in which</sup> for quickly roused passions, in both of the countries to abate in intensity, and eventually success crowned the ~~promontory~~ efforts; but meanwhile the plan of anticipated procedure when war was declared - involved the hurried transfer of the services of many persons from England to Canada, amongst <sup>those</sup> ~~them~~, of myself. and in the second week of December I embarked on board a bound steamship, at Liverpool for Canada:

there were also  
several hundreds  
of soldiers on  
board

the ship had quite as many passengers as the accommodation permitted, those connected with the army in various ways were numerous, as were also Americans returning to their country in view of the expected declaration of war from England. Amongst the majority of the passengers, a distinctly <sup>depression</sup> ~~dispirited~~ tone was apparent. <sup>Part</sup> ~~Most~~ of this was due to the concern felt on account of the dangerous illness of Prince Albert.



Albert, the Consort of the Queen, whose devotion to the  
good of England, given by him from the first, had been  
replied by no general acknowledgment, until the daily ~~increasing~~  
~~increasing~~ gravity of his illness, knelt the mass of the nation  
into a <sup>deep</sup> poignant regret for their tardy appreciation of untiring  
service in their behalf.

The heavy mist that had settled down <sup>and this contributed</sup> ~~also~~ <sup>just a touch of anxiety to those</sup> ~~just a touch of anxiety to those~~ <sup>after dark</sup> ~~just a touch of anxiety to those~~  
ing the solemnity of feeling on board, and when the ship  
was steaming down the channel after dark. The fear of  
collision with some running vessel expressed by some  
one or other, was not altogether laughed off, by calling  
the landman who expressed his nervousness, "a God's  
comforter". The final departure was made from Queens-  
town, where a late mail having been taken on board,  
the ship's course was laid for Cape Race in Newfound-  
land, which <sup>had</sup> telegraphic communication with both  
continents could be had. <sup>the ship</sup> We arrived off Cape Race, after  
a smooth passage very late at night; anxious foreboding,  
as to the certainty of war had kept us all up, awaiting  
the dreaded news; it seemed to good to be true when  
the word ran round the ship like lightning that  
peace was assured. In a few minutes after, the ship was  
laid on her course for Halifax. Peace was certain, but  
Prince Albert who had labored so unremittingly in the  
cause of peace, was beyond the reach of a nation's grati-  
tude for his beneficent work. mourned not by England  
alone, but by the whole civilised world.

Favored by the same propitious weather which had  
made the Atlantic passage so free from discomfort the  
ship reached its destination <sup>after 12 days steaming from Liverpool</sup> the day before this we had  
sighted the dreaded Sable Island, the grave of a thousand  
and one vessels. Ten years before I had gone through the  
Lambton Heads and enjoyed the sail up the fifteen  
miles to Halifax, and it was nearly as pleasant on this  
second occasion, on the day after Christmas day; no snow had  
fallen



fallen, and with no wind blowing, the cold was nothing to speak of. On landing in our furred coats, and caps, protected as if for a Polar expedition, our precautions amused the citizens a good deal.

There had been some enlargement of the Provincial capital since I had first seen it, and some of the former wooden buildings having succumbed to the natural death of such structures, had been replaced by others of a material less obnoxious to fire: some new, and handsome public buildings had been added, but the city had not enlarged phenomenally; still it <sup>was</sup> a <sup>pleasant</sup> lively bustling place, and the inhabitants were ~~as ever~~ kindly, courteous, and enthusiastically loyal to the old country.

My stay at Halifax was <sup>short</sup> not prolonged; on the second day after ~~my~~ arrival, I set out on a journey of <sup>nearly 577</sup> ~~600~~ miles to Riviere du Loup, in Lower Canada, there to arrange for hospital accommodation to serve the needs of the 5000 men expected from England, who landing at Halifax would be conveyed through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to the railway terminus at Riviere du Loup, and thence by railway to Montreal. And this was the route I was about to use ~~myself~~, along with seven others, sent on in advance of the expected troops, each of them on some special duty, in connexion with the expedition, such as the hiring of houses along the line when practicable, the building of huts, the making arrangements for the provisioning of the men, and so on. All this was necessitated by the winter closure of the St Lawrence, to navigation.

Up to this time the winter had been extraordinarily mild and open. the roads were clear of snow, and wheeled carriage was in general use. The first 62 miles however of our journey <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ to be done by railroad. To Truro, ~~and~~ we left after breakfast, in what to our inexperienced eyes seemed to be bright settled weather, but before the train had been an hour on its way <sup>heavy</sup> ~~light~~ snow began to fall,

with



with persistence; and in an increasing heaviness, so that long before we ~~to~~ reached Iruro, it was evident that the first great snow fall of the season was on -

Arrival at <sup>Iruro</sup> the present end of our journey in a railway, only confirmed what we had guessed for ourselves, namely, that no wheeled carriage could travel through the thickness of newly fallen snow already covering the roads, nor would horses face such a blinding <sup>blast</sup> of snow; so we remained at Iruro, weather, bound. Finding at our inn, clean <sup>rooms</sup>, a plentiful well supplied table, and civility. <sup>appreciated</sup> all the more ~~for~~ as applicants for entertainment were that day, exceptionally numerous - owing to the arrival by the same train of passengers for Prince Edward's Island, who derailed at Iruro: they remained under a double confusion, the first being the same in their case as in our own; the other was that no ferry steamer would face the peril of the nine miles <sup>sea</sup> of crossing from the continent to the island, in a blinding snow storm.

For the rest of the day we were confined to the inn, but this was not wearisome, in our circumstances, the interchange of talk with our colonial brethren in the inn, was pleasant, as well as instructive. I was surprised when the landlord told me that his family had settled in Nova Scotia, generations ago, I had taken him for the descendant of a Scot, once removed - he looked like one. his speech seemed to betray him, and the books in his room were of the true blue presbyterian colour. But Scotland I fancy has given little more than her name to the colony; persistence in race, or species characteristics is easily accounted for when in the early days of colonisation. the colonists of one nationality group together in rural communities, having very little intercourse with those outside of their own spheres -

My next forenoon the storm had taken off, and the contractor - or for our journey after a good deal of hesitation decided, that an attempt to push on was justifiable, and the sleighs for the next



next stage of the journey were accordingly brought round to the door. When the luggage was being put in, some merriment amongst the bystanders was caused by the sight on my portmanteaus of big green colored labels, marked for Hong Kong - which I had neglected to remove after their usefulness had ended: the facetious man in the group had certainly a right to improve the occasion by shouting out, "now then, who's for Hong Kong?", "hurry up, or you won't be there today", and so on.

The sleigh was well loaded, very skilfully driven, and its course was picked out by the driver in methods, now of prudence, then of seeming rashness - but the horses had very hard pulling from the first; the snow was still soft and their feet sank in it at every step - but when piled up drift snow - which could not be avoided - lay across the road, we had a new, and in no way a pleasant experience - the driver would call out to all and sundry, and in the sharp and curt tone of a captain on the bridge "now then, all jump out and make the track" This explained meant, that we were to climb up and down the ~~weather~~ <sup>weather</sup> until by our tramping, the horses which had stolidly stuck still <sup>crowded in the track</sup> on arriving at it - seeing a broader path ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> would oblige to make an effort - this stage of the business reached, our quiet philosopher and master, would ring out, "now then, all aboard, and very glad we all were to get on board, the tramping up and down in the heaviest of clothes and boots - to satisfy the scruples of the horses that they need not fear to sinking into an abyss concealed by snow, was most tiring, especially to beginners in the art.

But the occurrence of other difficulties on the road, the Mail might be helped along by settlers, if any there were, near at hand who turned out willingly, to knock down the snake fences ad - joining the road, or even to <sup>make</sup> ~~cut~~ a way, through forest land by felling a tree here and there. The driver himself when we seemed to be tied up in a second growth wood, we were seeking a road through, brought out an axe from under the seat, and in



an amazingly short time felled a young <sup>tree</sup> obstructing by which act we found an exit from the difficulty - but only to encounter another in the shape of a ~~lake~~ lakelet, or big pond of water which brought us to a halt on its bank; the driver was doubtful as to the strength of the new ice - ~~then~~ <sup>but</sup> he started the horses on it at their utmost speed - the ice cracked very loudly on every side - so did the drivers whips, and the sleigh reached the further side in safety; the congealed surface apparently could not make up its mind what to do, and no time was given it to decide; As there were no Humane Society hooks on hand, the passengers 'hummed', when the struggle was over -

The sleigh at length arrived at the village called "Tolly" only ten miles from Tyro. and we found there capital accommodation; ~~when I had~~ <sup>having</sup> ~~some~~ my share at the supper-table, I was glad to take the rest of my entertainment in sleep.

Next morning, the journey - having for its objective "the Bend" on the Shediac river - was resumed, the road to be traversed led over the south-<sup>-eastern</sup> ascent of the Coboquid range of hills. ~~The ascent soon became~~ a sensibly <sup>felt</sup> one, but the further up we got the better was the snow for locomotion purposes owing to the increasing hardness from the hardness of the frost; there were still snow drifts blocking the way, and causing "crowding" of the horses - only to be overcome by the tread - mill function of the passengers being exercised. but the occasions were fewer than on the day before, and where the track was favorable the hard frozen snow favored a pace in going, impossible over the soft snow of the day before. The cold of course was greater - but bright sun ~~and the lovely hues~~ of the sky, and so many of them to be seen at the same time - deep blue, to the lightest <sup>unadorned</sup> ~~ethereal~~ looking blue, ~~if~~ <sup>deep</sup> red shading off to pink and yellow, together with the dry exhilarating air, made the ride a very pleasant one.

The driver of the sleigh in which I rode, was our landlord of the night before - he mentioned that he also had a farm - but his more regular profession was that of a mariner, and he

lightest



he pointed out a little schooner laid up in the Creek not far from his house, of which he was owner and master, and in which when the navigation in Bay of Fundy was open, he pursued his calling, and made voyages to Boston, occasionally even fetching as far as New York. carrying dried fish, to trade against Yankee notions likely to find a market in Nova Scotia villages. In fact to this extent he was a merchant. The crew of the schooner consisted of himself, a man and a boy - I did wonder how the little craft was sailed with such an economy even of the most intelligent labour; but as I had to say something, I suggested that ~~something~~ more might still be achieved, by the substitution of a big Newfoundland dog, for one of the hands - the dog could take the watch at night, and sing out to passing ships; but apparently the man with many strings to his bow, thought I was only joking.

The country through which we were now going seemed to be a finer one for agriculture than that left behind; the woods were denser, and the harder woods, maples, especially exceeded in number the less valuable firs and spruces we had seen on the first day of the journey. Every now and then we passed the clearing of a settler, almost always solitary; one would have thought that the <sup>loc</sup> ~~approx~~imation of two or three settlers near each other would have been an object worth considerable sacrifice, but for some incomprehensible reason, solitariness seemed to be preferred.

It certainly takes years before the forest land selected for settlement, can figuratively be said to smile under the civilising processes of the settlers axe. A patch of ~~perhaps~~ three acres, covered with the stumps of trees - perhaps three feet high - which the settler has done his best to burn down, and has charred into a most unharmonising contrast with the white snow, is what is seen in winter, at a new location, and in summer the aspect is not greatly improved. There are machines designed for extracting the roots, but the cost of hiring them is usually



I was told that the stump of a hard wood tree, took five years to rot in the ground sufficiently for easy grubbing out - that the stump of a fir took fifteen years whilst for that of a hemlock tree the time could not be stated.

At this time the poetry more generally read in England than any other, was that of the author of "Brangeline", and it gave us all interest to see the descendants of the habitants of old, as they passed us on the road.

usually beyond the means of the settler although perhaps the rapid clearing of the ground for cropping would well reimburse him - In the midst of the oasis of civilisation stands the shanty or log house of the settler pioneer, generally very small, with the ends of the logs of which it is built projecting irregularly at each of the corners, and projecting through a hole in the roof is the stove pipe - and as we saw it in winter in passing along - smoking away furiously. At a little distance from the dwelling house is the stable for the cattle of the settler - The chances are, in winter, I think two to one that in passing <sup>along</sup> the settler is noticed to be hard at work chopping wood to feed the insatiable maw of the stove - but then, he has little else to do in winter, the ground being frozen like iron for perhaps two feet in depth, the wife and children generally come running to the door to stare at the welcome sight of strange forces.

In the part of Nova Scotia we were going through - the oldest settlers of the country, the French habitants, were not un frequently met in their sleighs, they represent <sup>ed</sup> the original colonists who were expelled by the British ~~in 1755~~ - for alleged complicity with the Indians in murdering the British colonists. <sup>The Canadian told me</sup> ~~I was~~ <sup>driver</sup> told me that the French could be recognised by the poor <sup>cultivation</sup> appearance of their farms - it appeared that there was very little intercourse between the colonists of the nation they represented, <sup>British and French</sup> each used the language of the people it sprang from; but they lived peaceably together -

As the ascent of the hill side was continued, the snow lay thicker and the track was worse from the absence <sup>or diminution</sup> of traffic on it - and with the slanting rays of the setting sun the cold was much greater - Nor was the travelling quite free from risk, if the horses got off the track, they might have been staked on the snake fence rails, covered up by the heavy snow fall; the road was not marked out, and the edge of a precipice might be encountered with very little straggling, in search of it. This danger however did not meet us, and we reached the next



resting place for the night. "Purdays House", not far from the summit of the ridge, about dark.

The satisfaction which followed on the exchange of the freezing cold outside, and the all day cramped and warmly position in the sleigh, for the cheerful blaze at Purdays need not be expatiated upon. We found a large and comfortable common room, with an open hearth of more than six feet in length on which was laid half of the trunk of a rock maple tree, irresistibly suggestive of the old hall in ancient days in rural England ~~when "beards wagged all"~~; the fierce heat given off was every bit of it wanted to combat the night cold at the altitude of the place, in the Christmas week.

The inns along the road at this time, were mostly kept by persons whose occupation was farming, and in fact inns they were not in the sense the word implies, At them, though all reasonable attention and courtesy was given, it was thoroughly understood that the guests were the obliged persons, and that no money consideration would make the host submit to an assumption of superiority or to an affectation of patronage on the part of the guest. ~~And~~ a perfect equality amongst the guests at the table was the rule; thus, master and man, and in our case centurion and private soldier, and all the dwellers in the house, sat at the same table - which had no dividing salt - and as in the case of the celebrated <sup>Purdays</sup> ~~house~~, no one found himself a *hâpoth* "the worse" for the rule.

Naturally the entertainment, as regarded the table, varied according to the facilities of the place for the procuring of the necessary supplies, but at all the inns I saw the food was excellent and varied, though usually the cooking was of the primary kind. At every meal tea was placed on the table: beef, turkey, and fowls.

The former inn doubtless sprung up as a compromise: at first where the road was little used, the hospitality of the

we would even a sulky taciturnity on the part of a guest pass unnoticed.



the farmer would be extended to travellers, but when these came in numbers sufficiently numerous to make the hospitality burdensome - but still insufficient to support an inn relying only on travellers, to support a remunerative service, the former inn would appear, and remain until travellers became numerous enough to bring along the regular inn.

Naturally the entertainment as regarded the table part of it, varied according to the facilities of the place for the procuring of the necessary supplies, but at all the inns I saw the food was excellent and varied, though usually the cooking was of the primary kind. not the result of high art - I used to think that fortune had smiled on me, when I found that a piece of coveted beef steak, had not been fried in the pan along with a piece of salt pork, with resulting <sup>disastrous</sup> commingling of their juices - Tea was placed on the table at every meal; beef, turkeys and fowls, were scarcely ever wanting, raspberry and cranberry jams were never failing ornaments, with savoury cakes and mince pies. Capital river fish were sometimes on the breakfast table, and in New Brunswick, venison at dinner was common. I was told that in some districts, the price of this meat never seen in England except at the tables of the great, was three pence a pound.

On the other hand no intoxicating drink could be had, and Britishers had at the farm inns, the singular privilege of not being forced to muddle themselves with drink for the 'good of the house' -

We left Purday's hospitable roof early on the last day of 1861, and the sleigh continued the ascent of the slope until the saddle back of the Boboquiol hills at this point was reached, and then came the rapid descent on the western side towards the seaport town of Lunenburg. The pace at which the sleigh was carried along roused alternately ~~the~~ emotions of admiration and of dread in our minds, the down hill speed connected with clever management of the horses, caused the first, <sup>one</sup> and the second depended on the existence of intersecting ravines on the road, <sup>through</sup> ~~and~~ which the



sleigh had to be taken; at the bottom the rindlet always found, had been spanned by a roughly made wooden bridge, ~~and these~~ sometimes seemed slightly framed, and not infrequently the trenails fastening the cross planks of the roadway to the rafters, were loose, causing the rafters to tilt up, as the sleigh rattled over it: and there might be no side rails to give pause to polio some leaders cantered over the structure, whilst the yawning chasm bridged by it, in contrast with the snow, looked portentously black and deep. The principle of ~~which~~ the art of taking the bridge at such places, was just the same as that used in taking recently made ice, already mentioned, the four horses we put down the hill at top speed, and I suppose that in the absence of a brake of some kind this was a necessity. The bridge was taken at the same pace, and as much of the opposite ascent as the horses could be got to do; the driver called the proceeding "helping the team up the hill", I doubt if the horses thanked him for his help, when they had stampeded over the shaky bridge.

After passing Linherst the road crossed an extensive salt marsh, beyond which was the frontier line of the <sup>sister</sup> ~~sister~~ province of New Brunswick. In this neighbourhood there had been much fighting between the English and the French for the possession of Acadia, about a hundred years before. and on the left hand side of the road <sup>stood</sup> a neglected Fort, ~~is~~ a silent witness of the fact.

Although under the covering of snow little could be seen of <sup>face of the</sup> the country, there were indications that the district the road passed through was ~~fairly~~ <sup>fairly</sup> populated, the farm houses were fairly numerous, and the primitive snake fence <sup>enclosures</sup> for the fields were not universal, sleighs were <sup>on the road</sup> passed pretty frequently. the air of solitude had lifted, the first place of any size passed was the nice looking little town of Jackville, where the main industry - <sup>prolonging</sup> ~~prolonging~~ <sup>from</sup>



from appearances, was the scholastic one, a college for the education of young ladies, and other institutions for the training of boys in the way they should go, gave the air to the place.

Allusion has been already made to the more frequent meetings with sleighs after the province of New Brunswick had been entered; on this day the solitary sleigh met on the road was not the only object of interest; more than once, a little string, a cavalcade of sleighs was met, and apart from the interest of seeing many faces - was that of the cheerful tinkling of the harness bells. Were no other notice of approach given than that afforded by the almost noiseless stamp of the horse, and the equally so, graze of the runners on the frozen surface of the snow, travelling in winter would have greatly added risks, particularly as the pace is usually fast, collisions might be looked for with certainty. therefore the law directs that the harness of horses on the road should have the specified description of bells attached. Some owners liked to have their harness bells arranged in ~~harmonious~~ <sup>harmoniously</sup> order, and the effect <sup>was</sup> very pleasing.

After passing through the ~~Town~~ town of Dorchester, long after dark, the journey was continued to the bend of the Shediac river, at which point the railway from St John's was reached at about 11 p.m. - the proper name of the rising town ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> Moncton, but it was generally spoken off by the name the grandfathers of the settlers had known the site by, that of the Bend.

At the Bend a good hotel near the station emphasised the importance accruing to it from the railway connexion; at supper all the passengers brought on from Truro assembled; it was the last day of 1861 and in due observance of custom, farewell regrets were accorded to the passing, and cordial greetings to the incoming year: every one was in good spirits, <sup>though</sup> our temporary association was now like like 1861 - passing away.



It has not been mentioned before that a gentleman, a passenger from Halifax to Moncton, had interested me mysteriously, I knew not why from the first. On getting into the car for Truro I hardly noticed this passenger, but when he spoke, somehow his voice held me a little, or rather worried me a little, a Londonish, masterful voice. I ventured to ask a gentleman near me, who the new comer was, and was answered, that he was an important man, a contractor for building, and kindred matters, that much of recent Halifax had been built by him. The incident went out of my head, but revived again at Truro, when I found that he did not stay at the hotel where most of the road stayed passengers put up at. On the day we began the next stage of the journey in sleighs, the gentleman who interested me had the box seat, talked away to the driver part of the time, and at short intervals hummed tunes to himself, nearly all the rest of it. I was in the bench just behind him, heard every word he said, and for the life of me couldn't understand why I listened attentively to very ordinary common place talk. Late in the afternoon, following on a short interval of silence he began to hum the air of one of Burns' most popular songs, this rivetted my attention. Next day the object of my curiosity again sat by the driver, talked, and hummed away as on the day before, occasionally bringing in the air, which had made me "sit up", but in the afternoon he brought out another air which made me sit up higher still. On the last day of the sleigh ride he was in his old seat, and all day I listened with heightened interest to his hummings, over and over again he reverted to the two airs, but when sunset was near without anything more of special interest to me having come up, he <sup>began</sup> ~~kept~~ humming a fresh air, like the two others, the words by Burns.

At supper at "the Bend" I was seated just opposite to him, and at last heard him say - to my dismay - that he had to strike off here for his <sup>own</sup> home, and must be going. I had a longing to talk with him in the morning, but now it seemed was my last



Last chance, so using a pause in the conversation I said  
 to him across the table. "in 1842 did you take a passage from  
 London to Berwick on Tweed, in the steamer City of Manchester  
 Captain Polwarth?" he stared hard at me as did every  
 one else at table, and answered 'yes I did' 'you had a very  
 rough passage, and had to put into the Tyne for more coal'  
 yes he said excitedly 'but who are you?' I went on, 'you  
 were then a mason, and had been working on the new  
 houses of Parliament, and were ~~then~~ on your way to  
 Sprouston in Roxburghshire to bid your father and your  
 people, before going to Bermuda for the Government works there'  
 yes I was he replied, 'I did go to Bermuda, and that job over'  
 "I went to New York, and built some of the brown stone houses there"  
 "then I came to Halifax, and started my present line of business"  
 but who are you he kept exclaiming - then I made answer, I never  
 saw your face until the day we left Halifax, when somehow the  
 sound of your voice startled me. I was also on board the Man-  
 -chester in 1842. but lay prostrate in my cabin; the ship had a  
 half poop, which overlooked the upper deck where you and some  
 friends sat nearly all day, talking, and you amused yourself by  
 singing some of Burns' songs from time to time. less than a foot  
 from where I lay - and your singing then came in the same  
 order every time. Ever since I have associated those three  
 songs with you, and the rough weather in the North Sea, with  
 the result you see. Everyone at table had listened with interest,  
 and the great contractor, after many "ah ah's" gave vent to  
 his feelings characteristically; addressing me he said "O man  
 'if you will come with me to my place, I'll keep you for a month' It  
 was painful to refuse the chance of standing at free rack and  
 manger, for a month, but the path of duty lay another way, we  
 greeted each other kindly, and as John Bunyan says, 'he  
 went on his way, and I saw no more of him'



Next morning - New Year's Day - our party had the advantage of getting on to St John's, in a special train which had been provided for a Government messenger with some important despatch, and we arrived there early in the afternoon. Blue hotel was one conducted on the American lines for such concerns, and was largely occupied by citizens from the States, with which the city of St John's had very important commercial relations. We - or rather should be said - I, saw the system in work for the first time, and to begin with, was summoned to my dinner by a loud gong, and found that most of those at table were not flitting travellers, but regular boarders with their families; dinner was not a lounge, but a matter to be quickly despatched, conversation as being antagonistic to this requirement was shunned. The hotel bar was a novelty to me, as was also the manner of the keeper of it, in its combination of gracious patronage with imperative sway.

All the city was in motion in honor of the day, and the observances, were just those seen in Scotland, on this annual festival day, borrowed from ~~those~~ of its ancient ally, on the "Jour de l'an". namely everyone paid visits in the circle of his acquaintances - proffering his respects and best wishes for the new year; and if relationship or unusually close friendship demanded, brought presents for acceptance. Above all, a day for family reunions, crowned with festival - the day in fact of sincere social enjoyment.

I had occasion to fall in with the first part of the observances noted having found at St John's a friend of former days - one alas too early lost - a consummation mercifully hidden <sup>at the time</sup> and I enjoyed my visit - enhanced by the memory of my recent little discomforts.

In the streets, and indeed everywhere, the conversation turned on the question of the probability of war with the  
Northern



Northern States of America; for although the envoys of the Southern States, seized by the former from a British ship, had been given up - the general opinion was that in spring, war was inevitable. The New Brunswickers like the Nova Scotians were ultra loyal, and faced the likelihood of war with unshrinking resolution - The Volunteers had been called out, and were on duty, houses and other buildings had been got ready to lodge the troops daily expected to arrive from England, temporarily; the dispirited were few.

The other side of the question was seen in the columns of the Boston newspapers lying on the tables at the hotel, in them the editors vented their anger at their Government, for having as they put it "backed down to England."

In two days' time the first of the regiments sent out from England, on the occurrence of the crisis, arrived in the harbour of St John's, and the loyal excitement caused in the city was unbounded - the disembarkation of the Rifle Brigade was a perfect triumph. everyone rushed to meet them and to greet them -

The day after the arrival of the troops, I left St. John's on my way to Rivière du Loup on the St. Lawrence, along with two officers who in their special ways, had duties analogous to my own in relation to the preparations being made for the transit of the troops on sleighs through New Brunswick to the Lower Canada of those days. The instructions I had from my professional superior, were to notice everything in connection with the night resting places, the rationing, the clothing, and the medical arrangements, and to communicate at once to him any suggestions which seemed called for, to promote the sanitary well being of the men on the long journey. As to this employment however it may be said at once that the preparations made for the transit of between five and six thousand men and officers, travelling for six days in sleighs, with the thermometer

well

for Frederick-  
town 65 miles  
further up the  
valley of the  
St. John, and  
the seat of  
Government of  
the Province



well below zero all the time, and in a country where most of the accommodation at the mighty halting places, had to be hastily erected for the occasion, were so good, so well thought out and executed, — that so far as this part of my duty was concerned — ~~more~~ <sup>it</sup> was a sinecure office.

Leaving St John's in the forenoon, and crossing the river to the south side by the suspension bridge, the sleigh left the ordinary road after reaching that part where the open water ceased, and the river was hard frozen from bank to bank, and used the track already made on the ice. We did not enjoy the situation at all, as large openings in the ice, called 'blow holes' were to be expected, some of them might be large enough to engulf our chariot and all the riders in it, we passed close to one such, and it was quite possible that one similar to it might open under our feet so to say, the chance of this happening, and of our being swept under the ice gave us no pleasure, ~~and~~ it was a ~~great~~ satisfaction when the river was left and we travelled over its deeply snow covered bank — even although the track was very close to the edge of the bank, so close indeed at one time, that the off side runner of the sleigh was within a foot of the spot, where it would be suspended in the air, were its distance to be diminished to a point beyond the foot. But it was difficult to look tranquilly that day, on the conditions under which we journeyed; a piercingly cold north west wind blew directly in our faces, and the sensation of cold was the worst <sup>by far</sup> I felt in Canada, throughout the winter ~~by far~~ — actual pain was felt, my temples felt as if nails were being driven into them. <sup>but</sup> The great struggle was to keep the nose from succumbing, I had to warm and cherish it by clasping it in my bare hand every few minutes, but before I had got the circulation well established in the nose my hand exposed unglazed ached as if it would drop off. It was a very trying experience lasting until the wind took off a good deal in the afternoon.



It was near dusk before we had reached the Halfway House, to Fredericton; after leaving this the track <sup>was</sup> ~~became~~ exceedingly bad, unmade as the word is - and the snow drifts <sup>were</sup> ~~across~~ very high. About midnight trying to make a short cut we lost our way, by dint of excessive plugging, the horses dragged the sleigh on to the top of a drift, and then the teamster discovered that the sleigh could get no further in the direction he was taking. At first sight it seemed to be an impossible task to extricate the sleigh and to turn it round; the weight of it in lifting, sunk us up to the knees in the snow. it ~~seemed~~ a hopeless task, and so it would have been, had we not been braced up with the desperation of despair from thinking of the peril of remaining <sup>in</sup> out all night exhausted with the fatigue of making a track so often in the day with the crowning fatigue of turning the sleigh round. So we set to work getting wood from the fences <sup>to pile up</sup> to form a sort of road over the drift. ~~which~~ <sup>by</sup> at length we dragged the sleigh back. The horses had ~~had~~ nearly an hour's rest, but their strength was greatly diminished and progress was very slow. they were just able to crawl on. It was after 2 o'clock in the morning <sup>when</sup> ~~before~~ we <sup>found</sup> ~~saw~~ ourselves, as it seemed, all of a sudden, in Fredericton - we entered it just when <sup>harrowed</sup> our team ~~seemed to be~~ <sup>was</sup> dead beat; when <sup>on</sup> we <sup>reached</sup> ~~reached~~ the hotel, one of the horses dropped down as if dead - but after much labor it was got on its feet again. The sleigh conveying our baggage, leaving St John's at the same time <sup>with our own</sup> ~~our sleigh~~ <sup>and</sup> arrived at Fredericton next day.

Resting over Sunday in Fredericton, and greatly appreciating the kindly welcome extended to us by those of the inhabitants we met in the pleasant little town, we left for Woodstock on the Monday following. We ~~left~~ <sup>to</sup> begin the sleigh ride with one of those ineffable winter mornings so peculiar to Canada, in which sun, sky and atmosphere all combine to create a feeling in the mind that for the time, there is no such thing as worry or anxiety in the world, and



and that it is a place where happiness is found in the simple fact of existence. The trees - especially the birch trees - sparkled in the sun shining on the <sup>portable</sup> ice adhering to the twigs and sparkling. as if each one were covered with nuggets of diamonds.

The road ran west, along the south bank of the St. John's river and the drive was very pleasant, the country we passed through was comparatively well settled, and maple, ash, and birch trees were sufficiently numerous to relieve the heaviness of everlasting stretches of fir wood. The district had long been, and still was a famous field for the "lumbering" business: from time to time we noticed on our way the logs from the forest being hauled down to the side streams, which when flooded in spring, would float down the small rafts to the St. John's river, where united together into huge rafts, the winter harvest of the lumberers would be <sup>buried</sup> floated down to the seaport, and the larger part would eventually be carried over to England, for numberless uses there.

A track had been made on the frozen river, and its course was marked out by fir sapplings having only a branch or two left at the top; but it was not much used, the danger from blow holes being considerable, and the track was also interrupted occasionally by stretches of open water, where quickly flowing currents prevented freezing of the stream. So the land track was generally used: it had its dangers too however, <sup>from</sup> <sup>ing</sup> very close to the high precipitous bank of the river, but I suppose that the runners of a sleigh in a measure steady the body of the carriage part.

I had the seat beside the driver - a very conversable man - originally from the north of Ireland. who as he might have said, "discussed" me during the day, the subject being, what the lumbering business was, and how it was conducted. At first start in his New Brunswick life, in order to procure the means of planting and stocking his little clearing, he had gone lumbering, and eventually he continued this great aid to farming without capital, for a good many seasons.

He

as nearly 6000 men subsequently passed over the same place, on sleighs without accident there was no real danger, only a very good imitation of it.



He spoke of its hardships and its risks very sympathetically; ~~it seems that the business is carried on by him~~ But to my surprise insisted that on the whole it was a happy life, one free from care. By which I fancy he meant pecuniary cares.

The masterlumberer, who runs the adventure and takes all risk, first of all secures at the Government annual auction, a right to fell all the timber on a certain area of land; and then engages the two classes of men for his operations, those for whom the matter is a profession, and those unskilled men for whom it is only a casual and temporary "job". The gangs go to the woods in autumn, settle on a camping ground near to a convenient tributary of the St Johns. — as the best timber in the world would be useless were the cost of hauling it too great. — The main feature of the camp — the only one indeed — would be the sleeping place, for which at a suitable spot a shallow pit would be dug, to receive a bottom layer of fir wood branches on which would be laid a bedding of the soft green ends of the branches; on this, covered with their buffalo robes the lumberers would sleep at night, in the open air, all the winter

through; a large fire however would be kept in action all night, by one of the gang told off for the work. There would be no screening walls, beyond what the <sup>surrounding</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>high</sup> ~~three or four feet~~ of snow might supply. The payments to the men were not on a uniform system. Special bargains were made, some contracting for so much money every month, others for a certain wage, with a share in the value of the lumber delivered. The contract also provided that the most plentiful food and that of the best quality should be issued free to the men. A stipulation was also made — originating with the men themselves — that no intoxicating drink should be allowed in camp: if such should be found in possession of any one of the lumbering party, the <sup>would</sup> manplecting it off hand.

A suitable tree having been selected, the green hands are set to work to make a path for the log down to the water's edge, Two experienced lumberers then fell the tree, and in a marvellously short

I was told that the wages varied very much in different years, much depending on building contracts in England: the range being as much as from two to six pounds a month.



short time it is brought down. looking at the stump a few  
yards off, any one would say it had been <sup>the tree had been</sup> sawn down,  
the stump <sup>is left</sup> looks so smooth on its surface; the two <sup>men</sup> who felled  
the tree <sup>would</sup> then clear off the branches, and cut it down to a proper  
length - and their work <sup>would be</sup> over so far as concern<sup>d</sup> that tree. Then  
<sup>would</sup> come a man who <sup>to</sup> squares the tree and makes a log of it - The  
next operation that of hauling the log to the stream <sup>being</sup> deferred  
until snow had fallen so as to get the benefit of the frozen snow  
as a pathway to slide it along. When spring comes and the ice  
<sup>breaks</sup> up, the streams swollen by the melted ice have water  
enough in them to float the logs down to the St Johns, or other  
large river, on which large rafts are made of the lumbering  
seasons work, <sup>these are</sup> they <sup>to</sup> piloted down to the harbour of St Johns.  
The most dangerous part of the lumberer's work is that of getting  
the logs into the swollen torrents and fastening them into small  
rafts: they are engaged all day in the water full of melting  
ice, and men are frequently swept away and drowned at  
the work, and few escape ~~from~~ acquiring rheumatism, per-  
haps a life long ailment. - The temptation of good pay, with  
which to work their clearings, brings plenty of young men into  
the woods however. there, as is said of sailors at sea, they work  
like horses, sometimes also, like the sailors they spend their  
hard earned money - like asses - a melancholy end to it,

We reached the Halfway house at 2 in the after-  
noon, ~~but did not reach Woodstock until 9 am~~ - and dined  
there in the usual farmer innway: for a beautiful dinner the  
charge made was three York shillings, or eighteen pence in  
English money. We did not reach Woodstock until 9 am.

At St Johns the loyalty shown to the old country in  
connexion with the expected war with America was firm  
and sincere, at Fredericton it was striking and universal,  
but at Woodstock it was a passionate feeling that scouted all  
consideration of the consequences of war <sup>whose frontier was</sup> with an enemy <sup>not</sup>  
more than ten miles off. It appeared that all the summer  
the citizens on the Maine border had been boasting of how  
they



they meant to whip <sup>the</sup> Britishers, and the Woodstock people had to tolerate the bounce as well as they could; but now things had taken another turn, and when the news arrived that Messrs Mason and Slidell had been given up to the British Government, the Woodstock volunteer artillery turned out and marching to the border of the Province, fired a royal salute into Maine, possibly, to give their neighbors an opportunity of rejoicing with them. Further to show their good will, they had taken the Editor of a Woodstock paper, who had persistently run down the South and had written up the North, and after treating him to a ride on a rail, had emptied him with all his printing gear into the State of Maine - But in extenuation of such lawless acts it might be pleaded that the people of the Woodstock districts were mostly the descendants of loyalists who after the war of Independence had left the United States, and had settled in British North America - largely about Woodstock, the feelings of their fathers had survived in them - The inn at which we put up, belonged to a descendant of one who had cast in his lot with the British, and from him we heard all the incidents arising out of the local feeling, and we sympathized with him.

Leaving Woodstock next morning, our road <sup>lay</sup> ~~set~~ nearly due north along the east bank of the St John's river, eventually crossing over to the west bank, where ~~we had~~ the boundary line dividing the Province from the State of Maine, <sup>was</sup> close to us. At first we passed through a fairly well settled hilly country, crossing occasionally the mouths of narrow deep valleys, bridged for the road way, down which in spring torrents pass swiftly to the St John's, here close at hand; this water way, <sup>de</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>was</sup> the district, which <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> heavily wooded a very favorable one for lumbering operations; it also made it a very picturesque one to the eyes of travellers. After leaving the Half Way House at Florenceville, the country was very hilly and the prospect from any height over the distant parts was that



of an interminable ocean of forest. The sleigh did not reach Tobique. the resting place for the night; until 9 p.m., the horses being unequal to the work. Our inn was a very comfortable one for any one, but especially for the wearied travellers it received into its hospitable shelter.

Tobique, - or Tobic as the English colonists call it, is about 7 miles from the boundary line, and a good many Americans were settled in the valley, though the majority of the inhabitants were of the old French Canadian descent; it is close to the confluence of the important Aristook river, coming from Maine, <sup>to join</sup> the St John's, which also receives the Tobique river ~~coming~~ from the valley on the east side, at this point.

We left early with a capital team and got along well though the road was bad, and in trying to better it by short cuts over clearings we got many bad bumps; <sup>the soil</sup> ~~the forest~~ in the valley <sup>was</sup> considered to be very <sup>good</sup> fertile, as the hard wood growing on it indicated, and emigrants settling there at that time had rare advantages, a hundred acres of it could be bought from Government for fifteen pounds, which could be <sup>or one</sup> paid for by labor on the roads - perhaps, passing the man's own door - at the rate of half a crown a day. The ~~laborer~~ farmer without capital could also readily obtain work in the lumbering operations - comparatively speaking - close at hand - and with the money earned, could make the clearing a farm. Schools had ~~already~~ already been started for the children of the settlers.

The valley ~~was~~ at the time one of the most famous tracts for moose and cariboo deer shooting, in North America. the flesh of the former was found at every house, its cost being almost nominal, and excellent fish, including salmon I was told, abounded in its rivers and streams; the moose deer skin, turned into leather, made the best of moccasins, for winter use. Many of the red men still roamed about the valley subsisting on the produce of the chase and fishings; their squaws, made up moccasins, <sup>and</sup> wove baskets &c in

The term  
clearing was  
in fact very  
often only a  
"courtesy title"  
for the land.



in their leisure time, for sale in the settlements, I had pointed out to me, near Woodstock, a nice looking farm, which was owned and worked, by an Indian - the solitary or ample of its kind - It was agreed on all hands there, that the Red Man, was a vanishing quantity - an opinion not held now in Canada, I think, since the Government seriously set to work to raise their position - We saw several of the wigwams of the Indians, <sup>who were</sup> encamped near a tributary of the Aristook river for the purpose of catching fish - and I also saw several decrepit sets of the race, who hung about settlements, giving themselves out (to strangers) to be great chiefs, and levying thus a small revenue of sixpences, from the awe struck pale faces, lately landed from the big canoes - The best of the Indians in the valley, were famous as guides to hunters, their inherited knowledge of wood craft, and their instinct for finding their way about woods unknown to them, being miraculous -

On this occasion it happened that our teamster was a man of substance, and position in the neighbourhood; in England the union of the conditions would cause bewilderment in the minds of every one in the locality; but in a new country it seems quite as natural that a squire should earn money by hiring and driving his team, as that he should do so by selling potatoes or grain - Our <sup>teamster</sup> ~~driver~~ was <sup>quiet</sup> ~~not~~ and unassuming, a very pleasant companion to sit beside in the sleigh; it only came out by degrees that the bed rock of his work was farming - that with other members of his family, he contracted to horse the post office <sup>mail</sup> ~~waggon~~ along the road, that they were also engaged in lumbering operations, that he was now on his way, up to Quebec on some business connected with ship building; later on I learned that he had contracted to replace the <sup>another</sup> ~~the~~ fallen down suspension bridge at Great Falls, with one guaranteed never to get tired of spanning the St Johns.

We reached the village of Grand Falls early in the afternoon



afternoon, and I had time to see the attractions of the place. The St. John's river is here <sup>narrowed</sup> ~~contracted~~ into half the width it is higher up, and for about a mile passes through a deep gorge on the sides of which - wherever there is earth to nourish them, fir and other trees grow which even in winter, take off much of the desolate look of the view; the fall is about eighty feet high, and of a breadth of somewhere about two hundred feet; the great body of water falls with an awful crash, and sends off columns of mist and spray high into the air - and then races down the gorge in the character of a turbulent rapid, until it has passed over the declivity into a more level bed. Just below a little beyond the fall, the river is spanned by a suspension bridge, and as we were walking over it, the gentleman who had driven us from Tobique told me its history, and I experienced that not only was he a very well informed shrewd man, but that he was also an acute thorough reader, the ~~depth~~ <sup>former</sup> of the bridge it seemed had collapsed into the river bodily one day when a <sup>wagon</sup> ~~wagon~~ was driving over it; involuntarily I looked up at the <sup>high</sup> wall which supported the end chains of the existing bridge, and at once he informed me, I need not be afraid of this bridge, for erecting which he, and his brothers (I think) had contracted - <sup>demonstrated</sup> that the fault in the old bridge had been avoided - he had himself seen that the chains were not only sunk well into the ground, but further, were fixed <sup>into</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>cutting</sup> five feet deep into the rock.

The grand water privilege <sup>noticed</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>seen</sup> I ~~had~~ <sup>noticed</sup> been put to the use of man in supplying power to drive large saw mills.

Next day we left Grand Falls, <sup>crossing to</sup> ~~taking~~ the east side of the river which, <sup>nearly</sup> as far as Little Falls is the boundary between the Province and the State of Maine. The Ashburton treaty which is still bewailed in New Brunswick, gave a large and fertile district of land north and west in this part of the Province such also in lumbering wealth - to the United States; along with the territory given up, was the population - chiefly consisting of French Canadians, who for long have kept



kept alive the vain hope of being allowed to revert to the Province.

All the people in the country were French Acadians, we should have known this without being told from the fact, that every traveller on the road, courteously saluted the ~~other one~~ <sup>whenever</sup> met; the houses also were more spacious and heavier built than those usually seen amongst the English colonial settlers; but I think they were less tidy inside but this I gathered chiefly from conversation with non French people. Large chapels wooden built, replaced the small and plain meeting houses we had hitherto seen, and here and there we came at St Basil a fine chapel and a convent <sup>presented a very attractive appearance</sup> on a way, no crops - about nightfall Little Falls, or Madawaska was reached, and about ten miles further on we reached <sup>was</sup> the boundary line of New Brunswick, <sup>where we</sup> entered Lower Canada; a plain wooden post, pointed out the spot on the road where the territories met. As might be expected the track on the road of the larger and richer Province was better cared for than that hitherto seen, mile posts marked the distances, the bridges seemed to be more substantial, and the snow plough was at work to make the track easier to travel on. At this particular part, there was nothing attractive about the scenery - a dreary cedar tree swamp - or rather what would be a swamp in the absence of frost, in the pale moonlight it was only suggestive of wolves. And in this connexion with the animals mentioned, I would say that contrary to preconceived notions of life in a country so full of deer and of other creatures, the natural food of wild animals, we did not in the whole course of the long journey, see a single specimen of one, or even the track of a wolf on the snow: the nearest thing to wild animal life we had seen was a beaver lodge, near the road, and therefore deserted by its former inhabitants: it was in perfect condition both as to its little tower <sup>like</sup> houses, and its containing wall



wall.

The resting place for the night was a way-side inn at ~~Dejela~~ Dejela, kept by a French habitant.

The scene on presenting ourselves was unexpected; the house itself was rather a large and rambling one, we found it full of people, mostly young people, who had been amusing themselves with dancing and singing. The pleasant and genial Curé of the neighbourhood was also there, he told me he had been shirving penitents all day, and the existence of the lightheartedness was a consequence: he said also absolvedly - very unnecessarily I thought, - "you know that in the country, the Curé is mixed up with everything." I fear that our arrival, involving the necessity of cooking &c for guests, somewhat damped the pleasure of the very pleasant looking little festival.

Whilst supper was being got ready, the walls of the guest room, furnished us with amusement, if not with instruction; they were covered with highly coloured prints of various saints, and of sundry, almost miraculous passages in their lives. Mixed with what might be termed, the devotional pictures, were some illustrating the glories of the French army. more especially those <sup>the</sup> episodes of the then recent Crimean war, but the well known figure in the grey redingote and the evoked hat, was also prominent.

Supper ended, <sup>the travellers</sup> ~~we~~ made for ~~our~~ beds, but I for one was not destined to partake of tired nature's sweet restorer that night; the stoves in the house were so many, and so well served all night through, that the heat exceeded anything tolerable, it was like what I fancy the stoke hole of an engine - full power on - would ~~be~~; remonstrance could not be made, and yet the dried up but mephitic air, made silence impossible. the only relief felt, was that afforded by a frequent groan.

Next days journey was for a long stretch by the margin of the Temisquata lake, then the ascent of some mountainous land was made, on reaching the top of which we passed down

The incident called up to mind the words of the ancient English song in analogy with the merry-making seen  
"It is merry in hall, when  
beards wag  
all"  
"So welcome  
merry I have  
in tide"



down towards the St. Lawrence river along a well laid out road, resembling in general features - though a considerable way off - those of the Swiss Alps. Since entering Canada the travelling had been over much better roads, but it had not been so pleasant generally as on that through the Lower Province, on leaving which one harnessed carioles were supplied to each of our party, instead of the former large well harnessed sleighs. I found that ~~four~~<sup>four</sup> hours of a cariole was ~~more~~<sup>as</sup> tiring ~~than~~<sup>as</sup> a days journey in a large sleigh - No road - keeping over such a long line of difficult country, could be of the same excellence everywhere, and where snow drifts had formed, the carioles running had formed hollows like those between the waves at sea, at "each hole" as such drifts were called the jolting was frightful; if the person inside were not prepared for the shock he might readily be pitched out - and a short succession of ~~such~~<sup>such jolts</sup> ~~qualifies~~<sup>also</sup> a strangers admiration for sleighing, as an enjoyment. The horses were wonderfully good. on favorable track, twelve miles an hour had been seen by me.

About midnight, a sudden turn in the road, brought into view a broad expanse, right and left quite free from trees, and it did not require <sup>also</sup> the sudden addition to the former severity of a cutting wind, to tell me that the expanse was that of the frozen St. Lawrence - the town of Riviere du Loup on its bank was soon reached, and the cross country journey was over.



Le River to Washington in 1862

No. 12

1862

Fasciculus

No. 12

Leaving the French village where the greater part of the winter had been passed, in the morning, we reached Point Lévis on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec in the afternoon, the pace at which the train moved was a very leisurely one - the inefficient train compelled this - and stoppings were frequent - so frequent indeed that my companion became anxious, and on one occasion asked the conductor, whether, when passengers were in a hurry to reach their destination, they were permitted to get out and walk, and he was reassured by an affirmative reply. The line ran through a country in some parts of which there were natural features of interest, and when near Quebec, some of historical association, but the mantle of snow married the one, and the want of local knowledge on our part, made the other invisible. The imposing citadel of Quebec too, seen from a distance dwarfed in interest everything else - though a recollection of the view down the river - <sup>towards Lorette</sup> - frozen as it was, compels me to qualify the first statement.

At Point Lévis <sup>had to be passed</sup> the river is about two miles broad - on leaving the train we were fortunate enough to <sup>in</sup> find the steam ferry to the city at work, after its long winter spell of inactivity it had ~~ventured to recommence~~ <sup>only</sup> the day before, and by it we were landed at Quebec. Four hours remained to us before our train left Point Lévis, and we utilised them in driving about the upper and the lower towns, and seeing the principal streets; of course we had a sight of the famous ground where the generals of both armies fell at the last battle for the possession of the city, and <sup>also</sup> we visited the citadel. When returning by the steam ferry there was just a little doubt if it could clear the ice which had formed in the afternoon - but this was effected, and at 8 o'clock in the evening our train left for Montreal.

The journey onwards was delightfully spent, in the luxury of a sleeping car, in deep unconscious repose: writing forty years after leaving - for the only time in my life - travelled at night, in what might be described as the connecting link between a cabin on board an ocean liner and ~~the~~ railway train accommodation, I may



may perhaps be excused ~~from~~<sup>the</sup> wandering from my subject to say how interesting it is to notice that sleeping cars seem likely to have a future on English lines; at any rate they have been introduced in some trains on continuous trial, perhaps.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon we crossed the then recently opened Victoria bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence and found ourselves in the city of Montreal, and amongst many acquaintances.

The change from the silent village on the St. Lawrence facing the <sup>in winter</sup> Arctic circle looking territory of Labrador afforded as striking a contrast as could readily be seen; the city having at that time a population of a little over 90,000 people contained sumptuous looking public buildings of all kinds, religious and civil, the principal streets to eyes lately habituated to the whiteness of the lower Kanawha villages, seemed to be alive with busy people, the whole aspect was <sup>Bright</sup> ~~fine~~ and cheerful. even in winter, the "royal mount" which rises to a height of over 700 feet on the landward side of the city, <sup>and</sup> parallel to it gives a noble back ground ~~for~~ and even in the comparative youth of the place, ~~great and expensive~~ <sup>on it</sup> ~~on which~~ many handsome private houses had been built.

Most of the streets, built in early days were narrow and in winter - especially in the season when a warm midday sun melted the covering of ice and snow on the roofs - the danger of walking on the side paths was sufficiently in evidence, as every now and then small avalanches were precipitated into the streets <sup>and</sup> arriving there with the impetus gathered on the downward journey were much more than sufficient to convert them into dangerous missiles for the passersby on whose heads they might chance to fall.

There was a great deal to see at Montreal in spite of the winter snow. the walk along the upper road - Sherbrooke Street, with the extensive view its commanding position gave, was a great enjoyment; and <sup>one</sup> ~~a walk~~ over the frozen river to the railway station at St. Lambert well repaid the trouble. the Victoria bridge two miles in length, all but fifty yards <sup>in this walk</sup> was seen to all advantage



advantage from the centre of the river - and the track over the ice was always <sup>animated by</sup> ~~alive~~ ~~new~~ ~~from~~ the nearly uninter-  
-rupted succession of sleighs, crossing with supplies from the  
country for the markets

In going through the streets of Montreal at this time, I used to think ~~the~~ English ~~speech~~ was as much heard ~~the~~ French - but this might have depended on the quarter of the city in which I usually took my walks abroad. The Irish population seemed to be considerable; I was told that in spite of the strong bond of similar convictions in religion, the habitants, and the Irish did not get on well together - that aversion rather than sympathy was the feeling of the one people to the other - But on a matter of this kind, it is easy to be misled if the observation has <sup>not</sup> been spread over a large section of population -

"Patrick's Day" the grand festival, happened this year to fall in very bad weather - a furious storm of wind hurling ~~before~~ ~~in~~ dry powdery snow - a blizzard as it was called - had set in on the day, and though it <sup>moderated</sup> ~~had greatly taken off~~, enough of cold and discomfort was left to make most people prefer indoor comfort to outside briskness of weather; it did not however dampen the spirits of the Irishmen on the 17<sup>th</sup> of March, the day on the occasion may be said to have been given over to their jubilation, in bands, <sup>of music</sup> processions, and speeches -

My professional work at Montreal was as light as it well could be. I was attached to a small hospital; but as a large number of medical officers had been collected at Montreal, in view of their services in <sup>an expected</sup> ~~a~~ ~~looked~~ for campaign - the medical duties of the garrison <sup>were</sup> ~~not~~ not enough to go round ~~amongst~~ ~~so many~~ - This state of things did not last long however - with the assumed prospect of peace - those surplus to the ordinary needs of a garrison, were ordered back to England - and in the surplus I was included -

Being so near the States, it was natural that I should like to set foot in them, particularly as this was the second time I had been in North America, and there had been no chance for  
my



for my doing so in 1851 when I arrived at Halifax from the West Indies; so I put in an application for a short leave of absence, which was graciously accorded to me, with the stipulation, that at its expiry, I was to embark for England - This was a very pleasant prospect, it promised to qualify civilly, the chief reason <sup>for the application</sup>, but a secondary one - at a long distance was, that perhaps permission might be given me to improve the occasion, by noting in what ways the medical arrangements of an American army in the field, differed from those in use in our own armies. My arrangements depended on one primary condition, that of being allowed to enter the United States when I presented myself at the frontier and to this end I applied for a passport to the American Consul at Mount St. Vincent - I was received civilly and was shortly questioned, there was no disposition to refuse the favor; one or two - as I thought - unimportant, personal peculiarities, were however noted on the passport, but I reaped an advantage from this subsequently - that of seeing myself as others see me, in certain ways.

I left the Royal Mount city for Toronto at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and reached it at the same hour next day. only six hours after the due time: the spring of the engine broke down, and four hours were lost in repairing it - and after this we journeyed slowly, <sup>along</sup> the shore of the lake for the greater part of the way. ~~and~~ passing from time to time embryo towns named Port this, and that. I passed a day at Toronto, which was even then a fine looking incely built city, but one not approaching Montreal in size; to me it appeared as strikingly British, as the last named city was French.

Leaving next day, the railway still skirting the western side of Lake Ontario, the city of Hamilton, <sup>another</sup> a ~~small~~ <sup>small</sup> port - if such a designation may be used - at the returning point where the lake bends eastward; a flourishing young city at one time, it was thought - quite incorrectly, to have been ruined when the line railway of which for some time it had been the terminus, was carried further afield - and it is now <sup>40 years after my visit,</sup> a most flourishing centre



centre of commerce and of social life; it has been christened by the title of the ambitious city, one which may materially help in the fulfilment of its future greatness, I was told that the city had lost one third of its former inhabitants through the facilities the railway extension gave to the outlying districts (to which Hamilton used to be a metropolis) for reaching and dealing with Toronto; and the quiet of its streets noticed when wandering through them was very marked - expressive of premature old age -

Travelling onwards from Hamilton to the American side of Niagara, in company with three officers whose objective was the same as my own, we formed a team as the phrase is, for the journey - and in many little ways the community of interests helped each of us. We found the scenery on the route very enjoyable in spite of the immense tracts of snow left, not as yet sensibly affected by the continuous daily thawing -

The railway crossed from the ~~Canadian~~ Canadian to the American side <sup>through</sup> over by the suspension bridge over the Niagara river by which the waters of Lake Erie join those of Lake Ontario; the bridge is about a mile below the Falls, but a full view of them is obtained from the train in crossing, but the view is greatly obscured by the mountain of spray flung up by the descending water. The suspension bridge itself appeared to me to be one of the wonders of the world, in its fairy like lightness and grace, spanning the huge cleft.

After the first sight of the world renowned Falls from the suspension bridge, the next thing in connexion with Niagara that impressed me was the bewildering <sup>of the hotel</sup> number, and the - to my eyes - great size of many of them, in the town of Niagara, the provision for visitors had been well cared for; this affluence however, made the choice of a resting place all the more difficult.

The usage in Continental Europe as regards passports, is I think to require their production at the first setting down place in the country visited through the licence given in the document, but this was not the case as regarded the passports issued



issued at Montreal to non-American citizens, desiring to visit the States; apparently no one noticed, or cared a straw for our arrival at Niagara. although we were foreign looking, <sup>in</sup> the extreme - nor did the book in which we registered our names at the hotel require any statement as to nationality from us: the passport system was an exotic one in America, it did not take root, was killed in fact by neglect. <sup>this</sup> passport was <sup>never</sup> ~~only~~ ~~protected~~ asked for once in America, and that was south of Washington, and on an occasion which would not have been allowed to have been brought about in any other country in the world.

After arrival, making the best use of our limited time, we drove about the town and neighborhood, <sup>seeing</sup> ~~viewing~~ the Falls from different points of view, and wondering at the number of persons we met, all apparently on the same errand as ourselves, and this at a season <sup>in</sup> at which it was reasonable to suppose, the attractions of Niagara would be at the lowest point.

Next day at an early hour we drove into the waterfall - so to express it - driving it <sup>from the American side,</sup> systematically and seriously, not quite sure which was the more fascinating of the two - the view up the river above the Falls, with <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~state~~ of turbulent rapids, hurrying along, great masses of broken up ice to the downfall beyond, or the sight of the enormous body of water precipitated in two sheets, a depth of 150 feet into the boiling up, misty "horribly beautiful" cauldron below.

Sated with the view, and stunned with the roar of waters, our next right <sup>of view</sup> ~~sight~~ ~~seeing~~ point was on the Canadian side of Niagara, where a new wonder is produced; it is not the grandest, the most inspiring view, if our hole to Niagara were meditated, but it is the particular point of interest in the Falls, most likely to dwell in the prosaic memory, when the subject is revived in long, after years. On the American side we had seen the upper surface of the avalanche of water as it sprung over the edge of the Fall, but now we were to see the under surface as it shot out in an arch, and to have it, like a roof over our heads for a sensible distance before its straight down course, commenced - To prepare for seeing this



this phenomenon, the visitor was first inducted into a complete water proof investment, from top to toe - as a rain from the under surface of the wave was a part of the wonder. and ~~then~~ <sup>was made</sup> descent ~~by~~ steps to a ledge of the rocky precipice over which the water shot; the ledge formed a floor for some distance, with the water for its roof. (which might be traversed). I undressed for good <sup>thoroughly</sup> but safety required the distance to be about 20 feet; I found this last distance quite enough for me - as the ledge was perceptibly sloping, and a trifle slippery from the water on its surface - indeed I am not sure that I ~~could~~ <sup>might</sup> have advanced as far as the assured safety limit extended.

To reach Washington the most direct road was by way of Buffalo on Lake Erie. Whilst on the way, there we had the company of a recruiting officer of the American army, who was bringing up ~~some~~ recruits from Niagara; he did not belong to the regular army - nor was he a native born American, only a naturalised citizen; amongst his recruits I noticed three men unmistakable deserters from the British troops. The recruiting officer was seated just before me in the car, and I could not but overhear every word he said in conversation with a friend of his concerning a proposal made by them for the enlistment of sixty red Indians <sup>but</sup> the Authorities at Washington had received the offer very coldly, and the red warriors were not enrolled. I had a pleasant talk afterwards with the officer, he was very outspoken and regarded his employment as only a particular way of earning a living, without sentimentality of any kind -

We had the whole of the afternoon to see Buffalo, and although the young city on the lake had its points of interest, they were soon exhausted. One of the chief objects to a stranger <sup>was</sup> ~~that~~ the many handsome dwellings for well to do people, some of them might be called stately, a testimony to the mercantile ~~success~~ <sup>prosperity</sup> to be found in the community - The number of steamers and sailing ships laid up for the winter in the harbour, and not yet liberated by the breaking up of the ice on the lake was surprisingly large; the sailing schooners used as grain carriers, might have passed for gentlemen's



gentlemen's yachts, anywhere else I think.

Leaving Buffalo at about 7 o'clock in the evening the train arrived at Elmira, ~~it was~~ after midnight, and four hours were spent at this city in the State of New York.

If there was a waiting room for passengers at the Elmira "Depot" we managed to miss it, so following the stream of passengers who like ourselves, were waiting for the train going south, we passed our time in a German eating house outside, with a very promiscuous company; besides ordinary, not specially distinguishable travellers, there were some soldiers of the "Buck Tail" corps, who carried the emblem of it on the front of their caps; an invalid from the war, and the Sheriff of the District in charge of two of his fellow creatures on their way to the State Penitentiary at ~~Washington~~ <sup>East Rome</sup> Albany. as these gentlemen walked along a sad clanking accompanied their march, one of the fettered ones seemed to find a solace in recounting his recent history for the benefit of the audience in the room; his misfortune it appeared was all along of a "horse", ~~and~~ he was as innocent as a child in the matter, and if at that mockery of justice called his trial, certain facts had only been stated, he would have left the bar a good and true man. He ought to have stopped there, where his narrative ended; but he destroyed any nascent pity in this audience by adding, "but I guess I am not going to make myself miserable about the Penitentiary, I have been there before -"

at Elmira  
At Elmira whilst hanging about the platform of the Depot, we were confronted with one sad token of the great Civil War, in the shape of six or eight rough deal coffins, with a name and a direction written with chalk on the lid of each; soldiers from the Army of the Potomac, whose bodies their relatives in the North had conveyed thus far on the way to repose with their kindred dust, perhaps in New England villages - Further on we saw more of similar sacrifices on what the men when living, had thought ~~was~~ the altar of duty to their country -

When at length ~~we were~~ entrained for Baltimore, we had an experience which could not have been paralleled in  
England



England - Soon after the train left a man in the car began an address in a low voice, as if reading from a book, the subject was an exhortation for all, to aid in the abolition of <sup>negro</sup> slavery in the United States. The orator, if I may so call him, was a farmer, and from Kansas - as I gathered from what he said. But there was more of a clerical appearance about him, and his language was good, that of an educated man; he spoke at intervals throughout the night never addressing any particular person. Spoke as if abstractedly and the oft repeated burden of his message was, that the States must expect misfortune so long as they tolerated slavery, and that in all the humiliations which had recently befallen them, he saw a purpose and heard a voice which plainly said "let this people go", meaning - the negroes. The people in the car listened quietly, no one answered him or even interjected a word - probably most of them, like myself took forty winks from time to time, waking up to hear the emancipationist still appealing to their sense of right - I do not think there was a single sympathiser with him in the car - but no interruption was offered. The end came however. I think a question was asked of some one sitting near, and the reply was "I'll tell you what Sir, I think if they took an Abolitionist and a Southerner, and hung <sup>the</sup> pair together on every tree, that the country would be all the happier" and this seemed to be the unanimous opinion. For no one offered another word - But slavery soon afterward went <sup>by the board</sup>.

through a pass  
in one of the  
ranges of the  
Alleghania  
Mountains

By morning we had left the snows of the North far behind, and now in the spring season had entered the valley of the Susquehanna, perhaps in certain parts of it as lovely a region as the world can show, - a Utopia, but a lively bustling Utopia, where piping shepherds are replaced by busy farmers. It was delightful after the silence in winter by the St. Lawrence again to hear the sound of streams. The country passed through was cleared - only wood enough had been left to happily diversify the scenery: neat farm houses with ample surrounding orchards abounded - the country seemed to smile with plenty. The broad river rolling down the valley and winding round the



the spurs of the hills met in its course, was naturally the great feature. But there was plenty of space for imagination conjecture ~~to settle~~ where Gertie and Waldgrave might have roamed together.

where a very noticeable feature was, the large number of flag flying half mast high

The train crossed the river in its course, again and again over fine looking bridges, one of great length - about three quarters of a mile - The mountain scenery in view as we passed down the valley both near and distant, added much to the interest of the journey in this beautiful region. In the afternoon Harrisburg the capital of the State of Pennsylvania was reached. ~~From~~ Soon after this the State of Maryland was entered. We were now in a ~~country~~ State which for a while halted on the dubious verge of secession from the Union, but remained in it after all. The railway we were travelling on afforded one of the principal routes for the Northern troops to reach Washington, and it was carefully guarded all along by detachments of soldiers at short intervals. We were now on the soil of slavery - negroes replaced white men at field work. I did not notice the houses of any small farmers, but from time to time <sup>comparatively</sup> large houses came into view, such as we imagined belonged to country gentlemen.

I thought that the country was <sup>beautiful as well as</sup> interesting - with its well cleared rolling land and wooded hills, oak, ash, and other hard wood trees predominating, if not universal. In one locality some small square looking cottages, apparently all inhabited by negroes ~~w.e.~~ passed, they were built of beautiful white unsteaked marble - of the kind I think known as statuary marble - the marvel was explained when the train passed through a cutting close to the cottages which had furnished the marble for them, and presumably at a price less than that of ordinary building stone or brick.

In the evening we reached Baltimore, and put up at Harmon's Hotel. a very comfortable one.

Before the "Secession" or Civil War, the City of Baltimore had a twofold claim to distinction, first that of being a great mercantile centre, at which also were ~~found~~ great ship building and



and engineering works, the other claim was that of being the social capital of the State of Maryland, to which in early colonial days, many - especially of the Roman Catholic landed class in England, had emigrated, to obtain what they could not in those days get in the country of their birth, full freedom for the profession of their religious beliefs - The descendants of the emigrants had largely become landowners and had preserved something of the importance which in European countries attaches ~~to~~ to the position; and with land the institution of slavery was associated, bringing with it the deference of the slaves for their masters - This was very much the analogous state of society to that out of which the aristocratic condition of society in Europe was evolved, and I was told that the Maryland upper class society assimilated to that of the landed class in Europe in conventionalities of manners -

Having an introduction to a medical man in Baltimore I waited on him next day, and was very courteously received; he took me round the principal hospital and explained its economy to me in all its departments; he was restrained in his talk however, and I perfectly understood that we were talking in a city in a state of siege; I <sup>saw, Baltimore</sup> ~~was shown the city~~ from the roof of the hospital - a fine view - it comprehended that of three large newly erected forts - which my guide told me quietly, accounted for the reigning tranquility; in fact "Order reigns in Baltimore in the same way and measure, as it was said to do in Warsaw" ~~just~~ after that city had been stormed and captured,

in the well known  
notice if ~~you~~

Baltimore was said to be at heart, one with the Southern States; it was occupied by a strong force of the Northern army, and a large part of its youth had gone South to join the army of Beauregard the Southern leader at that time, and a good many of the citizens were "cribbed cabined and confined" in Fort M<sup>c</sup>Henry - The Yankees as the Northern soldiers were called, were everywhere about, Yankee buglers sounded their calls, Yankee bands played "Hail Columbia, smiling Land", the Stars and Stripes floated everywhere, Whilst the men of  
Baltimore



Baltimore were rigorously dealt with, the women, at first were allowed to be as insulting as they pleased, and it did please them to go to extremities in the matter; thus in the newspaper of a day or two before, lying on the table in the newsroom, was a paragraph stating that <sup>while</sup> ~~at~~ a newly arrived regiment from the North was marching through the city, women looking on, were holding up the children in their arms, telling them, to spit upon the 'Yankees'. This was too strong to last, and in spite of their habitual respect and deference for the sex, the Northern commanders warned the population of the city that gross insults by women would be punished. ~~But~~ The ladies of Baltimore kept up resentment shown in ways that could not be reached by a direct punishment, such as an ostentatious solicitude for the nursing and comforts of the wounded Southern prisoners brought to the city, whilst those of the Northern troops similarly situated, were left severely alone.

From Baltimore we easily reached Washington. the trains for ordinary traffic although so close to the armies in the field, was not materially interfered with; nor were passports called for - ~~We were able to get admitted into Willard's Hotel, which extended~~  
~~one side nearly to the end of a moderately long street.~~

The train was crowded with officers and men of the Federal army, but they were travelling in the fashion of ordinary passengers, not in organised form. There was a great deal of conversation in the car, as a matter of course it ran almost exclusively on subject of the war, past, present, and to come; the unanimous approval of the war from the Northern point of view, was the same unhesitating kind I had heard from the day I set foot in the States; nor was there any criticism as to the way in which the war had been conducted, or any fear as to the issue - and if the subject were mooted every one expressed himself as content to see personal liberty temporarily abridged, and despotic measures to be used ~~even~~ against individuals by the authorities, for the triumph of the Federal cause. As to fears of oppressive taxation consequent on the Civil War - every one said when this was mooted, that the last dollar would



would be forthcoming for the war.

We were lucky in getting bed rooms at Willard's, a more gigantic hotel than ~~even~~ my imagination had ever conceived, as existing; it was said that 1500 people dined there in relays from two to four o'clock - but then, dinners were very quickly served and as quickly despatched, no one remained at table a moment after his appetite was satisfied; iced water was the drink on the table, if something stronger was wanted, the bar might be visited, where the applicant, as the term was - might "smile", and where it was the fashion to pay off little debts of social friendliness, by making your acquaintances "smile" also.

But everything had conspired to crowd Willard's hotel, the momentous war, had reached a momentous stage, a few miles south of Washington a powerful <sup>for the time</sup> Confederate army full of hope confronted a Federal army restricted to the defensive ~~for the time~~. The Congress of the United States was sitting at a time of supreme importance which attracted thousands of people with diverse interests to the ~~then~~ <sup>official</sup> center of American life, and Willard's at all times the great political rendezvous during the sittings of Congress was full to repletion, the hall crammed with every kind of well dressed persons, all the day and ~~well on~~ to well on, in the night. A great number, if ~~the expression~~ <sup>not</sup> all of the celebrities, in the country cannot be ~~counted~~ - were there, including those in <sup>certain</sup> ~~some~~ cases, whose celebrity had suddenly sprung up, in connexion with some incident in the war.

People with inventions, and others with good counsels for the shortening of the war, were also curiously numerous

The city was full of soldiers, ~~and~~ mounted videttes were stationed at the corners of many of the streets, ~~and~~ every now and then long trains of baggage and other waggon's filed through the streets on their way to the bridge over the Potomac river -

I had the pleasure, and for my purposes the <sup>great</sup> ~~immense~~ advantage of making the acquaintance of an Englishman who had lived ten years in America and was very favorably regarded by a large circle of American friends; with his genial ~~and~~ guidance I was able to improve every hour of my time at Washington



secessh

Washington - His notion was that nearly two thirds of the resident population of the city was ~~secessh~~ secessh at heart, he pointed out to me a society house where the prominent Southerners used to assemble before the outbreak of the war - the same in character as a Parisian Salon of other times where under the guise of unfettered afternoon or evening visiting, plots were hatched and governments <sup>thereby</sup> destroyed; it was even said that the President's wife sympathized with the South - Of President Lincoln he affirmed that his hold on the Northern people was supreme - and that part of this was due to the fact that the average citizen was gratified by the election to the highest dignity of a man who started from the bottom of the ladder - that on the President's levee days, when there <sup>was</sup> the <sup>man</sup> <sup>one of only</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>average</sup> <sup>social position</sup> <sup>made a point of attending</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>honour</sup> <sup>the President</sup>, perhaps explaining that he was going to the Whitehouse to shake hands with the President, because he thought him a downright good man -

(Insert here)  
Sheet 14B

I was anxious to see the President, but felt I had no chance of doing so, <sup>however</sup> <sup>one morning</sup> when wandering about with my newly formed acquaintance before breakfast we were just in front of the Whitehouse when he suddenly called out to me "there he is, the Emperor Abraham the First". I looked up to the bedroom window, and true enough there was President Lincoln adjusting his collar I thought; as he looked over the half blind of the window, I knew him at once from the many pictures of him I had seen; besides ~~four~~ two selves, there were three others looking up in pleased curiosity at the President, who looked down on us for nearly a minute; <sup>might be called a</sup> <sup>it was</sup> <sup>what</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>little</sup> <sup>levee</sup>, all to ourselves.

My next subject for anxiety was that of procuring a special pass from the Provost Marshal of the Army of the Potomac, enabling me to cross the river, and to visit the camp as far as Fairfax Court House; with this intent one of the team from Canada and I called at the British Legation, hoping to get aid and comfort



14 B  
A striking feature in the crowded streets of Baltimore was that of the number of young men often of the best families of the country who were <sup>voluntarily</sup> serving as private soldiers in regiments raised by their several States; in many instances they were men of large fortune, and amongst those who similarly had rushed to arms to keep the Union intact, was one with whom I became acquainted through the introduction of W B P: he was said not only to be rich but amongst the rich held the rank of a millionaire. He looked quite a Lord, but ~~was~~ was also bright intelligent and of pleasant bearing. - except in the matter of exceeding riches he might I think be taken as typical of a very large number of his young countrymen - I think he belonged to <sup>the</sup> Rhode Island State, and had enlisted there, his regiment being the first to reach Washington after the attack by the Southerners on Fort Sumter had precipitated the war between North and South. - ~~He had been~~ wounded and taken prisoner at the debacle of Bull's Run - which in conversation he did not palliate, <sup>and</sup> exchanged, he was again wounded at Port Royal - and was now in Washington with his regiment on the point of embarking on some very important expedition the nature and the <sup>destination</sup> ~~route~~ of which was kept secret. only guesses as the object of it were on the tongues of every one, as horse, foot, and artillery, came from General M. B. Magruder's army in Virginia to form the Force, and moved through the streets of Washington. The young volunteer, but already a veteran in war service, told me many interesting facts concerning the early days of the war - one of which I may relate; on the arrival of the regiment in the South to embark for Washington, it found itself in Maryland where the <sup>secret</sup> sympathy was with the Southerners - and this was put in evidence by the breaking up of the line and the burning of bridges at many places. When the train carrying the regiment came to the first place of torn up, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~off~~ rails - the commanding

14 B  
officer thought the matter over, and concluded, that as the rails were plaguesome heavy, and the sympathisers were large, the rails had not been carried far: so he formed the men and extended them on both sides of the line and marched them outwards; in every case the rails were found within quarter of a mile - sometimes in water - were carried back and were easily reconstructed by the artificers enlisted in the corps. The running was then recommenced, and Washington was quickly reached.



comfort there, - a bootless expectation, we found only hindrance and discouragement; but our always helpful friend W<sup>m</sup> W B P. came to the rescue, stated our case to W<sup>m</sup> Willard who gave us a certificate stating his belief that we were quite harmless, and on this the Provost Marshal granted us passes.

Having hired a light waggon W B P accompanying us, we set out early for our visit to the Army of the Potomac; at the Washington end of the Long bridge - well so named - the military passes were examined - but the sentry, (who spoke County Cork, American) returned mine to me after a single glance - we then began our passage of the Potomac, which was quite a military operation <sup>being</sup> both difficult, and with a chance of danger, the bridge was covered by two streams, the outgoing, one consisting of guns, caissons, store carts, ambulances, sutlers carts &c in which line our little vehicle took a place, surging about in a very distressing manner: most of the military waggons were drawn by four mules, driven four in hand, the <sup>mule</sup> leaders of the teams seemed to divine that they were going South, and in a mulish fashion kept turning round to stare at their native North - thereby causing entanglements, material and moral - <sup>occasionally</sup> which threatened to throw our light-waggon, into instead of over the river - particularly at one place where the bridge was being repaired and some of the roadway planks were up - The return stream ~~of vehicles~~ <sup>was</sup> mostly empty, <sup>vehicles</sup> had much less trouble to face

At length we touched what was in a subjective sense - called "the sacred soil of Virginia", which we found to be a most sticky soil - clay-waggon unspooling, clay, - our passes were again examined. this formality over, we were permitted to sally through the works at the head of the bridge - ~~of~~ the country we then passed through that it was naturally a <sup>fine</sup> beautiful one, with wooded hills valleys and streams, but whatever the hands of men had raised, the hands of other men ~~the hands of other men~~ had mostly destroyed: all along the road to Fairfax Seminary, about which General M<sup>c</sup>Clellans army was then encamped - the  
houses

sutlers.



~~the~~ houses were ~~raised~~ levelled, ~~the~~ fences destroyed, and ~~the~~ orchards cut down, always excepting a few houses, reserved for hospital and other purposes, the river however had passed over the previously existing homesteads, and had obliterated them; but this is a feature almost inseparable from war, if carried out with determination on both sides - for everything depends on this. I had seen <sup>the</sup> smiling country about Hadelkoi in the Crimea, occupied by our own cavalry division, reduced from a <sup>region</sup> ~~country~~ of vineyards, orchards, country houses, and smaller dwellings, to a plain with everything on it raised to the ground or uprooted - excepting the church; the very stones of the houses including their foundations were broken up to form a main road. Yet there was no ferocity or even harshness in the action - our troops wanted wood to <sup>as fuel</sup> boil their dinners - that was all.

~~What~~ the country south of the Polomac had received in exchange for the 'Happy homes' and household lights, ~~were~~ chiefly the marks of abandoned sites for camps, about which might be all the festering filth connected with them, dead horses, the remains of slaughtered animals, <sup>and</sup> ~~poor~~ air filled with miasma, <sup>through</sup> ~~past~~ which we drove with all speed, not with baited, but with temporarily suppressed breath - as the troops occupied a country largely wooded, ~~and~~ the encampments were necessarily small, and proportionately numerous.

Our teamster was a violent Unionist, <sup>for secession</sup> whose panacea was the same as Stafford's 'thorough'; he mixed freely in the conversation, and it appeared that his case was one of cruel complexity - he had enlisted in the Northern army, with one of his sons, whilst his wife a Southerner, had sent the two other sons to join the Southern army; ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> horror of the risk of killing his own sons in battle, forced the father to ask for his discharge.

Our driver had lately been to Manassas, and was describing how gloriously the Northern army had ~~at~~ occupied the abandoned works of the Southerners there. - skunks he called them - when my joking friend W B P asked him if he brought away with him a chip of one of the wooden guns mounted <sup>on the works</sup> ~~there~~, which all <sup>the winter</sup> ~~pruned~~ pruned







"multitudinous on account of this rifle in the use of which half the fingers  
"as the corps have already been blown off" I was <sup>perplexed</sup> ~~in a dilemma~~ when  
the young ~~and innocent~~ sentry near us, on a question being asked  
him about the new rifle - at once offered to take the mechanism  
to pieces to show me. I thanked him ~~very~~ cordially, but would not  
allow him poor fellow to get himself into terrible trouble in the matter;  
the genuine wish to oblige is a part of the American character,  
We were allowed to stroll about the camp ~~from~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~which~~ we could  
see the pickets of the Confederate army: we returned to Washing-  
-ton after a most interesting day in the camp of the Army of  
the Potomac, and delighted with the obliging frankness of every-  
one we had met. I was amused by the remark of a Negro shoe-  
-black, in the street who <sup>said</sup> "when fixing up" my boots after my return,  
"ah, I see you have been on the sacred soil"

Having seen the arrangements made in the temporary  
hospitals in the field for the reception of the sick and wounded, ~~in~~  
~~the first instance~~, I was desirous of seeing the more important  
secondary hospitals, at the base of operations, as the term is, to  
which the inmates of the field hospitals of an army in the field  
are systematically drafted, not only for their ~~ex~~ comfort and  
well-being, but to leave the army as much as possible unincum-  
-bered.

The melancholy "slump" of our own ~~medical~~ system in the first  
stage of the Brecken war - had quickened the interest of ~~the~~  
medical officers generally in all matters appertaining to  
their special department of the medical profession - and being  
where I was it ~~was natural to wish~~ <sup>ed</sup> to see in what ways American  
sagacity and ingenuity had improved on our slowly elabor-  
-ated and applied ~~former~~ means for the amelioration of the  
conditions ~~in which~~ <sup>of</sup> the sick and wounded of an army in the  
field ~~were situated~~ and for the lessening of the mortality amongst  
them - So I preferred a request to the Surgeon General of the  
army at Washington to be allowed to visit the general hospital,  
and the favor was at once granted.

Unfortunately the time was a bad one in which to see  
just



just what I wanted, the casualties in the various actions in  
the localities, served by the hospital had been great, <sup>in number,</sup> and  
had rapidly accrued - a ~~revolution~~ <sup>state of things</sup> which is imminent, and  
indeed is seldom wanting in the army of every nation in the  
time of active war. Thus I saw the hospital in the Patent Office at its  
worst, newly established, and not fairly in running order, it was  
overcrowded momentarily - so to say - I counted six rows of beds  
arranged down the length of one long hall - ~~and would~~ in the  
normal course of development <sup>the hospital would</sup> present a very different appearance  
when the pressing necessities of exceptional demands on it, ceased.

From the Patent Office I went to the ~~house~~ <sup>office</sup> where ~~the office of~~  
the Sanitary Commission ~~was established~~, and there in conversat-  
-ion with Mr Jenkins the Secretary, I had the pleasure of hearing  
all about the steps ~~which had been~~ taken to bring their methods up  
to the most advanced scientific sanitary knowledge of the time; he  
also ~~most~~ kindly gave me printed copies of the instructions of the  
Commission to the medical officers of the army. some of which I  
subsequently placed in the hands of our army medical authorities  
in England - and those of the Professors of the Army Medical School -

Special attention to things of professional interest however  
occupied very little of my time in Washington - there was so much  
else to excite curiosity, foremost of all was the never dwindling  
crowd of visitors occupying the city - I might almost say from all  
parts of the earth - and nearly every one brought there in connexion  
with the war, in some way; and the war dwarfed everything else  
in interest. Along with the others of my team I visited the Capitol, and  
the ~~the~~ two houses of the Legislature - the Senate and the House of Rep-  
-resentatives - and saw the Conscription of the Republic, at work on  
their high calling; both <sup>houses</sup> were freely open - for view, to every citizen  
- en - and no difficulty was raised about the admission of strangers,  
The other principal sights of Washington, were chiefly the various  
offices of the Government, the Treasury, the Post Office - the War Office,  
and the Patent Office - a very interesting place - and one of great  
utility as well. Jackson's Square also was admired -

We thought it strange, that after having apparently left  
winter



enter far behind us in the North, we should on the last day of March I think - have to encounter a snow storm so far South as Washington; it was an unfortunate change, for the troops with all their impedimenta, marching through the city on the expeditionary duty before referred to, as the melting snow played havoc with the roads, and thus made the marching - marching very heavy -

Being in Washington ~~on the~~ <sup>on the</sup> Sunday, we were much struck with the great quiet of the city on that day. ~~and~~ in spite of all the then present extraneous population in it. ~~Had~~ this I noticed this in a New England city, ~~I~~ <sup>would</sup> have <sup>been</sup> understood it, but I had not imagined that the Puritan reverence for the day, had penetrated so far to the South -

I was told that ~~the~~ churches in Washington had been closed, when the officiating clergymen refused to pray for the success of the Federal arms; but perhaps this referred to one particular church only.



## A Winter in Lower Canada

When asked by the driver of the cariole who had brought me from Bejele, where Monsieur wished to lodge himself on ~~reaching~~ reaching Riviere du Loup, I had given him for answer the direction, "to the grandest hotel in the place," ~~for answering~~. I afterwards had to learn that though there were two so called hotels in the place, neither of them strictly speaking, could be called by the term <sup>used</sup> the driver had deputed me at one of these, but I ungratefully left it next morning, and settled in the other ~~one~~ with three ~~other~~ officials concerned in the troops' transit business - and continued there during my stay at Riviere du Loup. I have hitherto called the settlement at the river of the Wolf, a town - but in 1862 its claim to this distinction could only be maintained ~~for~~ in summer and autumn, for the rest of the year it was a village on the right bank of the river St. Lawrence, about 12.5 miles below Quebec, it was also the three terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, and ~~it was~~ thus the point at which the troops coming overland from Halifax, were to be "entrained" for the Upper Province. Isolated and self contained so to say, its normal population was that of an ordinary French habitant's village; of outsiders I ~~do not~~ think <sup>few indeed</sup> there were ~~more than a dozen~~ <sup>perhaps a couple of dozen</sup> consisting of two or three rail-way officials, and ~~the rest~~ <sup>perhaps a couple of dozen</sup> ~~spirits of fortune~~, turning as real foreigners in the place. In winter the only language was French; as far as my observation went, I think I am justified in saying that only <sup>a dozen or so</sup> ~~one~~ native of the village, <sup>including</sup> ~~namely~~ the proprietor of the boarding house honored by the presence of the officials already adverted to <sup>could</sup> ~~understand~~ <sup>speak</sup> English. In summer however the village was transformed by the arrival of some four thousand holiday people who came to it as the sea bathing place of Quebec chiefly, though some of the visitors it was said, came from far off New York even: the visitors resided chiefly in houses which had been built for a temporary population, and were empty in winter - The St. Lawrence river - if the term can denote an estuary of about <sup>fifteen</sup> ~~twenty~~ miles broad, and influenced by

No. 13

1862

Fasciculus

No. 13



generally arranged in severely regular strips of ground - so very unlike the farms of men of British nationality

by the tide - receives at ~~the village~~ the small tribute of water brought to it by the Wolf river, which in its course intersects the area on which <sup>the village</sup> it is built, and in the season for visitors when they wander along along its banks and have its <sup>rapids and</sup> ~~very~~ waterfalls in view, no doubt the scenery is <sup>very</sup> enjoyable - there was <sup>a good deal of</sup> ~~not~~ cultivated land within three miles of the village, <sup>and</sup> the wood in the neighbourhood <sup>had</sup> ~~and~~ been largely used up, but the gorges through which the river runs must have given a touch of the picturesque <sup>made</sup> to the valley in summer.

The village might contain about <sup>two</sup> hundred ~~and fifty~~ houses scattered over its area chiefly; a large stone built chapel, and a gigantic mill, were the most conspicuous features in connection with it. Though small, <sup>it</sup> the village was great by comparison <sup>for</sup> the neighboring "habitation" ~~but not as the metropolis~~ <sup>it was a</sup> ~~metropolis~~, and as it congregated the storekeepers, notaries, doctors &c whose services were available for the settlers and others within a certain radius.

When, after its winter closure, the St. Lawrence was open for navigation, the village became a pilot station, and perhaps its adaptation for this use was the original cause <sup>of its existence</sup> of the growth of a village at this point.

My first and most pressing duty at Riviere du Loup was to find some building suitable for use as a temporary hospital; fancying that the best way to effect this would be by requesting the aid of the Curé, I called on him and ~~was~~ received very civilly, but was told that ~~nothing~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~adapted to the~~ <sup>very</sup> moderate requirements stated <sup>were not</sup> ~~to be found~~ <sup>found</sup> in the place, the houses were small, but if one of the empty houses better suited for the purpose <sup>not</sup> could be found, he would very willingly give ~~me~~ <sup>use</sup> his <sup>Presbytere</sup> ~~own~~ (a comparatively large one) for the purpose sought; and that he would be glad to be of any further help to me. I thanked him cordially for his offer of co-operation ~~with me~~ and left, wondering how the village of Riviere du Loup had come to have in it, a Curé who so completely came







had been provided for the reception of the detachments successively arriving, ~~at~~ until next morning, when they were entrained for the Upper Province. ~~It cannot be expected that more than a very few persons can take any interest at all in a~~ (specific) mention of the means taken to transport the expeditionary Force, in the dead of winter, across the Province of New Brunswick, but perhaps if any long lived survivors of the Force, casually come across a summary of the means taken for their ~~survival~~ <sup>transient</sup> well being on the occasion, it may awake a ~~longed~~ <sup>transient</sup> interest ~~in them~~ to have a gleam of this portion of their life brought back.

The Force to be transported consisted of six regiments of infantry, and of an equivalent proportion of artillery and engineers, with the usual accessory complements of departmental bodies. The bedrock ~~foundation~~ <sup>of</sup> the whole operation ~~rested on~~ <sup>was</sup> an unlimited credit on the British Treasury - and secondary to this ~~was the~~ <sup>a</sup> knowledge amongst the officials concerned that in the conduct of it, everything would be forgiven except want of success.

The troops were to travel by day and to rest at night at the various stopping places on the line already mentioned, and contracts were made for the erection if necessary of temporary houses in which the men were to rest for the night. and to provide for this, the wood was hewn, sawn, and built up, in a few days, <sup>and</sup> ~~stones~~ <sup>stones</sup> were set up ~~for them~~ <sup>to</sup> warming the ~~buildings~~ <sup>buildings</sup>.

Every soldier had served out to him a pair of boots over which he wore deer skin moccasins; special warm underclothing, and his great coat was lined with flannel; a seal skin cap, covering ears and neck and coming <sup>well</sup> over the sides of the face; a pair of fur gauntlets; and lastly a rug, to wear at discretion in the sleigh.

Warnings were given to the men on the subject of precautions against frost bite, and instructions how to act ~~in the place~~, when its advent was suspected.

The



The rations were special, excellent of their kind and abundant - hot meal was in readiness for the detachment as soon as it arrived off the day's journey.

Instructions were given that the men should be systematically exercised during the <sup>journey</sup> days by occasional walking for a short stretch -

How to prevent drink being procured by the men was a subject of much consideration; by the zealous and unremitting cooperation of the local authorities along the line of road, success was nearly completely reached. a comparatively few men did manage to procure the means for injuring themselves - ~~usually through slight frost bite~~; in one case a man who refused to wear his gauntlets, and whose obstinacy lead to the horrifying sequel of the loss of both hands from the once well known "gelatio" of the Brimeau war time, was not suspected of having brought on his misery through drink; another man however, who as the result of a drunken sleep in the sleigh - was taken out of it dead, at the end of the journey, was a ~~shocking~~ <sup>our</sup> example to ~~warn~~ others; in the words of Coleridge;

"He closed his eyes in sleep; nor knew 'twas death"  
Anything that ~~breaks~~ <sup>breaks</sup> the ~~killing~~ monotony of a barrack life was welcomed by the soldier of those days; hence the enthusiasm with which they were always ready to volunteer for active service. This winter journey was very agreeable to them, and whilst it lasted they had neither tiresome parades nor weary "sentry goes" as they call guards - the pipe clay element of their profession both material and moral - was for the time delightfully abated. As I saw them every evening when they had gotten close to Riviere au Loup, they were in high spirits, indeed in boisterous good humour, ~~and~~ often singing patriotic songs in chorus. Sometimes - I suppose by way of impressing the imaginations of the people <sup>well</sup> ~~by the way~~ a pocket-handkerchief fluttered from a stick on the sleigh. Jean Baptiste used to laugh as he saw them gliding by, but possibly



possibly the laugh exposed a tinge of apprehensiveness that if anything occurred to mar the good humour of the singing warriors, arms would not have given way to the village Iroga. However, nothing ever did occur, and if it had I ~~for one am sure that the discipline of the men was too perfect~~ <sup>am it could only have been something trivial</sup> not to bear the strain.

In journeying along, close to the American frontier, so close indeed that a man at certain points might have jumped off the sleigh and in a few minutes have reached the ideal boundary line separating <sup>Maine</sup> it from the Province. it was necessary to have in view the possibility of desertion; it was ~~known to be covering~~ <sup>well known to be covering</sup> ~~the line of road with money,~~ <sup>the line of road with money,</sup> and fine promises to inveigle men, and sleighs in readiness to whisk off those who fell into the temptation-snare, ~~and~~ <sup>whilst</sup> the prospect held out <sup>to deserters</sup> was tempting in a high degree; recruits for the American army were just then in <sup>great</sup> request; and a well drilled soldier deserting from the British army had a likelihood of almost at once reaching the position of a non-commissioned officer with a pay of some ~~five~~ <sup>five</sup> times as much as that he was receiving, and with the attainment of active field service along with it. - Only three men I believe did desert; to appreciate the strength of the feeling which prevented desertion, let any one ask himself what effect the sudden offer of a <sup>five</sup> fold emolument to that he was then receiving, would - conceivably - have on his own mind were the price at which the change ~~was to be bought~~ <sup>was</sup> but a sacrifice of nationality? There seems to me nobleness in the spirit which at that time kept the soldiers true to their country.

On two occasions when approached by speculators from the Maine side of the border, men got into the sleighs with the tempters, and went with them just as far as was needful to afford evidence of the wrongdoing called, "inducing to desert," and the wrong doers were then handed over to the civil power, I understood that in each case four years of retirement from active life was allotted for the infraction of the law of New Brunswick.

During



During the preparatory stage of the transit operation, much wasted energy on the part of officials was of course a prominent feature - quite justifying the petulant remark of a harassed regimental officer whenever he saw a sleigh passing his post, "There they go, more organisers and telegraphers". On one occasion a stolid unimaginative officer replied to what he thought was an hysterical telegraphic message from his superior, "Where are you and what are you doing", that he was at Little Falls, and that he was having his dinner.

at Riviere du Loup

One Departmental officer, who had been trained to methodical habits at desk work, and who every day received a little sheaf of 'wires' had them carefully bound in little volumes. I hope they have been treasured in the library of his Department.

The officials finally settled at Riviere du Loup for the winter were, an officer of the Master Mariner General ~~Department~~ a Commissariat Officer and myself; we lived in comparative comfort in the hotel, and so associated, had no need to wire to each other. A day or two after arrival I found an important stranger waiting for me at the little hospital. Like ourselves he had a temporary interest in the passage of the troops on their way to Ipperbawda; he explained that he had been sent down by the editor of the Quebec newspaper to write a stirring article on the subject, and I heard soon after from Montreal that he had written very stirringly about everything and everybody connected with the temporary station, so much so that the Montreal folks thought we had sounded the loud timbrels for ourselves. a mistake on their part, nor can I excuse it, as the mistake was quite unnatural.

The gentleman - he was one both in education and in manner, after his professional jottings were made, gave me a very interesting account of his ~~own~~ career in Canada which followed on his leaving the Blue Coat School in London. I could not help telling him that if published the readers of the paper would welcome them far more eagerly than they would anything,



anything he could glean for them by his visit to Riviere du Loup <sup>Loup</sup>

Life at Riviere du Loup in winter could not be said to have any particular charm for strangers, not of the same people as those permanently inhabiting it. - the silent influence of different faiths, was an effectual barrier to any approach to intimacy, but <sup>the</sup> civility ~~always~~ extended to the strangers was a very fair substitute for friendliness. I have already mentioned the courtesy of the Curé, and the fact of his leaving offered the presbytery for me as a temporary hospital: and in other ways his paramount influence was very advantageous, he created a good understanding with the villagers as to the soldiers, and his warnings against supplying drink to them, were effectual.

People have an easy sneer against Scots, by associating them in the matter of ubiquity with grindstones and rats, there was no Scot at the village of the Wolf at the time referred to, but it had a narrow escape, as the seigneurie of it and of a huge tract of land around, <sup>held by or perhaps the ground was</sup> was the ~~property~~ of a Scot, who having been an officer in one of the Highland regiments of Wolfe's army at the capture of Quebec, received a most liberal grant of land - in the then present - indeed it must have been a monstrous cattle for he divided it into three seigneuries, being one for each of his sons, which by the then law of the country - imported from the France of the old "regime" - had certain rights, on the cost of other people's wrongs, attached to them; the "droits de moulin" and the "loots et vents", which for so long a time fettered down industry in Lower Canada, were amongst the rights. - The ancient law on this matter had been <sup>a little before</sup> abolished, to the advantage of everyone. - not excepting the despoiled seigneurs in the country, who it was told me divided about a million sterling amongst them for the forced surrender of obsolete privileges.

The notaries in the village, represented a class quite unknown in English villages; it was told me that <sup>members of</sup> the profession looked forward to the succession to public offices, and if disappointed, furnished recruits to the body of patriots, who



the ill  
breathed  
members

did their best to persuade their countrymen that they were  
of a subject race.

At Riviere du Loup in winter violent snow storms  
occasionally cut off the inhabitants from communication with  
the outer world, but not usually for more than a few hours,  
at least as regards the railway, on it through the beneficent  
agency of the snow plough. the snow drifts which block up  
the way <sup>were</sup> speedily brought low; in recompense for this the  
weather in this season may be delightful, the air being dry  
and reinvigorating, and although the thermometer might  
show many degrees below zero, the cold would be less felt than  
on some of the black misty winter days occasionally noticed  
in England; but no doubt the very warm dregs worn in Canada  
in the season <sup>would</sup> account <sup>ed</sup> for the paradox. After sunset however  
the cold at Riviere du Loup was always severely felt.

One night after we had retired for the night, a very un-  
pleasant form of excitement compelled our <sup>re</sup> entry into public  
life, a fire had broken out in the dining room - we should pass  
over heating of the stove - the perennial source of danger in  
winter in a wooden house dried <sup>almost</sup> to the condition of  
matchwood. In our case the fire was quickly extinguished.  
Curiously enough next morning a fire occurred in the house  
occupied by the detachment of troops occupying it at night;  
perhaps from a lighted match thrown on the floor. Here also  
the fire was soon got under.

Monsieur le Curé had ~~just~~ called on us, and  
his visit had been a pleasant one, but we had seen no  
one else on a visit of courtesy - the mountain would not  
come to Malomet, so the alternative was taken up, we  
called on two or three of the prominent inhabitants -  
the seigneur Mr. Fraser, naturally was one of those to whom  
we paid our respects; he spoke English, but markedly as a  
Frenchman would speak; neither the chateau of old France  
nor the great man of his neighbourhood was in evidence; a  
prosperous farmer in a large way was the impression  
conveyed



conveyed by what we saw; but he was a very large landed-proprietor. A visit was also made to the Protestant clergyman; it caused us surprise to hear that the village had a church for him to officiate in; he told us that he had eight families under his ministrations; I suppose that the summer season largely augmented this number, ~~largely~~.

Stet

I have already mentioned the readiness with which the Curé, Père Racine, aided in all measures likely to be serviceable for the object in view of which the village had been made a temporary station; his courtesy was also extended to us personally in an invitation to dine with him, ~~on~~ which we highly appreciated.

My hospital duties were of the lightest kind. the short winter's day was more taken up with the afternoon walk, generally in company, than by any other employment; there were tracks in every direction, but only available for persons who could use snow shoes in locomotion; ~~but~~ we were not of the number. so our walking was <sup>chiefly</sup> limited to the two highways, ~~the one on the~~ <sup>as the</sup> Quebec <sup>and</sup> the other, St Francis <sup>roads</sup>. A foot track which led down to the St. Lawrence was also generally available - that is where no fresh snow had fallen and obliterated the track. To reach the third milestone on the St. Francis' road, along which we had travelled from New Brunswick, was a good walk, but as the track was very narrow pedestrians had a great deal of unexpected exercise, thrown into the bargain, arising from the necessity of jumping into the snow off the track, whenever the tinkle of the sleigh bells was heard, before or after us. the combination of watchfulness with exercise was trying both physically and mentally. It was much better, <sup>however</sup> to accept the terms on which we could use the highway for exercise, than to pass the afternoon in the stove heated room of the hotel -

The walk down to the margin of the St. Lawrence was a very fatiguing matter the distance from the hotel was over a mile of mostly untrodden <sup>snow</sup> ~~way~~ with patches of glairy ice to cross <sup>from</sup>



from time to time, beginning with the frozen over tributary  
to the St. Lawrence beside which the village stood. but the toil to  
reach the great river was repaid fully by near view of it, at a  
distance - completely frozen over surface. We had in fact ~~the~~  
~~pleasure of seeing a miniature Arctic circle~~ suggestions of Arctic  
circle features, stored in the mind from former reading, though  
of narrower scope and brought back to us. At this point the  
river was fifteen miles broad, but in the centre of the stream  
an island eight miles long diminished its apparent width,  
the margin - the bridge as it was called - some three miles  
in width, only was frozen so there was a great width of open  
water left. but useless for navigation <sup>because of the</sup> imminent  
danger from floating masses of ice. Owing to the action of the  
tide the thick ice on the bridge had in many places been  
broken through, and water had burst <sup>up</sup> through and spread  
from the blow holes over the original ~~the~~ snow covered ice. The  
surface of the bridge was largely covered with "hummocks" -  
of ice washed down from the upper course of the river, and  
piled in irregular heaps - sometimes six or more feet in  
height - and obstructing the view in a degree which made  
walking on the bridge, a little risky. to avoid these <sup>hummocks</sup> it was  
necessary to make frequent detours, by which the intended  
line of way was lost, the smooth hummocks could not be  
climbed, the sun's position of course gave a general notion of  
the position, but nervousness as to the close of a short winter's  
day, could not but be present. The sharp edges on some of the  
erected together hummocks made progression slow - it compelled  
wary walking - besides which loud cracking of the ice was not an  
infrequent sound, and water was seen welking up from below.  
Occasional tumbles on the newly frozen water from the crevasses,  
were incidental occurrences which hardly added to the interest  
of the walk. We reached the shore but a good deal lower down  
than where we took off on this occasion. But the excursion on the  
whole had a sort of fascination in it which prompted to an  
occasional repetition ~~of it~~ <sup>once</sup> I even went on the bridge ~~once~~ by  
myself



myself returning from the semi Arctic exploration safely, but with an experience that taught me, not to be such a fool again.

Occasionally a belated ship leaving Quebec is caught in the ice, and possibly may have the good fortune only to be held up by it until navigation opens again in spring, but there is great danger of the floating ice overwhelming the vessel. a change of wind <sup>might</sup> bring immense quantities of ice up the <sup>river</sup> ~~the~~.

Of one oft repeated ~~object~~ <sup>source</sup> of enjoyment at Riviere du Loup was that of the wonderful sunsets in the winter season; mountains beyond, and the river itself at hand, with its vast expanse of snow covered ice. the green forests, all seen in the light of the western sky flaming like red copper, whilst in other parts, all sorts of colours - green - violet - pink - <sup>made up a picture,</sup> ~~helped to make~~ a picture ever to be remembered. (a scene, to live in memory)

On the northern shore of the river, and as seen in the clear atmosphere not very much lower down than Riviere du Loup was the entrance of the Saguenay river. yet the map showed that it was sixteen miles below the village - the high bluffs at the entrance hid the stream. Much interest attached to the tributary chiefly due to mystery, so very few people comparatively had ever been on its waters; a gentleman I met was one of the few, he stated that the course of the river lay through what looked like a rent in a mountain range running longitudinally with it the course being as clearly cut out as a canal, or the line of a quay, <sup>only</sup> that the wall like banks besides being very high were almost plumb straight. The water at the junction with the St Lawrence he said was too deep to be sounded by the ordinary <sup>but</sup> ships' sounding line.

No Red Indians lived in the country, <sup>but</sup> that a few Esquimaux from the coast of Labrador might be found; that the country could not grow wheat, <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ that a few lumberers near the St Lawrence found occupation there.

One of the men employed at the Riviere du Loup railway station was of Esquimaux race, and so to say, was a curiosity and attracted attention, but in his case it seemed to me that the ethnological



ethnological characteristics were not those of a perfectly unmixed race.

Time ran by and on the 9<sup>th</sup> of March, the last detachment of troops from New Brunswick, arrived. they completed the number of 6811, men and officers brought overland to the Canadian railway station. On one day only, in the end of February had the weather interfered with the uninterrupted passage of the troops, a furious snow storm on that day blocked up the road, no sleighs could travel, and the troops had to remain at Fort Sengal on the New Brunswick side. It was said that some of the snow drifts were fifteen feet high; by great exertions a passage was cleared, and on the day stated, the work was finished. The railway was also blocked up by the same storm so that communication with the outer world was for some hours cut off. We had also to use snow-water to drink as one effect of the storm on that day.

The operations in connection with the transit, had been advantageous to those settlers along the line and near to it, who had furnished the carriage and the teamsters, occurring as they did at a time when winter had elapsed nearly all farming work. It was strange to find that a good many of the teams came from the adjoining districts of the Maine border. I occasionally had a talk with the teamsters - most of whom did a little business on the return journey, purchasing such things as flour, rum, fish, and small wares, or occasionally agricultural implements, at Riviere du Loup, for sale in their own State; as no carriage had to be paid, the little ventures turned out well.

Amongst others I talked with an Irishman, who had migrated, from New Brunswick, into Maine. He was very content with the position his industry had brought him, but admitted that he might have done as well in New-Brunswick, and that some chance circumstance generally controlled the question of settlement of emigrants in one country or the other. In his own case he said that he had landed with less than twelve dollars in his pocket, that



that he used to make nine pounds a month at the lumbering business - but he added that he could stand the roughing it out. His land of two hundred acres, with the clearing on it would sell for three thousand dollars. Contrary to what I had heard before from other settlers, he had very definite notions as to the rate at which clearing, forest land for cultivation could be carried out; the worst man who handled an axe he said, could clear two acres in six months - of the heaviest timbered land, that a good axeman on the lightest land might possibly fell thirty acres; than in six months such a man could readily fell twelve acres of hard wood.

My very light work at Riviere du Loup was now over - and I paid my farewell visits, two in number, one to the hospitable Curé Mons Racine, and one to the local medical man Mons Houolin, with whom I had some slight professional relations, and on the 13<sup>th</sup> of March, along with the officer of the Quebec Militia General's Staff - the same who had been mentioned in a former notice in the great Mutiny plottings - left Riviere du Loup for Montreal.

The transit of the troops had finished just in time. The frost had begun to lessen, in midday a perceptible thaw had appeared - announcing the end of the sleigh running season.

in 1866  
A Run to Washington ^







being those of the life in the streets; at this particular time,  
the war being accountable for much of it, <sup>and</sup> manifestly for the  
~~great~~ number of men to be met <sup>with</sup> dressed in the uniform of  
the French Chasseur regiments, and in that of the Zouave  
corps. probably newly raised volunteer bodies from the State  
of New York; many of the little boys of New York ~~were~~  
dressed in military fashion. and patriotic emblems were  
not wanting about the dresses of the ladies. The Federal  
colours were in abundant display, and the shop windows  
were certainly not behind hand in articles on view which  
ministered to the all engrossing patriotic flame. At the  
door of an ironmongers shop however I saw exhibited what  
seemed to me quite an emblem of decadent patriotic  
sentiment; ~~it was~~ that of a slop pail on the body of which  
the stripes of the national colours were painted, and on the  
lid the stars shone out in brilliant color. Patriotism I sup-  
pose was held to cover every falling away from good taste,  
but I wondered how the exhibit had escaped lynching, the  
arrangement looked so like that <sup>designed by</sup> ~~of an enemy~~ to the cause.

Taking only the smaller shops, and leaving <sup>of account</sup> only the  
large "stores" I thought the shops in London or in a large  
provincial town in England looked brighter than those of  
New York. the contents richer. The omnibuses on the other  
hand seemed cleaner and more roomy than ours. but also  
slower. I perambulated the Broadway up and down and  
went to look at the grand houses in in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Avenues.  
Visited <sup>the</sup> Trinity church, for the sake of its associations, and the  
Post Office to get my letters. <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ building seemed to me to be  
~~a~~ <sup>old</sup> remnant of the time when New York was a Colony,  
governing under the tyranny of despotic England. even I  
thought there was something <sup>of that</sup> ~~of that~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~about~~ it.

Having seen the mansions of the great. I also had a view  
of those at the other end of the social scale, in the Bowery and  
in the Battery localities. <sup>light</sup> ~~it was~~ not pleasant, but it hardly  
came up in solicitude to many parts of our East End, in London,

not



nor could the speech of the inhabitants be fouler than that  
in use in our own slums.

Another day was passed in New York and Brooklyn in  
much the same fashion as on the preceding day. and on that  
following, the city of Boston was reached. Here we found  
winter still in part prospective, the cold was sharp enough to  
satisfy any moderate desire for bracing weather, and the  
vehicular traffic was pretty fairly divided between that on  
runners and that on wheels. The approach to the city for a  
considerable distance was through environs, which were well  
sprinkled over with country houses, prim in appearance  
somehow, though painted in white and bright green colors.

Riviere  
seeing  
I put up at the Riviere Hotel, then the newest and most  
up to date in the city. On going into the news room, I had the  
pleasure of meeting an American gentleman, a merchant, with  
whom I had formed an acquaintance ~~with~~ at St. John's N.B., and  
he kindly took the trouble of giving me <sup>the</sup> sketch of a right seeing  
place by which as much as possible of the subjects of interest might  
be seen, in the short time at my disposal.

The Navy Yard was the first place to which I went, but the  
interest there lay, not so much <sup>it as</sup> in the localities passed through  
in going to it and after leaving. From the Navy Yard I drove to  
the famous Bunker's Hill, where at the commencement of the  
Revolutionary war, the Britishers paid so woeful a price, for the  
barren possession of a useless eminence, a very beautiful obelisk  
of polished granite 250 feet high has been erected near the spot  
where the raw American levies held their ground so tenaciously -  
and near its base is a museum containing objects associated  
with the historic site. There are also some ancient brass guns,  
trophies wrested from the Britishers, during the war.

From Bunker's Hill, I passed on to Cambridge, three miles  
from Boston - to visit the well known Harvard University, near  
which was the house <sup>where</sup> ~~in which~~ Longfellow had lived - one of  
the detached, ordinary houses of the neighbourhood, but when  
once seen <sup>it</sup> connects itself in memory with the poet. some of  
whose



whose poems will live on, a heritage for English reading people throughout the world.

by their  
connection

In returning, I saw other places consecrated in memory with others of the great men of literary genius, Harvard has sent out into the world, during the last sixty years.

On my return I had the privilege of entering "Faneuil Hall" the "cradle of liberty" as the Americans proudly call it.

Of ~~a~~ special feature in Boston - the commercial warehouses - one requires almost to speak, with bated breath - their appearance was so palatial - The houses also of the men of many dollars, in Franklin Square - taking them generally, looked superb: ~~but~~ take it as a whole, Boston looked something like an English town - but if challenged to say in what particulars it had that resemblance, <sup>consisted</sup> - I really couldn't answer.

Next day I found myself at Portland, in the State of Maine, in those days a comparatively small <sup>city</sup> ~~town~~, but being ~~also~~ <sup>quite</sup> free from ice in winter, and having an excellent harbor it is by nature a winter port for Canada <sup>owing to its nearness</sup> in point of ~~distance~~ <sup>proximity</sup>.

At 3 p.m. the latest mail from Canada having been taken on board - the ship, <sup>in which I had embarked</sup> unmoored - in a few minutes <sup>it was</sup> we were outside of the canal locked harbor - the pilot left, and in a couple of hours, we were out of sight of the American continent. Later on <sup>there was</sup> a heavy snow storm <sup>the Nova Scotia</sup> ~~came on~~, and ~~we~~ had to

go on very warily - sounding the steam whistle, and tolling the bell at short intervals - The distance to Liverpool by the course marked out was 2900 miles - and the ship made remarkably good way in spite of a strong head wind lasting for a couple of days. In every respect the huglo-laxon was as comfortable a ship as heart could desire - nice fellow passengers, capital table, excellent accommodation - On the 4<sup>th</sup> day out, the course had to be changed, to escape the ice and fog about Gorge Race, this took the ship across the Liscie Stream, in which at the these season icebergs are commonly met, but only two <sup>very</sup> small ones were passed - The surface temperature of the water in the stream was 36° Fah. The fog <sup>became</sup> ~~was~~ less dense, but <sup>there were</sup> occasional sun falls ~~continued~~. On the seventh day



day out the air was warmer and pleasanter, but the ninth day a dense fog came on, and no observation of the sun could be taken - so the position of the ship <sup>was</sup> ~~could~~ only be guessed at by the dead reckoning, which showed how many knots had been run in the last twenty four hours, during which the ship had been steered in such and such a direction - but the eleventh day, the fog fortunately lifted at noon for about a couple of minutes, and the hurried observation taken, showed approximately that we were near the land at the North coast of Ireland - just where we ought to be - and we were <sup>now</sup> favoured with a fair wind - Next morning Torry Island was sighted astern, but a rising storm from the south bringing up with it rain and a thick mist obscured all the land marks, and when the storm - as short lived as it was suddenly took off about noon, it was found that the ship had over run Loch Foyle where it was due to touch; so it was put about, and in a couple of hours Moville - some fifteen miles below Derry, was reached; a tug took off the passengers, who were to land here, and the ship again stood on her course for Liverpool - The weather was now very pleasant - the vividly green shores of the Loch very charming to look at. We passed so close to the shore, that the Giant's Causeway, further on, could be seen in perfection, whilst in the distance <sup>was</sup> the coast of Scotland ~~could be seen~~ - That beautiful natural feature Fair Head, appeared in all its stateliness - When night closed in the ship was cruising the Irish sea -

At breakfast time next morning, the Welsh hills were in sight, and soon afterwards the Nova Scotia crossed the bar of the Mersey, and by 11 o'clock - was along side of the Landing stage at Liverpool -

of the Irish coast



## New Zealand

No 15  
1864

- In the latter stage of the Maori war of 1863-64, I was attached to the Force under Lieut-General Cameron, operating in the country east of what was then called Narawahia.
- by The district ~~then~~ reached was not only possessed and lived in by the Natives, but no European had settled there, it was even said - probably incorrectly - that no white man had ever been in this part of New Zealand before the troops arrived in the fine open well watered fertile country through which the Horahine river ran to join the Waikato. The Maori did not oppose the invaders at this point, but driving away his horses and cattle left the little settlements taking every soul with him, westward to Te Awamutu. Te Awamutu, where he concentrated, and constructed a "Pahi", awaiting our attack in it. The attack was promptly made, but unsuccessfully. By the troops already at Te Awamutu, who were repelled with a relatively considerable loss. This
- by was not the first ~~siml~~ similar repulse we had met with in the war when attacking the Native fortified post, nor was it to be the last. The Maori was however - as it was thought - blocked in his Pah. and hunger would do the rest, but to the astonishment of all, after a time, and in broad day light these intrepid men, their accompanied by women and children suddenly left the Pah and broke away into the bush, sustaining some loss.

at first by At this time I was directed to proceed to Auckland on a temporary duty, and my route lay through the very country into which the retreating Maori had probably - in part at least - escaped. I had the honor, ~~by~~ but hardly the pleasure - of being given an escort of two mounted men for the distance between our camp, that and ~~it~~ at Te Awamutu - some 10 miles; the



the presence of two men was far more likely I thought to  
9/ bring strangers on us, than to ward them off; but  
as it turned out we reached Te Awamutu without  
seeing a trace of the foe - The only danger encountered  
was that my horse suddenly sunk deeply in a piece of  
boggy ground, but both horse and rider were quickly  
extricated by the practised bush riders who formed  
the escort - without their rapid aid, the horse might  
have remained in the bog for good - Te Awamutu  
was a Missionary settlement, but working largely  
also through education, and instruction in the  
simpler arts of civilised life for the Maori children -  
but the outbreak of the war, the children disappeared;  
and so also did the conductors of the enterprise,  
temporarily - finding no one to welcome me, I took  
the liberty of selecting the best room in the nice house  
for my lodging, until next day - I spent the  
afternoon in visiting the Hospital tents for our own  
wounded men, and those also where our opponents were  
cared for. The chief life of the Maori I fancy occurred  
during their audacious evacuation of the Pahi - I  
noticed one dangerously wounded woman, but  
probably there were more - she was cared for by a  
woman of her own race - Amongst the Maori wound-  
ed men, was an old man, delirious and half  
sitting up in bed, very evidently as life ebbed  
away his thoughts were engrossed by memories  
of other times, and places than those of his actual  
surroundings; he kept on moving the right  
hand over his breast in regular time, just as if  
he were playing on a stringed instrument; all the  
while - time accompanying the movements with a low  
muttering. There was a pathos about the scene  
which I have not forgotten though 38 years have  
lapsed since I saw the death bed of the aged  
Maori.

Recalling



both

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Recalling the succession of events during the final Maori war, at the present time when the staple of conversation in England, is the all engrossing Boer war, now stretching its length along a period of years, I am forcibly struck with the - in the main, essentially identical principle, that has evolved the Boer and the Maori methods of warfare; and moreover <sup>with the fact</sup> that the similarity is precisely what might have been expected, from a knowledge of the circumstances in which both races were placed, when warring with an enemy, used to methods deduced from experience in war with peoples more advanced in civilisation than either of the first noted races.

ti

booby

Both races were alike in these points; they lived in small pastoral communities, with few artificial wants. therefore in moving about they were free from "impedimenta", almost entirely - Both lived in localities which exercised hourly <sup>their</sup> keenness of <sup>their perceptive</sup> faculties - Both peoples individually - for the most part brave and self-reliant; the commando of the one, the tribe of the other, a unit through which individual action had freedom of initiative - and freedom of action to a large extent. In both the fighting strength conterminous with the manhood of the section in either case, Both brought to the field an acquaintance with firearms, as the main stay; the Boer however usually a practised shot. whilst the Maori, not having any wild beasts in his country to contend with, having no special skill - With both the main principle was to invite attack, the Boer in ground selected for qualities of natural defence - the Maori in their "Pahi" which were usually invincible against storming; but which were always evacuated after repulse of their opponents, probably from the dominating



dominating question in all wars - that of food supply.

The Boers universally used the horse in war - not to fight on - but to transport the rider - the Maori used horses similarly, but having few horses, not largely, or systematically.

It is instructive to recall that when the Maori, nearly always victorious in defending a Pah, attempted to meet our troops in the open field - as subsequently in Wanganui campaign was the case - he was ~~overcome~~ <sup>overcome</sup> with the greatest ease.

I had arranged to leave Te Awamutu at 4 a.m. next <sup>day</sup> morning, with the daily convoy, but missing this, I had to follow on by myself. It was still dark when I left, and when clear of the camp, I quite realised that small bands of our dispersed enemy might still be on hand, awaiting chances in the scrub. I came to have a vivid appreciation of the great poet's line: "The thief doth fear an officer in every bush"; a well defined track led all the way to my objective, but the Te Te scrub, was often in isolated bushes, which emphasized the poet's meaning. But when the sun rose, all was changed - the bright clear air, and the beautiful forest and water scenery in the distance, gave pleasurable excitement, and a quiet canter brought me to our next port at Hamilton.

Here I asked the officer commanding for a fresh horse. He readily assented, but considered his assent with the intimation that he could not let so good a saddle go; with a curious want of completeness he made no demur to my retaining the government bridle. I told him that if the saddle must be kept back, so might the horse, that I would do my next stage on foot. This brought out the fresh horse with the saddle, and the animal soon knew I meant business, as he had to swim a considerable river, whilst I held the following bridle in the boat carrying me over. My road was



was now along a Maori track on the left bank of the river, and thus there was no fear of losing my way. A bright cheerful day communicated its influence, and banished the notion of fugitive Natives with tomahawks in read-

iness vanished from my thoughts, until quite suddenly I found myself within a few yards of a Native settlement of greater extent than any I had ever seen before - deserted, and silent as the grave. As I rode through, it seemed that at any time I might meet with lurking Maoris, and Shakespeare's line came up again as in my morning's ride. I was glad to be through it, but on the other side there was poor comfort,

the track now left the river bank and ran through a forest with trunks of fallen trees lying across in places, making frequent detours necessary; it seemed to me as perfect a mantrap for an innocent traveller as ingenuity could have thought out. I plodded on hoping that the other side of the forest might be nearer than just where I was, it gave any appearance of being, when a loud Goose, burst on my ear; startled

ex/ extremely, I looked right and left and there in front, by and ~~there~~ some 60 yards off, stood in the middle of the path, with his musket thrown over his left arm, ~~was~~ the

by veritable Maori of my morning's thoughts - and my fate - awaiting me. I understood the case instantly. I had been spotted in the forest, had been <sup>in</sup> roped it on all sides, the Go-ee, being, the signal to close round

but/ me. I pulled up ~~retreat~~ was hopeless, resistance impossible, I had no offensive weapon - not even a pen-knife with me; the spurs on my heels were useless in the emergency. There was nothing for it but to push on and see the thing through. On I rode - the Maori making no sign - standing impassive in the track, until I was within 12 feet of him - when he uttered one word, like "Pickaniny" I stopped in front of him - but could gather



greeted

gather only that I had no hostile Maori in front of me - I rose past him, and soon another unexpected, but welcome sight, greeted me - that of a busy landing place on the river, where our people were hard at work unloading stores from a stern wheel steamer (with the aid of friendly Maoris); the Maori of my late acquaintance was one of them - but his boy having strayed into the bush - he along with others was searching the forest through for his lost child - His address to me really meant, "have you seen my child?"

I was just in time to get a passage in the stern-wheeler returning to Nara-wahia - the base of the expedition at this time; so after giving up my horse - I am proud to write without retaining the saddle - I embarked. The river was full of "snags" but on this trip we only made their passing acquaintance - a little later on I understood, that the sternwheeler joined a "snag" in the bottom of the river. We duly arrived at our destination - Nara-wahia, had been the capital of the Maori King - a poor capital in all conscience. The King, with whom we had to do was only the second of the dynasty - called into existence after the British annexation as a means of uniting the Maori race; but the confederation of tribes was loosely knit and did not hold long. The father of the reigning (and fugitive) King, was a "strong man", fit to create a nation out of self governing tribes, but he died all too soon, and with him died any chance of success the idea might have had. He had nobility of mind; the notion of uniting his race, came to him from his earnest desire to avert the deterioration of it, by that scourge of all primitive peoples, brought into contact with modern annexation peoples, the alcoholic curse. The body would not make a law to suppress the selling of drink to his countrymen - so he took on the kingship - and rigorously



rigorously enforced (enforced) his law against any toleration whatever of the sale of drink - I did not notice any Native warries in the capital: by the river Waikato stood the King's Palace - and at a few few yards distance - the tomb of the first King - Our camp was a little way off - The Palace was a rather large Native warring, ~~house dug out~~, of one room about eight/ 12 feet long and ~~about~~ broad - with an earthen floor: a tiny window over the door lit it up - No one hindering  
 b/ I lodged myself in the Palace, it was quite empty, except - ing that in a corner the carved figure head of a canoe  
 c/ I managed to get something to eat from a sutler in the camp - having had more than a 24 hours fast. I had not come across "food" for my mouth as the Natives said since the afternoon at Jedwamuta - Having arranged for my transport next day down the river - I spread my blanket on the floor of the royal abode, and wrapped in my cloak, slept more like a top than a human being -

Warned by my mistake of the day before I was up and in readiness to move before not at, 4 a m. - I had been settled that I should have a passage in a Navy  
 d/ boat, going down to the first station below. ~~And~~ after waiting some time by the river bank - I went in search of my Jack Tars, and found all the five in the enjoyment of deep slumber, in a tent. It was some time before my expostulations availed to waken the petty officer, and when he heard taken in the situation he had to coax - not to order, his men to rouse up - but the boat was at length manned, and off we started on our way - A little below Nara-wahia the river scenery is beautiful, grand even, with the lofty hills coming down to the edge of the stream on either side, great splendid forest -  
 e/ or "bush" as the term is, clothing the hills; sun rise on a fine morning - such as we had is a sight to remember - The  
 station



37  
station I had to disembark at, was variously named, only the initiated could gather the correct designation, which sounded like "Meali-potomas", an Irish soldier at once settled the matter of pronunciation as - Mealy -  
- Potatoes - the name was "catchy" and was adopted. I had no time to explore the place, after leaving my Royal Navy boat, I had to transfer myself to a big dug out canoe with a Native crew, pointed out to me, which would drop me at a settlement of Friendly Maori's a little way down the river. There were 4 Natives to paddle, and 1 to steer. There was no fellow passenger on board, and naturally looking on myself as a first class one, I took up the best quarter available in the "dug out". But the "Frienemies" did not see the case as I saw it - quite other - wise; before we had pushed off twenty yards, I had a good dig in the back, turning smartly round, I found one of the paddlers, proffering me a paddle, and was conscious that I was expected to work my passage down, and accepted the position without remonstrance. I had never had a paddle in my hand before, but I slashed it in ~~about~~ as it seemed to me my fellows did - not wilfully, but with measured action. No period for improvement in the art was allowed, I was quickly and roughly ordered to hand the paddle back again. I did so, and resumed my former character.

The Native settlement, I can hardly call it a village. I was landed at, was not new to me; the chief was our friend - all the inhabitants were our enemies - but most of them obeyed the voice of the chief and aided us with canoe transport. Some however aided our rebel enemies, and fought stoutly in their behalf at the action at Rangiriri - an important one early in the war; connected with this was a story, illustrating the old old story of woman's devotion. A Maori woman of the little tribe, young and handsome was married to

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left, or of shallow dips to be crossed just at the right place -  
but late in the afternoon I started, and did fairly well  
as long as the light held. I wandered on picking out the  
best tumbled line, bringing the horse back to it when he  
took it into his head to swerve right or left. but a little of  
this showed me that the horse was generally right, in  
fact he could not ~~know~~ so completely as I ~~thought~~ and I  
was ceased to interfere with his choice of the path, even  
it was when strongly opposed to my own notion. There was  
only one sensation on the journey - some wild, or more  
the likely escaped cattle, came out of the bush unexpectedly  
making and the leader seemed bent on creating a quarrel with  
me, but pretending not to see him. only pretending - I got  
safely past ~~the enemy~~, and reached another camp at  
lighten. There ~~more~~ giving the horse a little rest here, I entered  
on the last stage of my day's journey, the whole of which was  
to be done in the dark; luckily it was not a difficult ride,  
and I had confidence that the horse knew the road, I  
had to cross the scene of the first engagement in the war,  
that at De Koe, where the Maris having defied our troops  
on open ground, was scattered like chaff. Between this  
place and my destination ran a narrow deep river or  
"creek" as the local word is. for a body of water draining  
a marsh into a river - the outpost had been stationed on  
the further side of the creek to guard the crossing place, I  
arrived so late that everything was quiet in the camp of  
the outpost which was placed on a very lofty bank close to  
the creek. I shouted in vain for a long time, gave  
myself a rest and then began again; at length I heard  
that my importunate behaviour had carried the  
point; two soldiers were coming down the road from the  
high ground overhanging the creek. I could even hear  
them talking in a very excited way, and in most  
unparliamentary language, about the disturber of their  
rest. I am sorry to say that one of them went so far as



to suggest the throwing of me into the creek, but I knew that this was "only pretty Fanny's way." The men brought the pontoon over - overcame the hesitation of my horse to embark, by a smart and sudden cut behind, which ought to have wrecked the frail conveyance - by the impact of his jump in - On the other side, the men gave me my sailing directions civilly, and I set out to finish the day's work. A short way on I crossed a little wooden bridge which led on to the "Great South Road", the making of which was one of the main causes of the war on the part of the Marri's. A short mile from this brought me to Queen's Redoubt. It was now midnight <sup>nearly</sup>, the place was silent <sup>except</sup> for the challenges of the sentries to the intruder - but side by side I luckily found where to place my horse, and as there were a number of rickety tents about, I chose one for my night's rest, and slept undisturbed in it.

Breakfast was my first care next morning. I had eaten nothing except a casual biscuit for more than 30 hours, but somehow I was not ravenously hungry, though I eat with great enjoyment when I got in front of my breakfast. I then started on a fresh horse for the remaining 50 miles ride to Auckland: an easy ride <sup>over</sup> for the most part an excellent road - a steep "saddleback" at one part being the exception - at one part too a heavy bush fire had broken out on both sides of the road - a great deal of forest had been destroyed - but the safety of persons on the road was not involved, the trees on each side having been burnt down at the beginning. <sup>over</sup> <sup>the</sup> country, as I journeyed on, the sight of the houses and surroundings of the settlers was very cheering, the city itself looked delightful to eyes just off from the bush, even if the vision was only to endure for the two days I anticipated.