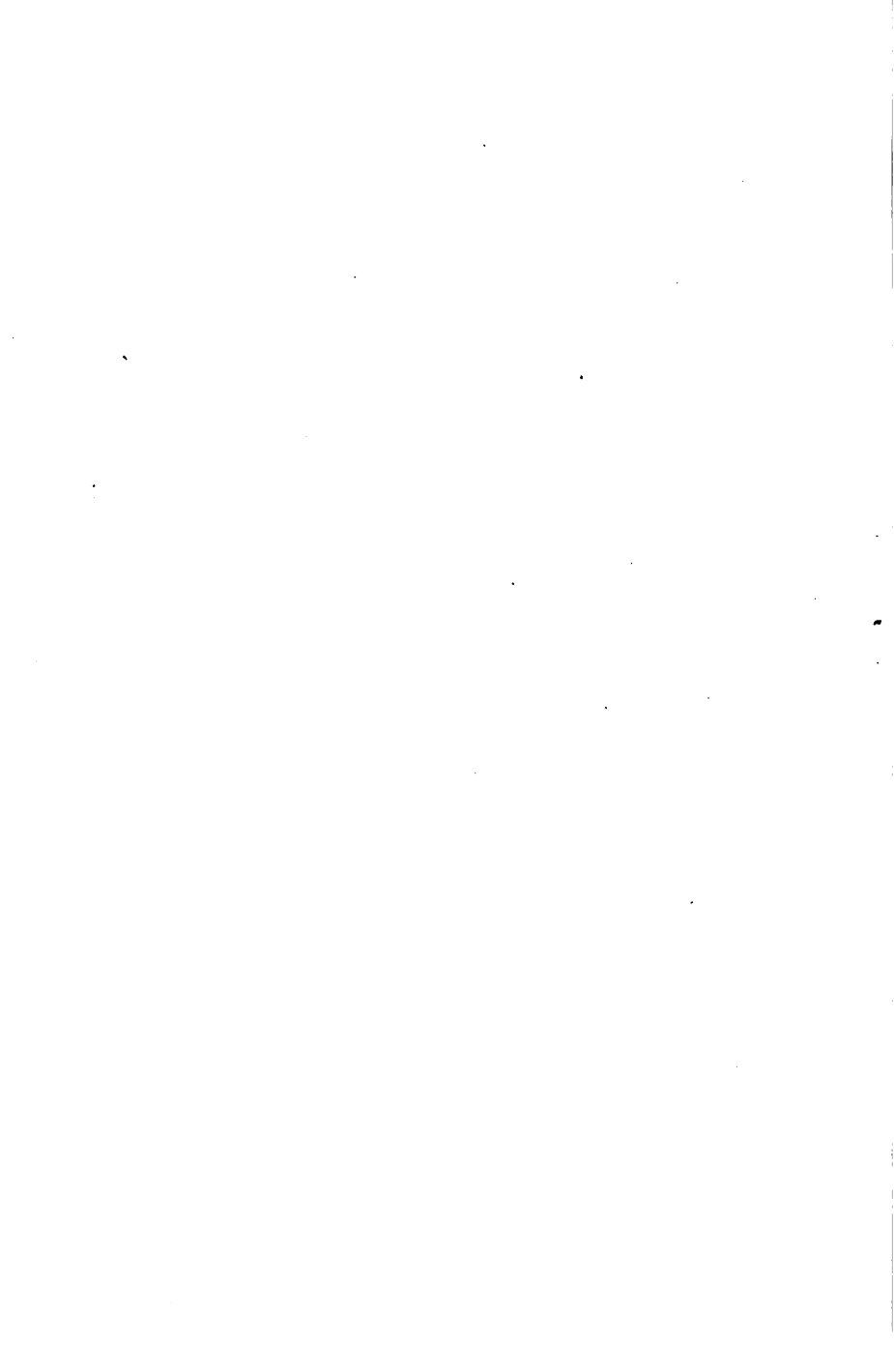


RECORDS  
OF  
SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING.

VOL. I.



RECORDS  
OF  
SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING  
IN MANY LANDS

BY  
*Wm.*  
SURGEON-GENERAL MUNRO, M.D., C.B.  
AUTHOR OF  
"REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY SERVICE WITH  
93<sup>d</sup> SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS,"  
ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1887.

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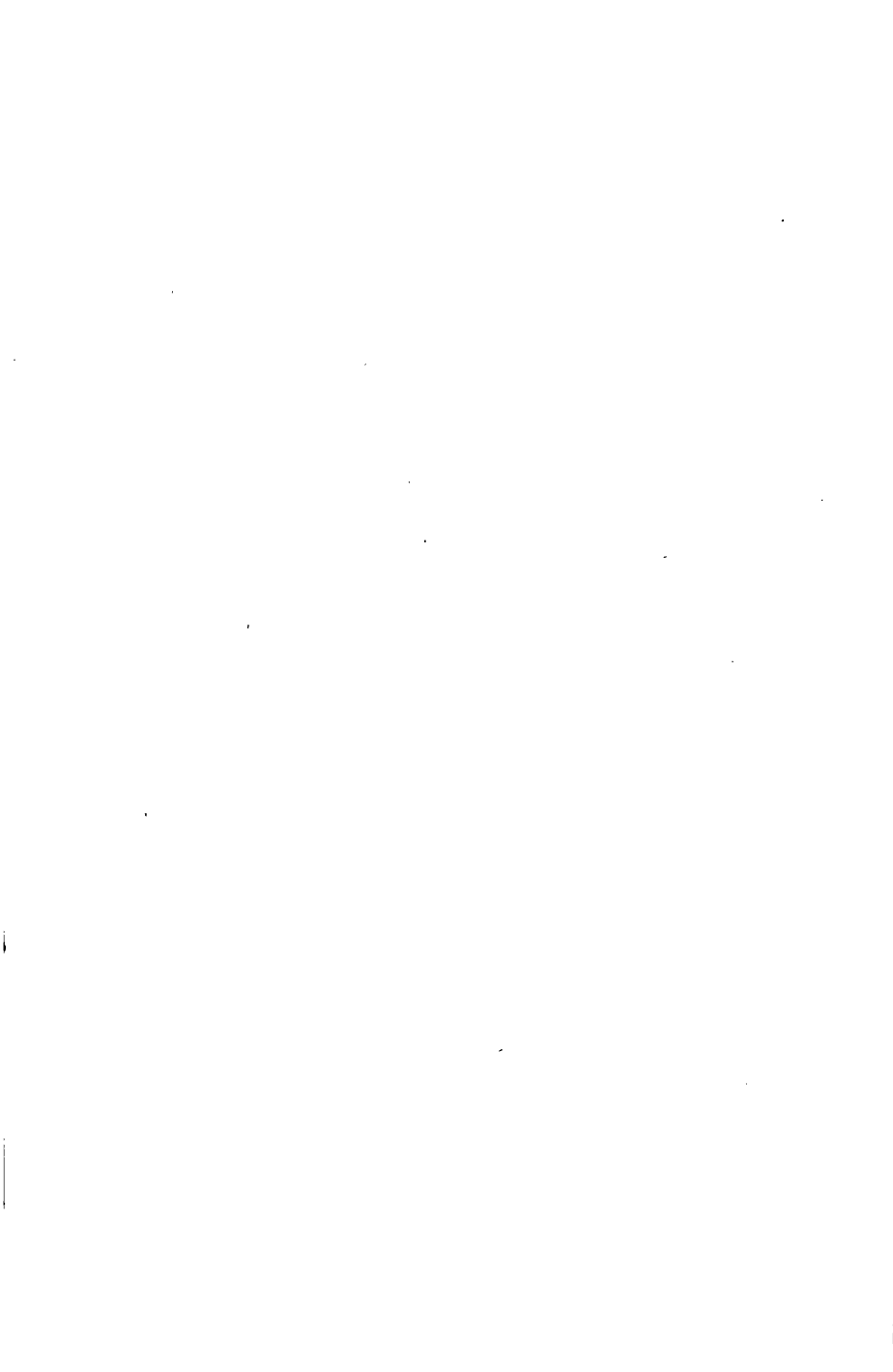
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TO  
H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE,  
MARCHIONESS OF LORNE,  
THESE  
'RECORDS OF SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING IN MANY LANDS'  
ARE BY PERMISSION DEDICATED  
BY  
ONE WHO HAD THE HONOUR TO SERVE IN BOTH BATTALIONS  
OF THE  
PRINCESS LOUISE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS,  
UNDER THEIR OLD WELL-KNOWN NUMBERS,  
XCI AND XCIII,  
AS  
ASSISTANT-SURGEON AND SURGEON  
IN PEACE AND WAR.

512729



## PREFACE.

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NOT many weeks have passed since I met a distinguished Military officer who was kind enough to say, that 'he had read with pleasure and interest my "Reminiscences of Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders;"' and remarked that he 'thought it unfortunate that old Regimental officers, who had retired from the Army, did not occupy their leisure in writing their reminiscences, as these might not only interest the public, and give pleasure to their old brother-officers, but might also influence for good the present generation, help to maintain Regimental *esprit-de-corps* and keep alive memories which otherwise must sink into

oblivion.' It was just for such reasons I wrote my first book ; and, encouraged by the success which attended that first effort, I have employed a portion of my leisure time, during the last eighteen months, in writing these Records. I have not allowed the work to be a labour ; on the contrary, it has been a pleasure to me to write, and I hope it may be a pleasure to my friends to read what I have written ; and that these Records may induce others to tell the 'story of their lives,' for there are many of my old Military friends whose lives have been as full, if not more full, of incident than mine.

My memory has been greatly assisted, and my notes substantiated, by conversations held with, and diaries lent me by, old brother-officers of both regiments in which I served ; the regimental records of which I have, to some extent, interwoven with each other and with my own.

I now tender my thanks to those from whom I have received such assistance.



My old brother-officer General Patterson (91st) has not only helped me verbally, but has been kind and patient enough to read over the *whole* of my manuscript, occasionally correcting me where I was not quite accurate; and Colonel Hollway (91st also) placed in my hands the records of the 91st.

I have to thank General Wiseman-Clarke (93rd) for the use of his diary; and General Burroughs, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Alexander, and Major Williams (93rd) for both verbal information and notes; and Lieutenant-Colonel Joyner for copious extracts from a diary kept by him during a long service in the 93rd dating as far back as 1845; also for having read a portion of my manuscript. I have also to thank Captain Burgoyne for the assistance I derived from the records of the 93rd compiled by him.

In writing of events of the Mutiny, in the year 1858, I have received very great and kind assistance from General Sir James Brind, G.C.B.,

and from Lieutenant-General Cafe, V.C., both of whom placed diaries, letters, and memoranda at my command. I have also to thank my old friend and brother-officer Colonel Nightingale, and the Officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, for allowing me to use the arms of the regiment on these Records. To each and all of whom here mentioned I offer my acknowledgments and grateful thanks.

WM. MUNRO,  
SURGEON-GENERAL.

64, WEST CROMWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.W.  
MAY 1887.

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

Ordered to London, 1844—Sir James McGregor, Bart—His Reception of Me—Examination by Board of Medical Officers—Ordered to Chatham—Fort Pitt—Dr. Andrew Smith (afterwards Sir Andrew)—Supernumeraries—Their Duties—The Army Medical Mess—The P. M. O. of former Days—Absence without Leave—Unpleasant Surprise—Consequences—Supernumeraries' Lodgings—Convivial Parties—Visit Chatham after Absence of many Years . . . . 1

## CHAPTER II.

Weary Waiting—Volunteers for Sierra Leone—Another Examination—Appointment to 91st Regiment—First Appearance in Uniform at Mess—My Reminiscences—Grateful Thanks to Reviewers and Public—Sail for Cape of Good Hope—Feelings on leaving Home—An Old Companion and Friend—Cape Town—Table Mountain—Sail for Algoa Bay—Landing in Surf—Port Elizabeth—The Old Commandant—Start for Grahams Town—The Cape Wagon—The Vorloeper—The Hottentot and his Vrow . . . . 17

## CHAPTER III.

Our Escort—My Travelling Companions—To Watch by Turns—The First Alarm—Affords Amusement to Hottentots—Outspan—The Second Alarm—Unearthly Noises—Treck at Midnight—Aspect of Country—Addo Bush—The Vorloeper—The Driver—His Sign of Office, a Long Whip—The Facility with which he Handles It—The Pleasure of Travel

—Grahamstown—Troops in Garrison—My Colonel and Surgeon—Colonel Somerset—Colonel Hare, Lieutenant-Governor—The Drostdie—Brother Officers—Medical Officers—Strength of Troops at Cape—Pay and Allowances at Cape—Ordered on Detachment . . . . . 32

#### CHAPTER IV.

Start for Fort Peddie—My Soldier Servant—Trumpeter's Drift—Fish River Bush—Arrive at Fort Peddie—Captain Wright of the 91st—Mr. Shepstone, now Sir Theophilus—Missionaries—Kaffirs and Fingoes—Their Language—Rites and Customs—Their Marriage Ceremony—Courts of Justice or Appeal—Religious Belief—Witchcraft—The Chiefs Pato and Umkai—Kraals . . . . . 48

#### CHAPTER V.

Cape Corps Relieved by 7th Dragoon Guards—Explore the surrounding Country with Wright—His Knowledge of Locality and Distance—Long Ride to Fish River Mouth—The Fish River and Bush—Absence of Game—Kaffir Hunt—The Tame Crane—Hyæna and Jackal—Poff Adder—Dr. Smith's Adventure—Kloofs—An Unpleasant Discovery—Shepstone's Life Threatened—Wright's Generous Act—Night Alarm—Murder—Shepstone Appointed to Natal—His Departure—Murder of Missionary—Sandilli and Macomo—Menacing Attitude of Kaffirs . . . . . 67

#### CHAPTER VI.

Recalled to Head-quarters—The Regiment ordered Home—The Relieving Regiment 45th, ordered to Monte Video—Colesberg Detachment—Deaths and Promotions—The great Nimrod Gordon Cumming—Visit to Beaufort—The Reserve Battalion—Boxing after Mess—Scotch Names—The Old Soldiers—Old and New Commanding Officers—The Drunken Auld Deevils—History of the 91st Regiment—A County Regiment—First Service at Cape—Then Numbered 98th Regiment—Hanover—Peninsula—Waterloo—Removal of Body of Great Napoleon from St. Helena . . . . . 83

## CHAPTER VII.

- A Reserve Battalion Formed—Ordered to the Cape in 1842—  
 Wrecked in Table Bay—Gallant Behaviour of Battalion—  
 Duke of Wellington's Remarks—The Expedition against  
 Boers—Service in Kaffirland—Self Ordered to Capetown—  
 Breaking out of Kaffir War—Troops Ordered to Frontier—  
 Sir P. Maitland—Self Detained in Capetown—Appeal to  
 Colonial Secretary—Ordered to Join Regiment—Malay  
 Regiment—Night Alarm—A Patrol under my Command—  
 Rescue of a Prisoner by Kaffirs . . . . . 107

## CHAPTER VIII.

- Kaffir Outbreak—War of the Axe—Forward movement of Troops  
 —The Reserve Battalion of the 91st under Major Campbell—  
 General Somerset—Hard Fighting—Burns Hill—Attack by  
 Kaffirs—Block Drift—Severe Fighting—Loss of Wagons—  
 Grenadiers 91st Regiment form Rear-guard—Cochrane,  
 91st, severely Wounded—Kaffirs pour into Colony—Attack  
 Outposts—Non-commissioned Officer mentioned in Despatches  
 with Officers—1st Battalion 91st Regiment to Peddie—  
 Fighting in Neighbourhood—Post Attacked—Trumpeter's  
 Pass—Loss of Wagons—Battle of Gwanga . . . . . 124

## CHAPTER IX.

- Escort Duty—Night Attack—First Sleep on the Bare Ground—  
 First Time under Fire—90th Light Infantry Regiment—  
 Another Escort—Night Attack—Offer to do Military Duty  
 —Refused with a Snub—Arrive at Peddie—Glad to Rejoin  
 my Regiment—Forward movement by Divisions—Sir P.  
 Maitland—Colonel Hare—Sir Andreas Stockentroom—In the  
 Amatolas—In Charge of a small Column—The Result of  
 Operations—Constant Night Attacks—Pursuit of Enemy—  
 Splendid Marching—Plains on Fire—Beyond the Kei River  
 —Kreli Paramount Chief . . . . . 140

## CHAPTER X.

- Solitary Confinement—Visit to my Friend—Sent on Detachment  
 —Head-quarters to Grahamstown—Fish River Posts—Soli-

tary Life—Never Idle—Constantly in the Saddle—Beautiful Scenery—The Great Fish River—Fish—Dutch Farmer—Four Generations—Beel Tongue—Ridiculous Alarm—Regimental Reunions—Sir Henry Pottinger—Sir George Berkeley—Waterloo Bay—The Admiral—The Sailors' Bunk—My Kaffir Hut—My Surgeon Exchanges—The Ocean—Swimming our Horses . . . . . 159

### CHAPTER XI.

Life at Waterloo Bay—Man Wounded and Another Killed—Very Remarkable Wound—Good Recovery—Description of Wound in *Chambers' Journal*—Letter from Man who was Wounded—Encloses his Photograph—Not Flattering Likeness—Now Seventy-eight Years of Age—The 45th Regiment Arrives—Kaffirs Tired of War—Sue for Peace—Sandilli Surrenders—Passes through our Camp—His Appearance—Sir Harry Smith—First Battalion 91st Regiment Ordered Home—Embark at Capetown—Ship not Seaworthy—Death on Board—St. Helena—Overboard—England Again . 177

### CHAPTER XII.

Physical Geography of the Cape—Climate—Fauna—Flora—Diseases, etc.—Mountain Ranges—Valleys—Kloofs—Plains—Seasons—Rains—Winds—Wild Animals—Dogs—Snakes—Rivers and Springs—Vleys—Trees—Shrubs—Plants—Fruit—Vegetables—Dress of Troops—Boers—Hottentot Levies—Arms of the Troops—The old Brown Bess—Dutch Boer—Diseases—Medical Arrangements for Field Service—Experience Gained at the Cape . . . . . 195

### CHAPTER XIII.

Invaliding—Composition of Battalion—Denationalizing—Retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay—Yarborough Promoted—Ordered to Reserve Battalion—Unpleasant Feeling between First and Reserve Battalions—Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence—His first Inspection of Battalion—Reproves the Doctor—Brigade Field-Days—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen—Battalion moved to Portsmouth—Regimental Pipers—

Ordered into the Ranks—Highland Dress and Pipers Restored—An Injudicious Letter—Generosity of the General—Cholera—Sir Galbraith Logan—I leave the 91st Regiment—Ordered to Nova Scotia . . . . . 215

## CHAPTER XIV.

The City of Cork—Sail for Halifax—Detachments 38th and 88th Regiments—Our Skipper—Banks of Newfoundland—Arrive in Halifax Harbour—History of Nova Scotia—Discovered by John Cabot—Acadia Occupied by French—Finally becomes an English Possession—Cape Breton—Port Louis—French Expedition—First English Colonists in Nova Scotia—The Town of Halifax—French Intrigues—Expulsion of Acadians—Evangeline—American Colonies—War of Independence—Nova Scotia Loyal—The Church—Nova Scotia First Colonial Bishopric—First Bishop—His History—The Late Bishop . . . . . 241

## CHAPTER XV.

Physical Aspect of Nova Scotia—Granite Rocks—Harbours—Scenery—Lakes—Rivers—Position of Halifax—Citadel—Wooden Houses—Fires—Climate—Fogs—Seasons—Indian Summer—Forests—Autumnal Tints—Winter—Skating—Sleighbing—First-Footing on New Year's Day—Thaws—Hospitality—The Sleigh Club—Sam Slick—Sport—Spring—May Flower—Longevity of the People . . . . . 266

## CHAPTER XVI.

Practice—Amusements—Riding and Boating—My Companions—Foaker, 38th Regiment—Fishing—Camping in the Forest—Insect Plagues—My little Yacht—Picnics—My Future Wife—Youth—Forest Fires—Gloomy Valley—Use of these Forest Fires—The Fleet—Lord Dundonald—Sir G. Seymour—Sir John Harvey—The Staff—Commanding Officers—My Father—Honours and Rewards—Titles—Medals—Illness and Death of Sir John Harvey—Colonel Bazalgette—Colonel Savage—Colonel Lockyer—Sir John Campbell . . . . . 286

## CHAPTER XVII.

Sent to New Brunswick—March to Windsor—Bay of Fundy—  
 St. John's—The River—Fredericton—42nd and 72nd High-  
 landers—Reserve Battalion 97th Regiment—Headley Vicars  
 —Colonel (now Sir Duncan) Cameron—Highland Brigade—  
 My Father Promoted and Ordered to West Indies—One of  
 the Crew of the *Shannon*—Sir Gaspard le Marchant—General  
 Gore—Unpleasantness—Ordered to attend General and  
 Family—The Letter D.—Again visit New Brunswick—  
 Volunteer to go to Bermuda—Get into Trouble—Sail for  
 Bermuda—Yellow Fever—Return to Halifax . . . 303

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Bermuda—The larger Islands—Coral Reefs—First Discovered—  
 Oldest Colony—Military and Naval Station—Convict Station,  
 but not Penal Settlement—The Productions of the Islands—  
 Climate—Pleasant Winter—Yellow Fever—Scenery—The  
 Cedar—Palmetto—Orange—Birds—Beasts—Fishes—Insects  
 —Ocean Life—Whaling—Whale—Beef—Caves—Coral Rings  
 —Boating—Population—Wrecking . . . 325

## CHAPTER XIX.

The 91st again—Reserve Battalion at the Cape—Battle of Boom-  
 plaats—Another Kaffir War—Reserve Battalion constantly En-  
 gaged—Gallant Behaviour—Old Friends Killed and Wound-  
 ed—Wreck of 'Birkenhead'—My friend Captain Wright  
 —Steady Behaviour of Troops—Many Drowned—Severe  
 Fighting in Amatola Mountains—Battalion ordered Home—  
 New distribution of Regiment—Depôt Companies at Alder-  
 shot—Visits of Her Majesty the Queen—Promoted—Ask for  
 Highland Regiment—Ordered Home—Gazetted to 93rd—  
 Ready to start for Turkey . . . 342



UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

RECORDS  
OF  
SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING.

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CHAPTER I.

Ordered to London, 1844—Sir James McGregor, Bart.—His Reception of Me—Examination by Board of Medical Officers—Ordered to Chatham—Fort Pitt—Dr. Andrew Smith (afterwards Sir Andrew)—Supernumeraries—Their Duties—The Army Medical Mess—The P. M. O. of former Days—Absence without Leave—Unpleasant Surprise—Consequences—Supernumeraries' Lodgings—Convivial Parties—Visit Chatham after Absence of many Years.

EARLY in June, 1844, I received orders to appear before the Army Medical Board in London, for the purpose of being examined as to my fitness to enter the Army as an assistant-surgeon. I was desired to bring with me all my college and medical certificates, my degree as Doctor of Medicine, and my diploma as surgeon, also a certificate of age, and a testimonial as to moral character from a clergyman.

Having reported my arrival at the Army Medical Department (then in St. James's Place, St. James's Street), I handed over my papers to the head-clerk, a gentleman *evidently* of consequence in the department, or at least in the office, and of brusque, if not offensive, manners. Having given up my papers to be scrutinised by this gentleman, I was ushered into the presence of Sir James McGregor, then Director-General of the department. Sir James was a man of lofty stature, commanding presence, and of such dignified and courteous manners that, young as I was, I could not help drawing a comparison between the man who really possessed authority and the official downstairs who assumed it.

Sir James was standing as I entered the room, but signed to me to approach him, and, as I did so, held out his *little* finger, and at the same time addressed me in a tone and with an accent somewhat approaching the familiar Scotch. He first inquired for my father, who was at that time high up in the department and on foreign service; and then asked 'from what part of Scotland I came.' Satisfied on these points, he further inquired where I had studied, and if I had both degree and diploma; and then remarked, 'If you pass your examination before the board of medical officers to-day, you will receive an order to proceed to Chatham, where you will do duty until a vacancy occurs in the department.'

But,' continued he, 'you will be very happy at Chatham, *if you behave yourself*, where Dr. Smith is Principal Medical Officer, and where there is an excellent mess, at which you will be required to dine.'

Facetious young fellows, having got through their interview with Sir James, and passed their examination, were in the habit of declaring that he (Sir James) always spoke of the mess as '*nutritious*' and not *excellent*. This may have been the case when the young men looked as if they required nourishing food, or as if they had not been accustomed to good living. The '*nutreetious*' mess (the word pronounced in caricature of the Scotch accentuation) was a constant source of jest and laughter, *after* fellows had passed their examinations, and got safely to Chatham and were outside of the mess.

Our interview was a short one, and, again offering his little finger, Sir James dismissed me. On respectfully taking the little finger, I observed that all the other fingers of the hand were much swollen and contracted, evidently the effect of gout; and thus the little finger was all that he had to offer by way of salutation.

From Sir James's room I passed into another, where were seated three gentlemen, viz., Dr. Theodore Gordon, Dr. Hall (afterwards Sir John), but the name of the third I have forgotten, probably because he

sat silent during my examination, and also most probably because I never met him again.

Dr. Gordon (Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals) was the Director-General's principal assistant, and, in the absence of the latter, had the control and management of the department. He was a tall, handsome, elderly man, but not very taking in manner, though I believe he was most thoroughly kind-hearted. Dr. Hall I shall speak of in future chapters, as I served under him during two campaigns. The third gentleman I shall not have to allude to again.

Having seated myself, by desire, I was handed a Latin book (Gregory's *Conspectus*), and told to open it at a certain page, and read the Latin first, and then the translation. Being a Scotchman, educated at a Scotch school and university, I pronounced the Latin with the broad Doric accent (the *ore rotundo*), which appeared to please Dr. Gordon. In the translation, however, I did not quite satisfy him, as he asked me 'if I had translated correctly.' I replied in the affirmative, but he disagreed with me. I read the passage over again, adhering to my translation, which I knew to be correct, and Dr. Gordon acknowledged that it *was* correct, though, it appeared to me, rather hesitatingly. It was not politic on my part to show too much confidence in my own rendering of the passage. Had I had a little more worldly wisdom, I would have allowed myself to be put right or

wrong, just as my examiner thought fit; but youth is conceited, and wanting in that essential to success, viz., *never to appear to know better than your superiors*. I did *not* profit by the lesson on that occasion, however, and suffered more than once in after years from letting those in authority feel that I thought I knew better than they did. I shall explain this by-and-by, however.

Dr. Hall conducted the professional part of the examination, and the third gentleman looked and nodded approval.

Another young fellow was examined on the same day, after me, who was rejected because he failed to translate the Latin passage correctly. After an interval of a month, however, he was examined again, and read his Latin translation easily. His failure on the first occasion was, I believe, owing altogether to nervousness; for he was an accomplished young fellow, and M.A. of one of our great universities, but he was of a peculiarly nervous and excitable temperament, and died eventually from over-anxiety and excitement.

I mention this merely to show that in those days a certain knowledge of the classics was required of all candidates for the medical service of the Army. Indeed, besides a good school and college education, the curriculum of professional study laid down by Sir James McGregor was more extensive and comprehen-

sive than that required by the different universities and schools of medicine and surgery.

His great anxiety from the day that he joined the Medical Board, and afterwards as Director-General, had always been to elevate the tone of the Army Medical Department by encouraging candidates with the greatest acquirements and accomplishments to present themselves, and he had in a great measure succeeded.

He insisted upon a knowledge of Latin in all cases ; preferred candidates who possessed degrees in arts and in medicine ; and advised the study of botany, natural history, geology, and mineralogy, subjects which I do not think are included in the requirements and examinations for the medical service of the present day.

After having passed my examination, I had another interview with the secretary or head clerk, who informed me that unless I gave a written promise to become an annual subscriber to the Medical Officers' Friendly Society, and obtained a certificate of proficiency in the art of cupping from a certain practitioner in London, I should *not* receive my order to proceed to Chatham. Of course I gave the written promise, and paid my two guineas to the professional cupper for his certificate, although I was already proficient in the art and had a certificate to that effect which had been presented with my other papers and

certificates; but either it was not looked at, or not considered sufficient. Why I had to go through this farce I do not know, but all candidates were obliged to pay their two guineas for *this* certificate.

Next day I had another interview with Sir James McGregor, the last I ever had with him as Director-General, and on the afternoon of the same day I proceeded to Chatham, which was then, though in a very humble degree, what Netley now is. It was a medical school and disciplinary establishment, contained a museum and library, and was the general hospital for invalids from all parts of the world, but especially from India. This school of instruction was in Fort Pitt, which, as its name implies, was and still is a fort situated on high ground overlooking the town of Chatham, and commanding (to some extent) the Medway and the approach to the dockyard. Several piles of buildings stand in the centre of the fort, which long ago were officers' quarters and barracks for troops. These latter, in the days of which I write, were used as hospital wards, offices, museum, and library. The old officers' quarters were still used as such, and one large room as the mess-room. A number of large casemated rooms, situated low down on the eastern side of the fort, were also used as hospital wards. This part of the fort was called the 'pit,' and it deserved the name, for it was low, damp, and cold, affording as unsuitable and comfortless accommoda-

tion for sick men and invalids from hot climates as it is possible to conceive. Altogether, Fort Pitt was a shabby establishment to represent the training school for medical officers, and a miserable institution to be considered one of the principal hospitals for the sick and invalided soldiers of the Army of Great Britain. But perhaps we did not know better in those days, or (what is more likely) were indifferent to, and not willing to spend money on, what was required for the medico-military wants of an army which served in every quarter of the world, but which during nearly forty years had become unaccustomed to active service, except that portion of it which happened to be in India. *There*, however (in India), the authorities knew something about war, how to keep up war-like establishments and material, and how to take care of their troops, both European and native, during peace and war alike.

Dr. Smith (afterwards Sir Andrew, and Sir James McGregor's successor as Director-General) was the Principal Medical Officer at Chatham, and under him, in connection with Fort Pitt, were Dr. Sillery and Mr. Ford, staff-surgeons of the first class, the former in charge of the surgical division and lunatic asylum, the latter, though not an M.D., in charge of the medical division. There was also Staff-Assistant-Surgeon Williamson, who had charge of the museum, and was besides the operating surgeon and the pathologist of



the school. These were the four officers by whom the candidates were to be initiated into the discipline and instructed in the routine of the professional duties of the service.

Dr. Smith was abrupt and rough in manner, with a certain constraint and reserve which rather appalled the young medical candidates. He was tall, and would have been handsome had he not been so gaunt and cadaverous-looking, the result of continued bad health. He had spent nearly all his service at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was allowed to devote his time entirely to the practical study of natural history, and thus to accumulate the vast store of information which enabled him to publish his great work on the zoology of Southern Africa. At the same time that he held the position of Principal Medical Officer at Chatham, he was employed in completing this great work.

Young doctors on arrival at Chatham, and until gazetted to regiments or to the staff, were styled '*supernumeraries*.' They did duty as officers, in so far as they attended the sick and kept the records of their cases, but were not allowed to sign requisitions for supplies or documents connected with expenditure. They received no pay, wore no uniform, were not supplied with quarters, but lived in lodgings, and were required to dine at mess; all expenses being defrayed by themselves as long as they were *supernumeraries*.

This was rather hard, especially when young gentlemen were kept doing the duties of commissioned officers, and under military discipline, from two to nine months.

There were seventeen  *supernumeraries*  at Chatham when I was there, all gentlemanly young fellows (if there were any that were not so, I have forgotten), and of those seventeen only four are alive now (Massy, Shelton, Thompson, and myself, all surgeon-generals). Of the others, some fell in battle, some died of disease on active service, and some passed away quietly in retirement. The four of us who survive have seen a great deal of foreign and active service, and, though now retired on account of  *age* , are still hale and hearty.

Of the seventeen  *supernumeraries*  who were at Chatham in 1844, some were kept there four, some five, some six, some seven, and two nine months waiting for commissions. I myself had to wait five months. It was a weary business, waiting so long, and, between the cost of lodgings and mess bills, it was expensive; but the time so spent was not thrown away; it was useful to us not only as a period of probation, but as an initiation into the discipline and duties of the service, on which points Dr. Smith was very strict.

On arrival, being an M.D., I was attached to the medical division, and put in charge of a large ward

containing thirty invalids, men from all quarters of the world, and suffering from different climatic diseases which I had no knowledge of except from books; but I was supposed to *have* a practical knowledge of them, and further, to understand the special duties of an army medical officer before I had received any instruction.

Mr. Ford (who was in charge of the division) evidently acted on such a supposition, for he gave me no assistance, and if I manifested any doubt in recognising the disease, or any uncertainty as to how to record the symptoms and treatment of a case in the hospital books, he got very irritable, spoke angrily, and once forgot himself so far as to swear at me before the patients. This I resented quickly and angrily, and he never took such a liberty again, but was ever after, during my stay at Chatham, polite and even friendly.

But in those days it was by no means unusual to meet principal medical officers who were brusque in manner, and often overbearing and harsh to their juniors; in fact, as soon as a medical officer reached the position of P. M. O. (as it was and still is styled), he appeared to think that the duties of the august position he had attained to were to keep down expenditure, and to snub and repress, rather than to advise and assist, young officers serving under him. I do not affirm that *all* thought and acted thus, but

many did, and I have no doubt that there are some old officers still living who can support me in what I state.

After the Crimean war, a new generation of P. M. O.'s arose, and bullying and harsh and unnecessary surveillance over matters of secondary importance disappeared from the department.

The *supernumeraries* at Chatham were obliged to be very careful, and to submit meekly to a *little* bullying; for an unfavourable report from an immediate senior, transmitted through the Principal Medical Officer, might put off the date of a commission, or entail service in the West Indies, or some other undesirable station. I remember many examples of this, but will only mention two which happened during my period of probation at Chatham.

Two of the young fellows, the seniors of the *supernumeraries*, weary of long confinement in Chatham, made up their minds to have a little change of scene, and so started one afternoon (without leave) on a visit to Gravesend. They seated themselves comfortably on the top of the coach (a lumbering old vehicle which ran between Chatham and Gravesend, for there was no railway in those days), and, with the determination of enjoying their stolen freedom, told stories to each other, and to their fellow-passengers, which created great mirth and laughter, chucked pennies to, and applauded with much clapping of

hands, the little gipsy boys who ran alongside the coach, and turned wonderful summersaults, and called for beer at every roadside public-house, which was handed up to them in shining pewter pots, and which they drank and shared with their companions. This was repeated so often that at last they got *very* noisy and excited, drank to each other and to their fellow-passengers, and finally, inspired by their potations, exhilarated by the pure atmosphere of the vicinity of Gravesend, and probably emboldened by distance from Chatham, and by a feeling that they were away from the influence of discipline, and beyond the sphere of the Argus eyes that kept watch over them in Fort Pitt, they, in a merry mood, drank to the health of the P. M. O. in a pint of *bitter*.

On arrival at Gravesend, and on descending from their elevated position where they had enjoyed themselves so much, one can imagine what their astonishment—nay, horror—must have been to see the P. M. O., whose health they had just been merrily drinking, step out from the inside of the coach. He had been a passenger the whole way, and of course had seen a good deal, and heard all that had been going on; but, on emerging from the coach, he took no notice of his truant subalterns, and went on his way, leaving our young friends in a painful state of uncertainty, but still in hopes that he had not recognised them. Vain hope, for next day came the

reckoning, and the two culprits, looking very sorry for themselves, were ordered to attend at the P. M. O.'s office, where they received a stern reprimand.

This little bit of stolen pleasure and noisy fun cost them *two months* longer service as  *supernumeraries*, during which time they had the mortification of seeing several of their juniors commissioned before them, and of finding themselves, at the end of nine months' residence at Chatham, gazetted, one to a black regiment in the West Indies, and the other to a regiment stationed in Hong Kong, at that time very unhealthy, and not considered a desirable place to serve in. Both passed over to the great majority long ago, the one after a troubled career, which ended unfortunately; the other after an uneventful service in a light cavalry regiment, into which he had been allowed to exchange from the black corps.

At the foot of the hill on which Fort Pitt stands there was—still is—a row of humble houses, in which aspirants to the Army Medical Department found lodgings. This went by the name of  *Supernumerary Row*. Whether or not that was the proper name, I do not remember, but I never heard it called by any other. The house I myself found shelter in was not in this celebrated row, but stood by itself at the corner of a field, and at the head of the road leading down to Chatham, and was the best and quietest lodging in the place. The expense of our lodgings

was not great, and the landladies made little else by us, for we lived at the '*nutreentious*' mess within the fort. *There*, however, we did not dare to give free scope to our youthful and convivial inclinations, so were obliged to have our merry meetings in each other's lodgings, where we spent our evenings with music, instrumental and vocal, choosing the most exciting tunes, and selecting songs with choruses, in which more than a dozen voices joined to their full extent of power, making up in noise any deficiency in melody.

One of our party (poor Dakers, long since dead) performed on the piano; Shelton (still living) played the flute and cornet alternately; and Todd (also dead) the violin; so that, with these instruments and the human voice, we often made a tremendous uproar, which, fortunately, could not be heard at Fort Pitt, and there being no other lodgers than ourselves in the row—indeed, no outsider would live there—there was nobody to complain of our proceedings. We were very temperate at our convivial parties, the only liquor allowed being hot gin-and-water, made by the master of the revels in a large punch-bowl, and ladelled out by him into wine-glasses to the guests. Each man brought his own long clay-pipe and tobacco, and the cloud of smoke from a dozen pipes filled the room almost to suffocation.

After an absence of nearly thirty years, I visited Chatham again, as a Deputy Inspector General, to see if the Principal Medical Officer's quarters would suit me, and accommodate my family (my friend, Sir Galbraith Logan, then Director-General, having given me my choice of Chatham, Plymouth, or Manchester), but found the house too small. Of course on that occasion I went to take a look at *Supernumerary* Row, and found it just as I had left it; but the house in which I had lodged myself was gone, the spot on which it had stood and the neighbouring field being occupied by the railway.

As I walked slowly along, looking at the old familiar houses, I met an old woman, with whom I entered into conversation. She remembered the days of the *supernumeraries*, and, on my telling her that I had been one of them nearly thirty years ago, she brightened up, and remarked,

'Ah, those were pleasant days, when the young gentlemen used to keep us all *alive* and *awake* with their evening parties. We miss their noise and fun, sir, and we miss the money that they spent among us.'

I was glad to meet anybody that had a kind remembrance of the *supernumerary*.



## CHAPTER II.

715<sup>+</sup>  
 Weary Waiting—Volunteers for Sierra Leone—Another Examination—Appointment to 91st Regiment—First Appearance in Uniform at Mess—My Reminiscences—Grateful Thanks to Reviewers and Public—Sail for Cape of Good Hope—Feelings on leaving Home—An Old Companion and Friend—Cape Town—Table Mountain—Sail for Algoa Bay—Landing in Surf—Port Elizabeth—The Old Commandant—Start for Grahams Town—The Cape Wagon—The Vorloeper—The Hottentot and his Vrow.

I HAD been two months at Chatham before any of the *supernumeraries* were given commissions. At the end of those two months, however, four were gazetted to regiments; two, Anderson and Mackie (the latter a great friend of mine, with whom I had studied in Dublin), to the 9th Regiment, then serving in India; and Johnston and Thompson to West India regiments, both being volunteers for service on the west coast of Africa. In those days, as at present, only volunteers were sent to Sierra Leone, or other African dependancies, and often service in Africa was sought for and accepted as the only way of getting into the general service; for, once gazetted to a black regiment, it only required a little interest,

or a little money, to obtain a transfer, or to effect an exchange into the regular service. Such was the case, if I remember rightly, with my friends Johnston and Thompson. They went to the West Indies, and joined their black regiments, but never served on the 'West Coast,' as Sierra Leone and other stations were spoken of, and were either transferred or exchanged to Regiments of the Line serving in India.

During three months after the departure of those four, no appointments were made; but at the end of that time it was suddenly intimated to all of us who were still waiting hopefully—not very patiently though—that we were to be ready for our examination in natural history, and from this we conjectured that the period of probation was nearly over, and that we should shortly be gazetted.

As I have already stated, Sir James McGregor required a certain knowledge of this branch of learning of all candidates, and to ascertain the extent of their knowledge they were examined in the subject by Dr. Smith at Chatham, assisted by two other medical officers—by a board, in fact. Failure to pass this examination was supposed—was known indeed,—to be noted in one's *sheet*, or record of service, and to influence the Director-General in appointments to regiments or stations. I never knew if my companions worked up the subject, but I myself read very hard during the five months that I was waiting in ex-

pectation of the examination, so hard that I became interested in it, and have continued to be so ever since.

Well, we were all examined, and passed, but whether with 'honours' or not I never heard, or even whether Dr. Smith reported favourably or not of all of us. In my own case Dr. Smith began, as it seemed to me, cautiously at first; but, seeing that I answered his questions quickly and accurately, he went deeper into the subject, examined me in the minute anatomy of snakes and fishes, and appeared surprised and pleased that I knew so much. At the end of my examination, which was a long one, he expressed his satisfaction, and told me that he would make a very favourable report of me and of my examination to the Director-General. I must here confess that I knew nothing practically of natural history, and especially of the anatomy of reptiles and fishes, but, as I have said, I read hard on the whole subject, and, having a very retentive memory, was able to remember what I had read, and to answer well and quickly. I can remember to this day some of the questions put to me by Dr. Smith, especially about the anatomy of poisonous snakes, which happened to have been the very subject that he was writing on at the time. The success of my examination, I believe, had some influence on my destination, as we shall see by-and-by.

About a fortnight after the date of these examina-

tions (*viz.*, towards the end of November), eleven of us received intimations from our *tailors* in London that we should shortly appear in the gazette specifying regiments and destinations. My *artist* informed me that I should be appointed to the 91st Argyllshire Regiment, then stationed in South Africa. This then was the result of my successful examination: I was to go to Dr. Smith's pet station, most probably for the purpose of sending him home specimens, and this proved to be the case. I was very well contented, for the 91st was my own county regiment—at least, I had spent my boyhood in Argyllshire—and the Cape was a healthy station, and as it was kept in a state of chronic disturbance by the Kaffirs, I thought that I might have an opportunity of seeing some service there, and which happened in due time.

On the 6th of December, 1844, the whole eleven of us appeared in the same gazette. Massy to the 31st, in India; Stack to the 84th, in India (afterwards killed in action during the Mutiny); Todd to the 86th, in India; Irwin to the 72nd, in the West Indies (whither the good fellow went, and died, very shortly after arrival, of yellow fever); Munro to the 91st, in South Africa; Viret to the 98th, in Hong Kong; MacAndrew to the 96th, in India; O'Brien and Dakers to the Ceylon Rifles; Woodman to the 3rd West India Regiment; and Huish to a regiment in Australia, but I forget the number of the corps. I write entirely from

memory, and may possibly be wrong in regiments and stations, but think not.

There was no little excitement and animated conversation in Fort Pitt next day; the majority pleased with their regiments and destinations, the minority not satisfied with either, but accepting their fate quietly and making the best of it good-humouredly. And then the first night we all appeared at mess in our red jackets;—there was a smile of pleasure on every man's face, and perhaps a little assumption of military bearing, a source of amusement to the one or two old officers present, and perhaps of a feeling a little akin to jealousy on the part of the remaining  *supernumeraries* ; while to us, who were at last commissioned officers, it was a relief to have got beyond  *that*  primary stage of development. On duty it was a great satisfaction to be treated by non-commissioned officers, orderlies, and patients with more respect than formerly, and out of doors to receive and return the salute of sentries and of passing soldiers; and to all of us it was intensely pleasant to feel that we were now fairly launched into independent life, with a career before us in which we all hoped for success.

At first I was under the impression that my regiment was a Highland one, that is, wore the Highland dress, and was a little disappointed when the tailor made his appearance with the uniform of an ordinary line regiment. I had always set my mind on belong-

ing to a Highland corps, and in after years had my desire fulfilled, as my '*Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Highlanders,*' published two years ago, will explain to those who have done me the honour to read that book,—my first attempt, or at least my first appearance before the public, as an author, who now begs to express his grateful thanks for the kind reception which his book met with from reviewers, the public, and his own personal friends—a reception which has encouraged him to try again, and to publish these his '*Recollections and Experiences as an Army Medical Officer,*' extending over a service of thirty-seven years.

I remained at Chatham, after my appointment to the 91st, two months; and early in February, 1845, received orders to join my regiment, having been granted a certain sum (forty pounds, I think it was) to arrange for my passage in any way I pleased. Accordingly I took my passage in the *Mary Ann*, an East Indiaman, an old teak ship, with rather an interesting history attached to her, as she had been built in the Mauritius by order of the Emperor Napoleon. How she passed under the British flag, I never heard, or, if I heard, have forgotten. She was a small ship, only six hundred tons burden, and was the property of the captain (a Mr. Darke), and of the doctor (Mr. McLaren), both of whom I have only met once since I sailed with them forty years ago.

Several days before I left Chatham, I was invited to breakfast by Dr. Smith, an honour which had not been vouchsafed to any other of the young fellows, so the invitation was looked upon by them and by myself as a special mark of favour. It may have been intended as such, but, as I found, there was another object besides this. However, I was received in a very kindly manner, introduced to Mrs. Smith, and given a good Scotch breakfast, after which Dr. Smith carried me off to his study, and gave me some good advice for the guidance of my future conduct in the service, which may be summed up in very few words, and to the following effect, viz., ‘Never to neglect my duty, but to perform it with all my might, and as if there was no limit to it,’—advice which I never forgot,—‘to respect and be obedient to my departmental seniors—never to quarrel with my commanding and brother officers—never to be ashamed of wearing uniform,’ and lastly, ‘never to get into debt.’

All this good and kindly advice I followed faithfully, or tried to follow, throughout my whole career.

Having said all this in a very fatherly way, there was a short pause, as if to give me time to arrange it all on the tablets of my memory, and then he continued,

‘You are going to a part of the world in which I am much interested, and in which I think you will

be interested also, for it is a wide field for the study of natural history, which you appear to have paid some attention to, if I may judge from your examination. You know, probably, that I am writing on the zoology of Southern Africa, but at present I am in want of some specimens of "poisonous snakes," especially the poff-adder, and shall be much obliged if you will try to send me some.'

Here then was an explanation of my having been appointed to a regiment at the Cape, and of my having been asked to breakfast—I was supposed to be a naturalist, and was expected to supply Dr. Smith with specimens to help him in his writings. Well, I promised to do so, and kept my promise, though not to the full extent of Dr. Smith's requirements, or of my own inclinations, but circumstances over which I had no control prevented me, as will be seen in a future chapter.

Early in the month of February, 1845, I embarked at Gravesend on board the good ship *Mary Ann*, at ten o'clock, p.m. It was a bitterly cold night, and a dense fog hung over the river, so dense that it was with difficulty I found my ship, which was lying at anchor out in the middle of the stream. On getting on board, I soon found my cabin and bed, for everything on deck was '*wringing wet*,' and below, where there was no fire, the cold was intense.

None of my own relations were able to see me off,



but one friend (an old college chum) accompanied me on board, gave me a last shake of the hand, and wished me God's speed. With this friend I have been in constant communication ever since, and, no matter where our lot has been cast, we have corresponded regularly—of late years we have often met. It is rare indeed to find the friendship of boyhood and youth last without a check through early manhood, middle life, unto old age, blossoming as fresh as ever, and with undiminished affection and regard even in the sunset of life; but still more rare to find the same friendship and affection existing in a second generation amongst the children of two old friends.

Such is the case, however, with my former boy-friend and class-fellow (Dr. Magrath of Teignmouth) and myself, and with our children. A friendship of forty-five years, kept up without interruption,—although the distance of half the globe often lay between us for years at a time, and although we were employed in different spheres of action, the one in the quiet of civil life, the other in the changing and often stormy scenes of a military career—has been transmitted to our children, is certain to last throughout their lives (for they are now connected by marriage), and is therefore likely to be handed down to even a third and fourth generation.

That first night on board ship was not a very

comfortable, nor a very happy one—not comfortable, owing to the intense cold and the terrible river fog, which found its way into the ship, even into my very cabin ; not happy, because the excitement of preparation was over, and I was actually on board the ship that was to carry me away from home ; and also because, being quite alone, I began to think of the future, to reflect that here I was separated from all my friends, launched into independent life, in which I should have to earn my own bread, act on my own responsibilities amidst difficulties and temptations ; and, in the career of an army surgeon, exposed to probable dangers of which I had no experience, and without a friend to lean on or seek advice from. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that, in the tumult of such thoughts, I was astonished, perplexed, bewildered, and unable to sleep for hours. Though a man, I was only a very young one, just twenty-one, and this was the first time in my life that I had ever known what it was to be quite alone.

Next morning we were towed down the river as far as the Nore, where we anchored for the night. Next day, with an east wind, we commenced our voyage, and ran down Channel and out into the Atlantic with a fair wind, which carried us as far as the Bay of Biscay. There we encountered a south-westerly gale, which the good ship rode out gallantly. This was the only occasion on which I

have seen the *dreaded bay* really angry, and since then I have crossed it a dozen times.

Our voyage was an uneventful one. We called nowhere, and on the fifty-ninth day came to anchor in Table Bay, and landed the same afternoon.

Early next morning I reported my arrival to the Principal Medical Officer (Dr. Kinnis), who received me very kindly, and at once sent in my name to the Adjutant-General, with a view to my being ordered a passage by steamer, which was to sail in three days for Algoa Bay, from whence I should proceed by land to Grahamstown, where my regiment was then stationed. I spent the three days in Capetown very pleasantly. I was surprised at the extent of the town, and its solid and regular construction, and at the little old Dutch fort called the 'Castle'; and delighted with the grand mountain scenery which lies behind, and almost overhangs, the town, consisting of two lofty and almost distinct ridges—the Lion's Rump and Table Mountain. The broad, flat summit of the latter was at the time veiled in a dense sheet of snow-white vapour, which rested not only along the whole length of the flat surface, but hung down over the rocky, perpendicular face of the mountain to a certain depth, where, meeting with a warm stratum of air, it was suddenly dissolved, just as if it had been cut off in a straight line.

Locally, this cloud of vapour is spoken of as the table-cloth. It covers Table Mountain only when the wind blows from the south-east. In moderate weather it appears to rest on, and hang over, the mountain quietly, peacefully, but in a strong breeze or regular south-easter, it sweeps over the summit at a tremendous pace, rolling down with great velocity, until it reaches the warm air, when it is suddenly dissipated. On the present occasion I had not time to ascend either the Lion's Rump or Table Mountain, but on a future visit succeeded in climbing to the top of both.

I had time, however, for a ride to Wynberg and Rondebosch, to visit the extensive vineyards in these localities, especially Constantia, where the celebrated wine of that name is made.

On the afternoon of the third day, I went on board the little coasting steamer, which sailed the same evening for Algoa Bay. We had a quick run of three days and nights; but never in all my voyages (seventeen up to the present day) have I seen such a rough, tumbling sea as we had in rounding Cape Aiguillas. Fortunately the wind was fair, for, had it not been so, I doubt if our little vessel could have made headway, or even lived in such a tremendous tumult of waters.

Having anchored in Algoa Bay (almost an open roadstead), we were landed in large surf-boats; and,

on these touching the ground, we (ladies and gentlemen) were lifted out, and carried in the arms of naked Kaffirs through the breakers to land.

Fort Elizabeth, situated close down on the shore of the bay, was then a small trading village, but has since grown into a large and populous town of considerable commercial importance. At that time the settlement consisted of about twenty houses, built close to the sea, and in the immediate vicinity of a small fort. The inhabitants were partly English and partly Dutch. The latter, I think, preponderated, but had intermarried with the English, or rather the English had taken to themselves Dutch wives; and so both languages were spoken by the members of the little community.

On landing, I reported myself to the commandant, a tall, powerful, grey-headed old *lieutenant*—a Scotchman, who, though he had been upwards of forty years in South Africa, still retained the broad Scotch accent, the only part of his nationality that he had not forgotten—at least, so gossip said. He lived alone, but had a large following of Hottentot servants, male and female, about his home.

He told me that, when he first assumed command at Port Elizabeth, wild beasts—lions, leopards, and elephants—came close to the little settlement, undeterred by man's presence; but that for many years they had not approached the town, though still to be

found in the dense forests in the neighbourhood, and especially in a dense and extensive forest which I should have to pass through on my way to Grahamstown.

On the afternoon of the second day after landing, a large covered wagon on four wheels, drawn by twelve pair of oxen, drew up at the door of the little inn to receive myself and baggage. It was an immense machine, capable of containing four times the amount of baggage in my possession. However, I stowed away my little property, and made a fairly comfortable shakedown for myself on the top of all. A gentleman and his wife, who had been fellow-passengers with me on board the *Mary Ann*, travelled with me, but in another wagon. They, like myself, were new arrivals, so we agreed to keep together, and be helpful to each other.

A little before sunset we made a start: Grahamstown our destination: the distance one hundred miles, which would take us five or six days to accomplish. We had no servants, and therefore were at the mercy of our Hottentot escort, which consisted of two men, two boys, and two women; the men to drive, the boys to lead the oxen in difficult places, hence called 'vorloepers' (pronounced forloupers), and the women to gather fuel, cook, and make themselves useful to their husbands (or masters), and to us also, at the rate of a rixdollar (1s. 6d.) a day.

The Hottentot is short of stature, but well formed

and wiry, of a yellowish-brown colour, with a small round head, covered over with black curly wool; small eyes set far apart, flat nose, and thick lips, the upper fringed with a scraggy woolly moustache. He is better looking than the negro, has a less pronounced facial angle, and possesses far more intelligence and self-reliance; but he is an ugly specimen of mankind, and of all the races of Southern Africa the smallest and the ugliest, except the Bushman, who certainly is much shorter, uglier, and less intelligent. The Hottentot woman is not beautiful, but her physical development is remarkable, which to be appreciated must be seen.

As the wagon drove up to the inn and my escort stood before me, I cannot *now* describe what my astonishment was *then*. They were the first Hottentots I had seen, and were (as I afterwards found) perfect specimens. The man stood about five feet six inches, was very slight, and possessed all the typical characteristics of the race; he was dressed in a tight-fitting suit of leather, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, ornamented with black ostrich feathers, on his head. The woman was shorter, very stout—in fact, *embonpoint all round*; she was scantily and loosely clad, and with a bright coloured cotton handkerchief on her head as covering and ornament, while the boy, a diminutive skeleton, was entirely naked. These were to be my escort for the next week.

## CHAPTER III.

Our Escort—My Travelling Companions—To Watch by Turns—The First Alarm—Affords Amusement to Hottentots—Outspan—The Second Alarm—Unearthly Noises—Treck at Midnight—Aspect of Country—Addo Bush—The Vorloeper—The Driver—His Sign of Office, a Long Whip—The Facility with which he Handles It—The Pleasure of Travel—Grahamstown—Troops in Garrison—My Colonel and Surgeon—Colonel Somerset—Colonel Hare, Lieutenant-Governor—The Drostdie—Brother Officers—Medical Officers—Strength of Troops at Cape—Pay and Allowances at Cape—Ordered on Detachment.

THE inspection of our escort was not very reassuring to my travelling companion and self, and was really a cause of uneasiness to his wife, so we gentlemen agreed to keep watch turn-about during the night. Not altogether that we were afraid of our Hottentots, but thought it prudent to show them that we knew how and meant to take care of ourselves; and besides, having read (and heard even since arrival) that savage beasts were numerous at the Cape, and not unfrequently made sudden and unexpected attacks on the unwary at night, we thought it not impossible that some monster prowling about in search of prey might pay *us* a visit.



The first watch fell to me, so, unpacking my gun and loading with ball, I seated myself on the wagon box, with eye and ear on the alert, ready for any foe (man or beast) that might appear.

Before our arrangements for the night were completed, the sun had disappeared below the horizon, and we were moving slowly along in a dim uncertain light, in which objects around us appeared at one moment to be magnified, at another to assume fantastic shapes, to which the light air that was stirring, or the swaying of the heavy wagon in which I was seated, imparted a tremulous motion that caused me to strain my eyes to ascertain if they were living creatures.

But soon the deep-blue vault above was lit up with innumerable stars and brilliant constellations, which cast a steadier light along the broad straight track on which we travelled, enabling us to recognise more distinctly all objects near us, and even to see to some distance over the broad open spaces in the forest, and down the long narrow vistas that stretched away into the dense mimosa bush on either side of the road.

As I sat on my wagon box, thinking and listening, no sound to be heard but the loud breathing of the labouring oxen, and the heavy tread of their hoofs on the hard sandy soil, a sudden shout from my vor-loeper, which conveyed to my ears the word,

'baboon,' startled me into watchfulness. I was on my feet at once, slung the gun round into my left hand, placed my right thumb on the hammer, and looked straight to the front, ready to do battle with the monster which I expected to see approaching with great bounds and leaps right into the midst of us. My Hottentot and his wife, who were walking along beside the wagon, looked up at me a little surprised, and said something amusing, or encouraging, or depreciative, but *which* I could not tell, and then burst out into a roar of laughter, in which I joined, as they handed me an immense pumpkin, which the vorloeper had picked up on the road, and had run back with; at the same time repeating, as I thought, the word baboon.

Afterwards I learned that 'papoon' (so like and so easily mistaken for baboon) meant only a pumpkin. I was perhaps less watchful after this, feeling a little shy over my unnecessary alarm, but there was another soon to follow.

About ten o'clock, p.m., we outspanned—that is, halted, unyoked the oxen, and turned them loose to graze and rest. The Hottentots quickly lighted fires, one for themselves and one for me, both close to each other, for I did not feel much inclined to sit away by myself during the remainder of my watch. In a very few minutes men, women, and boys lay down upon the ground, huddled close to each other, with their

feet turned towards the fire, and were soon sound asleep.

I remained awake for some time, but ere long, soothed by the warmth given out by the glowing embers, began to nod, but suddenly was startled into wakefulness by the most unearthly howling and discordant barking, seemingly all round me, both different in degree and sound, but every now and then so blended as to form a terribly inharmonious chorus. Springing to my feet, I kicked the sleeping Hottentots into life; but, to my astonishment, they simply raised themselves on their elbows, listened for a moment, and then, with a grumble, laid themselves down again. I stood ready for defence, however, while this awful chorus went on around me, at one moment sounding close by loud and furious, deep bass and piercing treble blending and rising to horrible intensity, and then dying away slowly and mournfully, as if at a distance. This was repeated over and over again, until, seeing that my escort slept on, and that no enemy appeared, I got accustomed to, or at least less alarmed at it, and sat down again, listening in wonder to sounds such as I had never heard before, or even imagined. At midnight my watch ended, so I gladly stirred up my companion to take his turn, giving him the benefit of my experience, assuring him, as I handed him the gun, that, though I had been startled by strange sights

and alarmed by unearthly sounds, no living monster had appeared. This was my first experience of the howl of the hyena (or wolf, as it is called at the Cape), and the bark and whine of the jackal, sounds which, heard for the first time at the dead hour of night by a man sitting alone in the bush, are enough to make his nerves tingle. I became familiar enough with them in after years both in Africa and India.

Soon after midnight we 'trecked' (moved on again), outspanned (halted, and unyoked the oxen) about ten o'clock in the morning, to let the animals graze and rest, and to refresh ourselves, inspanned (yoked the oxen) again shortly after noon, and crept slowly on until sunset, when we outspanned; trecked again after midnight, and travelled until the morning. Such was our programme every day until we arrived at Grahamstown; travelling always during the cool hours of the twenty-four, and halting during the greatest heat of the day, so as to ease the oxen as much as possible, and save them from the persecution of myriads of flies.

We passed through extensive tracts of open country dotted over with Dutch farm-houses which were surrounded by patches of cleared land; crossed several rivers (or rather through river-beds, for only shallow streams, at the time, trickled slowly amongst great boulders), at fords, or 'drifts' as they are called at the Cape; and through part of the Addo Bush, an

extensive forest in which great trees with umbrageous foliage grew out of a thick undergrowth of thorny mimosa bush. It was a dense, dark, gloomy forest, a fit abode for the elephant and buffalo, and in the deep recesses of which the old commandant at Port Elizabeth told us these animals were still to be found.

It was interesting to observe how docile and tractable the oxen were, submitting quietly to be inspanned, never wandering far from the wagon when outspanned, travelling willingly, and without the guidance of the vorloeper as long as the country was open and the track clearly visible, and only requiring his guidance where the road was not distinctly marked, in broken, irregular ground, or in crossing drifts. The vorloeper, little more than a child, walked in front, holding a 'rheim' (or rope of twisted raw hide), which was attached to the horns of the two leading oxen, encouraging them to follow by voice, or desiring them to halt both by voice and by throwing handfulls of dust into their eyes. The driver walked beside the wagon, with his sign of office carried over his shoulder. This sign of office was a bamboo cane from eighteen to twenty-five feet long, to which was attached a thong of raw hide, about the same length as the bamboo. Whirling this thong in the air, high above his head, he could lash it out to its full length, and produce a crack loud as a pistol shot, or bring

it down with unerring aim on any part of a lazy or offending ox with a force that cut through the hide.

Our Hottentots, though apparently so unprepossessing and unpromising at first, were civil and attentive, and willingly made themselves useful to us; and, considering that we could only communicate with them by signs, as they spoke only Dutch, and knew not a word of English, it was wonderful how quickly they appeared to understand our wants and wishes. In after years, I was often alone with Hottentots, both as wagon-drivers and as soldiers, and I grew to like—at least, not to dislike them, and gradually picked up enough of their Dutch patois to be able to speak to them, though not to converse freely.

I have never forgotten that week of travel at the Cape. The climate was so pleasant, the sunshine so bright, the air so pure and bracing that I was able to walk during the whole day, and to employ myself in examining the strange trees, plants, and flowers; in observing the astonishing amount of insect life that buzzed about, or crawled beneath me; and in watching the gay-plumaged birds that saluted us with strange, unmelodious cries. Everything was new to me, and different to life animate and inanimate, that I had hitherto seen; and I myself was so young and strong, and free from care, that my enjoyment of life and health was intense.

On arriving at Grahamstown, I at once reported

myself to the commanding officer, and to the surgeon of my regiment, by both of whom I was most kindly received, and especially by the latter, of whom I shall have to speak more than once in these my recollections.

Grahamstown was at that time a small place, with a population, including the military, of probably two thousand. It lies in a valley encircled by low hills, and watered by little streams (the head-waters of the Cowie river). Why it was selected as the site of the principal frontier town I do not know. The presence of water (always a difficulty at the Cape) may have influenced the selection, and probably also the fact of this well-watered little valley being on the most direct line of road between Port Elizabeth and our outposts on the Fish river, which was then our frontier boundary on the east, near the sea.

I found the garrison to consist of the head-quarters of the 27th Regiment (the old Enniskillens), under the command of Colonel Johnstone; of the head-quarters of the 91st Regiment (my own regiment), under the command of Colonel Lindsay; and the head-quarters of the Cape Corps, under the command of Colonel Somerset (irreverently, but, perhaps, also with a certain amount of respectful admiration, styled, in Cape phraseology, 'Old Jack Somerset'), and afterwards Commander-in-Chief at Bombay. There was also a company of Sappers,

under the command of Captain Walpole, R.E., to which Lieutenant Jervois (now Sir William, Governor of New Zealand) was attached.

The 27th Regiment occupied the Drostdie Barracks—drostdie, a Dutch word, meaning, I believe, council-house, or residence of chief magistrate. The 91st Regiment occupied the old thatch-roofed barracks at Fort England—a height above, and to the east of the town, where probably there had been a fort, but of which, however, there was no appearance at the time of which I write. The Cape Corps, then consisting entirely of Hottentots (or 'Totties'), with European officers and non-commissioned officers, occupied a new range of barracks situated to the left of the Drostdie, on the right-rear of which stood the new hospital for European corps, in which each regiment occupied a separate portion of the building, with its own regimental establishment; and to the left-front of the Drostdie stood a new range of officers' quarters.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Frontier was Colonel Hare, C.B., a veteran who had fought at Waterloo, and as a subaltern (or captain, I forget which) had assumed command of the 27th Regiment after the battle, all senior to him having been either killed or wounded. The Lieutenant-Governor was styled 'his honour.' His aide-de-camp was Captain Hare, of the 27th Regiment, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting very lately.



Grahamstown was then in the form of an irregular square, probably so built with a view to defence. There was one broad main street from either side of which branched off at right angles several smaller streets. At the head of the main street stood the Drostdie, and about the middle stood the church, on either side of which were the principal shops or stores. On the outskirts of the town were some substantial private dwelling-houses, and several cottages, some occupied by civilians, others the property of Government, and used as officers' quarters. The town and suburbs were commanded by the height on which the Fort England barracks stood, and by the high ground behind the Drostdie.

Such was Grahamstown forty years ago, but now I believe it is a large and populous town, and of considerable commercial importance.

Within a few days after arrival, I was settled in quarters which consisted of one room (in the old Drostdie house), that being the extent of accommodation allowed to a medical officer ranking as lieutenant; and the surgeon, Mr. Hadaway, commenced to initiate me into the routine of regimental duty. This I found in many respects different from the routine of duty which I had been taught at Fort Pitt, and much more agreeable, inasmuch as I had only one master, who treated me as an equal, instead of several, who had no interest in me and did *not* con-

sider me an equal. Besides, I was able to get through the regimental work much quicker, even though it included all the professional duties of the hospital, the care of women and children, and attendance at parades. The surgeon retained only a general supervision, for, being the senior medical officer, he had various staff duties and correspondence to attend to—in fact, to act as Principal Medical Officer on the frontier. This did not necessarily exempt him from regimental duty, nor give him additional allowances, except forage for a second charger. There was no option in the matter, however, for being senior in the service he was obliged to accept the responsibilities of the position, and the *kudos*, if there was any.

At the same time I was making the acquaintance of my brother-officers. The few that were present at head-quarters (the majority being with detachments at several outposts) gave me a most kind reception, making me feel at once that I was a member of the regiment, and one of themselves; and my good old friend, Captain Dalrymple (the paymaster) took me under his wing, and was most fatherly and helpful to me then and ever after. He passed over to the *great majority* years ago, but his kindness to me when I was young and in need of advice and help still dwells in my memory. He died, or rather was killed, in Piræus (Greece) in 1855; but I will refer to this in another chapter.

The military force in South Africa in 1845 was small. It was composed of Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, the head-quarters of both being at Cape-town, with detachments at Fort Beaufort, a military post on the Kat river, and on the north-western frontier, near the territories of the Kaffir chiefs Sandilli and Macomo, and at Colesberg, on the Orange river; of the 7th Dragoon Guards, the 27th Regiment, two battalions of the 91st Regiment (first and reserve), and of the Cape Corps. The head-quarters of the 7th Dragoon Guards were at Fort Beaufort, and a detachment at Colesberg. The head-quarters of the 27th Regiment were at Grahamstown, whilst its detachments were at Capetown, in the Fish river outposts, and at Natal. The head-quarters of my own regiment (first battalion of the 91st) were at Grahamstown, and the detachments at Fort Peddie, beyond the Fish river and really in Kaffir territory, and a large detachment of three companies at Colesberg. The reserve battalion of the 91st Regiment was at Fort Beaufort. The head-quarters of the Cape Corps was at Grahamstown, but had detachments everywhere except at Natal. In 1845, therefore, the total strength of the force in South Africa did not exceed three thousand two hundred men.

The little force at Colesberg, on the Orange river, consisting of Royal Artillery, cavalry, and infantry, had been sent thither in protection of the Griquas

against the Boers; but of this expedition I shall speak in a future chapter.

The head-quarters of my own regiment consisted of only three weak companies, numbering about two hundred men, with nine officers, including the regimental staff, and, as only four of the officers were bachelors, the colonel had closed the mess. The small number of officers may have been the colonel's reason for this proceeding, but, whatever was the reason (and there appeared to me to be some doubt on the subject), it was not a judicious step; put us unmarried officers to much inconvenience, was contrary to the Queen's regulations—a *sacred* text-book in those days,—and made him (the colonel) unpopular at the time, and ever after, I think.

But while our mess remained closed, until the return of the detachment from Colesberg, we as honorary members found a hospitable home and friendly reception from the 27th Regiment, whose mess fortunately was open.

The medical officers in the command were First-class Staff-Surgeon Dr. Kennis, P. M. O., and Second-class Staff-Surgeon Dr. Forrest, at Cape Town; Surgeon Hadaway, of the 91st, Surgeon Eddie, Cape Corps, Second-class Staff-Surgeon Dr. Minto, Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Delmege, of the 27th, and myself, at Grahamstown; Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Irwin, of the 27th, at Fort Peddie; Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Walsh,

of the Royal Artillery, and Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Barclay, Reserve Battalion of the 91st, at Fort Beaufort; Assistant-Surgeon Power, 7th Dragoon Guards, and Assistant-Staff-Surgeon Gibb at Colesberg; Assistant-Surgeon Allen, Cape Corps, and Staff-Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Fraser somewhere on the frontier, and Staff-Assistant-Surgeons Fraser and McGregor at Natal, making a total of sixteen medical officers. I give their names, how they were employed, and where stationed entirely from memory, and have been thus particular in naming regiments and stating strength and disposition of the troops and of medical officers to show what were our available means of aggression or defence in the event of war with the Kaffir tribes.

Dr. Stewart, Surgeon of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and Dr. Mostyn, Surgeon of the 27th Regiment, were at home on leave. The latter was an old and distinguished officer, having been at Waterloo as Assistant-Surgeon of the 27th Regiment. In 1845, therefore, he had been at least twenty-seven years in the service, and was still a regimental surgeon. This no doubt would be considered slow promotion by medical officers of the present day; but I can assure them that I have met officers in the service who had been *twenty-five* years assistant-surgeons, ranking during all these long years as *lieutenants*, and receiving, during the greater part of that quarter-of-a-century,

pay at the rate of seven shillings and sixpence per diem; and yet they were not broken-hearted, but waiting hopefully, though perhaps a little impatiently, for promotion.

In 1844, when I entered the service, assistant-surgeons were considered very fortunate if they obtained promotion to the rank of surgeon after fifteen years. In 1850 the time was reduced to between thirteen and fourteen years, just before the Crimea to eleven, ten, and nine years, and during that war some few were promoted after eight, seven, six, and five years, and this rapid promotion continued until after the Mutiny in India, when it gradually returned to nine, ten, and eleven years.

Forty years ago South Africa was not by any means a remunerative station to serve in, as there were no colonial allowances except one or two very small ones. Every officer was allowed forage for one *Bat* horse, to carry his luggage when on field-service. It was a permanent allowance, however, and not given only during a period of war. He also received some two or three pounds sterling a quarter. This was called '*Barrel bulk allowance*,' and was given in lieu of the *Regent's* allowance. In the case of regimental officers this allowance was credited to the mess, while staff-officers drew and benefited personally by it. All medical officers were allowed forage for *two* horses, a charger and a bat, also one shilling

per day saddle allowance. I had, therefore, to buy two horses, and to supply myself with saddlery, etc. ; but there was no difficulty in procuring either, and on very moderate terms. A good riding-horse for a light weight could be bought in those days for the sum of twenty-two pounds, ten shillings, and excellent ponies for one-third of that sum. My horse, nearly fifteen hands high and young, I bought from Hadaway for twenty-two pounds, ten shillings. People ill-naturedly said that he always had a horse to sell to a young doctor. Well, he sold me a very good one, which I had much pleasure in riding, and which I did not lose any money by. My pony I got from Dalrymple the paymaster for seven pounds, ten shillings. He was under fourteen hands, young, a perfect beauty, and swift as the wind. I kept him until we were ordered home, and then sold him for more than I had paid. My saddlery I bought from John Douglas, a countryman, a good, honest fellow, but upon whom the climate of the Cape had the peculiar effect of making him thirsty oftener than was good for him.

Having spent two months at head-quarters, receiving instruction from the surgeon in regimental routine, and having mounted myself and got all necessary equipment, I received orders to proceed to Fort Peddie, to take medical charge of that station, and of another called Trumpeter's Drift.

## CHAPTER IV.

Start for Fort Peddie—My Soldier Servant—Trumpeter's Drift—  
 Fish River Bush—Arrive at Fort Peddie—Captain Wright of  
 the 91st—Mr. Shepstone, now Sir Theophilus—Missionaries  
 —Kaffirs and Fingoes—Their Language—Rites and Cus-  
 toms—Their Marriage Ceremony—Courts of Justice or  
 Appeal—Religious Belief—Witchcraft—The Chiefs Pato and  
 Umkai—Kraals.

AT the end of June, 1845, I started for Fort Peddie, where there was a detachment of the 91st Regiment under Captain Wright. Having packed my belongings in a waggon, I started at early morning, riding one horse, my servant the other. This servant was an old soldier, a sturdy Scot, who rejoiced in the not very euphonious name of Scaur, commonly pronounced 'Scurr' in the regiment. He was an old St. Helena man, consequently fond of his liquor, and not very particular at whose expense he drank it, as I discovered to my surprise and cost, so that we did not remain long in the relative positions of master and man, but parted before many weeks under the following circumstances—to wit, on detachment it was necessary to keep a private stock of liquor for



one's own use and the use of friends; consequently I took with me to Fort Peddie what I thought would be a sufficient quantity of both brandy and wine to last some time. I was not a brandy-drinker myself at *that time*, nor have I ever been, yet my stock diminished rapidly, and I never suspected how or why, until one day, on inspecting my cellar, I found a bottle half-full of a curious, opaque-coloured mixture, which on tasting I found was brandy well-watered; somebody, therefore, had replaced the quantity of good liquor he had consumed with a larger quantity of water, but *dirty water*. I did not set the trap usually recommended in the Army for theft of this kind, but determined to be on the watch, not doubting for a moment that the thief had been one of my servants, for at the time I had two.

My quarters consisted of two rooms, which communicated by a door. My servant always came to 'redd-up' the sitting-room early in the morning, long before I was out of bed, and, while so employed, invariably shut the door of communication. One morning, however, he forgot to shut the door, or perhaps he may have thought that I was still asleep, and that it was unnecessary to take the usual precaution. But I was *awake*, and, hearing a clinking of bottles or glasses, I got quietly out of bed, and stood suddenly in the doorway, when, standing in the middle of the room, with his back

turned towards me, I saw my man 'Scurr' with the bottle of watered brandy at his mouth, and heard the contents gurgling down his throat. On turning round, and seeing me, he merely smiled, put the empty bottle in the cupboard, and walked out, most probably with the consciousness that there and then our connection terminated. I failed to get him punished, for in the Army it is not a punishable crime for a servant to drink his master's liquor on his master's premises. The master should not leave it in the servant's way. If the servant took it away and drank it on his own premises, *that* would be theft (*disgraceful conduct*), for which he might be punished. I got rid of 'Scurr' at once, and found another servant, who, though he was not a teetotalter, was honest enough not to drink at his master's expense.

Fort Peddie stands on the north side of the great Fish river, between it and the Keiskama, and is distant from Grahamstown about forty miles by road or track. This track runs across the Grahams-town flats towards a chain of low hills, from thence down through the dense Fish river bush to Trumpeter's *Drift* (or ford), where there is a small fortified barrack close to the river ; from whence it ascends due east, for about eight or nine miles, through a narrow and difficult pass, broken by numerous rents and hollows, choked up with great boulders, and

closely shut in by dense bush, or scrub, of prickly mimosa, euphorbia, spek boom, aloe, etc., and then opens on the level table-land, on which Fort Peddie is situated, about nine miles off in a westerly direction.

Forty miles is two days' good travelling with a wagon, so that I should have to halt one night at Trumpeter's Drift—just half-way. It was slow work crawling along beside a wagon; but, as there were several well-marked tracks running through the otherwise impenetrable bush close to each other, but possibly not all leading to Trumpeter's Drift, I was afraid to leave the wagon, lest I might take the wrong track, or one that might lead me far out the way.

At Trumpeter's Drift, I found the Honourable F. Pakenham, of the 27th Regiment, in command, by whom I was kindly entertained for the night, and who, on the following morning, sent me on my way under an escort of two Cape Corps Hottentots, smart, active, well-armed, and well-mounted little soldiers. As long as we were in the pass, we could travel only at a walk, but, on arriving on the level plateau, we were able to make play, and, after a couple of hours' canter, reached Fort Peddie soon after noon.

I at once reported my arrival to Captain Wright, who, as I thought at the moment, received me with distant politeness. I felt this a good deal; for I

was a much younger man than he, and was ready and anxious to be led, and even instructed by him.

But, after I came to know Wright well, and to understand him better, I found that his manner was the same to all strangers, and, if I may now venture to speak of one who was so greatly superior to his fellows, I should say that there was a shyness, or rather modesty, in Wright's nature which gave those who met him for the first time an impression that his manner was cold and distant. For some time after my arrival, there was a certain amount of constraint in our intercourse. It might have been his fault, or it might have been mine—perhaps mine more than his, for I was a touchy Scotchman—at all events, it was my misfortune. But Wright was not easy of access, and did not give his confidence and friendship until he knew to whom he was giving them; but, when satisfied on this point, he gave both freely and unreservedly, and they were worth having.

After a time, we were constantly together, then messed together, and at last became intimate friends. When I knew him sufficiently well, I asked him 'why he had kept me at arm's length so long,' and to my question he laughingly replied,

'Well, you must understand that we have had one or two *queer* Scotch doctors in the regiment, and, seeing from your name that *you* were Scotch, I

thought it better to wait and see what sort of a fellow you were before we should be acquainted.'

We had a good laugh over this explanation.

But that was the first time I was made to understand that medical officers were sometimes unpopular in their regiments, and with their brother-officers, and the first and only time in my career that I personally was made to feel uncomfortable in either of the regiments in which I served.

The garrison of Fort Peddie consisted of one company of the 91st Regiment and a company of the Cape Corps, under Captain Cannon, also of two or three artillerymen, a sergeant of the barrack department, and a commissariat issuer, with their families. The civil community was composed of Mr. Shepstone and family, a missionary and family, and one or two 'winklers,' or storekeepers. Mr. Shepstone (now Sir Theophilus of Zulu celebrity) was at that time political agent with the Kaffir tribes of Pato and Umkai, and with the Fingoes, a tribe or race of Kaffir consanguinity, like them in appearance, customs, and manners, and speaking the same language; but had been *eaten up* (conquered and despoiled) and held in slavery by the Kaffirs for years, until freed by Sir Benjamin D'Urban at the conclusion of the war of 1835 as one of the conditions of peace, and located in the immediate vicinity of Fort Peddie, 'ceded' territory as it was called, and of which Pato and

Umkai, chiefs of branches of the great Gaika tribe, had been dispossessed for the purpose. Mr. Shepstone not only had political control over Kaffirs and Fingoes, but was also the elected chief of the latter.

The missionary (whose name I have forgotten), with his family, lived close to the station in a very comfortable house situated in the midst of the Fingo kraals, and was employed in translating the Scriptures into the Kaffir language, and in endeavouring, not very successfully, to instruct the Fingo children in morality and religion. About seven miles from Peddie, on the Beka river, dwelt another missionary with his family, also employed in translating the Scriptures, and in endeavouring to instruct the Kaffir tribes of Pato and Umkai, with even less success than his *confrère*.

This constituted the whole community of Peddie, civil and military, amounting altogether to about two hundred and fifty persons. Wright was in military command, and I in medical charge, my first independent charge.

The great Fish river and the Keiskama run parallel to each other for a considerable distance in an easterly direction, and empty their waters on the east coast into the Indian Ocean. The former was at one time the boundary of the colony on the north-east, but, after the war of 1834-5, territory lying between the Fish and Keiskama rivers and in the neighbour-

hood of the Kat and Koonap rivers (tributaries of the Fish river) was declared neutral, the Kaffirs to retire from it altogether, and we to establish military posts on the south side of it at Forts Peddie, Beaufort, Cox, &c. ; the first, midway between the Fish and Keiskama rivers, to keep in check the chiefs Pato and Umkai, who had been allowed to re-occupy a portion of the ceded territory, and to protect the Fingoes; and Forts Beaufort and Cox, on the Kat river, to overawe Sandilli and Macomo, two powerful chiefs of the great Gaika tribe, of which Sandilli was the paramount chief.

Ascending from the valley of the Fish river by the Trumpeter's Pass, and emerging from its belt of thick and almost impenetrable mimosa forest, one comes out upon an irregular table-land intersected by thickly-wooded narrow valleys, through which flow shallow streams, and between which stretch open grassy plains. On a rounded bluff, approached on the east by a steep ascent covered with thick low brushwood, and lying between two of these valleys, stand the fort and station of Peddie, overlooking an extensive undulating plain which stretches eastward to the sea; and through one of these valleys flows a little stream, widening every here and there in its course into deep pools, and, sweeping round the eastern slope of the bluff, takes a winding course northward and empties its waters into the Beka river. Around this stream

as far as the southern bank of the Beka, the Fingoes were located, and the country between the Beka and Keiskama was occupied by Pato's tribe, and beyond that to the west and along the Keiskama dwelt the tribe of Umkai.

When the site of Fort Peddie was selected by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, earthworks in the form of a star fort were thrown up on the eastern extremity of the bluff overlooking and commanding the plains and ravines in that direction, and a masonry tower erected about three hundred yards west of the fort to command the country and ravines to the west of the post, under the direction of Colonel Peddie of the 72nd Highlanders. Hence the name Fort Peddie. But, at the time of which I write, this fort was not used, and the tower contained government stores.

Two defensible stone barracks had been built, one on either side of the bluff (north and south), where it sloped into the valleys, the barrack on the north slope for cavalry, and the other for infantry. Between these barracks, on a considerable space of level ground, stood a row of 'wattle and daub' cottages, used as officers' quarters, and opposite these a long line of houses, similarly constructed, in which was the hospital, and quarters for the medical officer and the staff non-commissioned officers.

The open space between the cottages and this line of houses was the parade-ground. Mr. Shepstone's



house and office were situated on the eastern slope of the bluff just below the star fort and above the thick low brushwood which I have already alluded to, and now mention particularly, because I shall have again to speak of it either in this chapter or the next. To the north-east of the station were the Fingo kraals, and beyond these, stretching from the sea along the Keiskama away to the west, towards the Kat river, the country was dotted over with the kraals of the tribes of Pato and Umkai. To the west and north-west of the station was a long strip of open undulating table-land, bare of trees and brushwood, and bordered on the south by deep-wooded kloofs and by the edge of the impenetrable Fish river bush; and on the north by the more open forest ground which fringed the southern bank of the Keiskama. Along this open ground ran the road or track to the nearest drift (ford) over the Keiskama into Kaffir land proper.

My professional duties at Fort Peddie were not onerous, as far as the troops were concerned, so that I had ample time to make the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Shepstone and family, and of the other members of the civil community, to explore the surrounding country, collect specimens in ornithology, visit the Kaffir chiefs in their kraals, and learn something of the manners, customs, and mode of life of these savage people, amongst whom ere long I was heartily welcomed, for more than once I per-

formed surgical operations amongst them which had proved beyond the power, skill, and incantations of their own doctors.

These operations were always performed in the open air in the presence of the chief and his councillors,\* who, wrapped in their karosses or blankets, sat on the ground around me, and only broke silence when I had completed the operation by exclaiming, 'Wah wah! How can *he* do such things, he's but a child!'

The Kaffirst† are physically a fine race, well-formed about the chest and limbs, which latter are very muscular, and they have small hands and feet. They have the woolly hair of the negro, but a better cranial development, better eyes and features, thinner lips, and a much less prominent facial angle. They are not, as a rule, black, but dark copper-coloured, some very dark, and others of lighter shades. Like all dark races, they have good teeth, but I saw many of them who suffered from decayed teeth, especially the molars, and some few who were bald, this latter an unusual defect amongst savage or other tribes who wear no covering on the head. Albinos are occasionally seen amongst them, and I saw a very re-

\* Amapakati.

† I do not enter into the history of the Kaffir race generally, but write only my own recollections of them, and of their doings while I was at the Cape.

markable one—a chief's son. He was quite white, with the pink eyes, but endeavoured to conceal his colour under a thick coating of red clay and dirt.

The women were often very good-looking, even pretty in youth, but after marriage they soon lose their good looks and comeliness, owing chiefly to the effects of hard labour, for, after passing into the possession of a husband, they are treated almost as beasts of burden.

I remember one woman, the principal, or Tambookie, wife of the chief Umkai, who, even in middle-age, retained her good looks and comeliness of person. She was tall and slight, very dark-coloured, but with handsome, aquiline features, on which were stamped a gentle and intellectual expression. Her bearing, gestures, voice, and manner all bore evidence of refinement, and I often heard Mr. Shepstone speak of her as the noblest Kaffir woman he had ever seen.

The Kaffir language is soft and beautiful, but has three extraordinary clicks which may be considered as letters. They are always introduced in the middle of words, and, so far from interfering with the softness and beauty of the language, rather improve it. At the time of which I write, the Kaffirs had not submitted to any of the rules or practices of civilisation. The men went about *in puris naturalibus*,\* with a

\* The description of the Kaffirs, and of their manners, customs, etc., applies equally to the Fingoes.

kaross or blanket thrown round the shoulders and falling gracefully to the knees, and were never seen beyond their kraals without a bundle of assegais and a knob-keerie in the hand. The women wore a leather fichu, ornamented with beads, drawn tight over the chest, and a leather petticoat hanging from the waist to midway between the knee and ankle. Some other portions of both male and female dress and ornament I do not attempt to describe. They have several rites and customs which might lead one to suppose that they have some affinity to the Arab, or at least are descended from a race more enlightened than themselves. I allude to the rites of circumcision and marriage. At the age of fourteen or fifteen lads undergo *the* operation, are then painted white, and driven from the kraal into the bush, there to subsist as best they can until recovered. They then return to the kraal, where a great feast and war-dance are held in which they take a chief part, and after this are considered men and warriors.

I have often met these white boys in the bush, and always in a state of emaciation from starvation.

The marriage ceremony is an imposing affair, and is conducted as follows: The man having agreed as to the price of the woman (always paid in cattle), the tribe, or that portion of it occupying the kraal to which the man belongs, are assembled by the chief, or by the headman of the kraal, into whose presence

the bridegroom is conducted by a number of his companions, all covered over with red clay, and walking slowly and silently in single file (the slow step and silence intended to impress upon the man the serious step he is about to take, and the responsibility to assume), until, having approached near to the chief, they range themselves in a line before him, and stand with head bent down and in silence. Then from the opposite side of the kraal comes the bride, surrounded by her maidens, all painted with red clay and dressed in scanty costume, who press close round her as they move along, so as to conceal her from public gaze, until she too stands in the presence of the chief, and beside her future lord and master. As they stand thus, the chief gives them both advice as to their future relative positions, duties, etc., and at the conclusion of his address hands the bride an assegai, which she takes in her right hand, and, walking up to the cattle kraal of the bridegroom, hurls it into it with all her strength. Having done this, the marriage is complete, and the man takes possession of his wife—his slave, a hewer of wood, a bringer of water, a tiller of the soil, a beast of burden, even while she is the mother of his children. I have witnessed several of these marriage ceremonies, and have also been present at courts of justice or appeal, and was much surprised at the order and solemnity of the proceedings, both amongst

Kaffirs and Fingoes. With the former the chief presided, and with the latter Mr. Shepstone, in virtue of his position as chief.

These courts are held in the open air. The chief sits down on the ground, with his councillors grouped round or behind him (chief and councillors generally robed in leopard-skin karosses, the dress of royalty, power, and authority). The audience sit also, and, with the chief and his party, form a circle, within which are plaintiff and defendant, with their counsel and witnesses.

At a sign from the chief, the counsel for the plaintiff, standing up, states his case; then the counsel for the defendant replies, and then follows examination of the witnesses, and finally judgment is pronounced by the chief, with or without the advice of his councillors.

The whole proceedings, as I stood outside the circle, and observed and listened, appeared to me to be conducted with formality and solemnity. Counsel in both cases spoke with dignity and eloquence, and the judge listened attentively. In the case of the Fingoes, the same ceremonial was followed, except that Mr. Shepstone, as chief and judge, remained standing during the whole proceedings.

The Kaffirs have, or rather at that time had, no religious belief. If any impression has been made upon them during the last forty years, I do not

know. They practise, and have, or pretend to have, faith in witchcraft, more especially when there is some practical end to be gained by it, as, for instance: if a man has become rich in cattle, and therefore too powerful, he is often accused of practising witchcraft, the accusation instigated or connived at by the chief. He is tried, and condemned, as a matter of course, and his property confiscated; half of it going to the chief, and the other half shared amongst his accusers.

They have amongst them 'Rain doctors,' clever, unscrupulous rascals, who are generally, if not always, the mediums through whom persons are accused of and prosecuted for practising witchcraft.

Having made the acquaintance of the chiefs Pato and Umkai, and visited their kraals, they paid me return visits; but came so often, and always asked boldly for brandy or tobacco, if I failed to offer them, that at last I got weary of them, and tried to discourage their visits, partly because of their importunate demands, and partly because I was unable to converse with them, except through an interpreter, who was not always to be found. Pato was rather under the ordinary height, very black, and, though his features were good, the expression of his face was that of a cunning, ferocious savage—as he was. Umkai, on the other hand, was tall and portly, very light-coloured, and had a pleasant,

honest face. Each generally came to see me with several male attendants, and two or three wives; and all these squatted in one's room for half-an-hour did not improve the condition of the atmosphere, and necessitated a free circulation of air through the room for some time after they had taken their leave.

Kraals, consisting of groups of huts clustered close together, and of one or more enclosures for cattle, were always to be found situated in a sheltered valley, or on the side of a hill sloping down into a valley, in the neighbourhood of water, and surrounded by patches of cultivated land. The huts were constructed of wattles planted firmly in the ground in the form of a circle, bent over at the top, and tied together. On this frame-work was laid a thick layer of thatch, bound down firmly by grass-ropes. The only aperture was a very low doorway, at which one had to enter on hands and knees. There were no means of ingress for light and air, or of egress for smoke, etc., except this low doorway; so that, between darkness, exhalations from the lungs and bodies of half-a-dozen or more unwashed inmates, and the pungent wood smoke, it was impossible for anybody but a Kaffir to remain many minutes inside one of these huts. I made the attempt once, but had quickly to crawl out again into the fresh, open air.



But Kaffirs seldom or never invite a European or any stranger to enter their huts; indeed, they themselves, their wives, and children, spend their lives in the open air, only seeking the shelter of the hut at night, or in cold or wet weather. The huts are always circular. The cattle enclosures are also circular, and protected by a thick belt of thorns. Indeed, a Kaffir in those days had no idea of any geometrical figure other than the circle. Their wealth consists in flocks and herds, to tend which and to make war are the only occupations of the men, while the women perform outdoor labour and all domestic drudgery.

Under ordinary circumstances, forty years ago, the food of the Kaffirs consisted of Indian corn, millet-seed, pumpkins, and milk. They seldom killed their cattle for food, but, when they could get flesh, ate it voraciously and half-raw, and did not leave a morsel of the animal, not even of the intestines. They did not drink fresh milk, but converted it into curd, of which they consumed immense quantities.

They are inveterate lovers of tobacco, and all, both men and women, smoke and take snuff. To make the latter pungent they mix it with the powdered root of the aloe, and this mixture does certainly touch up the olfactory nerves. So great was their love for tobacco that, wherever and whenever

you met a Kaffir man, woman, boy, or girl, the first word was tobacco.

I could write a volume on the Kaffirs, their customs, manners, etc., but have said enough on the subject.

## CHAPTER V.

Cape Corps Relieved by 7th Dragoon Guards—Explore the surrounding Country with Wright—His Knowledge of Locality and Distance—Long Ride to Fish River Mouth—The Fish River and Bush—Absence of Game—Kaffir Hunt—The Tame Crane—Hyæna and Jackal—Poff Adder—Dr. Smith's Adventure—Kloofs—An Unpleasant Discovery—Shepstone's Life Threatened—Wright's Generous Act—Night Alarm—Murder—Shepstone Appointed to Natal—His Departure—Murder of Missionary—Sandilli and Macomo—Menacing Attitude of Kaffirs.

SHORTLY after I had got settled at Peddie, Captain Cannon and his company of the Cape Corps were replaced by Lieutenants Gray and Arkwright with a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards. From that time and for several months after our lives passed very quietly, and to some extent monotonously. For my own part, my military professional duties occupied only a portion of my time; but, in the restlessness of youth, I lived in the open air, and, with gun on shoulder, wandered for miles in every direction around the station, in the full enjoyment of life and health—the most intense of all pleasures. The climate

was delightful, far beyond any that I had hitherto experienced, and all objects animate and inanimate (beasts, birds, reptiles, insects, trees, shrubs, and plants) around me, and amongst which I moved, were new, and afforded me opportunity for observation and study.

I was constantly in the saddle, too, often as Wright's companion, while he explored the country, noting its physical peculiarities, finding out where every path led to, observing the relative positions of heights and valleys to each other, and the distances between them. Wright had a wonderful eye for the physical aspect of a country, and such an extraordinary perception of locality, direction, and distance that in all our rides and excursions I never knew him to fail in finding his way, even in the dark.

On one occasion we rode down to the mouth of the Fish river, a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles, partly to examine the country, but chiefly to get a look at the sea. There was neither road nor track for us to follow, we had to *find* our way, riding round little hills, up ravines, down through wooded kloofs, round the edges of others, and over intervening undulating plains covered with long dry grass. This was easy enough in daylight, but we delayed so long by the sea that the sun had set before we started to return, and darkness had settled down upon us before we had covered one third, and that the easiest

third, of the distance; but Wright never hesitated, and, as we rode along, he explained to me that on the way down he had noted every hill or rising ground, every hollow, kloof, and ravine, and their relative positions and distances, and therefore knew perfectly where he was and what direction he should take. What surprised me was that, while he was taking note of all these things, we were conversing on a variety of totally different subjects. Had I been alone, I never should have found the way.

In our many rides, we explored the country along the northern bank of the Fish river for miles east and west of the station, wherever it was practicable to do so, and also that along the Beka a small river, and along the southern bank of the Keiskama. The first we found generally clothed with dense bush, impenetrable to all human beings except Kaffirs, opened up, however, every here and there by deep wooded kloofs, with perhaps only one narrow footpath winding through them to the river; while the banks of the Beka and Keiskama were comparatively flat, and fringed by open forest growth. In this part of its course the great Fish river flows through a deep, muddy channel, and hence its waters are thick and turbid; while the waters of the Beka and Keiskama, flowing through rocky beds and over pebbly bottoms, are clear as crystal.

We found little or no game in the neighbourhood.

The Kaffirs had destroyed or driven away all large animals, and only a few of the smaller varieties of antelope remained, and these were shy and difficult to find. Red-legged partridge and a species of pheasant might be found in the deep-wooded kloofs, but a couple of brace of these did not repay one for the labour and fatigue of pushing one's way through thorns and tangled undergrowth under a high temperature.

Once the Kaffirs organized a hunt or beat for us, during which several of the small antelope (bok, as all the smaller species are called by the Dutch) broke covert, and ran the gauntlet from one end of the line of beaters to the other. But really there was more danger than pleasure in the day's proceedings, for, as the antelope bounded along, 'knob-kerries' flew from all sides, as the Kaffirs in their excitement hurled these missiles after it without taking much heed whether or not any person was in *the line of fire*. Several times during the day I saw Kaffirs, in their eagerness to get a *shot* at an animal which had broken covert from the other side of a mimosa thicket, dash head foremost through the bush, going in black and coming out, after pushing their way through, with the cuticle so scratched and ruffled as to appear almost white.

Once we succeeded in shooting a couple of the large grey bustard (pau). It was quite a chance, for we

came upon the birds feeding, as we emerged from a narrow belt of jungle. These are very watchful birds, and a good deal of cunning and dexterity on the part of the sportsman are required to enable him to approach near enough to shoot them. They usually feed in the long grass out on the open plain, so that, while they can see, they are not easily seen.

In the neighbouring kloofs several varieties of hawk with handsome plumage were to be found (specimens of which I procured and preserved), also several varieties of king-fisher, and of pigeon and dove. Blue cranes also were numerous, and vultures in hundreds were to be seen.

Soldiers, as a rule, are fond of pets, and the men of our detachment possessed a tame crane. 'Bobbie,' as he was called, was allowed to be perfectly at liberty, and often absented himself for hours at a time during the day, but always returned towards sunset, and spent the night with the sentry walking up and down beside him, and retiring to the shelter of the sentry-box when tired.

On one occasion, after an absence of some hours, he returned with a broken leg, the fracture evidently caused by a blow, and not by a gun-shot. I took him in hand as a patient, applying splints and a bandage, and securing the broken limb. He recovered, and manifested ever after while he remained with us a certain amount of gratitude, by attaching himself

to me and coming constantly to my quarter. Once, while out riding alone, I was surprised by seeing Bobbie fly towards me accompanied by another crane. He settled on the ground near me, while his companion took up a position on a tree close by. Shortly after this, however, Bobbie disappeared, and never returned.

In my wanderings, I repeatedly came upon a hyæna (wolf, as it is called at the Cape), and very often upon jackals, and when out after sunset I have more than once been followed for some distance by a hyæna; but I never came in contact at that time with either poff-adder or cobra, though always on the watch for them. Mindful of Dr. Smith's request, I offered a reward for any number of these reptiles that the Kaffirs or Fingoes would bring me, but without success. I sent him specimens of other reptiles, however, for which he wrote, and for which I had his grateful acknowledgments. Dr. Smith's name was well-known to several of the old residents, who often spoke of his enthusiasm in zoological research. From one gentleman I heard the following anecdote. He (Dr. Smith) had been missing from Grahamstown for nearly a fortnight, and after due search was found *in the belly of a whale* which had been cast ashore on the sandy beach near the mouth of the Fish river. He had heard of it, and in his eagerness started off without having asked leave, that he might not lose so favour-



able an opportunity of studying the anatomy of the great sea mammal.

While at Fort Peddie, part of my duty was to visit the detachment at Trumpeter's Drift, once a week at least, and oftener if necessary. By road, or round by the Great Pass, the distance was nearly twenty miles, but there was a short cut which reduced the distance by one half. This was a favourite ride of mine, the route I always took when I had to visit Trumpeter's Drift by day; but, if called thither urgently at night, I took the long route.

This short cut ran through one of those wooded kloofs which I have described as opening on the river. It was deep, almost circular, and enclosed round two-thirds of the circle by very steep, almost perpendicular cliffs, rent in several places by narrow openings into smaller kloofs. Into this great kloof, from the Peddie side, there was only one practicable entrance, a very abrupt descent of three or four hundred feet, so steep that it was impossible to ride either down or up. Even on foot it was a scramble for both man and horse. The bottom of this great basin was perfectly level, overgrown with mimosa, euphorbia, and other trees, interlaced by creepers and thorns, amongst the latter the terrible 'wacht-em-bitja (*acacia detineus*), which all Cape writers have described, and all Cape travellers felt; and intersected by shingly beds of several tortuous streams,

dry generally, but, after heavy rain, filled by surface-water collected from the steep surrounding cliffs, and adjoining lesser kloofs, and poured along these channels into the Fish river, on the south side, where the kloof opened upon a wide, level space, which sloped gradually down to the river at Trumpeter's Drift. The distance from Peddie to the descent was about two miles, across the level bottom of the kloof about six or seven miles, and from the southern opening to the river about two miles.

I never took the ride alone, but always attended by two Cape Corps orderlies, or by two dragoons. But even with an escort the ride was a solitary one; for the oppressive stillness and silence in the dense gloomy bush was never enlivened by either motion or noise of living creature. There was no sound of human voice or footstep, no low of kine, no bay of dog, no song of bird ever heard within this weird and dismal valley. Only occasionally one was startled from a reverie by the hoarse, deep bark of the dog-faced baboon, as their wary sentinel, perched aloft upon a tree or ledge of rock, gave warning to the troop, engaged in sport or busy feeding, of the approach of man.

While riding slowly along the narrow path, shut in on either side by wild and tangled growth, which hid all objects from the eye, except a strip of the blue sky above, or now and then afforded a mo-

mentary glimpse of some steep cliff or rocky crag in the far distance, one felt as if he had suddenly passed from active life above into another world below where solitude and silence reigned; and yet I felt a peculiar fascination for the spot.

For five months all things went well with us, and our lives were passed in comparative comfort and fancied security, but suddenly we were surprised, and startled into vigilance by the discovery of a plot to murder Shepstone, who had become obnoxious to the Gaika chiefs, and especially to Pato, by his being able to discover their designs and plottings by means of his own perfect knowledge of their character and language, and by the assistance of the Fingoes.

Shepstone's house, as I explained, was rather out of the station, situated below the Star Fort on the crest of the steep incline which led from the plain to the plateau above, and close to the dense undergrowth which covered the face of the incline; and his office was about two hundred yards from the house also, on the very edge of the bush. To this office Shepstone generally went in the evening, often after dark, to read and write up his correspondence. But one day the Fingo (I forget his name), who was a sort of factotum with Shepstone, hinted that it would be prudent to give up this practice, and, on being questioned, acknowledged

that he had intended this hint as a *warning*, as he had discovered that the chief Pato had determined to free himself from Shepstone's surveillance, and had appointed two of his tribe to watch their opportunity and murder him, either when he was passing to or from his office, or when he was alone there; and that he (the factotum) knew that these two men had for some time concealed themselves every night in the bush below the office—*biding their time*.

Shepstone accepted the warning, and gave up the practice of going to his office in the evening. But, not very long after this, the Fingo (factotum) was himself murdered, and at the same time two Kaffir boys belonging to Pato's tribe, who were in Shepstone's service (domestic servants in fact) suddenly disappeared. These two circumstances proved the truth of the poor faithful Fingo's information.

All this, of course, cast a gloom over us, made it necessary for us, on going beyond the immediate vicinity of the station, to carry fire-arms, and advisable to move about alone as little as possible after dark.

One night, after he and his family had retired to bed, Shepstone heard men moving about his house, and trying the doors. Next morning, he mentioned this to Wright, who at once insisted upon changing houses with him; Shepstone with his family to come up quietly during the day to Wright's house, as if merely to pay a visit, but to remain, while he

(Wright) should go down, after dark, and occupy Shepstone's house.

I think this act of Wright's was as brave and generous a one as I ever heard of, and is worthy of being chronicled.

That very night, after Wright had put out the light, and retired to bed, he distinctly heard the door pressed against, and the latch lifted, and, for a second or two after, the shuffling of feet and the whispering of voices. Getting out of bed as noiselessly as possible, and seizing his gun, he threw open the window, which was close to the door, and quickly thrust his body out, with his gun in his hands ready for action. The night was very dark, and, the back of the house (where the door was placed) being under the shadow of the bank above, it was a second or two before he could distinguish any object; but he got just a momentary glimpse of two dark figures disappearing round the corner of the house, and heard the crackling of twigs and rustling of leaves as they glided into and through the bush.

Wright dressed himself immediately, walked up to the barracks, and returned with a party of his men, with whom he searched all round the premises, and through the bush in every direction, but without seeing or hearing anything more of his nocturnal visitors.

Repeatedly after *that* I offered to share with Wright whatever danger there might be in the future, and, on his declining my offer, suggested that he should have a couple of our men to sleep in the house every night, but he declined to do that also, remarking 'that he would not be justified in exposing *me*, or *anyone*, else to a danger which *he* was not obliged but voluntarily exposed *himself* to.' There was something generous in this also. I again urged that, as I came down to dine with him every evening, I might as well stay all night as run the risk of being assegaied when returning to my own quarter at ten or eleven o'clock; but in reply to this he proposed that I should give up messing with him for the time. This I would not consent to, however, thinking it was better that I should be with him part of the night than not at all. I always went down with my gun in my hand (there were no revolvers in those days), but this would not have been of much use to me in the dark, for, as I had to pass through a corner of the dense bush, which I did at a run, a Kaffir could have sent his assegai through me before I could have seen or heard him.

On the morning following this second attempt to enter the house, just at break of day, two armed Kaffirs were seen by a European, who was driving his wagon into Peddie, to come out of the bush under the house, and, as if anxious to escape notice, steal

away into a ravine close by. These were doubtless the very men who had attempted to enter the house, and who had remained concealed in the bush in spite of Wright's search.

Wright was never disturbed again, as of course the Kaffirs discovered *that* night that Shepstone had removed from his own house, and soon found out also that he had gone into a more secure one within the station. He continued to live in Wright's house until he built a new one for himself near Wright's, not a matter of difficulty or much time on the frontier, where houses, and very comfortable ones, too, were built of 'wattle and daub,' and roofed with thatch. Then, when Shepstone had completed his new house, and not till then, Wright returned to his own.

We were never comfortable at Peddie from this time, and felt that we were living almost in a state of siege, and never went beyond the limits of the station without arms, and never far from our post except as a party or with an escort.

At last Shepstone, having received another warning that Pato was still resolved upon his death, applied to be removed from the Kaffir frontier and to be sent to Natal.

On receipt of his order of removal, he started immediately for Grahamstown, he and his family travelling in his own wagon. They reached their

destination in safety, got rid of all property as quickly as possible, and hastened on to Algoa Bay, whence they sailed for Natal, and thus got beyond the reach of the assassin's assegai. He sold his wagon and team to a missionary, who, with his family, was going up country, and on his way would pass through Peddie, which, however, he never reached; for when outspanned on the plateau, about eight or nine miles from the station, on the third night after leaving Grahamstown, he and his family were *murdered*.

I heard shortly afterwards that the two Kaffirs who had been so long upon the watch followed Shepstone into Grahamstown with the intention of killing him on the way; but he had so arranged his journey, travelling by day only, and well-armed, as to give them no opportunity of taking *his* life without risking their *own*.

In Grahamstown, however, they continued to keep an eye upon the wagon, not knowing that Shepstone had sold it, and that he was not to return to Peddie. When, therefore, they saw the wagon start again with its new owner and family, the Kaffirs followed, believing that the occupants were still Shepstone and his family, and at last found the opportunity that they had been waiting for so long, and in the lonely outspan, in the darkness of night, when the missionary, his wife, children, and servants were asleep, they stealthily approached and murdered the whole party,



adding these to the already long black list of murders, committed by Kaffirs within the boundaries of our South African possessions, which remain unpunished. Shepstone was relieved of his political duties at Fort Peddie by Chaplain MacLean, of the 27th Regiment.

At this time, and for months previously, symptoms of discontent had been manifested by all the Gaika tribes, and war at some not very distant date was looked upon by many as inevitable.

Occasional acts of plunder and robbery had been committed by individual Kaffirs within our boundary, but not such as to warrant the belief that the chiefs had any intention of commencing immediate hostilities. Sandilli remained in his kraal in angry and discontented mood, in which he was encouraged by the other chiefs, by his councillors, and by the young men of the tribe, who in their restlessness were eager for war, believing that we were either afraid or unprepared to repel aggression. He occasionally visited Fort Beaufort; but Macomo, his brother, with a certain following of men and women, was to be seen every day in the station at the canteen, and invariably in a state of drunkenness.

In his early manhood and while he acted as regent, during the minority of his younger but more high-born brother Sandilli, he (Macomo) had been the guiding spirit of the tribe in peace, and the insti-

gator and leader in the war of 1835. But after that war, and from the time when Sandilli took the control and command of the tribe, Macomo, the savage though astute ruler, and the brave and daring leader, had become a drunkard, and, though still looked up to by his brother and the tribe, he had lost the nerve and energy which he had once possessed, and preferred a carouse at the Beaufort canteen to any duty or pleasure.

Such was the condition of affairs on our north-eastern frontier at the close of the year 1845. While the Kaffirs in their numerical strength were insolent, daring, and menacing, openly expressing and showing discontent, we had but a small military force on the immediate frontier, and submitted with so much patience and forbearance to acts of robbery and aggression that we seemed rather to invite than to impress them with a belief in our power and ability to resist attack.

## CHAPTER VI.

Recalled to Head-quarters—The Regiment ordered Home—The Relieving Regiment 45th, ordered to Monte Video—Colesberg Detachment—Deaths and Promotions—The great Nimrod Gordon Cumming—Visit to Beaufort—The Reserve Battalion—Boxing after Mess—Scotch Names—The Old Soldiers—Old and New Commanding Officers—The Drunken Auld Deevils—History of the 91st Regiment—A County Regiment—First Service at Cape—Then Numbered 98th Regiment—Hanover—Peninsula—Waterloo—Removal of Body of Great Napoleon for St. Helena.

At the same time that Shepstone was removed from Peddie, Wright and I with the detachment of our regiment were recalled to head-quarters at Grahams-town, as orders had been received from the Horse Guards to hold the first battalion of the 91st Regiment in readiness to return to England. On the promulgation of this order the senior assistant-surgeon (my good old friend Dr. Barclay, dead some years ago) claimed the right of accompanying the first battalion to England in virtue of seniority. But the question having been referred to the general commander, he decided that the fact of seniority was the

reason why he should continue to hold the independent charge of a battalion, while the position of the junior was with the battalion with which there was a surgeon in charge. According to this decision, therefore, Barclay remained in charge of the reserve, and I with the first battalion, and eventually returned with it to England.

The orders from the Horse Guards were to the effect that the first battalion of the 91st Regiment should not leave the frontier until the relieving regiment arrived. But this regiment (the 45th) had been sent to Monte Video to assist the authorities there, and to protect British subjects and property during an insurrection, so that it was uncertain when our relief would reach the Cape.

Much happened on the frontier before it did arrive, and the first battalion of the 91st Regiment was detained for nearly two years longer in consequence of the Kaffir war of 1846-7.

As soon as it was decided that my position was to be with the first battalion, I resumed my regimental duties under the surgeon. These were by no means onerous, so that I had ample time for amusement, and for association with my brother-officers. Those who had lately returned from Colesberg I had not met before. They were Yarborough, Savage, Bayly, and Patterson, who soon admitted me to acquaintance, and the friendships then formed I retain to the present

day ; but, as must happen in all lives, many of my old 91st brother-officers have passed away. Just at this time some changes and promotions occurred. By the death of Major Lamont, under very painful circumstances, Major Campbell was transferred from the first to the command of the reserve battalion, and Captain Yarborough became major. At the same time my friend Wright was transferred to the reserve battalion, a great source of regret to me, for I had become attached to him in spite of his cool treatment of me at first ; and Christie and Ward of the first and reserve battalions respectively were allowed to exchange. The former was a great sportsman, and made it one of the conditions of exchange that he should be granted one year leave of absence for the purpose of going into the far interior to shoot, his enthusiasm for sport, always great, having been much increased by the return of Gordon Cumming from *his* first expedition. How well I remember the appearance and manner of the great Nimrod ! He was the lion of the frontier just then, for he had only lately returned '*indutus spoliis leonæ,*' the first which he had shot—single-handed, and on foot—and, besides, he had marvellous stories to tell of the pursuit of game—lions, elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, etc., etc. He had kept an accurate record of his travels and experiences, and could occasionally be persuaded to read extracts from it to his friends.

The language of the manuscript, however, was most terse and emphatic, and often (penned in the rhapsody of the moment perhaps) expressed in words which did not appear in his journal as subsequently published.

He was a remarkably handsome, noble-looking man, and as he walked about Grahamstown in Highland dress every eye was turned to look at him.

As Wright was leaving, to join the reserve battalion, he asked me to go with him, and, as I had not seen Beaufort, or met any of the officers of the reserve battalion, I went, and enjoyed the ride, if I did not my visit. The officers received me kindly, especially Major Campbell, whose family I had known in Scotland, and some members of whom had given me a special introduction to him. My brother-assistant also was glad to see me, and apparently bore no ill-feeling towards me on account of the disappointment I had been the means of causing him.

I found the officers of the reserve battalion a younger and rather a rougher lot than those of the first battalion—rougher, perhaps, just because they were younger. At mess there was more conversation about sport than I had been accustomed to; then of horses, and then of feats of strength, and finally of boxing, at which the major and several of the officers considered themselves proficient, at least so I gathered from their remarks.

I was, at that time, a thick-set, deep-chested little fellow, firm on my pins, long-winded, and possessing great power of endurance; and I could not but observe that my friends round were taking measure of my capacity. After dinner, the mess-room was cleared, single-sticks and gloves produced, and several of the officers had a round or two with both. I perfectly understood what was coming. They wanted to see what stuff the young doctor was made of, and possibly meant to play a practical joke at my expense.

Ere many minutes had passed, I was asked to have a bout at single-stick—which I declined; or a round with the gloves—which I also declined. I *could* play at single-stick, and I *could* use my fists, having been taught both, especially how to box; but I had no wish either to show off or be shown off on the occasion. However, a young fellow cannot stand being chaffed, or sat upon too long; and as one of my new friends, with the gloves on, stood squaring at me, while others looked on smilingly, I could put up with it no longer, so, quietly taking off my red jacket, and slipping on a pair of gloves, I stood up to him.

Immediately a ring was formed round us, some expecting to see the doctor well-punished, while several—my friend Wright, the major, and Dr. Barclay—encouraged me by offering advice; but I

knew well what I should do, and what I would do. My opponent was over six feet, long in the arm, but not very strong about the hips, or quick on his feet, and not nearly so strong as I was, though heavier.

For the first round or two, I led him round the room, encouraged him to strike at me, which he did quickly, but rather wildly, giving me a chance every now and then of flipping him in the face with my left hand. I saw this irritated him, and that, if I persisted in it, he would soon lose his temper, and be at my mercy. At last he *did* completely lose his temper, and his head, rushed blindly in on me, broke down my guard, and struck me hard on the side of the head; but he got the whole force and weight of my right hand, straight from the shoulder, right between the eyes, and another from the left hand on the chest, and he went down like a nine-pin, the 'claret' dropping fast from his nose. My friend had enough, and all the others seemed to understand that I was not a safe subject for a practical joke.

In those days practical jokes were very common, and, if a young fellow endured them meekly, he had to submit to them frequently, while he who resented the first, was seldom troubled again. I never met with anything of the kind in the first battalion of the 91st Regiment.



That was my first and last visit to the reserve battalion.

If my appointment to the Argyllshire Regiment had given me pleasure at first, that pleasure was enhanced by the kind and friendly reception given me by my brother-officers who were present when I joined, and by those of the Colesberg and other detachments whom I found at head-quarters on my return from Peddie to Grahamstown; and also by the fact that, when I came to inquire into the constitution of the regiment, I found it composed chiefly of Scotchmen.

Scotch and Highland names were well represented, both amongst officers and men. Amongst the former were Lindsay, Lamont, Campbell, Forbes, Dalrymple, Christie, Cochrane, Bethune, Hadaway, Barclay, Gordon, Macinroy, Stein—a goodly list. Indeed, the first battalion might be taken as a fair example of a national corps. There were good English names too amongst the officers, as Yarborough, Hackett, Bayly, Ward, Savage, and Paterson.

In the ranks there were a few Gaelic-speaking Highlanders with Highland names, a sprinkling of Irishmen, and a very small number of Englishmen, but the great majority were Lowland Scotch. The men of the first battalion were old soldiers, tall (the average height of the battalion being five feet eight

inches), well-set-up, powerful fellows, with great power of endurance, although with great capacity for strong drink, which tendency, owing to their nationality, was probably, nay, certainly, natural to them, but had grown into inveterate habit from several years of monotonous service in St. Helena, from whence the regiment had been ordered on to the Cape.

I have often heard them acknowledge and even deplore this failing, but they appeared to attribute it to a peculiar cause which was as follows: While at St. Helena, and for years before, a Colonel Anderson had commanded the regiment. He was a *good* man, a strict disciplinarian, and intensely interested in and proud of the regiment, and watched over both officers and men with parental care. Naturally the men were much attached to such a commanding officer, and were greatly disappointed and grieved when he found it necessary to retire, which occurred just before the regiment came to the Cape. He was succeeded by a Colonel McNeill, who never joined, however, but exchanged with Colonel Lindsay of the 78th Regiment, who was in command at the period of which I write. But soldiers of the old school, as we speak of them now, preferred, and I presume those of the present also prefer, to be commanded by an officer who had risen to the command in the regiment, who

had been always one of themselves, a part of the corps, in fact.

The men of the 91st accordingly felt a sort of resentment towards Colonel Lindsay because he was not one of themselves, because he had not risen in the regiment, but had come from another corps to be *their* colonel, and therefore, according to their ideas, could not have any great affection for the 91st, but was always thinking and speaking of his own old regiment, and drawing comparisons between the past and present. It was quite true that he often spoke of the 78th in terms of approbation (I had often heard him), still I think it probable that the men did Colonel Lindsay injustice in supposing that he felt *no* interest in the 91st. Such were their feelings towards him, however, and I often heard them grumbling as they went to morning parade, with their heads probably aching after too much *Cape smoke* the night before, in the following words: 'When *Cornel* Anderson commanded us, we had somebody to tak care o' us, an' we were men, but noo there's naebody tae mind us, an' we're jist a set o' drunken auld deevils.'

They certainly were a hard-drinking set, and drank with unflinching regularity, not by fits and starts; but I hardly think they could be fairly considered what they thought themselves, 'drunken

auld deevils,' for not often was one of them confined for being *drunk* and *disorderly*. They not only took their liquor freely, but carried it well, and, if they did feel the worse of it in the evening, went quietly to bed—a characteristic of the Scot—instead of making a row and being put in the guard-room, which is characteristic of the Irishman.

There is much that is interesting in the history of the 91st, and, as the records of the regiment have been lent to me by an old officer of the corps, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hollway, I propose to devote this chapter and the next to a short summary of these records.

About the year 1759, county militia regiments were raised in England for home defence during the absence of the regular army. These militia corps were raised by ballot. It was not at the time considered safe to extend the same system to Scotland, and therefore a number of regiments called 'Fencibles' were raised in that part of the kingdom, differing from the militia in that the 'Fencibles' were raised by the ordinary mode of recruiting, and officered, like the Line, by gentlemen holding commissions signed by the king.

There were five regiments of Argyll Fencibles at different times: the *first* raised by his Grace the Duke of Argyll in 1759, and disbanded in 1763; the *second* raised in 1778, and disbanded in 1783; the *third*

raised in 1793, and disbanded in 1799; the *fourth* raised in 1794, and disbanded in 1802; the *fifth* raised in 1796, and disbanded in 1802.

In 1794 an Argyllshire Regiment of the Line was raised by desire of His Majesty George III. by the Duke of Argyll and several other Scotch noblemen and gentlemen, and was numbered 98th, but four years after its embodiment the number was changed to 91st, which it retained until within the last few years, when, in consequence of the territorial distribution of the Army, all numbers were abolished. In the following remarks, therefore, I shall always speak of the regiment as the 91st.

The first Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant was Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, an Argyllshire man. He assumed the command of the battalion in April, 1794, and at that time the regiment might have been considered a purely county corps, for more than half the officers were Argyllshire Campbells.

My friend Patterson (now General), whom I have the pleasure of meeting often, has reminded me of a snuff-box which was put on the table every day after dinner, on which were engraved the names of the officers in the regiment in the year 1810, of whom thirteen were Campbells. He also tells me that, when he joined in 1839, there was a squad always drilled in Gaelic, and also that it was only after the formation of the reserve battalion that recruiting for

the regiment took place elsewhere than in Scotland.

The uniform of the newly-raised corps was the 'full Highland dress.' Red coat, with yellow facings (I presume the coat was red, but the records do not say so), kilt and plaid of green tartan, with black stripes, which corresponds with either the tartan now worn by the regiment and by the old 93rd, for the two regiments are first and second battalions of the 'Princess Louise Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders,' and wear the 93rd tartan, or with that worn by the Black Watch, or old 42nd Regiment, which is (I believe) the undress tartan of the Munro clan. I have never heard it explained why the 42nd Regiment wore and still wear this tartan; but, as the Black Watch was embodied as a regiment by Sir Hector Munro, he may have been allowed to select his own tartan.

In February, 1794, authority to raise the 91st Regiment was issued, and the establishment was fixed at one thousand one hundred and twelve officers and men, including two lieutenant-colonels. In April of the same year the regiment was assembled at Stirling, and in the following May the first inspection of the whole battalion was made by General Lord Adam Gordon, who complimented it on its soldier-like appearance. Either, therefore, the men who filled the ranks of the new regiment were old soldiers, or at least had previously undergone some training, or

they were very apt pupils, for they formed the example of a regiment which had been scarcely four months under military discipline and training, and yet was considered by a general officer worthy of being complimented on their military bearing and appearance.

On the 5th of May, 1795, the 91st and several other regiments, in all amounting to three thousand men, under the command of Major-General Alured Clarke, sailed from Spithead to join an expeditionary force which had already been dispatched to take possession of the Cape colony, at that time belonging to the Dutch.

The advance guard of this expedition, under Major-General Craig, which had sailed some months previously in a fleet commanded by Admiral Elphinstone, arrived in Simon's Bay in June, 1795, and immediately on arrival the admiral and general conjointly forwarded a dispatch to the Dutch governor of Capetown, enclosing with it a mandate from the Stadtholder of the Netherlands commanding him to admit the troops of His Britannic Majesty, and hand over the defences of Capetown and of the colony to them; to admit British ships of war into the ports, and to consider such troops and ships of war as the forces of a friendly power, whose object it was to protect the colony against the French.

To both dispatch and mandate the governor re-

turned a polite but evasive reply, equivalent to a refusal to place the colony under British protection, except in the event of invasion by a hostile power.

Having failed to *induce* the governor to yield, Admiral Elphinstone determined to *compel* him, as in the event of the Cape falling into the hands of the French our trade with India might be seriously interfered with, if not ruined.

The means of resistance at the disposal of the Dutch governor consisted of a small force of trained soldiers (some one thousand two hundred Germans and Hottentots), but he had also the burghers, or civil population to fall back on, whom he had the right of calling out in case of emergency; and to his summons on this occasion about one thousand six hundred of these burghers quickly assembled. These, with the regular soldiers and some armed slaves, placed about three thousand men at his disposal for defence, and with the greater part of this force he ordered Colonel de Lille to occupy the pass of Muysenberg between Simon's Town and Capetown.

In July, Admiral Elphinstone, who appears to have held the supreme authority, landed four hundred and fifty men of the 78th Highlanders and three hundred and fifty Marines, under the command of General Craig, and occupied Simon's Town, preparatory to an advance as soon as the reinforcements, under Sir Alured Clarke, should arrive. But, after waiting for



these more than three weeks in vain, General Craig decided upon attacking the enemy, for which purpose his force was increased by the addition of eight hundred sailors, landed from the ships, and formed into two battalions, under the immediate command of naval officers. With this small and mixed force, supported by the fleet, which kept along shore, the general attacked the Dutch, drove them from their formidable position, and occupied the pass. Such was the battle of Muysenberg.

In September, Sir Almured Clarke arrived with the reinforcements, amounting to three thousand men, amongst whom was the 91st Highlanders, a regiment which had been embodied and rendered fit for active service in little more than a period of eighteen months.

With his army now increased to five thousand men, General Craig advanced and attacked the enemy in their entrenched camp at Wynberg, near Capetown. On this occasion the battalion companies of the 91st Regiment, under Colonel Campbell, formed the centre of the British line, while the Grenadier and light companies were attached to the Grenadier and light battalions under Colonel Ferguson and Major King respectively. The engagement was short, and the enemy, driven from their position, retired on Capetown, when hostilities ceased and terms of surrender were arranged.

The loss of the 91st Regiment in this their *first* engagement was *four* men killed. No mention is made of any having been wounded.

Two days after the battle, the 91st Regiment marched into Capetown and took possession of the castle and other defensive works; and thus ended for a time the rule of the Netherlands East India Company in South Africa, which became a British dependency.

In 1795, the uniform of the regiment was changed: the Highland dress was done away with, and that worn by Highland regiments serving in India, viz., a jacket, trowsers, and round hat, ordered to be taken into wear; but it was still considered a Highland corps, and recruited from Scotland.

In 1796, the Dutch, under a promise of assistance from France, resolved to make an effort to recover the Cape, and for this purpose dispatched a considerable fleet and a force of two thousand German mercenaries, to be increased by considerable French contingents from the Mauritius and Java. This Dutch fleet put into Saldanha Bay (to the north of Table Bay), for the purpose of procuring supplies, and arming the colonists, and also to await the arrival of the French fleet. But General Craig, who had been appointed governor of the new possessions, took immediate action; marched with a large portion of his garrison, increased by the timely arrival of regiments

from India, towards Saldanha Bay, and had a slight brush with the enemy, capturing their reconnoitering parties; and as the English fleet hove in sight at this moment, and took up a position across the entrance to the bay, the Dutch admiral perceived that escape by sea was impossible, and resistance by land impracticable, and therefore surrendered unconditionally.

The Grenadier and Light companies only of the 91st accompanied General Craig's force on the occasion, while the main body of the battalion remained behind as part of the garrison of Capetown.

In 1799, a portion of the garrison of Capetown attempted to organize a mutiny, their intention being to shoot the principal officers, and take possession of the colony for themselves. On the occasion the 91st not only refused to take part in the plot, but several of the privates who had been requested to enter into the conspiracy seized the papers containing a list of the conspirators, with a detail of their plans, and gave them up to the authorities; thus showing the loyalty and faithfulness of the young regiment in circumstances more trying perhaps than those in which it had already exhibited steadiness and courage. Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford was in command at the time.

In 1802, by the treaty of Amiens, England was required, and agreed, to restore the colony to the

Dutch, and accordingly, in February, 1803, the British garrison was withdrawn, a wing of the 91st having been detailed to remain to the last to hand over the castle and defences. Having performed this duty, the army returned to England, and, in May, 1803, the whole battalion was stationed at Bexhill, in Sussex.

Thus ended the first occupation of the Cape by the British, and I have written the particulars as it was the first active service on which the 91st was employed, and because, in the further history of the colony, we shall find frequent allusion to the regiment.

In 1804, a second battalion was formed, which, in 1813, was sent to Germany, and was present at the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, on which occasion a number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. But, as no records of this battalion were kept, or at least preserved, nothing further is known of it, not even whether it was disbanded or absorbed.

In 1805, the 91st was despatched to Hanover, but returned almost immediately to England, as the British Army was recalled in 1806; and for the next two years the regiment served in Ireland. Again, in 1808, the 91st was required for active service, and sailed from Monkstown (Ireland) as part of the expedition sent out to Portugal

under Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley. It was brigaded with the 40th and 71st Regiments, under Brigadier-General Crawford.

On the 8th of July, 1808, the fleet of transports arrived in Mondego Bay, on the coast of Portugal. The troops landed on the 3rd of August, and encamped at Lavos. On the 7th of the same month, the force moved south, continued to advance in the same direction, and, on the 17th, attacked and drove in the enemy's posts at Abidos, in which affair the flank companies only of the 91st Regiment were engaged.

On the 21st of August, the regiment was present at the battle of Vimiera, as part of the reserve which, under General C. Crawford, turned the enemy's right, a movement which was specially noticed in the official despatch of the battle. In October of the same year, the regiment advanced into Spain, with the army under Sir John Moore, and served in the reserve, both in the advance and subsequent retreat, and was present at the battle of Corunna, after which the battalion returned to England; but the sick officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who had been left behind in Portugal were formed into a company, and attached to a battalion of detachments, which was present at the capture of Oporto, and in the subsequent pursuit of the French into Spain. This company was also at

Talavera, in which hard-fought battle, out of a strength of ninety-three officers and men, sixty-one were killed, wounded, and missing. At the same time, the head-quarters of the battalion took part in the unfortunate Walcheren expedition.

In 1812, the regiment again embarked for Spain, to join the army under the Duke of Wellington, and on arrival was attached to the sixth division of the army; and, with the 42nd and 97th Regiments, formed, under General Pack, what, I presume, was the 1st Highland Brigade.

In June, 1813, it was present, though in the reserve, at the battle of Vittoria; afterwards at the investment and siege of Pampluna, and at the storming of the village of Sorauren, near Pampluna, when its loss in killed and wounded was considerable; was present also throughout the operations in the passes of the Pyrenees; at the battle of Neville; passage of the Neve; battle of Orthes, and the subsequent attack on the enemy at Aire, on the Adour.

At the battle of Toulouse, the Highland Brigade, and especially the 91st Regiment, played a conspicuous part. It was a desperate engagement, but the Highlanders assaulted and carried at the point of the bayonet all the enemy's fortified redoubts and entrenchments under the very walls of the city, though with heavy loss, that of the 91st Regiment alone

being seven officers and one hundred and twelve rank and file killed and wounded.

In July of the same year, 1814, the regiment returned to England, and was immediately sent to Ireland, where it remained until April, 1815. From Ireland it sailed for Ostend, to join the army assembling in the neighbourhood of Brussels, under the Duke of Wellington, to oppose the Emperor Napoleon. On June 18th, the memorable battle of Waterloo was fought. Early in the morning of this day, the division to which the 91st belonged (the fourth, under Sir C. Colville), together with a division of Dutch troops, was detailed to cover the road to Brussels, which was threatened by a French column, and thus did not take any active part in the great battle. The regiments of this division, therefore, were not granted the privilege of wearing Waterloo upon their colours, although the officers and men received the medal and the grant of money which was voted by Parliament to all who had been on the battle-field and subsequently at the capture of Paris.

On the 19th of June, the fourth division joined in the pursuit of the routed and flying French army, and on the 24th of the month formed part of the assaulting Column which carried the strongly fortified town of Cambray, on which occasion the loss of the 91st was two lieutenants and seven privates wounded.

On the 4th of July, a suspension of arms was

agreed to under the walls of Paris, and on that occasion the first man of the allied armies to enter the French capital was Private William Ballantine of the 91st, he having been one of the escort sent in with a flag of truce. This veteran died in Ireland on the 17th of January, 1879.

The 91st remained in France from the date of the capitulation of Paris until November, 1818, when it returned to England, landing at Dover, but was immediately ordered to Ireland, where it remained until November, 1821, when it was again ordered to Scotland to embark for service in Jamaica, where it arrived by divisions in February and March of the same year.

There is nothing interesting in connection with the service of the 91st in the West Indies; but, on the contrary, only a mournful record of disease and death, for, in the nine years of its service in the western tropics, twenty officers, thirty sergeants, ten drummers, and five hundred and seventy-six privates (in all six hundred and thirty-six) died of disease.

In 1831 the regiment returned to England, and in 1835 was ordered to St. Helena, where it arrived in February, 1836. In 1839, the head-quarters and three companies of the regiment were ordered on to the Cape, while the other three remained in St. Helena until 1842, when they also were ordered to the Cape, this being the second time that the 91st



served in South Africa. In 1840 these three companies were present at the disentombment of the body of the Emperor Napoleon, had the honour of lining the road from Longwood, along which the funeral procession moved, and of furnishing the guard of honour at the place of embarkation as the sarcophagus containing the body was transferred to the French officers in attendance to receive it.

Captain Ward, of the 91st, had been in St. Helena with the 67th Regiment in 1821, at the time of the emperor's death, and had been admitted to see the body as it lay in state, when he took a pencil sketch of the face of the great soldier. Strange to say, he was again in the island, with the 91st, when in 1840 the body was exhumed, and had an opportunity of comparing the sketch taken twenty years previously with the face as it then appeared. Ward found his sketch still a perfect likeness, for the face and features of the great dead were not even touched by decay, and appeared as if in the repose of sleep. The original sketch I saw several times, and I also saw a copy of it in one of our illustrated papers some years ago.

One relic of the great Napoleon was in the possession of the 91st for many years, viz., a large crystal lamp, which was generally suspended in the officers' mess-room. I believe, however, that this relic no longer exists.

In March, 1875, the following letter was addressed to Major Battiscombe from the Director of the Mint in Paris:

‘I hasten to inform you that the Director of the Mint is happy to place at your disposal a specimen, in bronze, of the medal which he desires to be offered in his name to the officers of the 91st Regiment, in remembrance of the memorable event which it commemorates and in which the regiment took a part. I have the honour, therefore, to inform you that I have given the necessary instructions to have the medal placed at your disposal at the office of the Mint.’

This medal was to commemorate the removal of the body of Napoleon from St. Helena to France, and bears on one side in relief a head, with the words ‘Ludov, Philippus, I. Francorum Rex,’ and on the obverse side is represented the dome of the Invalides and classical figures of France receiving the cortège, and the words, ‘Reliquis Receptis Napoleonis, funus Triumphale, xv. Dec. MDCCCXL.’

## CHAPTER VII.

A Reserve Battalion Formed—Ordered to the Cape in 1842—  
 Wrecked in Table Bay—Gallant Behaviour of Battalion—  
 Duke of Wellington's Remarks—The Expedition against  
 Boers—Service in Kaffirland—Self Ordered to Capetown—  
 Breaking out of Kaffir War—Troops Ordered to Frontier—  
 Sir P. Maitland—Self Detained in Capetown—Appeal to  
 Colonial Secretary—Ordered to Join Regiment—Malay  
 Regiment—Night Alarm—A Patrol under my Command—  
 Rescue of a Prisoner by Kaffirs.

EARLY in 1842, the regiment was raised to the strength of one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight men by the formation of what was called a 'reserve battalion.' This was not a second battalion, with an existence independent of the first battalion. It had no lieutenant-colonel, no colours, no band. The senior major of the regiment was in command as the only field-officer, and the senior assistant-surgeon in charge as the only medical officer. When both battalions were together, they formed one regiment under the lieutenant-colonel, and when separated the reserve was still, to a certain extent, under the supervision of and liable to inspection by the lieutenant-

colonel, whose place was always with the first battalion.

Similar battalions were added to several other regiments at the same time, the intention of the authorities being to add to the strength of the Army without allowing it to be apparent how the increase was effected, and to do this economically, forgetting efficiency, by making the principal staff-officers of one battalion sufficient for the administrative duties of a strength which would admit of being worked as a whole, or of being divided into two battalions.

The arrangement was not found to act satisfactorily; and, still further to test the system, lieutenant-colonels and surgeons were appointed to all the reserve battalions. But even then the system did not answer; there was a want of sympathy, of cordiality, between two battalions so constituted—a feeling of jealousy, I may say, existed on the part of the reserve towards the first, and a little irritation on the part of the officer commanding the former to find himself at one moment in a sort of independent position, and at the next under the control of the officer commanding the latter; and further, a strength of one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight men only admitted of the formation of one strong regiment with a *depôt*, or of two weak battalions fed from a common *depôt*.

Eventually, therefore, all reserve battalions were absorbed into the ranks of the parent regiment,

which I believe was appreciated by officers and men of all the regiments to which reserve battalions had been attached.

Almost immediately after the formation of the 91st reserve battalion, which was effected by calling for volunteers from other regiments (that is to say, by spoiling other regiments, a system common in the British Army), it—the new battalion—marched from Naas to Dublin, and was conveyed thence by rail to Kingstown, where it embarked on board the *Abercrombie Robinson* and sailed for the Cape, for the purpose of relieving the first battalion, to be ordered home. This was perhaps the first crude conception of 'linked battalions,' one to be at home and to feed the other on foreign service. The strength of the young battalion on embarkation was seventeen officers and four hundred and sixty rank and file, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, who was proceeding to join the first battalion, was in command. I happened to have been in Dublin at the time, and I perfectly remember seeing the battalion march through the city on its way to embark, and little thought, as it marched past me, that within two years I should myself be an officer of the 91st.

The *Abercrombie Robinson* arrived in Table Bay on the 25th of August, 1842, and there the battalion received orders to proceed to the north-east frontier to relieve the first battalion, ordered to Cape Town.

Colonel Lindsay and a number of officers landed immediately, leaving six officers on board with the men, the senior of whom was Captain Bertie Gordon (years afterwards colonel commanding the 91st Regiment). But before arrangements could be made either to land the troops or to send them on to Algoa Bay in the same ship, a furious gale from the north-west drove the *Abercrombie Robinson* on shore. Before she became a total wreck, however, all on board were successfully landed, and without a single casualty.

Table Bay is open to the north-west, so that when a gale blows from that quarter a tremendous sea rolls into the bay, and is often destructive to the shipping. It was in such a gale that the *Abercrombie Robinson* parted from her anchors, and in such a sea that she was driven ashore.

From sunset of the 27th, when the gale commenced, until three o'clock of the following morning, the wind continued to increase in violence until it eventually blew with the resistless force of a hurricane. Both cables parted, one after the other, and the ship, driven before the storm, struck heavily against the ground at a distance of three miles from the shore, where she lay rolling and straining, and swept every moment by the tremendous seas that broke against her broadside, the danger of the situation, too, increased by the horror of darkness and by

a terrific thunderstorm which raged for hours. As morning advanced and day began to dawn, the violence of wind and waves somewhat abated, but though the sea still beat heavily against the stranded ship, and broke with tremendous force on the shore, a cutter was lowered to leeward with a picked crew, who succeeded in reaching land with a hauling line, by means of which surf-boats were brought alongside, and in these all on board were safely landed.

Captain Gordon and the officers behaved with great judgment, the women and children with remarkable courage, and the young soldiers maintained the most perfect discipline. The report of the shipwreck, written by the senior officer (Captain Bertie Gordon), was forwarded by the general commanding at the Cape to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards, who wrote a memorandum thereon, of which the following is a copy:

‘I have never read anything so satisfactory as this report. It is highly creditable not only to Captain Bertie Gordon and officers and troops concerned, but to the service in which such an instance has occurred of discretion and firmness in an officer in command, and of confidence, good order, discipline, and obedience in all under his command, even to the women and children.’

In consequence of this disaster, the battalion remained in Capetown until February, 1843, Major

Ducat assuming command of it, Colonel Lindsay having proceeded to the frontier to take command of the first battalion, which was ordered to be detained in the command till further orders.

In December, 1842, a force consisting of eight hundred men, four hundred of whom were furnished by the first battalion 91st Regiment, was ordered to the north-west frontier, as the emigrant farmers there (Boers) had assumed a threatening attitude. This force, under the command of Colonel M. C. Johnstone of the 27th Regiment, arrived at Colesberg, near the Orange river, towards the end of the month; but, as no active operations appeared necessary, the greater part of the force returned to Grahamstown and Fort Beaufort, leaving three hundred men of the 91st Regiment, under Major Campbell, with Captains Yarborough and Savage, and Lieutenants Bayly and Patterson, at Colesberg as a corps of observation.

In June, 1843, nearly all the disposable troops on the eastern frontier were ordered into Kaffirland on a special service, viz., to drive the refractory chief Tola out of the ceded territory, and recover from him a number of cattle which had been stolen from colonists by his tribe. Both the first and reserve battalions furnished detachments to this force, which was divided into three small columns. That composed of the detachments of the 91st Regiment under the



command of Colonel Lindsay met with some opposition ; but the expedition was successful, and the troops returned within the colonial boundary, having expelled the troublesome chief, and captured a large number of cattle.

Early in 1845, fresh disturbances broke out on the north-western frontier, where the Boers persisted in attacking and plundering the Griquas, who at last claimed the protection of the British Government. Accordingly a force consisting of part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, a company of the Cape Corps, and the detachment of the 91st Regiment already at Colesberg, with a field battery Royal Artillery, marched to the scene of disturbance in the vicinity of the Orange river, and on the arrival of the troops, and a demonstration by the cavalry, the Boers dispersed after making only a show of resistance.

I remained in Grahamstown, after returning from Peddie, about two months, during which time the only occurrence worth mentioning was the presentation of new colours to the 91st Regiment by his honour Colonel Hare, C.B. At the end of the second month, I was ordered to proceed to Capetown in medical charge of invalids, with instructions to return to my regiment on *completion of the duty*. Captain George Napier of the Cape Corps (afterwards Sir George, son of Sir George Napier, a former governor of the Cape, and nephew of the great Sir Charles)

was in command of the detachment. We had a pleasant march to Algoa Bay, and a quick run by coasting steamer to Capetown, where I handed over my charge and received orders to return to the frontier by the next steamer, which was to sail in a week's time. But, before the date of sailing, an express arrived with the announcement of the long-expected outbreak of the Gaika Kaffirs under Sandilli, Macomo, Pato, and other minor chiefs; and Sir P. Maitland with his staff, including Dr. Forrest, the staff-surgeon at Capetown, and the governor's medical attendant, started immediately for the frontier. The head-quarters of the 27th Regiment, which was at Capetown awaiting embarkation for England, was ordered thither also, while I was directed to remain and take up Dr. Forrest's duty until further orders. This was a great disappointment to me, and though I entreated the Principal Medical Officer, Dr. Roe (who had succeeded Dr. Kinnis, mentioned in Chapter II.), to allow me to rejoin my regiment, that I might not lose the opportunity of seeing active service, he turned a deaf ear to my entreaty, and tried to smooth me down by pointing out what a responsible duty had devolved upon so young an officer as the charge of Government House and the general staff. I did not see matters in that light, however, for the very fact of my youth made the charge of Government House and staff a matter of the most perfect indiffer-

ence when compared with the prospect of seeing war.

Dr. Roe himself had seen a great deal of active service, as he had been with the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers in the Peninsula, and been wounded at the investment of Pampluna, and therefore had no sympathy with what he considered my foolish desire to be shot at for the magnificent remuneration of *three-pence three farthings an hour*, and perhaps be killed in an inglorious scrimmage.

I had to submit, and performed the duty for upwards of six weeks; and though Lady Sarah Maitland was kind enough to patronise me, and send for me occasionally, and though I made the acquaintance of the leading officials, Captain Montagu the Colonial Secretary, Judge Menzies, the Attorney-General, and of many of the civilians, who were all kind to me, I was dissatisfied, and became anxious and excited, or, as people said, irritable, when accounts of stirring events and 'news of battle,' even though only of a skirmish, reached us from the front; so at last, and in desperation, I adopted the bold measure of appealing to Captain Montagu, in whom all power was vested in the absence of the governor, and asked him to use his influence and authority to have me sent back to my regiment, and at the same time begged him not to let Dr. Roe know that I had applied to *him* personally.

Independently of a natural desire on the part of

all men connected with the Army to see war, officers and men, especially young officers, dislike being absent when their regiments are on active service. They feel a certain degree of jealousy when they hear and read, in private and in public, expressions and remarks of admiration, sorrow, and sympathy for gallant deeds performed, losses incurred, and sufferings and privations endured, and *they* not there. They feel a little sore when they hear of comrades wounded, and distinguished in a well-fought battle, in which the regiment behaved splendidly, and *they* not there to share the danger and the glory, and the reward of 'honourable mention.' And after a time, when they *do* join their regiments, they have a painful feeling of shyness as they meet their comrades, '*all besmirched with rainy marching in the painful field,*' but with the bronze of battle on their faces, and with the confident bearing of men who have withstood the shock of war, and hear them speak of *this* battle, *that* engagement, the charge, the assault, the long and weary march, and the night-attack, but have to sit in the circle round the bivouac-fire as silent listeners, because *they* were not there.

I do not doubt that some of those who may read these lines have felt what I describe, or have seen others wince and shrink a little when they heard their comrades speak of gallant deeds performed in which *they* had no share.

I speak from personal experience, and it was just this, or something akin to this, which *I* felt ('though only a—doctor') while I was detained, most unwillingly on my part, in Capetown at the commencement of the Kaffir war of 1846-7.

Not many days after my interview with the Colonial Secretary, Dr. Roe sent for me, and desired me to be prepared to return to the frontier, to rejoin my regiment, adding, at the same time,

'You might have saved yourself the trouble of applying to the Colonial Secretary, for I had already arranged for your return. You go by next steamer, and in charge of a newly-raised corps of Malays.'

Dr. Roe was very kind to me during my stay in Capetown. There was always a place for me at his table, and on my leaving he advanced me money, and did all in his power to prepare me for the field. I fully appreciated at the time, and still retain, a grateful recollection of his kindness. He has been dead many years now, but his nephew, and my friend, Dr. S. B. Roe, late Surgeon of 92nd Highlanders, still represents the family in the service.

The Malay corps embarked with a certain degree of enthusiasm. I cannot say much as to their efficiency, for, though they were armed, it was doubtful if they knew how to handle, or at least to use, their arms, as they had undergone only a few days' preliminary instruction. They were sturdy-looking fellows, how-

ever, dressed rather picturesquely in dark blue, with large, red cotton handkerchiefs folded like turbans round their heads, and their numbers, some two hundred, would at least make a show of strength.

Captain Owen, R.E., was in command, assisted by Lieutenant Disney Russel, R.A., and Ensign Manners of the 91st Regiment, and the staff consisted of my old friend Captain Raymond, Paymaster, 27th Regiment, and of myself in medical charge. All these friends have passed over to the great majority years ago. Of the five I only am left, and many a day of hardship and danger I have passed through since then.

We arrived at Algoa Bay safely, disembarked at once, and as soon as we could procure wagons (the indispensable means of transport in those days) commenced our march for Grahamstown. The Malays marched along merrily, seemed to acquire daily a more martial bearing and appearance, but it was evident that they preferred moving as a compact body to being distributed along the line of wagons. Probably they felt a little more confidence when '*shoulder to shoulder*,' a greater power to resist attack than when extended over the distance occupied by wagons. In fact, each man felt a certain comfort and encouragement in the close proximity of his fellows. Had they been regularly trained to discipline and drill, no doubt they would have made

good soldiers, for the Malay is a fierce race; but, as they were—picked up in the streets of Capetown, and hurried off after a few days' instruction—they would have been an incumbrance, a source of weakness rather than strength if attached to regular troops in the field.

On the third night of our march (about mid-night) we were startled out of sleep by the report of a musket, followed by a shout and a rush, and a roll of musketry. Turning out of our blankets at once, we found our Malays outside the square of wagons in a great state of excitement, if not alarm, shouting to each other, and firing as fast as they could load. Owen, followed by all of us, rushed in amongst them, with some difficulty induced them to cease firing and to be silent, and then through an interpreter (for none of us could speak either Malay or Dutch) ascertained as follows: One of the sentries had seen *something* stealthily approaching him through the bush by which the encampment was surrounded, and, in his fear, supposed—indeed said—it was a Kaffir, and at once fired his musket at the object. At the noise of the musket and of his shout of alarm, not only the guard but the whole corps turned out, and crowding together outside the wagon enclosure, where we found them, opened a regular fusilade in the direction indicated by the sentry, firing into the bush or into the air, I do not know which, and I

hardly think they, in their alarm, knew themselves.

It was with a little difficulty, as I have said, that we got them to cease firing, pressed them back within the enclosure, and induced them to be silent. Having accomplished this, Owen ordered out two patrols to sweep the bush all round our encampment, one of twenty men to search the ground in front and on the right flank, and the other, of similar strength, to take the rear and left flank of the camp. The first was placed under the command of Captain Raymond, a man between sixty and seventy years of age, and very short-sighted, and the second under *my* command, a man who did not quite understand what was required of a patrol.

However, off we went, Raymond and I at the head of our respective parties, performed the duty allotted to each, and returned *safely* to report that we had not met nor seen anything.

This was the first and last military duty that I ever performed, though, as I shall relate, I once again offered my services, which were declined. I thought it very grand and warlike at the time, but afterwards, when I knew better, and had learned something about war and Kaffirs, I became aware of the imprudence, to say the least of it, of sending out small parties to hunt up a Kaffir in the bush. Although Raymond and I could lead parties, neither of us could communicate with our Malays except by



signs, and, in the dark, signs were useless. If there had been Kaffirs in the bush, they could have asse-gaied us without being seen, and, if any suspicious-looking object had presented itself, the Malays, in their then nervous state, would have bolted or fired at random, and either killed us who were in front, or killed each other; and had both parties met in the bush, which was nearly as high as ourselves, they would most probably have blazed into each other. 'All's well that ends well.' Fortunately we did not see any Kaffirs, or anything else to cause alarm, and most fortunately the two patrols got safe back to the encampment without meeting. We performed the rest of our march without adventure.

In consequence of the frequent incursions of the Kaffirs into the colony at the end of 1845, and their continual insolent and aggressive behaviour, his honour Colonel Hare, C.B., the lieutenant-governor, was instructed to call on the Gaika chiefs Sandilli and Macomo to meet him at Block Drift. This meeting took place on the 29th of July, 1846, and on the occasion a small column, consisting of three troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, a company of the Cape Corps, one gun Royal Artillery, and one hundred and twenty men of the reserve battalion 91st Regiment, accompanied the lieutenant-governor, both to give the meeting an official character, and to produce a moral effect by showing the Kaffirs that we

intended and were ready to enforce our demands. What these demands were, I do not know, but most probably they were to the effect that the chiefs should restrain their followers, prevent their entering the colony, and put an end to acts of theft and plunder.

The meeting broke up, Colonel Hare returned to Grahamstown, the troops to Fort Beaufort, and the chiefs with their followers to their respective locations, where they remained in undisguised ill-humour and discontent, ready to break out in open hostility at any moment. Macomo alone, unable to resist his intense craving for spirits, still visited Fort Beaufort, and, with a certain number of his followers, was to be seen daily at the canteen in a state of intoxication. During one of these drunken visits one of his followers committed a theft, of which no notice was taken further than to cause restitution of the stolen property, and to insist on the expulsion and exclusion of the thief from the station in future. But the same thief again made his appearance, and, having been caught in the act of purloining a *hatchet* from the commissariat stores, was apprehended, and dispatched with several other prisoners under an escort to Grahamstown, there to be handed over to the civil power for trial, the offence having been committed within the colonial boundary.

The other prisoners were a Hottentot, to whom,

for the sake of security, the Kaffir was handcuffed, and an English soldier and Fingo, who were also handcuffed to each other.

They had not proceeded many miles from Beaufort, when, in a narrow pass overlooking the Kat river, they were suddenly attacked by a strong body of Kaffirs, who liberated their tribesman, and in doing so horribly mutilated and then killed the Hottentot. While they were so engaged, the escort escaped, without having made even a show of resistance, and so did the soldier and the Fingo: but these two, although successful in making their escape, were nearly drowned in attempting to cross the river, in deep water, as they could not get rid of the handcuffs.

Why such a disgrace was inflicted on a British soldier, as to handcuff him to a Fingo—a black man—I cannot conceive. Imprison the soldier, chain him, try him by military or civil law, and hang or shoot him if necessary, but in his misfortune or his crime still treat him as a soldier, for he is a ‘member, though the humblest, of an honourable profession,’ which should never be disgraced in his person before inferior races by even an approach to indignity. In my experience, the soldier is rarely ever altogether bad, is as often sinned against as sinning, and is seldom ungenerous or ungrateful.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**Kaffir Outbreak—War of the Axe—Forward movement of Troops—The Reserve Battalion of the 91st under Major Campbell—General Somerset—Hard Fighting—Burns Hill—Attack by Kaffirs—Block Drift—Severe Fighting—Loss of Wagons—Grenadiers 91st Regiment form Rear-guard—Cochrane, 91st Regiment, Wounded—Kaffirs pour into Colony—Attack Outposts—Non-commissioned Officer mentioned in Despatches with Officers—1st Battalion 91st Regiment to Peddie—Fighting in Neighbourhood—Post Attacked—Trumpeter's Pass—Loss of Wagons—Battle of Gwanga.**

THE event described at the end of last chapter, viz., the attack on the escort for the release of the Kaffir prisoner, in which a British subject (though only a Hottentot) was murdered, at last caused the outbreak of the long-threatened Kaffir war of 1846-7. 'The War of the Axe,' as it was derisively called by the colonists.

On the refusal of the chief Sandilli to give up the perpetrators of this outrage and murder, it was decided to make a hostile *demonstration* against him and his tribe.

The first forward movement was made from Fort Beaufort, in the direction of the Amatola mountains,

where the Kaffirs, in anticipation of an attack, had assembled in great numbers.

On the 11th of April, 1846, the head-quarters of the reserve battalion of the 91st, with the grenadier company of the first battalion, under Captain Ward, in all about two hundred men, under the command of Major Campbell, of the reserve battalion, marched from Beaufort, with the 7th Dragoon Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, and joined Colonel Somerset, who was already in the field, encamped on the Debé Flats, with artillery, Cape Corps, several companies of the reserve battalion of the 91st, and a body of Kat river Hottentots, altogether making up a field force of about fourteen hundred men.

On the 15th, the whole force moved to Burns Hill mission-station, and encamped there; and arrangements were made to attack the enemy—for such the Kaffirs were considered—on the following day. An infantry column three hundred and eighty strong (consisting of two companies of the reserve battalion of the 91st, the grenadier company of the first battalion, and one hundred and eighty Hottentots), under the command of Major Campbell, of the 91st, was directed to move from camp at daybreak of the 16th, to clear the valleys at the foot of the Amatola range, and push on to the heights above, while the cavalry, with two guns, under Colonel

Somerset himself, should search the kloofs, and drive off the Kaffir cattle from there and from the more open ground at the base of the mountain range. Major Campbell, with his column, crossed the Keiskama river at daybreak, and commenced to ascend the Amatola Hoek (a wooded valley opening and contracting, and leading up towards the summit of a range of heights). In the narrowest and most difficult part of this long ascent the Kaffirs made their attack, surrounded the column, and pressed so closely upon it that it was only by the troops maintaining a steady and continuous fire that they could be held in check; indeed, at one time it was necessary to fix bayonets, in expectation of the enemy making a rush. Thus fighting sternly with the enemy in overwhelming numbers in front, on both flanks, and in rear, the little party of the 91st and Hottentots moved steadily on, until it arrived at the top of the pass, where it met Colonel Somerset, with his cavalry and guns, who had succeeded in capturing a number of cattle, but met with no opposition, the Kaffirs having confined their attack to the little infantry column.

On the afternoon of the same day, while Colonel Somerset and Major Campbell were engaged in the passes and valleys of the Amatola mountains, another large body of Kaffirs made an attack on the camp at Burns Hill, which had been left in charge of a

party of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and three companies of the reserve battalion of the 91st under the command of Major Gibson, of the 7th Dragoon Guards. The attack was made with great determination, and, though the enemy was beaten off, we lost one officer (Captain Bambrick, of the 7th Dragoon Guards), and four men of the 91st killed, and four men of the same regiment wounded.

On the following day (the 17th), in compliance with orders, Major Gibson moved from Burns Hill to join the rest of the force with Colonel Somerset; but in consequence of the great extent of ground covered by one hundred and twenty-five wagons, each with a team of twelve pairs of bullocks, and also of the necessity of protecting his guns, Major Gibson was only able to form advance and rear-guards, thus leaving the whole line of wagons extending over several miles, exposed to attack. The Kaffirs were quick to perceive this, and after the convoy had proceeded a couple of miles, and entered the narrow track leading down to the river at Block Drift, they began to show in great numbers, in the bush on both flanks; and, waiting until the advance guard and half of the wagons had crossed the drift, they rushed down in great numbers, cut the bullocks adrift from several, and wheeled one or two wagons across the drift in the middle of the river, thus completely blocking up the

passage, and causing great and irremediable confusion, during which large bodies of them attacked the advance and rear-guards, while another carried off the bullocks and plundered the wagons. Only by keeping up a steady and continuous fire were our troops able to effect their retreat in the face of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy that closed in on them on all sides. All the wagons were of necessity abandoned except those which contained the ammunition. These were saved and brought back to Burns Hill (whither Major Gibson retired) by Brevet-Major Scott and his company of the 91st.

On the next day (the 18th), Colonel Somerset fell back upon Block Drift, with his guns, cavalry, and infantry, where he was joined by Major Gibson's column. He recovered a number of the plundered wagons, and was able to bring them on by means of the cattle captured on the 16th. As the whole force moved in the direction of the Tyumie river, the Kaffirs again attacked in great numbers, making determined efforts to break in on the line of ammunition and recovered wagons, but were gallantry repulsed by Major Scott's and Captain Rawstorne's companies of the reserve, and Captain Ward's Grenadiers of the first battalion 91st. In crossing the river at Block Drift, the Grenadiers of the 91st formed the rear guard, and were



exposed for some time to a heavy fire. Here Lieutenant Cochrane, who belonged to this company, was severely wounded in two places.

This was an unfortunate commencement to our hostile operations. Instead of our punishing the Kaffirs, they certainly got the best of it.

It may excite surprise that a small force of twelve hundred British troops, with a couple of hundred untrained Hottentots, should have been sent into the fastnesses of the Amatola mountains to punish a warlike race that was ready to oppose them in thousands; but it will excite more than surprise when we find that this small force was encumbered with *one hundred and twenty-five* wagons, each wagon drawn by twenty-four oxen.

One would, or should, have thought that troops, to operate in a country covered with dense forest and cut up by ravines and kloofs, against a numerous, warlike, and savage enemy, should have been dispatched with as few impedimenta as possible. But at the Cape the wagon was, and apparently still is, thought to be absolutely necessary as part of the equipment of troops about to take the field, and who are nevertheless expected to move rapidly in order to overtake a nimble enemy which moves without equipment of any kind. I am not a combatant soldier, but I have lived amongst soldiers all my life, and think, from what I have learned by looking on in

war, that our fourteen hundred men might have been sent into the field better prepared for service, and might have been better handled during the three days' operations.

I remember to have heard it said, probably without justice, that those who possessed wagons were rather pleased at the prospect of a Kaffir war, and did not object to its being a prolonged one; for wagons were always wanted for the troops, and the government paid *highly* and *regularly* for the use of them.

It is true, I believe, that this expedition into the Amatolas was looked on more as a military *outing* which would occupy only a week or two, during which no opposition would be encountered, and therefore the troops took not only necessary equipment, but an unnecessary amount of baggage and supplies, so that, far from being able to act on the aggressive with a certainty of success, it lost its baggage and supply train, and was forced to act on the defensive. Had there been no baggage train to protect, and had the small force acted together, instead of having been divided into three separate columns, the fourteen hundred men might have marched into the Amatola mountains, captured cattle, burned kraals, and destroyed crops without meeting with opposition, or, if attacked, could have punished the enemy severely.

But to send a small column of infantry in one direction, cavalry in another, and to leave an insufficient guard to protect a train of wagons which, when moving, covered miles of ground, which had to pass through a densely-wooded country, and cross a river at a narrow ford, gave the Kaffirs, who were in thousands, opportunity to attack each party in detail with overwhelming numbers, which they did successfully.

Immediately after this the Kaffirs poured into the colony, and assaulted the small, isolated outposts along the frontier, which were held by detachments of the reserve battalion 91st Regiment. They were everywhere repulsed, however, with loss. One of these outposts (Blinkwater) was held by a small detachment of the 91st Regiment under the command of a non-commissioned officer. The Kaffirs made several determined attacks on this little party in great force, but were repulsed on each occasion, and retired, after having lost heavily in killed and wounded. The name of the brave soldier who commanded at Blinkwater was Sergeant Snodgrass, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his name mentioned in official dispatches, amongst those of officers who had *also* been distinguished by the defence of their respective outposts. These were Lieutenants Metcalfe and Thom, also Lieutenant Dickson.

It is not often that a non-commissioned officer has

an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an independent command, but this sergeant took advantage of *his* opportunity, and was rewarded by official acknowledgment. Opportunity is rare, but acknowledgment still more rare.

Very shortly after the breaking out of hostilities, the first battalion of the 91st Regiment was ordered to Fort Peddie, to protect the Fingo settlement there, and prevent the Kaffirs entering the colony from that direction. On the 27th of May, not many days after the arrival of the battalion, the resident agent, Captain McLean (who had succeeded Shepstone in all his functions) informed Colonel Lindsay, commanding the troops, that Kaffirs were collecting in great numbers in the broken, wooded country to the north of the post, with the intention of attacking the position, and of capturing the Fingo cattle. Accordingly, Colonel Lindsay ordered Sir Harry Darrell, with a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, a few of the Cape Corps, and one light field-gun, to patrol the country in the direction indicated by the resident, and prevent the Kaffirs driving off the cattle.

This party soon came in contact with the enemy, who, in considerable force, occupied the densely-wooded kloofs between Peddie and the Beka river, and showed no inclination either to retire or to advance, although their dense covert was searched with shot and shell at one moment, while at another

the dragoons and mounted men rode boldly in, and exchanged shots with them. When the sound of firing was heard at Peddie, two companies of the first battalion of the 91st Regiment were dispatched to the assistance or support of the cavalry. Major Yarborough, 91st Regiment, was sent in command, and, on reaching the scene of action, being the senior officer present, took command of the whole party, and made the following arrangements, viz., the gun, having been disabled by the loss of one or two of its horses, was sent back (a mistake); the cavalry were desired to fall back, and form at some distance behind the infantry, but to be prepared to charge; and the infantry were ordered to advance towards the bush in skirmishing order, firing as they advanced, but, when close to the enemy, to wheel-about suddenly, and retire at the double; the object being to draw the Kaffirs, in pursuit, out into the open. This was successful, for the enemy, supposing that the 'red coats' were repulsed, rushed out in considerable numbers, brandishing their assegais and using contemptuous language.

This gave the cavalry their opportunity, and, led gallantly by Sir Harry Darrell, both 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Corps charged, and cut down and shot a number of the enemy before they could regain the shelter of the bush. A second time this ruse was tried, but the Kaffirs, taught by experience,

declined, and began to retire further into the bush, whither, as darkness was coming on, Major Yarborough did not think it prudent to follow, and returned to the post.

On the following day (28th of May) the enemy showed themselves in great force on the little hills to the north, south, and east of Fort Peddie, and about noon commenced to move forward slowly but steadily, clouds of skirmishers covering the advance of dense columns. As soon as they came within range, the light field-guns in the Star Fort opened on them, with round shot and shell, and rockets also were thrown into the dense masses; but these last so frightened the cattle, which had been collected in the hollow under the fort, that they rushed down into the plain, were captured by the Kaffirs, and immediately driven off. The Fingoes started in pursuit, and after a prolonged skirmish, in which they lost several of their own numbers and killed a number of the enemy, they recaptured some, not all, of the cattle.

In the meantime, the Kaffirs kept up a distant fusilade upon the post, but the fire of the field-guns from the Star Fort, under Lieutenant King, R.A., and of a small gun, mounted on a traversing-carriage, on the tower at the west side of the station, worked under the directions of Lieutenant Patterson, of the 91st Regiment, arrested the advance of the great body of the enemy, who gradually retired

out of range, and at last, towards sunset, disappeared in the neighbouring kloofs and valleys. Their attack on the post itself had failed, but they had captured and driven off a large number of cattle, and no doubt considered this as equivalent to victory, or at least success, which indeed it was.

I refrain from offering any opinion as to our military arrangements on the occasion, but think I may safely say that we failed to do all that we might have done. Our force of three or four hundred regular infantry was hardly made use of at all. Had they been well distributed, and judiciously posted, instead of being shut up within stone walls, they might have done considerable execution on the dense bodies of the enemy.

As the Kaffirs were retiring, our cavalry was ordered to pursue, but failed to get near the nimble foe, because most probably the order for pursuit was given '*too late,*' like many other decisions with regard to military arrangements *then and since.*

Altogether, in this attack on Fort Peddie, we killed two hundred Kaffirs, instead of as many thousands, which we had means and opportunity of doing. We did not lose a single soldier or burgher, and the only killed and wounded were amongst the Fingoes, who, in defence of their cattle, did not hesitate to meet the Kaffirs hand to hand.

Immediately before and after the attack on Fort Peddie, there was a good deal of desultory fighting

in the neighbourhood, and in the eastern district of the ceded territory. On some occasions *we* were successful, on others success was decidedly with the *Kaffirs*. For instance, on the 21st of May, they attacked, captured, and destroyed a large number of supply wagons in Trumpeter's Pass. This convoy was under a sufficient escort, consisting of two companies of the first battalion 91st Regiment, strengthened by a party of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and by a number of armed burghers. I will not enter into the particulars of this affair, as they are not generally creditable, but I may say that the advance guard, with which were Lieutenant Buttler of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Lieutenant Dickson and Ensign Aitchison of the 91st Regiment, behaved most gallantly, while the main body and rear guard, under the officer commanding the whole escort, did not distinguish themselves. Not that the men were to blame, *they* were anxious to fight, and indignant at being held back; but there was a misunderstanding somewhere, or a loss of nerve in some one, while the *Kaffirs* carried off all the oxen and plundered the wagons. Our troops retired, some of them without firing a shot, and therefore the savages claimed a victory, as they had every right to do.

After this success, and their capture of cattle at Peddie, their intention was to attack the post at Trumpeter's Drift, and occupy the Fish river bush; but an able and vigilant officer (Lieutenant Dickson)



commanded at Trumpeter's Drift, and Colonel Somerset, an experienced officer and able tactician in this kind of warfare, was at hand with a considerable, though mixed force.

Elated with success, the Kaffirs had arranged to attack another convoy which they had received information from their spies (they had an Intelligence Department quite as good as ours) was to pass through Trumpeter's Drift on the 8th of June, and for that purpose had assembled in great numbers in the deep kloofs on the south side of Peddie, and on the flank of Trumpeter's Pass.

Early on the morning of that day, however, while the Kaffirs were waiting for daylight, and for the convoy to arrive at the most difficult part of the pass, they were suddenly attacked, punished severely, and driven back with considerable loss by Colonel Somerset, who had been informed by *his* spies of their position and intention, with a mixed force of dragoons, Cape Corps, burghers, and Fingoes. This was a sharp fight, and occupied the greater part of the day; but, as the troops were returning to their camp and to Fort Peddie, they came upon a large body of Kaffirs—seven hundred—moving rapidly in the direction where the fighting had taken place in the early part of the day. They were in the open, with no covert near to run to; the cavalry, therefore, had an opportunity of charging, and did so in splendid style, led on by Sir Harry Darrell.

The Kaffirs were unable to resist the charge, but broke and fled, hotly pursued by the Cape Corps, who shot them down, and by the Fingoes, who mercifully assegaied them, so that not a Kaffir escaped.

This was called the battle of the Gwanga, from the small stream in the vicinity of which it was fought.

The 91st Regiment were not engaged; indeed, were not present, but I allude to this day's proceedings as the most successful during the war, and as being the only occasion on which the Kaffirs were ever caught by cavalry in the open plain. They were excellent skirmishers, knew well how to advance and retire, how to take advantage of covert, and how to defend themselves in broken or wooded ground, and even how to attack an enemy in difficulty, or hampered with baggage and wagons, but always declined to meet the white man in a body, or in a position from which there was no escape. Individually they were brave, collectively they had no trust in each other.

We had a good many wounded at the battle of the Gwanga; for, when the Kaffirs saw our cavalry charging down upon them, they formed a front, fired a volley, threw a shower of assegais, and then turned and fled, with the result I have already mentioned.

Several of our people were struck by bullets, but more wounded by the assegai, a weapon with which the Kaffir was then more familiar than with the musket; and, besides, they were thrown at close quarters.

Captain Wallpole, Royal Engineers, was particularly unfortunate. In the early part of the day, he had been struck by a spent ball on the thigh, which at the time did not cause much pain, or prevent his remaining in the field. Whether or not he rode in the charge at the Gwanga, I do not know, but, at any rate, he found himself among the Kaffirs, for he received a second wound, and from an assegai, which must have been thrown at him at close quarters. It struck him on the point of the chin, glanced downwards, slit open the skin of his throat and neck, and was only prevented from passing down into his chest by striking on the internal end of the collar-bone. This wound, though a ghastly-looking one at first, healed rapidly, while that on the thigh, which appeared of no consequence at first, was followed by severe inflammation, gave him much pain and trouble, and was long in healing.

Sir Harry Darrell also was wounded in two places by assegais. As he charged right through the body of Kaffirs one struck him on the left arm, and was pulled through from behind as he sat on horseback by the troop-sergeant-major, the other struck below the hip, and penetrated deep into the muscles. His charger had five assegai wounds. Two of the dragoons were killed and several wounded in the charge, all with the assegai. The wounded subsequently came under my care.

## CHAPTER IX.

Escort Duty—Night Attack—First Sleep on the Bare Ground—  
 First Time under Fire—90th Light Infantry Regiment—  
 Another Escort—Night Attack—Offer to do Military Duty  
 —Refused with a Snub—Arrive at Peddie—Glad to Rejoin  
 my Regiment—Forward movement by Divisions—Sir P.  
 Maitland—Colonel Hare—Sir Andrew Stockentrom—In the  
 Amatolas—In Charge of a small Column—The Result of  
 Operations—Constant Night Attacks—Pursuit of Enemy—  
 Splendid Marching—Plains on Fire—Beyond the Kei River  
 —Kreli Paramount Chief.

AFTER the attack on Fort Peddie, the head-quarters of the first battalion of the 91st Regiment did not take any further active part in the war. The reserve battalion, however, was constantly engaged, either alone or in concert with other troops, in attacking or in repelling attacks of the enemy; was also with the first division in the grand advance in force, and in all the final and successful operations in the Amatola mountains, to all of which I shall only briefly allude, but will first keep up the continuity of my own recollections.

A few days after my arrival at Grahamstown with the Malay Corps, I was sent in medical charge of

a party, consisting of Royal Artillery, with two guns, and a detachment of the Cape Corps, to reinforce or support a body of burghers, whose laager, about ten or fifteen miles distant from Grahamstown, was threatened by a large body of Kaffirs. We started at a very early hour in the morning, indeed, shortly after midnight, moved along rapidly, and arrived at the laager just at daybreak, to find that the enemy, in considerable force, had made their attack several hours earlier, and had endeavoured to drive off the cattle, but that, having been repulsed in the former, and failed in the latter, were retiring slowly to the shelter of the Fish river bush.

We followed in pursuit, and a brisk fire was kept up for some time between the Cape Corps and the few mounted burghers who joined us, and a number of the enemy who, in extended order, covered the retreat of the main body, which, on approaching the bush, broke up and disappeared as if by magic.

We kept up the pursuit for some distance, but found it impossible to move the guns over the broken ground, and through the dense bush into which the pursuit was leading us, with the rapidity necessary to keep up with the mounted men. The whole party therefore retired on the laager, which we reached early in the afternoon. We remained there until the following morning, in the hope that the Kaffirs might make another attack, but in this we were disappointed.

This was the first occasion on which I was under fire, and that night spent at the laager was the first time I ever slept in the open air and made my couch upon the ground, with my cloak for my only covering, and my saddle for a pillow. The night was bitterly cold, but the ground was not so uncomfortable a bed as I expected it would have been, and the saddle did not make a bad pillow. To my surprise, I slept well, and, still more to my surprise, was refreshed and well when I awoke on the following morning. Indeed, in my after career in South Africa, the Crimea, and even in India, I passed many a night in the open air, and slept on the ground in every kind of weather without suffering or inconvenience.

On returning from this duty, I was ordered to join the head-quarters of my battalion at Fort Peddie, and was directed to accompany and take medical charge of a party which was to form the escort of a convoy of wagons proceeding to Peddie, *viâ* Trumpeter's Drift and Pass, the scene of the late successful Kaffir attack on, and capture of, forty supply wagons. This party consisted of a sergeant and twenty men of the 91st Regiment and two companies of the 90th Light Infantry, which regiment had been detained at the Cape while on its way home from Ceylon. In those days, the Cape was always looked on with a degree of suspicion

by regiments passing homewards from the East, for war and rumours of war were so constant on the frontier, that they never felt safe until they found themselves out of Table Bay and well into the south-east trade winds.

The officer in command of the escort which I was detailed to accompany was of field rank. He had no experience of Kaffir warfare, or of the difficulty of protecting a wagon train against their attack in such a country as we were to pass through, but I must say he assumed his command in a cool, self-reliant manner, and made methodical and soldierlike arrangements. As we entered the Fish river bush, he sent forward a party to feel the way and search every suspicious-looking spot, kept up communication with this advance party by stationing a file of men at every opening on both flanks, until the wagons with the rear guard had cleared the doubtful-looking spot. He continued to push on in this cautious manner, always searching the bush in advance, and guarding every opening on the flanks, until we arrived safely at Trumpeter's Post. On the following day he adopted the same plan while we were struggling through and up the pass. The duty occupied part of three days and two nights.

During the night, we bivouacked on a cleared spot, but surrounded by thick bush. Here we were attacked. The enemy were not in great numbers,

nor did they approach near to us, but kept up a constant though not very heavy fire from two sides, to which we replied as we saw the flash of their muskets.

This went on for a couple of hours, especially on the side of our bivouac, where the detachment of the 91st Regiment was placed, so that the men began to grumble at being kept under arms, and subjected to an annoyance which they knew would be continued until nearly daylight of the following morning.

At last the sergeant of the party, a fiery old Celt, came to me and proposed that I should go and inform the officer commanding that 'the detachment of the 91st Regiment volunteered to go out and drive the Kaffirs away from *their* side, if he would allow them, *and also allow me to lead them.*'

I should not have paid any attention to this proposal, for it was a slight breach of discipline, and, besides, I was a *non-combatant*, and the only medical officer present; but I quite appreciated the irritation of the men, and also felt that I personally should not run any greater risk by leading a dash at the enemy than by remaining inside the bivouac, where the bullets were dropping and striking every minute. Besides—why should I not confess it?—I felt a little flattered at having been asked by my own men to lead them; and so, under the influence of this feeling, and the indifference of youth to danger when a



row is going on, I did not take time to reflect on the irregularity of the sergeant's proposal, or of the impropriety of my interfering, but went in search of the officer commanding, and, after some little seeking, found him lying on the ground *under* a wagon.

I was not impertinent enough to ask what he was doing there, but told him at once of the proposal of the men of the 91st Regiment, and of their desire that I should lead them. His reply was sharp and laconic. 'What! you a doctor, and want to lead men to fight? I never heard of such a thing.'

I cannot say whether the flush which I felt suffuse my face was caused by the words in which the rebuke was administered, or by the apparently contemptuous manner in which my services were declined. Though *only a doctor*, I was not afraid to stand up *erect* while the enemy were firing into our bivouac, and was ready to lead, even though I might make an indifferent leader, from ignorance of what was required. At all events, I could go first, and show the way. Once, not many days before, I had been desired to lead, and did so, but on this occasion, when I offered to lead, my services were declined.

Never in all my after career did I forget that I was a doctor, or presume to interfere in purely military matters; the rebuke given to me on that occasion taught me a salutary lesson, and I profited by it.

On arrival at Fort Peddie, I was glad to find

myself once more with my own regiment and amongst my own brother-officers. Those present were Colonel Lindsay, Major Yarborough, Captain Savage, Lieutenants Bayly, Patterson, and Stein, Ensigns Aitchison and Manners, and Surgeon Hadaway. Besides the 91st Regiment, there were present a detachment of the Royal Artillery under Lieutenant King, a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards, under Major Gibson, with Captains Sir H. Darrell and Butler, and two subalterns, Gore and another whose name I have forgotten,—and yet I ought to remember it, for he and I had some dealings in horse-flesh, which he kindly arranged much to *my* advantage, not usual under such circumstances, for men almost invariably prefer arranging in such dealings for their *own* advantage. There was also a small detachment of sappers under Major Walpole, and a company of the 90th Light Infantry under Captain Bringhurst.

I am glad to be able to say that a good many of the officers I have just named are still alive. Generally, after a period of forty years, one has to deplore the loss of all, or at least of the greater number, of friends with whom he was associated nearly half-a-century ago. Of those of the 91st Regiment named, five besides myself are still alive, two are gone, and of one, if still alive, I have lost sight. Colonel Lindsay died many years ago, and my good friend Hadaway passed away at a ripe old age about two years

ago, but from the effects of an accident which befell him while walking along a street in London. Darrell died many years ago of fever, contracted while on a shooting excursion in Sardinia, and General Gibson only the other day.

Towards the end of May, two regiments, the 6th and Rifle Brigade, sent direct from England, and a detachment of the first battalion of the 45th from Natal, having reached the frontier, increased the fighting strength of the force, so as to enable the General Commanding to complete his arrangements for a grand, simultaneous forward movement into Kaffirland, as all the tribes, even a portion of the Galekas from beyond the Kei river, were in arms against us. This forward movement was to be executed in three divisions; the Second Division (with which was Sir P. Maitland, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief), under Colonel Somerset, K.H., to advance from the east; the third (composed entirely of burgher levies under Sir Andreas Stockenstroem, who had been appointed Commandant-General of the whole burgher force) from the north-west and west; and the first, under His Honour Colonel Hare, C.B., from the south. A small column, under Colonel Johnstone, of the 27th Regiment, consisting of detachments of the 27th and first battalion of the 91st, a battalion of burghers, two field-guns, and a few of the Cape Corps, was to move

from the south-east, form a connecting-link between the first and second Divisions, and complete the whole line of advance.

Lieutenants Bayly and Stein were with the detachment of the 91st that formed part of Colonel Johnstone's column, and I was detailed to take medical charge of the whole column.

Early in June the different divisions commenced to advance, with the usual *impedimenta* of wagons; but the movements were not effected simultaneously, or with the requisite rapidity and energy. The second Division, under Colonel Somerset, starting from Waterloo Bay, crossed the Keiskama near the sea, and pushed on as far as the Buffalo river, driving the Kaffirs before it, and capturing a few cattle. The first Division, under Colonel Hare, starting from the neighbourhood of Block Drift, advanced direct on the Amatola mountains, searched every kloof and forest, drove the enemy everywhere before it, and pursued them towards the source of the Keiskama river as far as the Buffalo mountains; whilst the third Division, under Sir Andreas Stockenstroem, pressed on from the north-west and west, drove the enemy back, checked every attempt made by them, in either large or small parties, to elude pursuit, by passing between the first and third Divisions, into the colony, and punished them severely on the several occasions that they made the attempt. The

column under Colonel Johnstone, starting from Fort Peddie, crossed the Keiskama to the west of that post, entered the Amatola mountains, and acted in concert with the first division (the right wing of which we came in sight of several times), and drove the Kaffirs, quite panic-stricken by our unexpected advance, out of the deep, intricate, and thickly-wooded kloofs and valleys of the mountain range.

Unfortunately, this grand advance was not followed by the full measure of success expected. It alarmed the Kaffirs, by convincing them of our ability to penetrate their mountain strongholds, but did not frighten them into submission.

It was not a complete success, because there was not perfect co-operation : because we did not move swiftly enough, and because we attempted to advance at an unfavourable season of the year, when there was no grass for horses or cattle ; and also because of the great difficulty experienced in bringing up supplies for the troops from Algoa Bay to the front ; no arrangements having been completed at the time (though they had been thought of, when 'too late') for landing supplies at some point on the eastern coast near to the seat of war. Subsequently, however, Waterloo Bay, near the mouth of the Fish river, was selected for the purpose, and made good use of.

The final result of this grand combined forward

movement, from which so much was expected, and might have been effected under able control and guidance, was that the whole force had to fall back on the line of our own frontier, and there remain in an attitude of defence, after having established a chain of posts to keep open the communication between the first and second divisions, the headquarters of which were in the neighbourhood of Fort Cox on the west, and Waterloo Bay on the east, while the third division protected the colonial frontier on the west and north-west.

Thus was lost a splendid opportunity of completely crushing our troublesome enemies, the Kaffirs, and of rendering them powerless for aggression in the future; and chiefly because we moved too slowly, chose the wrong time of year to advance, and had not made arrangements to feed our troops, and supply grain for our cavalry and artillery horses. These fell off in condition so much, and so many of our draught oxen died, that cavalry, artillery, and transport became inefficient, even during the advance, and a retrograde movement became *absolutely* necessary.

The Gaika Kaffirs—those with whom we opened the war—though not brought to battle in any force during the last combined movements, had been so hunted and harrassed by the first division under Colonel Hare, aided to some extent by Colonel Johnstone's small column in the Amatola mountains and in their wild, wooded kloofs and valleys, hitherto

supposed to be impenetrable to the white soldier, that they sent messengers to all the other tribes to inform them that 'the Amatola was at last broken to pieces, that Kaffirland was lost, and that they (the Gaikas) had no place to rest in.'

The reserve battalion of the 91st Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was with the first division, was constantly prominent in attack and pursuit, and was frequently mentioned in despatches as having behaved with gallantry, and as having been in a great measure instrumental in the successful advance and operations of the division.

Throughout these operations my friend Wright had acted as aide-de-camp to His Honour Colonel Hare, Captain Hare having been sent home with invalids before the war commenced.

During the forward movement, Colonel Johnstone's little column did not come in contact with any large body of the enemy. Frequently we saw them in small bodies moving along the higher ridges in the Amatas parallel to our line of march, often on both flanks, watching us, but at a safe distance. They rarely came near enough to exchange shots with us during the day, but at night approached close to our camp or bivouac, and kept up an intermittent fire for hours, seldom followed by any result except the annoyance which it caused us. We had to cook and eat as quickly as possible, and then put out our fires, instead of sitting round them to rest and warm our-

selves, and to enjoy our pipes and tin of grog; for the least glimmer of a fire, a spark from flint and steel, the glow from a pipe, even the shadow of a man sitting up or moving in the bivouac, was seen at once by the sharp eyes of the Kaffirs, and brought their fire down upon us from several quarters at the same time. The only safe position was to lie flat upon one's back, with the saddle so placed as to protect the head, and only in this position could one with any safety enjoy a pipe or weed.

On the occasions of these night attacks my friend Bayly would never allow me to sleep on the outside, but always insisted on my lying down between himself and Stein, so as to protect me from possible danger.

Several times, in the thick forests of the Amatolas, we knew from the freshness of the spoor upon the ground that we were treading on the heels of a large body of men driving cattle hurriedly before them; and, though we strained every nerve to overtake them, the men, eager for a brush, stepping out at a tremendous pace, where the forest paths would admit of their doing so, the Kaffirs, who knew every opening in the forest, every track and every kloof or ravine to and through which it led, invariably escaped us. We might as well have chased shadows, for Kaffirs, unless they intend to let you overtake them, or mean to fight you, are like the Will-o'-the-wisp, seen for a moment and lost to sight the next. They



have also, as I have already described, a tantalising way of showing themselves on heights above you, and out of reach, while you think you are in close pursuit, and just treading on their heels, from whence, pitching their voices in a high key which is but too distinctly audible, they made use of expressions which conveyed to the ears of those who knew their language either defiance or jocular abuse at our expense.

We underwent great exposure and fatigue during this 'forward movement,' frequently marching twenty and even thirty miles in the day; but nothing seemed to tell on those old 91st soldiers. They could march from before sunrise till sunset, and, though without food or *other* refreshment during all that time, not a man ever fell out of the ranks, so great was their *staying* power, their endurance; and they never got footsore or leg weary, for their feet were hard as horn and their muscles like whip-cord.

The only thing they appeared to dislike was a long halt during a march, for then their old muscles got stiff, and would not relax again until they had resumed the march and got quickly over a mile or two. Never since those days, and I have passed years on active service, and had much experience since then, have I seen soldiers march better than the old 91st—'the drunken auld devils,' as they called themselves.

Though the enemy avoided us during the day,

and swept their cattle, when almost within our grasp, into places of safety, they never failed to visit us at night, and, by their constant fire, kept us on the alert, and deprived us of the rest and sleep so necessary to fit us for the next day's work. Occasionally they varied their method of annoyance by setting fire to the long dry grass around us, which, if there was wind enough to fan the flame, would blaze up with such rapidity as barely to give us time to turn out and clear a protective circle round our camp or bivouac. A prairie on fire, if you can look down upon it from a height, or from a place of safety, is a magnificent sight, and I shall never forget having seen the vast plains on the north of the Amatas on fire. We were bivouacked on one of the spurs of the Tab-an-Doda, the highest peak in that part of the mountain range, and about, as far as I could judge, some two or three thousand feet above the great undulating plain beneath us. The night was intensely dark, for clouds obscured even the starlight, and the vast plain, wrapped in fire, afforded a magnificent but awful spectacle. Here the fire blazed in one broad sheet of flame—there crept rapidly along, twisting, bending, writhing like some living thing; in another place whirled round in circles, from which vast columns of smoke ascended, out of which darted great tongues of fire, followed by clouds of brilliant sparks; and in yet another place advanced in one long line with devouring rapidity.

On the morrow, when we looked down from our mountain bivouac, nothing was to be seen but a charred and blackened surface, which, however, would soon be covered again with a new, luxuriant crop.

Having marched right through the Amatola fastnesses, and swept over the plains round the base of the mountains without any serious opposition or once bringing the enemy to action; and there being no possibility of keeping the field longer, as supplies were running short, and there was no food for our cattle, the campaign terminated abruptly for the time; and the first and second divisions fell back to the neighbourhood of Fort Cox and to Waterloo Bay, while Colonel Johnstone's small column returned to Fort Peddie.

But while the Gaika and associated Kaffir tribes were in the state of panic already alluded to, from the fact of their great stronghold having been invaded successfully by the troops, it was decided by the governor to reckon with Kreili and his tribe (the Galekas) beyond the Kei river; for, though Kreili himself, the paramount chief of Kaffirland, had not openly joined the other tribes, he had not restrained his followers from taking part in the war, and had received within his territory some thousands of cattle stolen from the colony by the other tribes and by individual members of his own. Accordingly, a large patrol, consisting of part of the third division, under Sir A. Stockenstroem, and a column,

under Colonel Johnstone, consisting of two companies of the 27th Regiment, two field-guns, and a burgher corps, with a few Cape Mounted Rifles, was sent to attack Kreili in his own territory, if he refused to give up the stolen cattle, and maintain a strict neutrality during the remainder of the war. Having accomplished this, the patrol, on its return, was directed to punish the Tambookie tribe, whose chief, Mapassa, had lately joined the hostile tribal coalition.

I was ordered to accompany Colonel Johnstone's column, as the medical officer in charge.

We started from Fort Peddie about the 10th of August, crossed the Keiskama, passed quickly through the Amatolas, and, having formed a junction with Sir A. Stockenstroem's column, reached the Kei river on the 20th of the month. We met with no opposition on the way, but small bodies of Kaffirs hovered on our flanks by day, and invariably fired into our bivouac at night.

Kreili positively refused to fight, and sent messengers and councillors to meet Sir Andreas with all sorts of protestations and promises. Whether these latter were kept or not, indeed, what they were, I do not know, but Kreili's abstention from any participation in the hostile coalition was useful to us, in so far as it depressed the spirits of the other tribes.

On our return from the Kei, the Tambookies were attacked, a few of them killed, and a large number of cattle captured by Sir Andreas' column. Colonel

Johnstone's column co-operated with the other, but did not come in contact with the enemy at all, and had nothing to do with the capture of the cattle. By the end of the month, I rejoined my own regiment at Peddie.

Though these patrols entailed on us great exposure, fatigue, and discomfort, I enjoyed the open-air life. The heat during the day was often great, and the cold at night trying, but none of us appeared to suffer from these sudden alternations of temperature. We carried with us a very limited kit, just what we could pack in one of the side-flaps attached to the saddle, while in the other was stowed away some tea or coffee, and a few hard biscuits. Our meat ration was driven along with the column, in the shape of live bullocks, as many of which as were required were shot when we halted at the close of the day, cut up, distributed, quickly cooked (carbonatjed, I think, is the Dutch expression), and eaten with *tremendous* appetite. We had no bedding, but slept on the ground, with our military cloaks wrapped round us, and pillowed our heads on the side-flaps, under cover of our saddles. The ground does not make an uncomfortable couch when you get accustomed to it, and learn how to arrange your body properly. *Flat on the back* I found was the warmest and most suitable position; and many a night have I stretched myself in this position, and, with face upturned, gazed with wonder and

admiration on the brilliant constellations and stars of the southern hemisphere that shone with a peculiar lustre in the dark-blue vault above.

What a glorious country South Africa is! The climate is delightful; the scenery beautiful and varied; the mountains, with their deep, broad valleys and dense forests, are magnificent; the plains vast and undulating, covered with a luxuriant crop of grass brightened up with flowers of varied colouring, and enlivened by herds of graceful antelope.

I had not been '*far up country*,' where great varieties of game are seen, but on the plains beyond the Amatolas I saw thousands of the beautiful and playful springbok, and several times ostriches running at full speed, startled by our advancing column.

On one occasion during our expedition beyond the Kei river we came upon a Bosjesman family, the only members of that poor, wandering, humble, and diminutive race that I ever saw. The family consisted of a man, a couple of women, and several boys. Unfortunately, I cannot describe them minutely from memory, but I do remember that they were extremely small, with perfectly flat features, which were brightened up, however, by small, intelligent eyes. They were naked, with the exception of a loin fringe made of reeds or plaited grass, and the man was armed with his little bow and poisoned arrows.

## CHAPTER X.

Solitary Confinement—Visit to my Friend—Sent on Detachment—Head-quarters to Grahamstown—Fish River Posts—Solitary Life—Never Idle—Constantly in the Saddle—Beautiful Scenery—The Great Fish River—Fish—Dutch Farmer—Four Generations—Beel Tongue—Ridiculous Alarm—Regimental Reunions—Sir Henry Pottinger—Sir George Berkeley—Waterloo Bay—The Admiral—The Sailors' Bunk—My Kaffir Hut—My Surgeon Exchanges—The Ocean—Swimming our Horses.

SHORTLY after my return from the Kei patrol, my friend Patterson was ordered to Trumpeter's Post, with a party of forty men of the first, to relieve Lieutenant Dickson and his detachment of the reserve battalion of the regiment.

Of all the Fish river outposts, Trumpeter's Post had become the most lonely and undesirable, and, as Patterson was fond of the society of his fellows, he probably felt that being ordered thither was a sort of banishment—in fact, equivalent to *solitary confinement*, for he would be quite alone, without a soul to speak to, and shut up within a space of about fifty yards square, enclosed by high stone walls, beyond which it would not be safe to walk a hundred yards

in any direction ; for the post was completely surrounded by—buried in, I may say—the dense bush, in which Kaffirs in small parties still prowled about.

At the commencement of the war, Trumpeter's had been an important, indeed a very lively post, for all detachments and escorts with supplies for Peddie and the second division had to pass by it, generally halting there for the night, and there had been a good deal of fighting there too, so that the officer stationed there had had plenty of work and excitement, and frequently plenty of society. But at the time that Patterson *assumed the command* all supplies were sent round by, or landed at, Waterloo Bay, and the road by Trumpeter's Post was therefore seldom or never used, so that the unfortunate officer who might be stationed there would necessarily lead the life almost of a hermit.

Occasionally some of us from Fort Peddie paid Patterson a visit at his lonely outpost, and always met with a most cordial welcome ; for, except on the occasions of such visits, he seldom heard the sound of his own or any other voice ; and, as books were not procurable at the time, my friend was left much to his own thoughts. It was said—in jest, of course—that when Patterson was weary of his solitude, and wanted society and conversation, he was careful to inquire into the state of health of his detachment, and that if any person ailed he sent an express to



Peddie for the doctor. More than once, on a report of illness, I had a pleasant ride to Trumpeter's Post, and spent the afternoon there, and even remained for the night, *if* the case I was sent to see was a very *serious* one.

Once a party of four of us—Butler of the 7th Dragoon Guards, Bayly, Stein, and I of the 91st Regiment—paid him a visit, and remained the night; but, if I remember rightly, the *embarras de la conversation* was too much even for our friend, indeed for the whole party.

About the end of September, 1846, a detachment of two companies of the first battalion 91st, with two officers, Lieutenant Cole and Ensign Aitchison, was ordered to Fort Brown, and, as this was a large and an important post commanding one of the principal drifts of the Fish river and the main road between Grahamstown and Fort Beaufort, Major Yarborough was sent to command, and I to take medical charge.

Very shortly after this, the head-quarters of the battalion, on being relieved by the 6th Regiment, under Colonel Michel (now Sir John Michel, G.C.B.), was ordered to return to Grahamstown, and from thence to furnish detachments for all the Fish river posts. Lieutenant Bethune (now Earl of Lindsay), with a small party, was sent to Koonap, on the north side of the river, and on the road between Forts

Brown and Beaufort; Lieutenant Bayly, with a small party, was sent to Commatjes Post, about fifteen miles east of Fort Brown. Lieutenant Patterson remained at Trumpeter's Post, and Lieutenant Stein was sent to another post still further to the east, and between Trumpeter's Drift and the mouth of the Fish river; and thus the whole line of outposts extending from Fort Brown to the sea, a distance of about fifty miles, was held by the first battalion of the 91st Regiment.

My medical charge comprised Fort Brown, where there were four officers and eighty men of the regiment, and a detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles; Koonap, where there was one officer and forty men; and Commatjes, where there was also one officer, with forty men; and my orders were to visit each at least once a week, or oftener if necessary.

There was a good hospital at Fort Brown, capable of accommodating from eight to twelve sick, and this was intended for the reception of sick from the three posts and of passing detachments.

The regiment held these outposts for six months, indeed Patterson was at Trumpeter's Drift eight months. Can my readers understand what that means? Only those who served with these and similar detachments at that time, when the war was at a standstill, *can* understand the terrible monotony and dreariness of such a life. To the solitary officer

it was almost unbearable. He could not (at least it was expected that he would not) be absent from his post, and yet he had nothing to do there, except walk listlessly up and down within his four stone walls, indeed it was not safe to go beyond them; he had no one to exchange a friendly word with, no books or papers to read; he had not even the excitement of knowing if there were danger near him, and yet he could not feel certain that he might not be attacked at any moment. The great body of the enemy still in the field was collected in the Amatola mountains and in the neighbourhood of Fort Cox, where the reserve battalion of the regiment had frequent and successful skirmishes with them; but still small bodies were known to be lurking in the Fish river bush, in which *our* outposts were situated; and therefore the single officer had to be constantly on his guard, though day after day, week after week, passing without the appearance of an enemy, without an alarm even, was apt to make him relax in his care and watchfulness, and forget the possibility of a surprise.

We at Fort Brown were better off than the others, for, as there were four of us, we always had society, and were able to have a comfortable mess (under Major Yarborough's good management), at which we met at least three times a day, and where we spent our evenings pleasantly. Individually, I was

never idle, never at a loss for occupation, for I had a number of professional and other books, had always patients to attend to, and twice, sometimes oftener, in each week I visited my two distant charges, each visit occupying a whole day.

These rides were a source of great enjoyment to me, for the scenery through which I passed was, to my taste, beautiful and varied. In some parts of the ride to Commatjes, my most distant charge, we had to pick our way carefully through a wild and rocky ravine, from whence, descending by a narrow winding path, we entered a deep and thickly-wooded kloof, from which nothing could be seen but the blue sky above; and after slowly making our way through this labyrinth, and toiling up the other side, we came suddenly upon a broad expanse of open undulating country clothed with long, waving, golden-coloured grass, and dotted over with natural coppices of evergreens, but marred at long intervals by the mournful spectacle of blackened walls, the remains of once comfortable farm-houses from which ruined colonists had fled before a Kaffir invasion during a former war.

The ride to Koonap, my other outpost, was shorter and less interesting. In going thither, I could either follow the main-road, or take a short cut through a belt of thick mimosa-bush. I generally chose the latter. Both led to the same *drift* across the Fish

river, which at this spot was generally a shallow stream of clear water, flowing with scarcely any current. I have crossed here, on my way to Koonap, when the water did not reach above my horse's fetlocks, and returned within two hours to find a deep, rolling, muddy river, which I had to swim my horse through.

In these rides, there was always a possibility of danger, but I was protected by a Cape Corps escort, and carried a gun myself, both for protection and amusement, as antelopes of several varieties (rhuy, bleu-bok, and koodoo) and red-legged partridge were to be found in the bush, and occasionally wild-duck on the little pools or 'vleys,' as the Dutch call the collections of rain-water found generally in depressions on the summits of the low hills. Along the road to Commatjes there were several of these vleys, surrounded and concealed by bush, where a brace of duck, or teal, were generally to be got. I did not discover these vleys myself, indeed they were so concealed by thick belts of bush that I should never have known of them, had not my Hottentot escort led me to them. They had discovered them by the spoor of deer, which, to my unpractised eye, was scarcely visible, but to theirs was quite distinct.

They had wonderful sight these 'Totties'; nothing, far or near, escaped their little, restless eyes, and, in

drawing your attention to an object, you could always form some estimate of the distance by the emphasis they put upon their words, dār so, dār so, dāār so, dāāār so—near, further, still further, in the distance.

The river was a source of pleasure and amusement and also of supply to us. It flowed close to Fort Brown, between grassy banks shaded by lofty trees, and in this part of its course formed several large, deep pools, one of which we used as a swimming-bath. There Yarborough, Aitchison, and I took our daily plunge and swim, and, as it was the hot season, we found the dip into the cool water refreshing, and the exercise invigorating. But when the river was in flood, and rolling down at a great rate, there was excitement not free from danger, as well as pleasure, to plunge in and be swept down the tumbling broken water, to a corner where an eddy or counter-current swirled us out of mid-stream close to the bank along which and in the smooth back-flow we made our way to our landing-place.

There was, and I presume still is, a peculiarity about the Fish river which I never saw in any other stream. When the flood first came down, (and it did so so suddenly that you could see the advancing wave), the water was thick and of a reddish pink colour, owing to the presence of lime, and then might be seen fish in hundreds floating on the surface, belly upwards, apparently dead; but they were

not dead, for if touched they immediately rolled over and darted away. While in this state, they might be taken in any quantity by means of an open basket.

They remained in this lethargic condition until the river resumed its natural condition, or until the flood of lime-impregnated water was carried off by a stronger flood of dark brown—peaty probably—water, either of which generally happened within the space of twelve hours. No doubt the sudden presence of lime in the water sickened the fish, and kept them so until the character of the water changed.

The river has two principal sources—one, the most easterly, in the mountains bordering the province or district of Cradock, and the other, further to the west, in the mountains in the Graff Reynet district. I do not know the geological features of these districts from personal observation, but I was informed by a very intelligent old Dutchman who lived near Fort Brown, and who had been in both these districts, that in Cradock there is an abundance of limestone, and in Graff Reynet the soil is of a black, peaty character. The supplies we drew regularly from the river were these fish, a species of mullet, and occasionally eels. We used to take them with bait, and once or twice a week brought home a basket or two. Both mullet and eels were excellent eating, and helped out the ration of beef or mutton.

Close to Fort Brown lived a Dutch farmer and his

family. I often visited their farm-house, in which dwelt three generations. The first consisted of the old grandfather and grandmother. These were not very aged, but were fat and indolent, and were always to be seen seated on arm-chairs on either side of the great open fireplace, chewing 'beef tongue,' (beef dried in the sun in long strips); indeed, the whole family were generally so employed. The old couple took no share in the labours or duties of the farm, these devolved upon their son, who with his vrow, represented the second generation—a man a little beyond middle life, but still wiry and active, bold and determined, and ready to defend his property against all enemies. He had suffered losses in more than one Kaffir raid, but always stood bravely on the defensive, declined to abandon his farm, and was wounded fighting *pro aris et focis*. He had a family of stalwart sons, who had been out on commands with the third division, and buxom daughters, who represented the third generation, and one of these latter, who was married, appeared likely to add to the family circle a representative of the fourth generation. Their farm-house was substantial, though consisting of only three rooms, a large one in the centre, which was sitting-room, store-room, and kitchen, one side of which was occupied by a large wooden structure like the bedstead in a military guard-room. On either side of the centre room was



a bed-room in which were large four-posters for the grandparents, and for the master and his wife. The rest of the family, male and female, occupied, *en masse*, the large wooden bedstead in the sitting-room. So they themselves informed me. The house itself was dreadfully stuffy, and swarms of flies from the cattle-kraals which were close to the house literally blackened the walls and furniture. Neither men nor women were particular about their toilet, and made no change of dress day or night; but this *may* have been owing to the exigencies of a time of war. As this was the only Dutch frontier family that I knew, and the only farm-house I had an opportunity of seeing, I do not say that this description answers for all; but from what I heard from my brother-officers who had been some years in the colony, and from those who had been at Colesberg, I believe that this is a very fair representation of Dutch farm life on the frontier at that time.

As weeks and months rolled on, and we never saw nor heard of any Kaffirs in *our* neighbourhood, or anywhere about the Fish river bush, we began to relax a little in our watchfulness, to ride about without escort, and to go long distances from our post; but we continued to carry arms both as a protection in case of surprise and for amusement. We even rode as far as Grahamstown—fifteen or twenty miles—and back on the same day.

On one occasion I was riding thither alone, and was trotting quietly along the good road through the Ekha valley, when I saw a mounted man galloping down the road towards me. He was apparently in a hurry, but pulled up as he came near, and advised me to turn back, as he had *seen* two Kaffirs at the head of the pass. But being anxious to get into Grahamstown, and rather afraid of being chaffed if I turned back without having seen the Kaffirs myself, I determined to ride on, and face the danger if there was any. I was well mounted, and armed with a heavy double-barrelled pistol; so, waking up my little horse, and holding the formidable weapon described ready cocked in my hand, I galloped up the pass, keeping a sharp look-out on all sides. I saw no Kaffirs, but, seated on an anthill, on the opposite side of the ravine (which was narrow just there) were two enormous dog-faced baboons. Could my friend who advised me to turn back have made a mistake?

But in time we considered it so safe to move about without escort, that we instituted regular meetings at each other's posts. The first took place at Fort Brown, and was well attended. Our old friend Dalrymple, accompanied by Christie, who had returned from his shooting expedition, came out from Grahamstown; Bethune, Bayly, Patterson, and Stein from their respective posts—some of these, especially

Patterson and Stein, riding distances of thirty and forty miles. As this first meeting proved a success, in so far as it brought a number of us together and kept alive the feeling of regimental brotherhood, we arranged for future social gatherings at the other posts, which were all carried out in time and without *contretemps* of any kind.

In January, 1847, Sir Peregrine Maitland resigned the government, or was recalled to England, but before relinquishing his command, Sir Peregrine had made an expedition into Kaffirland, with a large force of two thousand men, driven the scoundrel Pato beyond the Kei, reduced the Gaika and other chiefs to subjection, and, as his excellency stated in his final general order of congratulation and commendation to the troops, thus the safety of the colony was secured, and the end of the war rendered probable. This proved to be rather a premature probability, for the Kaffirs continued in arms, and were not finally reduced to subjection until the end of the year 1847.

Sir Henry Pottinger succeeded Sir Peregrine as governor and as commissioner, and Sir George Berkeley arrived to command the troops. But, if I remember rightly, nothing was done, under this administration, to prosecute the war. Indeed, neither commissioner nor general remained in the colony above six months, and were relieved by Sir Harry Smith, who was sent out both as governor and commander-in-chief.

About the close of 1847, our detachment at Fort Brown was ordered in to head-quarters, and at the same time three companies, with Christie, Bayly, and Patterson, were ordered to Waterloo Bay, to protect the landing establishment and the commissariat stores collected there, as the second division, which had been encamped at Waterloo Bay for nearly six months, had been directed to advance towards Kaffirland again.

I never was allowed to remain long at head-quarters, and on this occasion was in Grahamstown only a few days when, early in June, I was ordered to proceed to Waterloo Bay, to take medical charge of the detachments of my own and other regiments there.

The little force at Waterloo Bay was a mixed one, as both navy and army were represented. The military portion consisted of a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, under Captain Campbell (of Possell, Argyleshire), with Lieutenant Gore; of three companies of the first battalion of the 91st Regiment, under Captain Christie, with Lieutenants Bayly and Patterson, and myself. The naval portion consisted of some thirty seamen, under the command of Lieutenant Connolly, R.N., who was given by us the local rank of admiral. The sailors made an establishment for themselves, close to the mouth of the river, by clearing out a great burrow in the side of the high river bank, and rigging up tiers of berths

round the sides of it, so as to make it as like a 'fo'castle' as possible. There they made themselves very comfortable, for their 'bunk,' as they called it, was well sheltered and water-tight, and, as there was only one small entrance, impregnable also. I have always observed that, when employed on any service on shore, sailors rough it wonderfully, and with the greatest good-humour; always set about making themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, and do so quietly and quickly. This spot was selected for them as it exactly overlooked the ferry near the mouth of the river, and where the cables were fastened by which the large, flat-bottomed boats were worked across, and near the beach where supplies and government stores were landed, in surf-boats, from vessels anchored out in the roadstead.

Our camp was nearly a mile to the north of the sailor's *bunk*, situated on a piece of rising ground near the landing-place, which was a long stretch of beautiful sandy beach, above a large salt-water pond or lake, and overlooking an extensive, undulating, grassy plain which stretched away north to the Keiskama river. The troops occupied tents until they erected huts for themselves, the officers were in tents also, but I was fortunate enough to buy a Kaffir hut, which had been built and finished in rather superior style, with door and window, for one of the staff of the

second division. Close to mine was another large Kaffir hut, which had been built for a hospital, to accommodate six or eight patients. Below our encampment and nearer to the beach were the commissariat stores, and a tolerably comfortable winkle, or tavern, or inn, established by an enterprising Grahamstown merchant, and managed by an Englishwoman, who gave us her best room to mess in, and kindly catered for us.

About this time a number of changes took place in the medical department. Dr. Roe was succeeded by Dr. Hall, whom I mentioned in my first chapter, and First-class Staff-Surgeon Dr. Cotton was appointed, sent out specially from England, to act as senior medical officer on the frontier, and, what concerned myself most, an exchange was arranged between Dr. Forrest and Mr. Hadaway, one of the conditions of exchange being that Forrest should go home with Sir Peregrine Maitland, and remain there until the battalion arrived in England. I was sorry to part with Hadaway, for he had been most kind to me, and I had learned a great deal from him both in a purely professional point of view, and in the ordinary routine of military medical duty. He was anxious to remain at the Cape for several reasons, but chiefly because he would be settled in Capetown, a pleasant, and, if one chose to take private practice, a remunerative station.

In the meantime, however, and until the embarkation of the battalion, he was to continue in charge of it in Grahamstown, so that I might be available for detachment or field duty.

We remained six months at Waterloo Bay, and did not find our lives there monotonous. We had frequent visits from officers of the 6th Regiment from Peddie, and all detachments and escorts passing on to the front halted for one day at least, so that we often saw old friends, and occasionally made new ones.

The sea was a never-failing source of pleasure and excitement to us. But it was a dangerous bay, open to the full weight and fury of the great ocean, and so shallow that even small vessels had to lie at anchor far out in the roadstead. Its waters were in constant motion, or rather commotion, and the surf that broke along the coast, always heavy even in the calmest weather, was often tremendous, so that landing stores even in large surf boats, at all times difficult, was sometimes impossible, and, when the wind blew *on* shore, vessels had to slip their cables and run out to sea, as they were only sailing vessels, for in those days government did not employ steamers either to carry troops or stores.

In one corner of the bay, which was sheltered by a ridge of rock, we were in the habit of bathing, but after the appearance of a shark, with which I nearly made acquaintance, we had to deny ourselves the

pleasure of swimming in the sea, and use the salt lake below our camp for that purpose, and also for swimming our horses, a feat in which we became very proficient, under the tuition of our friend Christie, who was equally at home in the water, on horseback, or alone.

About this time Colonel Hare went home, taking his aide-de-camp, Wright, of the reserve battalion, with him. Colonel Hare was in bad health when he left the Cape, and died before reaching St. Helena, where he was buried. On arrival in England, Wright was transferred to the first battalion of the regiment, and assumed command of the dépôt, which was stationed at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight.



## CHAPTER XI.

Life at Waterloo Bay—Man Wounded and Another Killed—Very Remarkable Wound—Good Recovery—Description of Wound in *Chambers' Journal*—Letter from Man who was Wounded—Encloses his Photograph—Not Flattering Likeness—Now Seventy-eight Years of Age—The 45th Regiment Arrives—Kaffirs Tired of War—Sue for Peace—Sandilli Surrenders—Passes through our Camp—His Appearance—Sir Harry Smith—First Battalion 91st Regiment Ordered Home—Embark at Capetown—Ship not Seaworthy—Death on Board—St. Helena—Overboard—England Again.

I FOUND my Kaffir hut a very comfortable home after I had, with mine own hands, lined it inside with calico. Until I had done this, however, I was annoyed by dust blowing through the thatch, and also by insects of different kinds dropping upon my face when in bed. It was much cooler than a tent during the day, and very much warmer at night, and withstood the strong gales from the south-east which occasionally swept over the plateau on which we were encamped; and further, there was no trembling, shaking, or flapping which in the case of a tent always gives one a feeling of insecurity.

We were tolerably well supplied with rations, which helped out our messing, but suffered terribly at first

from the want of fresh water. There was neither spring nor stream, not even a *vley*, within miles of our camp, and we had to procure our supply of drinking water by digging holes in the sand on the beach at low tide, and using what filtered into these, after refiltering it. This was very brackish, consequently nauseous to the taste, and brought on bowel complaint in every member of the detachment. But we gradually got accustomed to this brackish water, so much so that, after using it for a couple of months, it ceased to produce its unpleasant result, and at the end of six months we had got so accustomed to the bitter taste, and our interior economy so tolerant of its saline ingredients, that we did not feel the want of fresh water.

We had three out-door amusements besides swimming, viz., watching the surf-boats as they were worked out to vessels and back again, crossing and recrossing the river ferry, and quail shooting; but in pursuit of the last it was not prudent to venture far from camp.

The plains to the north and west of our camp were covered with long grass, in which quail in great numbers were to be found; and several of us went out frequently, both for exercise and amusement, and for the pot. About three miles from our camp was the site of the encampment occupied by the second division in the previous year. On

this an extensive growth of oats had sprung up, and out of this we generally got a good bag.

On the evening of the 14th of November, 1847, Bayly and I had arranged to visit this spot on the following day, but in the morning an accident occurred in camp which prevented *my* going, and Bayly did not feel inclined to go alone.

Accidents are sometimes fortunate occurrences, and the one I have just referred to proved so for us, as the following little narrative will explain, viz., one of our colour-sergeants, Donald McKay, had applied to take his discharge as soon as the war should be finished, for the purpose of settling in the colony, and, with this object in view, had begun to make his preparations. One of these he had just made, in the acquisition of two horses, and to feed these horses he was obliged to go out daily and cut grass in the vicinity of the camp.

I may mention that the following incident will be found fully detailed in *Chambers' Journal* of December, 1882, in an article written by me, entitled, 'Curious Cases of Gun-shot Wounds'; but I allude to it now in order that I may mention something more connected with my old 91st regimental friend.

Upon the 15th of November, 1847, the day that Bayly and I had arranged to go out shooting, but were prevented by an accident, Colour-Sergeant Donald McKay and a private of the regiment left

camp (without leave), taking one of the sergeant's horses with them, to bring in green forage from our quail preserve. They went without arms, a foolish thing to have done, but they had been so often at the same spot for the same purpose, and seen no enemy, that they concluded there were no Kaffirs in the neighbourhood, and that they incurred no danger. On arrival at the oat-fields, they tied the horse to the stump of a tree, cut a supply of forage, and were in the act of tying it up into two bundles, to sling over the horse's back, when three Kaffirs, who had been lying concealed in the tall oats, one armed with a gun, and the others with assegais, sprang upon them. The one with the gun was nearest to McKay, who, perceiving that his only chance was to close with his enemy, rushed forward with that object, but just as he extended his hand to grasp the barrel of the gun, the Kaffir fired, the muzzle of the weapon almost touching the sergeant's body as he did so. Though McKay felt that he was wounded, he grappled with the Kaffir, and, after a short struggle, wrenched the gun out of his hands, and, clubbing it, struck his enemy a blow on the head which killed him. The other man made a desperate fight for life, during which he twice seized the blade of the assegai, only to have his fingers severed from his hands, in which defenceless condition the Kaffir stabbed him through

the stomach, and then through the heart, when he fell dead. While the double struggle was going on, the third Kaffir proceeded to take possession of the horse, but the animal shied at his approach, broke his halter, and ran towards his master, who, seeing that his comrade had fallen, mounted, and made his escape.

Accidents, as I have already said, are sometimes fortunate occurrences to some persons, just in the same way that it is 'an ill wind that blows luck to nobody.' Had my friend Bayly and I not been prevented from going out shooting by an accident, we should most probably have been attacked by the Kaffirs, and either killed them or been killed by them.

I was standing at the door of my hut, and saw McKay gallop in and dismount. To my surprise, he walked straight up to me, and, saluting with one hand while he pressed the other to his side, said, very quietly, 'I am badly wounded, sir.' He then turned about, and walked steadily beside me to the hospital, but fainted as we laid him down upon a cot. On removing his clothes, I found that he had been shot right through the abdomen. The bullet had entered a little to the left of the umbilicus, passed straight through, and made its exit just below the rim of the Ilium (or large curved bone) of the pelvis, making a clean, circular hole in the bone,

into which my finger exactly fitted. The skin round the wound in front was much scorched, showing that the muzzle of the gun when fired must have been close to the part. I quite expected that death would have followed on such a wound in a few hours, for it seemed to me impossible that a bullet could pass through the abdomen without injuring the bowels; but such was the case, and, when the scorched skin dropped off, I could distinctly see all the bowels lying uninjured and in their natural position. Within two months McKay was quite recovered, able to resume his duty, and was discharged before the battalion left the frontier.

Nine months after the publication of my article, in which his wound was described (but neither his name nor my own mentioned), I received a letter, from which the following are extracts :

‘ South Africa, September 19th, 1883.

‘ SIR,

‘ A friend (*who was*) in the same war (*with me*) but not in the same regiment, sent me a pamphlet’ (*Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal*) ‘ published in December, ’82, recording an account of a gunshot wound that happened to myself on the 16th of November, 1847. I am happy to say that . . . . I am still alive and well, in fact as well as ever before I was wounded, and quite comfortable in bodily and worldly circumstances. I may state for

your information that I have suffered no ill-effects from my wound. I am now seventy-six years of age, and quite strong and healthy. I enclose photo of myself, so that you may see that, although I am getting up in years, I have not discarded the kilt; and you need not think me conceited when I say that the photo does not flatter me.

'I hope this letter may reach you safely, and, if not trespassing on your time, I would be glad to hear from you in reply.

(Signed) DONALD MCKAY,  
'Late Colour-Sergeant, 91st Argyllshire Highlanders.'

I need hardly say that I was pleased to receive that letter, and that I did not fail to write immediately in reply to my old comrade and patient, from whom I have heard more than once since.

Age evidently does not press very heavily on the veteran, for in his letters he refers clearly and accurately to things which occurred when we served together, forty years ago, and his writing is as distinct and free from tremor as a schoolboy's.

I have not heard from him during the past year, but would fain hope that his silence may not continue. He must now be *seventy-eight*, and at that age he cannot reckon upon a much longer tenure of life, or I upon retaining for many more years the friendship of an old comrade who served with me in my first campaign.

About this time the reserve battalion of the 45th Regiment passed through our camp on its way up to the north-western frontier. On that occasion I met, for the first time, Dawson, then an ensign in the 45th, but with whom I served afterwards for many years, and through three campaigns, in the old 93rd Highlanders.

Both the 45th and 73rd Regiments had arrived in the *Command* from Monte Video some months previously, and as these were the two regiments, mentioned in a former chapter, which were intended to replace the first battalion of the 91st and the 27th, and further, as the war was nearly at an end (Sandilli and other chiefs having surrendered, after a series of brilliant operations by the first Division in the Amatola fastnesses in September and October, 1847, in which the reserve battalion of the 91st took a prominent part), the two regiments, the first battalion of the 91st and the 27th, would, ere long, probably within a few months, receive their orders of embarkation.

During the last months of 1847, the Kaffirs had been starving. They had not been able to till their little patches of land and sow their grain for two years, had driven all their cattle far beyond the Kei to prevent their being captured, and, consequently, were straitened for food. Besides, as they said openly, and with apparent simplicity,



‘We have eaten your sheep, and carried off your cattle, and now that we are not comfortable and are hungry, why should we fight any more? We want peace now.’—*Till next time—or till you have more cattle to be plundered of*—for that was what they meant, what they intended, and what really happened within the next four years, but we were such fools as not to understand it. Whether or not they were impelled by hunger, or were weary of war and its discomforts—for they had to live in the forests and bush, their kraals having been destroyed—or whether they were cowed by the arrival of Sir Harry Smith, of whose energy, activity, and determination they had had sharp experience in a former war, I cannot say; but they declined to fight any more, the chiefs gave themselves up, and their people began to come about our camps and stations unarmed, and begging for food.

About the end of November, the chief Sandilli passed through our camp at Waterloo Bay, a prisoner, under a strong guard, and on his way into the colony to present himself before Sir Harry Smith.

Thus ended the Kaffir war of 1846-7, a war entered upon suddenly and without due preparation and precaution, conducted without energy, and terminated in serious loss of property to the colonists, and without such punishment having been inflicted on the Kaffirs as would prevent the possibility of their becoming aggressors again.

I had a good opportunity of seeing Sandilli as he passed through our camp, where he was detained for an hour or two. He was a remarkable-looking man, with well-shaped head and good features, but diabolical expression. He was tall and spare, and well formed about the body; but one of his legs was withered, apparently nothing but skin and bone. He could walk, however, so well that, when his blanket was draped about his body, no one could have observed his deformity.

Towards the end of December, the detachment at Waterloo Bay was re-called to head-quarters, and then the necessary arrangements were made to complete the reserve battalion, and to prepare the discharge documents of the men who had applied for permission to settle in the colony. In completing the reserve battalion, we were ordered to transfer all men under a certain age and all such as had been only a short time on foreign service.

This was done, of course; but I have a very distinct recollection of the dissatisfaction caused by the order, and of the unwillingness shown by the men to be removed from what they considered their own regiment into which they had specially enlisted, to another which they knew nothing of and had no sympathy with. From what I saw and learned on that occasion, I have always considered compulsory transfers of soldiers harsh and impolitic; and from what I

have seen and learnt since (and my life has been passed amongst soldiers) I am opposed to 'linked battalions and territorial regiments,' and in favour of the single battalion as the unit of our army. Of this, however, I shall write in a future chapter, perhaps.

On my arrival in Grahamstown, I found that Mr. Hadaway's exchange with Dr. Forrest had appeared in the gazette, that the former was attached as a temporary arrangement to the 73rd Regiment, and that I was put in orders to take medical charge of my own regiment.

On the 28th of January, 1848, the battalion, about three hundred and sixty strong, marched out of Grahamstown *en route* for Port Elizabeth, from whence it proceeded to Capetown in one of Her Majesty's war steamers, the name of which has escaped my memory.

We remained in Capetown until the 23rd of February, when the head-quarters and three companies of the battalion embarked and sailed for England, and the other three companies followed on the 10th of March. The officers who embarked with head-quarters were Colonel Lindsay, my good friend Dalrymple the pay-master, Jennings the adjutant, Ensign Manners, and myself. Mrs. Lindsay and three daughters also embarked in our ship.

In those days soldiers were always sent from one part of the world to another in sailing vessels—in-

deed, this was the only means of transport, for steam ships did not then traverse every ocean as they do now, and the authorities with whom rested transport arrangements were not always careful in their selection of vessels, anything being considered good enough for the soldier.

The *Acasta* ('one of *Neptun's nympts*,' as the captain said), the vessel in which head-quarters of the regiment sailed, was a small Aberdeen clipper of three hundred and fifty tons burden, and barque rigged. She had been out from home upwards of two years, under some coasting arrangement between Singapore, Java, and the smaller islands.

On the termination of this engagement, her captain sought, in Batavia, Lumbuk, and Bally, for a cargo to convey to England; but, having failed, came on in ballast only to the Cape, in the hope of finding employment there. His little vessel was at once taken up to convey the head-quarters and three companies of the 91st Regiment to England. I do not know if the selection of a vessel for conveyance of troops rested with the Quarter-master-General's department only in those days, or with the local naval authorities; but whoever selected the *Acasta* for this purpose could not have made careful inquiry or examination into the condition of the ship. She had been out (as already stated) upwards of two years, employed in the tropics carrying sugar, rice, &c.,

was dirty, in need of repair, and her running rigging was rotten ; in fact, the vessel was not sea-worthy.

During the voyage ropes were constantly giving way, the sails were old and full of holes, and one day when we were bowling along with a stiff breeze on the quarter and every stitch of canvas set, the old rusty wheel-chain snapped, and had not the captain been beside the wheel at the moment, and caught the chain as it was running out, and managed to secure it by a rope, the ship must have broached-to and been dismasted.

The accommodation for officers was so limited that half of the cabin had to be boarded off for the colonel and his family, and there were small cabins for only four officers. The space between decks was so low that a man could barely stand upright. There, at night, one hundred and eighty men slung their hammocks; and when the officer on duty went his rounds at night, after the men had turned in, he had to move along under the hammocks with his body half bent. We were indifferently fed, and our water-supply, kept in casks, was limited in quantity, and by no means pleasant to taste and smell towards the end of our voyage. Such was the care, or rather want of care, bestowed on the transport of soldiers in those days. There was a small space called the hospital, and another the women's quarter, also between decks, so that I may say the little ship was closely packed.

We started from Table Bay with a splendid southerly, which carried us to St. Helena. On the way thither, Mrs. Lindsay (the colonel's wife) died of an attack of acute dysentery, and the colonel himself had a severe attack, but recovered. To what cause these two cases—and they were the only two—were attributable I did not discover, but the captain informed me that, while the ship was in eastern waters, the whole crew had suffered more or less from the disease; and, by way of adding to my already existing discomfort, he told me that his chief-officer had died of either dysentery or cholera (not certain which) just before he sailed from Lumbuk for the Cape in the berth which I occupied. This berth was not a comfortable one, but, after hearing the captain's agreeable piece of information, I thought it still less comfortable, and preferred to sleep on deck when it was possible to do so.

We called at St. Helena for fresh provisions and water, and to commit the body of Mrs. Lindsay to the grave. This sad duty prevented our paying a visit to Longwood, the great Napoleon's residence, and driving over the island, the scenery of which in the *interior*, as they say, is very picturesque.

There is no harbour in any part of the circumference of the island, and vessels have to anchor in the open roadstead, and in very deep water, opposite Jamestown. Before our anchor took the ground, we paid out ninety fathoms of cable.

Jamestown lies in a narrow valley, or rather fissure in the rock, on the north-east side of the island. This valley is wide where it opens on the sea, but gradually narrows as it runs by a steep incline to the level plateau above, and is enclosed throughout the greater part of its length by high, almost perpendicular cliffs. From the town there were only two ways of egress, one by a well-made road cut zig-zag up the valley, but this, being a long and rather tiresome ascent, was used only by those on horseback or in carriages; while pedestrians, in haste to get out of the hot valley, made use of a long flight of wooden steps, like a ladder, placed against the face of the cliff, and from which the plateau above was called 'Ladder Hill'; well known to many of our old soldiers, who I had often heard speak of it, seemingly with no pleasant recollections. After having visited St. Helena, I could quite understand how monotonous the soldier's life must have been there, more so than even in a Fish river outpost.

At the time of our visit the garrison consisted of a battery of Royal Artillery, some Engineers, and the St. Helena Regiment, a very fine-looking corps, made up of old soldiers, volunteers from other regiments.

Formerly St. Helena had been a place of considerable life and importance, for, in the days when the old East India Company had a monopoly of the trade to the East, their ships invariably called there on their homeward voyage for provisions and water; and

further, when the slave trade along the coast of Africa was in activity, captured slavers were brought thither to be sold or broken up. A number of hulls of old slavers, all of them small, were lying moored under the rocks near the landing-place at Jamestown when we were there.

The south-east trade wind blows constantly and with considerable strength over the island, and ships seldom have any difficulty in continuing their homeward voyage from the island. We, however, had considerable difficulty in getting away, for, in the first place, we could not get our anchor up, although a whole day was spent in trying to do so. It had caught either in a sunk vessel, or in a fissure of rock. So we were obliged to cut our cable, and leave the anchor and the whole length of chain at the bottom, much to our old skipper's annoyance, as being contrary to his national principles of economy. Our second difficulty was that the trade wind had suddenly ceased to blow, and we lay drifting and rolling about in a dead calm for three days and nights within a few miles of the island. On the fourth day, however, the wind sprang up again, and gradually freshened into a strong, steady breeze, which sent us along through comparatively smooth water at the rate of eleven knots an hour. It was at this time, when we were going through the water at this pace, and with a cloud of canvas set, that our wheel-chain broke.



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minutes. I never thought of the danger of my position as I hung clear of the ship until I heard Jennings, who had been sitting beside me, give the alarm, 'Man overboard.' Even when I got back safe into the ship, he seemed more frightened than I was.

Having made sufficient northing, we were fortunate to get a strong westerly wind which carried us right up channel into Spithead, where we dropped anchor on the 28th of April, landed at Gosport, and marched into Haslar barracks. There we found the depôt under the command of my good friend Wright, who, as I mentioned in the last chapter, had left the Cape with Colonel Hare, and been re-transferred to the first battalion on his arrival in England. My new surgeon, Dr. Forrest, was also with the depôt.

The second division of three companies which had left the Cape on the 10th of March arrived at Spithead on the 11th of May, and joined head-quarters in Haslar on the same day, thus completing the battalion to its full strength.

I had been absent from England just three and a half years on my first foreign service.

## CHAPTER XII.

Physical Geography of the Cape—Climate—Fauna—Flora—  
 Diseases, etc.—Mountain Ranges—Valleys—Kloofs—Plains  
 —Seasons—Rains—Winds—Wild Animals—Dogs—Snakes  
 —Rivers and Springs—Tleys—Trees—Shrubs—Plants—  
 Fruit—Vegetables—Dress of Troops—Boers—Hottentot  
 Levies—Arms of the Troops—The old Brown Bess—Dutch  
 Boer—Diseases—Medical Arrangements for Field Service—  
 Experience Gained at the Cape.

BEFORE continuing my personal recollections, I shall devote a chapter to a general description of the physical geography, climate, fauna, and flora, and make a few remarks on the diseases prevalent in that part of South Africa in which I served. Not that I propose to give any lengthened description of scenery, climate, etc., as to do this I should have to refer to and copy from books, but simply to write of what I saw, what came under my own observation, and conclude with a few remarks on the experience I gained as a medical officer during a short campaign.

The physical aspect of the frontier provinces and of that part of Kaffirland in which I had been is made up of mountain, valley, and plain. The mountain ranges are the Amatola and the Buffalo. They

can scarcely be classed as mountains, as they do not stand at a great elevation, but they rise abruptly from, and appear to overshadow, the plains. Their outline is strikingly bold and irregular, and their steep, sloping sides are rent by deep, narrow chasms and kloofs choked up by dense forests, which adds to their wild rugged aspect, and renders them difficult of access.

The valleys are either broad, densely-wooded depressions, through which the larger rivers flow, or deep, narrow clefts or kloofs running into these broad depressions down to the rivers; or commencing at the base of the mountains, and running upwards to near their very summit, cleave the range into rugged, irregular masses which are known by special names. Both valleys and kloofs are filled with forest trees, laced together by strong parasitic creepers, and growing out from a dense, impenetrable undergrowth of mimosa, euphorbia, cactus, and aloe.

The plains are extensive tracts of undulating country clothed with luxuriant verdure, dotted over with natural coppices of evergreen trees and shrubs, and brightened by flowers of varied hue.

The climate, so far from being exhausting and debilitating, I thought exhilarating and invigorating, and so it was considered by Indian civil and military officers who came from the three presidencies as to a sanitorium, to recruit their shattered

health. In those days Indian officers were allowed to visit the Cape, retaining pay and allowances, but after the overland route was established, and communication between England and India rendered easy, this privilege was withdrawn, much to the regret and loss of the general community at Capetown.

There are only two seasons in South Africa, the *hot* and the *cold*; these corresponding respectively with our English winter and spring, and summer and autumn; and these two seasons vary a little the further north one goes from Capetown. There (at Capetown) the north-west wind is boisterous and cold, and prevails during the winter months, while the south-east wind, which prevails during the summer, is dry and withering, and often blows with great fury, whirling before it clouds of dust mixed even with pebbles large enough to hurt one. In the latitude of Capetown, the difference of temperature between the two seasons is not very perceptible.

In our north-eastern frontier districts, and in Kaffirland, the cold season is dry, and, though the heat of the bright sunshine during the day is always considerable, the air is cool and bracing, and the temperature of morning and evening often cold.

During the cold season, I have not only seen the ground covered with hoar frost, but the little pools of stagnant water in the plains and in the valleys at the foot of the Amatola Mountains covered with a thin

pellicle of ice, and have felt very shivery indeed in my shell jacket and white drill trowsers as we commenced our march before sunrise.

At this season the sky is always of a deep universal blue, so that the sun rises, travels along the whole arc of heaven, and sets in unclouded splendour.

There are no regular rains—no monsoon as in India—but during the hot months (corresponding with our English winter and spring) severe thunderstorms, accompanied by very heavy rain, are of frequent occurrence. In no part of South Africa is the sun, even in the hottest months, so great as to prevent one being in the open air all day, and I never knew or heard of anyone suffering from solar influence at the Cape, as is so constantly the case in India. Probably this is owing to the fact that however great the heat of the sun, and however high the temperature of the day may be, the mornings and evenings are always cool.

On the frontier we had no furious south-easters with hot breath and suffocating dust-storms, though I have felt hot winds at Fort Peddie, but they blew from the north-west. Personally I experienced no discomfort from them; indeed, until my attention was called to the hot dry blast by my friend Wright, I was never aware of any change or increase of temperature.

The wild animals, both beasts of prey and of the

chase, found in our north-eastern provinces, and even for some distance beyond Kaffirland, were even then (at the time of which I write) comparatively few. Amongst the former were the leopard and the wild cat, the hyæna and the jackal. The dog-faced baboon was to be found in great numbers, and the wild dog, though not in large packs. The former can hardly be classed amongst animals of prey, though they constantly do *prey* upon and destroy the Kaffirs' mealie and millet crops. The latter were not often seen, as they are shy, and lurk in the dense bush; but they hunt in packs, and follow game both by sight and scent, though, unlike our English hounds, without giving tongue.

The baboon is capable of being tamed, but makes a painfully human-like pet. The dog can be domesticated, as proved by the fact that one came out of the bush and attached himself to the detachment of the 91st Regiment during the march from Colesberg, and lived as a barrack dog and soldiers' pet until the regiment left Grahamstown.

I often saw him, but he would not accept any attention from me or from any person but a soldier of the regiment. He was a powerful animal, of a reddish-brown colour on the back, and pale-yellow almost approaching to white on the chest and belly; he had a sharp muzzle and erect pointed ears.

A brother-officer informed me that when he was

stationed at one of the outposts on the Fish river (Commatjee's, which is closely surrounded by dense bush) an antelope took refuge in the fort, to escape the pursuit of a pack of these wild dogs, which were close upon it, and followed it up to the very gate before they gave up the chase.

To find large game as the lion, elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and buffalo, all of which were at one time to be found in every part of South Africa, even in the vicinity of Capetown, it was necessary forty years ago to go far to the north beyond our frontier.

Of smaller game only several varieties of antelope were to be seen between the Fish and Kei rivers, such as the koodoo, spring-bok, stein, rhuy, and blew-bok; all larger animals—giraffe, eland, hartebeest, &c.—had been driven far to the north and west. With these larger animals my brother-officers who had been at Colesberg, and in the vicinity of the Orange river, were familiar, but personally I never had an opportunity of seeing any of them.

Ostriches were occasionally seen on the Debe flats to the north of the Amatolas, but not often. I had only once the good fortune to see three of these birds in their running flight, one of which was killed by a Boer, who fired his great *roer*, at a venture, and broke its neck as it shot past our column while we were on the march.



Partridge and a species of pheasant might be shot in the kloofs and the rocky ground; quail, at certain seasons, were abundant, and the large grey bustard was occasionally seen on the plains.

Vultures (*asvoglen*), properly speaking kites, were to be met with everywhere and in great numbers; several varieties of hawk were often seen in the kloofs, and in the neighbourhood of the more open bush; and blue or speckled grey kingfishers by the rivers and pools. The blue crane I often saw in the wooded kloofs and ravines, and the secretary bird in the plains bordering valleys and forests. This last is an enemy to all reptiles, and during one of my rambles I had an opportunity of watching one in deadly combat with a snake. It was remarkable to observe how the bird made use of its wings as a shield to protect itself against the spring and blow of its enemy, while at the same time it struck at the snake with its beak.

I met with several varieties of snakes, but never without going in search of them. In old, forsaken ant-heaps I often unearthed snakes, scorpions, and centipedes; but I never saw either of these, or snakes of any kind in my house, hut, or tent, though others have told me that poff-adders and cobras do occasionally find their way into houses. The hideous tarantula I often met with. It is truly a formidable-looking animal, but has apparently a great appreciation of

security and comfort, as shown in its carefully and beautifully-constructed nest. This is about the size of a large hen's egg, built in the ground, lined inside with a soft, downy substance, and closed by a circular trap-door, which opens, as it were, on a hinge.

I never saw a spring of water at the Cape. The rivers in the north-eastern provinces, even the largest, are shallow, except after heavy rain in the mountain districts, where they have their origin, and then the waters come rolling down in great volume, and with extraordinary suddenness. Smaller streams, except after heavy rain, are represented by dry channels only. In the lesser valleys and kloofs, and on the plains, you may search in vain for water, but in natural depressions on the tops of the lower hills and eminences are always to be found collections of rain water, called 'vleys' by the Dutch; indeed, one may ride for miles and find no water to quench one's thirst but what these vleys contain, and, as cattle and wild animals resort to these not only to drink, but to cool their bodies and get rid of the persecution of flies, the water is always very impure, and only under the compulsion of intense thirst will a human being drink it.

The forest trees of the Amatolas are chiefly the yellow-wood (*podocarpus elongatus*). This is a handsome tree, growing to a considerable height, and with thick, umbrageous foliage. Numbers of them

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 deciduous, form the dense bush in the valleys of the  
 Fish, Keiskama, and other rivers. A very handsome  
 deciduous tree is the Kafir plum (*Carissa spinosa*, L.).  
 The flower, of a bright scarlet, appears before the  
 leaf, and the fruit—which is about the size of a large  
 greengage—is of a yellow colour, tinged with pink,  
 and has an agreeable, acid taste.

South Africa is famous for its heath, bulbous plants,

and orchids, also for geraniums and pelargoniums, and for an immense variety of other flowering plants and shrubs. Heaths, however, were not to be found in the districts with which I was familiar. They flourish further south, and in great beauty in the neighbourhood of Capetown. Geraniums and pelargoniums, though common, and occasionally very fine, on the frontier, were preyed upon and too often injured, and even destroyed, by the locust.

The vine will grow in any part of the country, and, when carefully looked after, often produces delicious grapes. The colonists, however, have not yet succeeded in making good wine, except the constantia, which is rather a liqueur than a wine. The apple, peach, nectarine, orange, lemon, fig, apricot, pomegranate, quince, and other trees are cultivated, and produce well-flavoured fruit, and in great abundance. Pumpkins, sweet and water melons, cucumbers, and other vegetables grow to an enormous size.

At the commencement of the war, the dress and equipment of the force in the field was as varied as the nationalities of which it was composed. The cavalry—big men, well-mounted on the largest horses procurable in the colony—wore a blue forage-cap, red jacket, and blue cloth pantaloons, seated with leather. The artillery, blue forage-cap, dark blue jacket, and light, French grey pantaloons, not dark blue, as at the present time. The soldier of the line,

a fine, well-developed, and well-set-up man, of an average height of five feet eight inches, was clad in blue forage-cap, red jacket, and white linen trousers for the march, his dark grey cloth ones being rolled up in his great-coat for night use. The Cape Corps, little men mounted on small, active horses, wore blue forage-cap, green cloth jacket, and brown buckskin trousers, or *crackers*, as they were called. The Boer cut a curious figure, in his slouched felt hat, generally trimmed with black ostrich feathers, loose, homespun jacket and waistcoat, buckskin trousers, and veldt shun. He was always on horseback, rode with a loose rein, long stirrups, and careless seat, usually on a small horse much under his weight, for he is a big, heavy fellow, as a rule. The Hottentot levies, composed of the same style of men as the Cape Corps, were dressed in wideawake felt hats, cloth jacket, crackers, and veldt shun, with a blanket rolled over the shoulder. Hogg, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, commanded a corps of these Totties, raised it to a wonderful state of efficiency, and did good service with it throughout the war. The Fingoes appeared in war-paint and blanket.

The arms were as varied as the dress. The dragoons carried the long, straight sword and a single-barrelled, muzzle-loading rifle. This latter, a new weapon issued specially to the 7th Dragoon Guards, the first heavy cavalry regiment that was ever sent

on colonial service. It was not a serviceable weapon for a mounted man, and, even when the men were engaged with the enemy on foot, I have seen them, after firing several rounds, hammering at their ram-rods with a stone to get the bullet down. I do not think that these rifles were ever supplied to any other regiment.

The Cape Mounted Rifles carried a short, double-barrelled, smooth-bore carbine with percussion locks, the handiest firearm I have ever seen for a mounted soldier, especially for irregular warfare.

Both battalions of the 91st Regiment had what was new at the time, and just introduced into our army, the smooth-bore musket with percussion lock, while the 27th Regiment was armed with the old 'Brown Bess,' with *flint-lock*, perhaps the very same carried by the gallant corps at Waterloo—at all events, it was the same style of firearm. It was just as good, however, carried its round bullet quite as far, with as much precision, and did as much damage as the *improved* percussion *Bess* of the 91st Regiment. With neither was there any certainty of hitting a target, much less an enemy, at three hundred yards. Probably one cause of the uncertain shooting of these old smooth-bore muskets was that they recoiled (*kicked*) so terribly that the men never put in the whole charge of powder, but, as they bit off the end of the cartridge, emptied out a third of its contents.

Possibly many of my readers will be surprised to hear this, and to learn how imperfectly, compared with the present day, the British Army was armed forty years ago, and probably there are few officers living who can say that they served with British troops during a campaign in which a portion of the force engaged was armed with the old *smooth-bore, flint-lock Brown Bess*, a weapon which is now looked upon as a curiosity.

The Boer carried a *roer*, a magnified blunderbuss, I should call it, but with which, there is no denying, they made wonderful shooting. A big Boer, in his slouched hat and loose clothes, with this great *roer* carried over his right shoulder, his powder-horn by his side, his bullet-pouch round his waist, and his long legs dangling under the belly of his little horse, had not a very military appearance. Nevertheless, they were plucky fellows, and hated Kaffirs, who were very much afraid of them, especially when they carried out a *commando* in Boer fashion.

The Hottentot levies were all armed with the flint-lock musket, and so were a few of our allies and *protégés* the Fingoes. Many of our enemies the Kaffirs carried firearms, but both they and the Fingoes were formidable with their assegai and shield.

I must not forget to allude to one part of the equipment of the British soldier forty years ago, viz., the white cross-belts. In one of these belts,

that from right to left, was secured the bayonet, and to the other, that from left to right, was attached the cartouche-box, made of black leather. There was no waist-belt to confine these cross-belts, and keep them in position, so that when the soldier was at the double one hand was engaged holding his musket, while with the other he kept his cartouche-box from bumping against his back. The knapsack, the old square, or rather oblong one, kept in shape by a framework of wood, and strapped over his shoulders and across his chest, the soldier was fortunately not required to carry during service in the field in South Africa.

As far as my experience went, there are few climatic diseases at the Cape. It had the character, as I have already remarked, of being a debilitating climate, but I was not made personally cognisant of this, nor did I find it so in my professional practice. A climate in which men can with impunity be subjected to constant exposure in all weathers; in which they can march great distances, and live in the open air; sleep upon the bare ground with only a blanket for covering, and yet retain perfect health, cannot be considered a debilitating or exhausting one. I am aware that it is considered a rheumatic climate, and that it has been accused of causing organic disease of the heart, and aneurism of the large artery leading from the heart. I certainly had a good many cases of rheumatism under my care, but these were the



rheumatism of long service, the anomalous pains that old soldiers complain of as they are approaching the limit of their service, of which they often recover after discharge ; and I also saw many cases of heart disease.

When I joined the 91st Regiment, I found a number of men in hospital, and others convalescent out of hospital, who were noted for invaliding under various diseases, but not the diseases from which they really suffered. On being desired to examine these cases with the stethoscope (an instrument the practical use of which was not very well known to old surgeons in the Army forty years ago) and to prepare invalid documents, I found several suffering from extensive organic disease of the heart, and others from aneurism of the aorta. These cases of disease, when discovered by me, were at once attributed to the climate of the Cape ; but after I had carefully inquired into the history of the regiment and of each case of illness, and ascertained the extent of disease and the length of time each man had been ailing, I suggested that neither to the climate of the Cape, nor to service on the frontier, but to the climate of St. Helena and to the intemperate life led by the men there, were their diseases to be attributed ; and after I had seen St. Helena and *ladder hill*, and ascertained what quantities of *rum* were daily consumed by the troops there, I was convinced of the correctness of my opinion, which was further supported by

the fact that the 27th Regiment, which had been longer at the Cape than the 91st Regiment, had no such cases of heart disease amongst the men.

Ophthalmia was at that time very common on the frontier, and was supposed to be a *maladie du pays*. It was particularly prevalent at one time amongst the 7th Dragoon Guards at Fort Beaufort, and was attributed by the Medical Department to the heat of the station, the dust, stable duties, &c.—in fact, to a variety of causes, rather than the real ones, viz.: crowding men in small, ill-constructed, temporary barracks, and want of proper means of ablution and cleanliness. Sanitary science was in its infancy then; indeed, as a practical science, was altogether unknown to the army medical officer, and to the engineer officer also. There was no ophthalmia amongst the civil population, or amongst the Boers, or native races. It was prevalent only amongst the British soldiers. But *then*, and for years previously and subsequently, it was a disease that often scourged the soldier in all parts of the world, was a cause of loss of sight to many, and of constant invaliding. When, however, we began (slowly) to understand that ventilation of buildings, cubic and superficial space, and means of ablution, and personal cleanliness are necessary to ensure health, this scourge of the Army disappeared.

When I entered the service very little care was bestowed on the building of barracks, ventilation

was scarcely thought of, and men were often crowded together in small rooms. The only means of ablution within reach of the soldier was the pump in the barrack square, round which before morning parade (which was looked upon as the important and was often the only duty of the day) the men might be seen by the dozen, half-dressed, washing their hands and faces, and using their mess-tins as basins, nothing else being available. Such a thing as a bath was beyond the power of a soldier to obtain, except in garrison towns near the sea. In these stations a regiment, in the summer season, was marched down to the beach, under officers, to bathe. This was required by the Queen's regulations, and a doctor had always to be present.

Many a bathing parade I have attended on South-sea beach, and very amusing they often were. The good swimmers would go far out from the shore regardless of the warning voice of the sergeant-major, while the timid and those who could not swim paddled about the shore equally regardless of the order to go farther out. Occasionally such men would be laid hold of by several of their comrades, dragged out into deeper water, and well ducked.

Dysentery occasionally appeared at the Cape, but only during field service and in rainy weather. Towards the end of the campaign, scurvy appeared amongst the troops, and burgher levies, attributable to prolonged exposure and fatigue and want of

vegetables. The ration issued in the field consisted of a large proportion of fresh meat (there was no scarcity of that), biscuit, tea or coffee and sugar, but no vegetables. The remedy made use of for these scorbutic cases was the leaf of the 'spek-boom,' which was succulent and agreeably acid. I shall refer to this tree and to its antiscorbutic properties in a future chapter.

With regard to our medical arrangements for field service, I may say there were none, at least there was no equipment. We had no ambulance train, no trained bearers with stretchers; no means whatever of carrying a wounded or sick man, except the ordinary bullock-wagon, in which they were sent to the nearest hospital as soon as possible. When a man fell in action, two, three, or four of his comrades lifted him by his legs and arms, and carried him to the rear; so that for every wounded man the fighting ranks were depleted, temporarily at least, by the number required to carry a disabled man off the field.

I never went out with a patrol equipped with anything more than a field amputating case, my pocket case of instruments, and a small supply of bandages and lint. Once I had a couple of handstretchers, but only suited to carry wounded men in a sitting posture. Fortunately, they were not required. If they had been, eight men would have been taken from the fighting strength to carry them.

When our troops first took the field, a wagon, packed with a medicine chest, medical comforts, cooking uten-

sils, and tents accompanied the force. This fell into the possession of the Kaffirs at Burns Hill, who destroyed everything, broke open the chest, eat and drank the ointments and mixtures, which had a fatal effect on a number, as we ascertained by finding their dead bodies lying amidst the wreck of jars and bottles.

Of all the medical officers on the frontier at the time of the breaking out of the war, there was not one who had ever seen service or treated a gun-shot wound; and when Lieutenant Cochrane, of the 91st Regiment, was wounded, it was some days before it was discovered whether he was shot through the lung or not—so great was our inexperience.

Although my stay at the Cape had been a short one, and the campaign through which I had served not a brilliant one, not much thought or spoken of in England, and not marked by a liberal bestowal of rewards and honours, I personally had benefited in many ways, acquired much general information, and received instruction. In the first place, I had seen something of the great world outside of home, and found it full of interesting and beautiful objects, which, though I may have read of, I could only fully appreciate after I had seen them. I had seen men of different races, speaking different languages, and living under conditions quite new to me; I had visited one of our important colonies, and should be able in the future to express an opinion on the climate of South Africa, in so far as it might affect the health

of the soldier ; I had been associated with men many of whom knew much more of the world and the world's ways, and on many subjects were better informed than myself, and by a study of whose characters and manners I had been enabled, I trust, to improve my own, and prepare myself for future usefulness.

In the second place, I had been taught *practically* what military discipline was, had learned to rough it, to submit to exposure, discomfort, and fatigue without complaining, and to encourage and care for others in circumstances of difficulty and danger. I had seen how troops were moved, fed, and cared for on active service ; had been taught by necessity to act on my own responsibility, and to perform my professional duties both in peace and war ; to understand from the very deficiency of such things that considerable improvement in our medical and surgical field equipment was necessary ; and, lastly, I had seen many gun-shot and other wounds, and acquired considerable experience of their treatment, and had gained a knowledge of ophthalmia and scurvy diseases incidental to a soldier's life in quarters and in camp.

My service at the Cape with the 91st Regiment, therefore, had not been time lost, and the experience gained there under the instruction and advice of others, and from personal observation, proved of the greatest assistance to me in after years, when I became surgeon of a regiment, and in my turn was required to instruct and advise others.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Invaliding—Composition of Battalion—Denationalizing—Retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay—Yarborough Promoted—Ordered to Reserve Battalion—Unpleasant Feeling between First and Reserve Battalions—Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence—His first Inspection of Battalion—Reproves the Doctor—Brigade Field-Days—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen—Battalion moved to Portsmouth—Regimental Pipers—Ordered into the Ranks—Highland Dress and Pipers Restored—An Injudicious Letter—Generosity of the General—Cholera—Sir Galbraith Logan—I leave the 91st Regiment—Ordered to Nova Scotia.

IN chapter eleven, I mentioned the arrival of the first battalion in England, the consolidation of the dépôt with head-quarters, and the occupation of Haslar barracks by the regiment.\*

As soon as we were settled, orders were received to prepare the necessary documents for the men whom it was proposed to invalid. This duty fell upon me, as I knew the history of the men and of

\* In 1848, several changes were made in the uniform of the Infantry of the Line. White linen trowsers were abolished, and a sort of blue-grey tweed substituted; and, at the same time, the coat-tails of officers were made more ample, and shorn of lace and embroidery, and the collars of their coats made lower. I do not think that these changes improved the appearance of the soldier or of the officer.

their ailments, of both of which the surgeon (Dr. Forrest) was necessarily ignorant, as he had not served with the regiment before.

The invaliding reduced the strength of the regiment considerably, for there were a number of old soldiers—one hundred and forty, if I remember rightly—averaging from eighteen to twenty-one years' service, who were considered unfit for further duty. At the same time, to complete the battalion to its full strength, we were ordered to send out recruiting parties, and not to restrict them to any locality of the United Kingdom, but to recruit generally. Thus the death-blow was given to the hitherto national character of the 91st Regiment; for, what with the number of Irishmen in the ranks of the depôt, and of Irish recruits who were enlisted in consequence of the order alluded to, the regiment, still partly composed of Scotchmen, had a large proportion of Irishmen in the ranks.

The first step towards the denationalizing of the regiment had been the formation of the reserve battalion in 1842, and the final one was the order to enlist generally in 1848. The corps still appeared in the Army List under the designation of the 'Argyllshire Regiment,' and, though there were two Argyllshire Campbells amongst the officers, there was not a single Argyllshire man in the ranks, and not one-fifth of the men were Scotch. And thus the



91st, which had been raised as a Highland regiment, in a Highland county, by Highland noblemen, which had worn the full Highland dress for some years, and retained its nationality for sixty years, had at last, though the transition had been gradual, become a regiment without nationality, and while retaining its Scotch designation, with the emblem of Scotland (the thistle) embroidered on its colours, and displayed on the appointments of both officers and men, its ranks were filled chiefly by Irishmen.

In May, 1846, a second Lieutenant-Colonel and a second Surgeon had been sanctioned for all corps which had reserve battalions. This had given promotion to Major Campbell (91st), and to Assistant-Surgeon Power, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who were appointed respectively as Lieutenant-Colonel and Surgeon to the reserve battalion of the 91st.

Very shortly after the arrival of the regiment in England, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay retired from the service, by the sale of his commission, and Major Yarborough succeeded to the vacancy thus caused; but, as junior of the rank, he was ordered back to the Cape, to command the reserve battalion, while Colonel Campbell—who happened to be on leave of absence in England—was directed to assume command of the first battalion. Colonel Lindsay's retirement further promoted Brevet-Major Bertie Gordon

(at the time Brigade-Major at Chester) to the regimental majority, and my friend Bayly, whom I have several times mentioned, to a company. The adjutancy also became vacant, by the sudden death of Lieutenant Jennings, and a Mr. Bøehmer, promoted from the ranks of the 60th Royal Rifles, was gazetted to the 91st as Ensign and Adjutant.

The summer of 1848 was a busy and rather troubled time for the 91st, for long foreign and active service, and other matters, had tended to interfere with the admirable arrangements, excellent discipline, and *esprit* which had always existed in the regiment from the time of its formation down to a recent period; and which had been left in a state almost of perfection by Colonel Anderson, the last of the officers who, having been trained in the regiment, had succeeded to the command, and whose retirement, as I have described, had been so deplored by the men. Amongst the other things which had seriously affected the regiment, the first, if not the principal one was, as I have already stated, the formation of the reserve battalion. This battalion had been raised by calling for volunteers from other Regiments of the Line, without regard to their nationality, and, as the great majority of the volunteers so obtained were Irishmen, the purely Scotch character which the regiment had maintained up to that date was lost. And, further, the two battalions, though in

reality one regiment, had always been separated, except for a few months, and so came to be considered by their respective officers as distinct commands; and, while the insignia of a regiment—colours and band—remained with the first battalion, the mess property, ample and intended only for one, had to be divided, to supply two messes.

Under such circumstances, a feeling of jealousy arose, and deepened into almost estrangement, which was not allayed by the accession to the command of the corps of a lieutenant-colonel from another regiment. What was required for a corps circumstanced as the 91st Regiment was at that time was a commanding officer of conciliatory temper, sound judgment, and practical knowledge, who understood the regiment, and who possessed such disciplinary powers as to be able to rule strictly and impartially, and, by the exercise of tact and prudence, keep alive a regimental harmony which was threatened with disruption.

But the good old corps, which had always been a united body, became, under its changed conditions, and without the ruling and restraining influence I have described, like a house divided against itself, and a feeling of indifference crept in amongst the old soldiers of the first battalion, followed by a decadence of the old *esprit*, and by a laxity in discipline which was increased by the transfer of the best men

(chiefly Scotch) from the first battalion to the reserve battalion when the former left the Cape, by the discharge of all the remaining old soldiers on arrival of the battalion in England, and by filling up their places with recruits, who, though very fine fellows, were Irish, and who, having little or none of the old leaven in the ranks with them, were not easily, and perhaps never perfectly, trained into the special *esprit* of the regiment.

Lord Frederic Fitz-Clarence, who commanded the Portsmouth district at the time, was quick to perceive all this, and while giving particular attention to the drill and discipline of the regiment, and lending his assistance to restore everything, outwardly and inwardly, to its original state of excellence, was often a little irritable and not quite so considerate as he might have been, and spoke and acted in a manner to hurt the pride and ruffle the temper of both officers and men, which possibly a general with more varied experience of the service, or who had had more intercourse with troops of the Line, would have avoided. Lord Frederic had been a Guardsman, and, therefore, was probably not aware that it is easier for the Guards, who are not sent on long colonial service, to be kept in, or to be brought into good order, than for Regiments of the Line, which are absent on colonial and foreign service for such long periods, and are retained in England just long enough to be put into a state

of efficiency when they are required again for foreign service; especially a regiment such as the 91st Regiment was at that time, which had been so tried and dislocated during the period of its last tour of foreign service.

It had been sent to St. Helena, a station not very suitable to the maintenance of discipline, as the climate was enervating, and inducements to intemperance very great. From thence, after a service of a little over three years, head-quarters, with a wing, had been ordered to the Cape, to be followed, after some time, by the other wing; and during its service there the battalion had been constantly broken up into detachments, the very worst thing that can happen to a regiment; had served through a campaign the very character of which had had a tendency to make men unsteady and upset discipline; had been augmented by the addition of a battalion which held a sort of anomalous and semi-independent position, and which had to be kept up to a strength of six hundred men by transfers from the parent battalion, which latter, after an absence of twelve years, returned to England a skeleton, consisting of a few old soldiers, the majority of whom were discharged immediately on arrival, and their places filled by recruits. A battalion so pulled to pieces, and so reconstructed, could hardly have been expected to have been immediately in a state of perfection, either in appear-

ance or in discipline. But to me, who was merely a looker-on, though I think an observant one, it appeared that the general did not consider all this, and was not patient enough.

I have a very perfect recollection of Lord Frederic's first inspection of the battalion, very shortly after its arrival at Haslar, while it was in a state of confusion, owing to the invaliding of old soldiers, and the amalgamation of the large depôt with the skeleton headquarters; and all that occurred on that occasion impressed me with the belief that the general came prepared to find fault and express disapprobation. I have learned since then, however, that it is not a very uncommon thing for generals to find fault with regiments when they first come under their command, and to accept the credit of having restored them to a state of efficiency. I was present at Lord Frederic's first inspection of the 91st Regiment, and in my proper place on the right of the line when the general salute was given, and was the first object that attracted his attention and came under his censure. Possibly I did not stand at *attention*, never having been instructed, or hold myself in a sufficiently soldier-like attitude, never having had the benefit of *setting-up drill*; for his lordship rode straight at me, and thus addressed me,

‘Put your heels together, sir; drop your arms by your sides; hold up your head; look straight to your

front, and don't stand as if you were blowing your nose.'—*Ipsissima verba*.

I have never since then, during a long regimental service, known or heard of a general officer paying such marked attention on parade to a medical officer; and on that occasion I do not know whether those standing beside and near me were more surprised or amused; at all events, they and I had some difficulty in keeping our gravity.

If it was intended as a joke, a general might have spared the doctor; but, if as a rebuke, all felt that I did not deserve it. Even if I had been a little unsteady—of which I was not conscious—the reproof might have been conveyed to me, after parade, through my commanding officer, or administered on the spot in a less offensive or ridiculous manner, in whichever light my readers may look at it. At all subsequent inspections, however, I was careful to '*keep my heels together, my arms stiff as ramrods, my head well up, and my eyes to the front;*' and, as his lordship rode past and looked at me, I thought I could observe a twinkle in his eyes.

Though my unsoldierly attitude was the first thing that came under his lordship's keen vision, almost everything else connected with the regiment displeased him, and, after the conclusion of his inspection, he spoke freely and sharply to both colonel and adjutant, and declared that they must set about it

at once and put matters right, in which we should have *his* assistance.

It was shortly after this inspection that Colonel Lindsay retired, and poor Jennings, the adjutant, died suddenly.

Lord Frederic was a very stately and distinguished-looking gentleman, and would have been a very soldier-like figure, but for an unfortunate tendency to corpulency. He had a wonderfully quick eye, that could detect the least waver in a line, or irregularity, or mistake in a brigade field-day. He had also a splendid voice, which could be heard, clear as a bugle call, at a great distance, and he was a perfect drill. But, though he could appreciate a steady *march past*, and praise a well-executed movement, or manœuvre, he could also find fault in very emphatic and unpleasant language. He had not unfrequently the bad taste also to hold up a regiment which had been some time in his district, and under his own supervision, as a pattern to others lately arrived, than which there is nothing a soldier dislikes more.

I remember his being very angry on the occasion of one of his brigade field-days on Southsea Common, because the perfect symmetry of the line was broken by the knee of a man of the 91st Regiment being so bent as to project a little. The unfortunate offender was shouted at and ridden at, but was found to be blameless, for he stood upon a spot of ground where



one foot was in a depression and the other on a hummock of grass, which prevented his straightening the limb.

Lord Frederic's staff-officers were popular with some members of the garrison, and as unpopular with others. Of course, like most staff-officers of those days, they tried to copy the style and manner of their General. Occasionally they presumed not a little on their position, and sometimes, though not often, received a well-merited rebuff. I remember on one occasion, when the Brigade was manoeuvring under Lord Frederic, on Southsea Common, an order was given for a certain movement, which order Major Bertie Gordon, who happened to be in command of the 91st, did not hear, and consequently the regiment did not move in concert with the others. Suddenly the Brigade-Major galloped up and gave the order direct to the regiment; but Major Gordon, who, though a fiery-tempered little man, never lost his head, and knew his duty perfectly, called out, '91st, not a move; take your orders from no one but myself,' and then, riding quietly up to the Brigade-Major, said to him, 'Any orders for the 91st should be conveyed to me, for I command the regiment at present.'

Some thought this rather audacious on the part of Gordon, others knew that he was right; but all were glad to hear the staff-officer snubbed.

In spite of our little troubles and vexations we, who

had come from the wilds of South Africa, enjoyed our summer in Haslar greatly, for in those days Portsmouth was one of the gayest military stations in England, if not the gayest, as crowds of visitors came to Southsea for health and amusement, attracted also in a great measure by the naval and military displays, but probably chiefly by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, who, then young and in the height of domestic happiness, resided during the autumn at Osborne, with husband and children round her. Her Majesty frequently passed through Portsmouth on her way to and from London; appeared in her yacht, the *Fairy*, at regattas, in which she evidently took pleasure and interest; and on one occasion came with a great naval and military demonstration to perform the ceremony of opening a new dock. That was the first time I ever saw the Queen, and she looked so young and pretty, and so happy with her noble husband and young children round her, and so fearless in the midst of her people, that one could not but feel intensely loyal.

The 91st remained in Haslar until the spring of 1849, when it moved to Portsmouth, and occupied the old Cambridge and part of the Clarence Barracks. My friend Patterson was promoted just about this time. He got his company by the retirement of Captain Love, who had exchanged into the 91st from the 60th Royal Rifles.

Love was a very fine fellow, very good-looking, and, I understood, a great lady's man in the early part of his service. He had many amusing stories to tell, and I remember the following one—a play upon his name. While dancing with a young lady at one of the castle balls in Dublin, his fair partner asked him 'if he was Captain Robinson,' as she had not heard his name on introduction. 'No; Love,' was his reply, the words so pronounced that the emphasis fell on the 'No' instead of on the 'Love.' The young lady naturally thought he was addressing her as his love, and was really, or pretended to be, very indignant.

I do not know whether or not Love is alive. If alive, and he should read this, I wonder if his memory will prove to be as good as mine?

The removal of the regiment to Portsmouth gave Lord Frederic an opportunity of keeping his eye more constantly on us, and of watching in person the gradual improvement which was taking place in the appearance and discipline of the battalion. By that time the men were well dressed and well set up, and the young soldiers had become steady on parade and at drill, and they certainly got a good deal of the latter on the Common during the summer of 1849; brigaded with the 4th King's Own Regiment and the 77th Regiment, and occasionally with the Marines; the whole manœuvred by Lord Frederic himself, and

beautifully he did it. Since those days I have very often seen brigade and division field-days under other generals, but, with the exception of Sir Duncan Cameron and Sir Sidney Cotton, I have never seen troops handled so well as by Lord F. Fitzclarence.

The band too had made rapid progress under the instruction of a German master, whose name I have forgotten; and, with new clothing and new instruments, made a good appearance, and took its turn of playing in public. But there was something still wanting to complete a regiment with a Scotch name and history, and, though the Irish element so greatly preponderated in the ranks, Colonel Campbell and Major Bertie Gordon made a successful effort to re-introduce at least an outward show of nationality, by reviving the bagpipes. In this they received every encouragement from Lord Frederic, although he must have known that pipers were not included in the establishment of the regiment. How and when they ceased to be borne on the establishment I do not know, but I believe it was just after Colonel Anderson's retirement, or soon after Colonel Lindsay assumed command, and Lieutenant Jennings became adjutant. I perfectly remember, however, that several old sets of pipes were in the quartermaster's store at Grahamstown.

A decision on the subject having been arrived at, pipers were enlisted, and ere long a pipe-major and

five ordinary pipers, dressed in green tunics, tartan trews, and shoulder-plaids, appeared at the head of the regiment, and continued to bear testimony by their presence to the restored nationality of the 91st, until the regiment was removed to the Dover district, 1850, when Major-General (afterwards Sir George) Brown, Adjutant-General of the Army at the time, ordered the pipers back to the ranks, and the bagpipes to be abolished. In this he may have been quite right, but probably no other general in the service would have taken so harsh a step, considering the history of the regiment. But the majority, the great majority of our generals forty years ago were old men who had, in their youth, served under the Great Duke of Wellington, and been trained in the severe school of discipline which he had introduced during the long struggle in the Peninsula, and who, therefore, in their exceeding zeal, deemed it an essential point of discipline to look with minute scrutiny into all little details, refusing to recognize anything in a regiment which was not sanctioned by War Office and Horse Guards' authority.

Sir George Brown was probably the strictest of those old disciplinarians, and those officers who afterwards served in his division in Bulgaria and the Crimea may remember with what tenacity he insisted on the men shaving, and wearing the old black leather stock, until the influence of medical, and the

weight of public opinion brought forth the order for the soldier to wear the moustache as a rule, and the beard on active service, and to discontinue the hated stock.

I can remember perfectly when the moustache was worn only by the Hussar regiments. In or about the year 1837, all cavalry were ordered to wear it, and in 1854 the order was extended to the whole army, with permission to wear the beard also on active and foreign service.

Patience and perseverance, it is said, generally have their reward, and Major Bertie Gordon, who eventually succeeded to the command of the regiment, and who was an enthusiastic Highlander, never gave up the hope, or rather determination, of seeing the regiment restored to its original position; and, after years of waiting and striving, succeeded, in 1860, through the influence of His Grace the Duke of Argyle, in obtaining Her Majesty's sanction for the regiment to resume the Highland dress, and to be styled the Argyleshire Highlanders. But instead of choosing (and, I believe, the choice was given) the kilt and feather-bonnet, Colonel Gordon decided upon trews and shoulder-plaid, with diced shako. *Then* once more a pipe-major, with a staff of pipers, were included in the establishment of the regiment, and made their appearance upon parade.

This may be anticipating the march of time and of

events, but I mention the subject here because, in these personal recollections, I shall not be able to continue to follow so minutely as I have hitherto done the history of the gallant 91st Regiment. Still I shall not fail to allude to the regiment, for, though it is many years since I left (1850, since which date I have never had the pleasure of meeting the old corps) I have not failed to watch, with feelings of interest and affection, the movements and fortunes of the first regiment to which I had the honour to belong.

During the summer of 1849, Lord Frederic kept the troops in Portsmouth constantly at work, and, between field-days on Southsea Common under his personal command, and guard-mounting and troop-ing-colours, where he always appeared to direct, none of us could complain of want of occupation.

On these occasions he often praised the 91st Regiment for steadiness and soldierly bearing; for, like some generals I have since served under, he took credit to *himself* chiefly, and perhaps justly, for the improvement which had taken place in the regiment. But he still thought it necessary occasionally to find fault, because he was naturally of an irritable temper, or probably because he thought it necessary to keep us up to the mark, and stimulate us to greater exertion, until at last, after a succession of little worries, a letter appeared in one of the military papers plainly accusing him of purposely keeping up an irritation

in the regiment, which tended to make officers and men believe that from the first he had taken a dislike to it. The appearance of this letter caused no little excitement in the garrison, and the colonel, with his adjutant, were sent for in hot haste, and asked if they and the officers of the regiment believed that there was any truth in the accusation. Their answer was 'No,' and that they did not believe that the letter had been written by any officer of the regiment.

But there *was* a little truth in the accusation, and the letter had been written by an officer of the regiment, though this fact was known only to him who wrote, and to one or two others who heard it read, one of whom forwarded it to the newspaper without the concurrence of the writer. The fact is that I was the writer of the letter, but I wrote it merely as a joke, never intending that it should appear in print, or go further than the three or four of my brother-officers to whom I read it; one of these asked me to let him see it, and I thoughtlessly handed it to him as I was called out of the room. He did not return it to me, but imprudently dispatched it, without my knowledge, to the editor of (I think) the *United Service Gazette*, who published it.

Several days afterwards, when the excitement had subsided, the general sent his brigade-major to say that he wished to see the officers of the 91st Regi-



ment in their mess-room. At the appointed hour he appeared with his staff, and spoke in a rather subdued voice to the following effect, as nearly as I can recollect:

‘I regret that anything should have occurred which might lead you to suppose that I dislike the 91st Regiment. I assure you that such is not the case, for I have been much interested in the regiment since it came under my command, and I *do* think that I *may* feel a little satisfaction when I compare your appearance to-day with what you were on arrival in this command. If I have been at any time a little hot-tempered or exacting, I am sorry for it, and you may believe that whatever I have said or done was in the interest and for the good of the regiment. I do not know who wrote the letter which appeared in the paper the other day, and do not wish to know; but, whether or not any more appear, I wish you to believe that I am your friend.’

There was in this speech a sort of acknowledgment that there was some truth in the accusation contained in the letter, also a little humility and vanity. It was a sort of apology mixed up with self-praise, which latter was perhaps natural and deserved.

That was a lesson to me never to be forgotten, and from that time during all my subsequent service I never committed my thoughts to paper, either in

jest or earnest, upon any military person or subject, and I now tell the incident to show that there was something generous and kindly in Lord Frederic, in spite of his roughness and brusqueness; and, as another example of his generosity of disposition, I mention another incident in which I was personally concerned. The surgeon, Dr. Forrest, happened to be on leave, and, being in temporary charge, I had sent in the morning state of sick to the brigade office, in which appeared a few convalescents in barracks. This attracted Lord Frederic's eye at once, and he declared that such a thing was not allowed by the Queen's regulations, and that the medical officer must be ordered to discontinue the practice immediately, as soldiers should be either in hospital or at duty. His lordship, however, was mistaken, for the Queen's regulations did sanction the arrangement, and we respectfully drew his attention to the paragraph.

Some days afterwards Lord Frederic came into our barrack-square, and, seeing me there watching the recruits at drill, he beckoned me to him, and remarked, 'Doctor, I was wrong, and you quite right, so you may continue to have your convalescents.' Not many generals of those days, or even of the present, would have taken the trouble to acknowledge so frankly to a young assistant-surgeon that he knew the Queen's regulations on a certain point better than the general himself did.

In addition to other duties, the regiment had a great amount of target practice, and, though it was a near approach to a farce when compared with musketry instruction as now conducted, the duty was strictly carried out, and, as a doctor was required to attend, I was present on every occasion from five o'clock a.m. to nine o'clock ; but, as I disliked standing there idle, I took my place in the ranks, and fired the same number of rounds as the men, until from daily practice I became the best shot in the regiment, and on the last day made three *bulls'-eyes* in succession at two hundred and fifty yards.

I have already made some remarks about the old 'Brown Bess,' so will not allude to that historic weapon again.

During 1849, cholera visited England. Many cases occurred in Portsmouth and Landport, and a few amongst the troops in garrison, especially in the 77th Regiment, but the 91st Regiment escaped entirely, though we had one or two scares, and though several cases of men of other regiments from the military prison (Southsea Castle) were treated in the regimental hospital, all of which fortunately recovered. It was then that for the first time I saw the terrible disease with which I was to be so familiar in after-years, and the instruction as to its treatment then given me by my friend and surgeon, Dr. Forrest, was of great use to me when I came to act on my own

responsibility, and, as surgeon of the 93rd Highlanders, to combat so often with it in its epidemic form in the Crimea and in India.

We were very watchful, as far as our lights (in those days) enabled us to be, over the sanitary condition of our barracks, and we established regimental games and amusements for the men, so as to keep them as much as possible away from the insanitary purlieus of Portsmouth, and from the public-houses, and the temptations of other places of evening resort.

The officers, too, mindful of their own health and pleasure, bought an eight-oared gig, which, pulled by a strong crew dressed in regular rowing trim, made a good appearance amongst the many other rowing boats, and occasionally attracted a little attention from the fair promenaders on Southsea. The crew was generally composed of the following officers: Colonel Campbell, Major Gordon, Captains Wright and Patterson, Lieutenant the Honourable E. Sinclair, Ensigns McKenzie and Pickwick, and myself, with Horsburgh (the lightest weight in the regiment) as coxswain.

During this summer we renewed our acquaintance with Lieutenant Conolly, R.N., who in a former chapter was introduced as the Port-Admiral of Waterloo Bay. He had returned to England, and been appointed to the *Superb*, a line-of-battle ship, and, if I remember right, the flagship at Spithead.

In the autumn my friend Wright was granted two years' leave of absence, for the purpose of travelling on the Continent. (Is such a thing possible at the present day?) I never met him again as a brother-officer, for before his return I myself had left the regiment; but I met him some years after, when he was Deputy-Quartermaster-General at Portsmouth, and there and then we renewed our old friendship and intimacy.

During the winter of 1849—50, several of the officers, Christie, Horsburgh, and Cochrane, hunted regularly, especially Christie, who was uncommonly well mounted, and rode well; but unfortunately one of his horses, a rather impetuous animal, reared and fell over on him in the hunting-field. He was completely stunned at the time, and though he recovered from the immediate effects of the concussion, and was able to ride home, he suffered much from headache for several days after, and then, symptoms of compression of the brain appearing, he sold out suddenly and went to his own home in Scotland, where he was ill for many weeks. He recovered, however, but never afterwards had good health, and eventually died from the effects of his fall. By his retirement, Cochrane obtained his company.

In October of this year, my father was ordered out to Halifax, Nova Scotia, as principal medical officer, and before leaving England he asked Sir J. McGregor

to transfer me to the staff and send me to Halifax also. I never expected for a moment that this request would have been complied with, or the request should not have been made, for I preferred regimental to staff service; but the request was recorded, and in due time carried into effect, as I shall explain directly.

It was while in Portsmouth that I first made the acquaintance of my friend, Sir Galbraith Logan. He was then Dr. Logan, surgeon of the 4th Regiment. Subsequently I met him in Bermuda as first-class staff surgeon, then again in the Crimea as Deputy-Inspector-General and principal medical officer of the Highland division. At a later period he became Director-General of the Army Medical Department, in which position he continued to give me his friendship, and which I am happy in still retaining.

In the spring of 1850—I think about the end of April or in the first week of May—the 91st Regiment was ordered to Dover, and proceeded thither by divisions. Head-quarters occupied the Shaft barrack, as it was then called, and the left wing the Castle. Not many days after arrival at Dover, I received, without any previous warning, a Horse Guards' letter, informing me that I had been transferred to the staff, and directing me to proceed to Cork, and there report myself to the general officer commanding, with a view to my taking medical charge of detachments of the 38th and 88th Regiments, about to sail for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

This came upon me unexpectedly. I was very happy with the 91st, on excellent terms with my brother-officers and with my surgeon, and therefore had no wish to leave the regiment, all the more as it appeared to me that staff medical officers had no friends. I started for London immediately on receipt of my orders, and entreated Dr. Smith to cancel the transfer, but he declined to do so, as my name and that of my successor had already appeared in the *Gazette*. On return to Dover, in the evening of the same day, I found my successor (Dr. Peile) already there, and this more than anything else, even than seeing my name in the *Gazette*, convinced me that my connection with the 91st Regiment had been severed. That I was no longer an officer of the regiment was a positive grief to me, and I did not attempt to conceal my feelings. Next day I dined at mess as a guest. After dinner, my late brother-officers drank my health, wished me God-speed, and each presented me with some little token of remembrance, which I have still in my possession.

As I took leave, the officers accompanied me to the barrack gate, dear old Dalrymple walking on one side of me, and Patterson on the other, while the band followed, playing 'Auld Lang Syne.' Thus I parted from the first friends I had made in the service, and thus ended my connection with the 91st Regiment, a period of my life which I have always

looked back to with pleasure and thankfulness, for the companions and friends that I had in that regiment did much to make my life happy, and to improve and strengthen my character, and also taught me a great deal that has been useful to me since; indeed, it would have been impossible to have been associated during five years with such friends as Yarborough, Gordon, Wright, Savage, Dalrymple, Bayly, Patterson, and many others, without making moral and intellectual improvement, or to have served under such surgeons as Hadaway and Forrest without acquiring professional information.



## CHAPTER XIV.

The City of Cork—Sail for Halifax—Detachments 38th and 88th Regiments—Our Skipper—Banks of Newfoundland—Arrive in Halifax Harbour—History of Nova Scotia—Discovered by John Cabot—Acadia Occupied by French—Finally becomes an English Possession—Cape Breton—Port Louis—French Expedition—First English Colonists in Nova Scotia—The Town of Halifax—French Intrigues—Expulsion of Acadians—Evangeline—American Colonies—War of Independence—Nova Scotia Loyal—The Church—Nova Scotia First Colonial Bishopric—First Bishop—His History—The Late Bishop.

EARLY in May, 1850, I arrived in Cork, and at once reported myself to the military authorities, who informed me that the vessel in which the detachments of the 38th and 88th Regiments were to proceed to Halifax, would not be ready to sail for a week, and that I might employ the time till then as I chose. I was quite a stranger in Cork, but had introductions from several of my late brother-officers to their friends living in the city and neighbourhood. I called on these, was received with genuine Irish hospitality, and quickly made to feel as if my hosts were old friends whom I had known all my life. I shall never forget the parting benediction of one of

those friends, conveyed in a most affectionate manner, and in the following words: '*Good-bye, me bhoy, and God bless ye, if possible.*' At first only the very intimate and affectionate manner of my friend impressed me, but, on repeating to myself the words of his benediction, the doubt implied as to the possibility of a *heretic* obtaining a blessing was apparent (he being a Roman Catholic), and I must acknowledge amused me.

I also made the acquaintance of the officers of the detachments, who were to be my companions during the voyage. These were Captain Hamilton and Ensigns Riley and Henning of the 88th Regiment, and Lieutenant Johns of the 38th Regiment.

Captain Hamilton was a married man, and I became very intimate with him and Mrs. Hamilton, as I was called in, in consultation with a civil practitioner (whose name I have forgotten) to attend their little child, who was seized with sudden illness and died just before embarkation.

Hamilton himself died many years ago, Riley and Johns have passed out of my acquaintance—I do not even know if they are alive—but Henning (now General) I have met, since those days, several times and in different parts of the world, viz.: in the Crimea, in India, and lately in England.

The vessel taken up to convey the detachments to Halifax was an old-fashioned barque of about two

hundred and fifty tons burden, but affording ample accommodation for five officers and two hundred men, with their proportion of women and children.

We sailed out of Queenstown Harbour in the forenoon, and after rounding Cape Clear on the afternoon of the following day, were blown away to the west by a strong easterly gale which sprang up suddenly, and during which our little ship behaved very well. That was the only *breeze* or rough weather we had during the voyage, and from that night until we reached our destination the ship was never off 'even keel.' Our skipper was an able seaman, something of the old rough and ready style, inclined to be convivial, and occasionally, after the evening glass of grog, was rather merry and ready for a rough joke, in which he certainly received encouragement, until one night, perhaps to show his indifference to danger, or to alarm us, he seated himself, while smoking his pipe, on the small barrel which contained the ammunition of the ship. After that we were careful not to encourage him to drink or jest.

While crossing the banks of Newfoundland we were enveloped in a fog the densest, most impenetrable, and most wetting that I was ever exposed to; and in fear of collision we kept up a ringing of bells and blowing of bugles enough to warn the most unwary of fishing crews. But we saw no vessels, and ran into no danger except from an iceberg, the pres-

ence of which we discovered only in time to alter our course and steer away in another direction.

The first intimation we had of the proximity of the iceberg was the sudden lowering of the temperature. It became intensely cold as the wind blew towards us from the frozen mass.

On the thirtieth day after leaving Ireland, we found ourselves, according to calculation, at or near to the entrance to Halifax Harbour; but a dense fog (one of those so prevalent at that season, and only at that season, along the southern coast of Nova Scotia, caused by the junction of the warm water of the Gulf stream with the cold current from the north) hung so heavily over the land that we got only occasional glimpses of the coast, and were unable to make out the entrance to the harbour.

While we were tacking about in a state of uncertainty and perplexity, we came upon a small open fishing-boat, manned by three lads, who told us our exact position, and one of whom offered to pilot us into the harbour. His offer was accepted, and under his directions we got within the harbour, as our pilot said; but the fog was so dense that we could not make out any land, and as the wind began to fail, and the tide to ebb, our pilot advised us to anchor. Accordingly we let go one anchor, and it was fortunate that we did so, for during the night a gale from the north-west (the Barber, as it is called by the

Halegonians) came on, and blew so hard that we were obliged to let go a second anchor.

On the following morning, the fog having been completely blown away, for it is only with a southerly wind that it prevails, we found ourselves well inside the harbour, as the lad had told us, and lying close to land on our starboard beam. This land was McNab's Island, which divides the entrance to Halifax Harbour into two channels, east and west. We were riding at anchor in the latter. Had we not fallen in with the little fishing-boat, secured the services of the young pilot, and succeeded in coming to anchor when we did, we should have been driven by the gale, which blew with great force for forty-eight hours, away to the south, so far that it would have taken us days to beat up to the coast again if the wind continued to blow from the north; and, if we should return with a southerly wind, the entrance to the harbour would be again closed to us by fog.

On the morning of the third day, the gale having blown itself out, though the wind still blew from the north-west, we were able to beat up the harbour, and, running up to the dockyard in the middle harbour, let go our anchor, and then dropped alongside of the wharf and made fast. On landing, I found my father waiting for me.

Next day I handed over the different medical documents connected with my charge, reported my

arrival officially, and appeared in garrison orders as the medical officer to take charge of medical stores and equipment, and also of the military prison. These duties were new to me, and not at all to my taste at the time or afterward. The appointment was supposed to have this advantage, however, viz., that the medical officer who held it was not liable to be moved; but this proved to be a mistake, for I was moved from Halifax three times in four years, and on each occasion so suddenly that I had not time to hand over my charge, but had to retain during my absence the responsibility attached to it.

Before writing my own recollections and experiences of Halifax, I will give a very short *resumé* of the history of Nova Scotia, which may prove interesting, and which is more remarkable than that of any of our colonial possessions.

It was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, while he was in the service of Henry VII. of England; and as it was, or supposed to have been, the first part of the new world seen by him in his adventurous voyage, he gave it the name of '*Prima Vista.*' Cabot's discoveries, however, were either neglected or forgotten for many years—indeed, until Elizabeth ascended the throne of England, when her genius and ambition gave a new direction to public opinion, and inspired her subjects with a spirit of adventure and enterprise which they had never known before.

In 1583, under a patent from Her Majesty, Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from Plymouth in command of a small squadron; and, arriving at the harbour of St. John, Newfoundland, took formal possession of the eastern portion of the island for the Crown of England. From thence he sailed to the west, and visited Sable Island (off the coast of Nova Scotia), but having lost one of his ships on the sand-banks which surround this island, he determined to return to England. On the homeward voyage, however, the vessel in which Sir Humphrey was, foundered, and he and his whole crew perished. In 1607, Sir John Gilbert revived his brother's claim, and left England in command of an expedition which arrived at the mouth of one of the rivers of what is now the State of Maine, where on a small island they built a temporary settlement to pass the winter in, with the intention of forming a permanent settlement on the mainland in the following spring. But during the winter Sir John died, and his followers, dispirited by his death, returned to England.

After Cabot's successful voyage, and during the long period between his discoveries and Sir John Gilbert's death (about seventy-two years), the French had several times visited the new world, and had established trading and fishing stations in different parts of North America. In 1598 French adventurers established a settlement in the island of Cape Breton;

and again in 1604 one on the west coast of Nova Scotia, where they established the settlement of Port Royal, which became their great military stronghold ; and from thence explored the coast on the west side of the Bay of Fundy, or, as they called it, La Baye Francaise, and gave the name of L'Acadie, or Acadia, to all the territories now known as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the State of Maine. They remained in peaceable possession of all this territory until 1613, when the English colonists settled in Virginia sent a fleet, under the command of Captain Argall, to dispossess them, under the pretext that they (the French) had encroached on the chartered limit of Virginia, and on the rights of England, established by the discoveries of Cabot, and the occupation of the territory by the English under Sirs H. and J. Gilbert. These hostilities were carried on between the English and French colonists without any assistance from, indeed without the knowledge of, the parent kingdoms, which were at peace with each other at the time.

Argall's expedition was, to a certain extent only, successful ; and eight years elapsed before the English determined to establish settlements in any part of the disputed territory, from which the French had been driven. But in 1623 and 1627 expeditions were sent out from England, under the auspices of Sir W. Alexander, to settle in that part of Acadia to



which the name of Nova Scotia was then for the first time given, and which it has been known by ever since.

The expedition of 1623 visited the island of Cape Breton, and several of the harbours on the south coast of Nova Scotia; but, finding the country occupied by French and other adventurers, returned to England. The expedition of 1627, however, under the command of Sir D. Kirk, captured Port Royal in Nova Scotia, and in the following year took Quebec; but by the treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, Charles I. of England resigned all claim to the territories taken from the French, who, accordingly, immediately entered into possession of Canada and the whole of Acadia, and retained them till 1656, when, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, Nova Scotia was again taken by the English, who, though they captured and occupied Port Royal (the great military stronghold), did not in any way disturb French settlers or deprive them of their property. The province remained in possession of England till 1667, when, by the treaty of Breda, it was restored to France. In 1690, it was again taken from the French, and retained by the English till 1696, when, by the treaty of Ryswick, it was once more restored to France.

But the peace which followed this treaty was of short duration, for in 1701, Louis XIV. having ac-

knowned the Pretender as King of England, war between the two nations was declared; and in 1704 and 1707 expeditions were sent from England and from the New England colonies to retake Nova Scotia. The last was successful, and Nova Scotia, and all the territory included under the name of Acadia, fell into the hands of the English, and were retained by them, though the French made determined efforts to recover them, until at last, in 1713, by the treaty of Utrecht, the possession by England of Nova Scotia and the other portions of what had been called Acadia was confirmed; and these have remained British colonies ever since. Thus we have seen that during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries Nova Scotia was alternately an appendage of France or of England.

By the treaty of 1713, however, the island of Cape Breton remained a French dependency, and they set about converting it into a naval and military depôt for the protection of their coast fisheries, and to keep open the communication with Canada. Accordingly, they built the town of Port Louis on one of the harbours of the island, and surrounded it by strong fortifications. This town and fortress soon became the centre of perpetual intrigues against the English province of Nova Scotia; and, as the French Acadians had been allowed to remain in the province, and to retain their property, even though they had refused

to take the oath of allegiance, and claimed to have been promised exemption from the obligation to bear arms against the French, they were constantly mixed up in these intrigues; and thus became not only a source of trouble but of weakness to the English settlers. These intrigues, often ending in open hostilities, continued for years; until in 1744, war having been declared by France against England, orders were sent out to the governor of Cape Breton to be prepared to attack the English garrisons in Nova Scotia. He, relying on the support of the French Acadians, and of the fierce and warlike Indians, who were still numerous in the province, fitted out an expeditionary force at Louisburg, with which he attacked and took the small English settlement at Canseau; and from thence proceeded to Port Royal (then called Annapolis Royal), and laid siege to that fortress, but failed to take it after an investment of some months. In the meantime, the New Englanders (in Massachusetts, Connecticut, &c.) were preparing to take the offensive; and, having assembled a considerable force, proceeded to Cape Breton, and with the assistance of the English fleet, and a strong division of troops, attacked and captured the town and fortress of Louisburg; and not long after the island of St. John (now Prince Edward's Island) fell into the hands of the English also.

Still, however, the French hoped to recover all

that they had lost, and several expeditions were actually dispatched from France with this object in view. The first consisted of a fleet of seventy ships, with three thousand regular troops; but this attempt was frustrated by a succession of severe storms, which scattered the fleet, by failure in naval and military combinations, and by pestilence which broke out among the troops. The second consisted of a fleet of thirty-six ships, with a military force, but this fleet was followed and destroyed by the gallant Admiral Anson.

Shortly after this, peace was again concluded between England and France, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which, in 1749, the island of Cape Breton was restored to France.

Between 1748 and 1755, the French made repeated efforts to recover Nova Scotia; but the English government, now aware of the value and importance of the province, determined effectually to colonise it, and with this object, during the prudent administration of the Earl of Halifax, sent out several thousand emigrants with their families, under the command of the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, who was appointed governor of Nova Scotia by the king. This expedition left England in May, 1749, and arrived at Chebucto (Halifax) harbour in June, and here, on the western shore of the harbour, they built their future home and capital, to which was given the name of Halifax.

But even after this the French continued to intrigue with the object of recovering the province, and excited the old French Acadians and the Indians to repeated acts of hostility against the English settlers, until at last it was considered necessary, as an act of self-preservation, to expel the whole of the French Acadians from Nova Scotia, and disperse them throughout the other British American colonies. This expulsion—a severe, nay, a cruel measure—was carried into effect in 1755, and is pathetically told in Longfellow's beautiful poem of 'Evangeline.' There are still a few of the descendants of the old French Acadians in Nova Scotia, but they live in villages entirely apart from the rest of the community, marry amongst themselves, retain their own language and dress, and eke out a poor subsistence by cultivating patches of ground and by deep-sea fishing.

In 1758, the island of Cape Breton was again taken from the French, and the fortress of Louisburg destroyed, and within the four following years the whole of Canada also was taken, and thus were the French deprived of their North American possessions, all of which, by the treaty of 1762, were formally ceded to Great Britain, under whose flag they have ever since remained, though one more effort, unsuccessful however, was made by France to recover her lost footing on the Continent.

But, after the destruction of French power in

Canada, a great difficulty arose between Great Britain and her American colonies. So long as French power existed in any part of the Continent, it was a standing menace to the English colonies from Nova Scotia to the most southern, and, when the colonists found themselves unable to cope with France, they looked to England for help, and submitted to the supremacy of the mother country whenever and however it was asserted; but, once free from danger, the 'habits bred of the exercise of democratic institutions, the dislike of authority or control, which is the vice of new countries,' and the love of freedom so universally cherished by men of Anglo-Saxon blood, naturally tended to make the colonists aspire to independence; and, as they had become aware of their own power in war during the military expeditions which they had carried on alone or in concert with the imperial troops during the wars with the French, and also learned their capacity to administer their own affairs, they began to feel that they were ready for and strong enough to assert their complete independence, and this at last they were driven to do by the injudicious conduct of the mother country.

During the unnatural struggle between Great Britain and her American colonies, ending in 1783 in the complete separation and acknowledged independence of thirteen of these colonies under the title

of the United States of America, Nova Scotia was largely connected with the events of the war, for from her shores and harbours departed many of the expeditions which were dispatched by the English government during her contest with the revolted colonies, and at the close of the war Nova Scotia, ever loyal, became the home of numbers of those who, faithful to their king, had fought in his cause to the 'bitter end,' and who at last, rather than throw off their allegiance to the Crown of England, forsook home and friends, and abandoned their possessions, to commence life anew even in the forests of the loyal province.

A large number of this class, many of them persons of refined and cultivated tastes, the descendants of old English families, settled on the coast in the district of Shelbourne, at the south-western extremity of the province. There they built a town, endeavoured to clear away the forest, and bring the land under cultivation; but they had selected a spot that was not suitable for a settlement, and they themselves were not fitted for a life of labour and hardship. Still they struggled on until their means were all spent, when some returned to the United States, and some sought refuge in Halifax, or settled in the northern portion of the province, all in due time being more or less successful.

About the end of June, 1749, Colonel Cornwallis

laid the foundation of the town of Halifax on a small promontory (Chebucto) formed by the harbour of Chebucto, or Halifax, on one side, and by a deep, narrow inlet—the north-west arm—on the other; on the selected site wooden houses were quickly erected, and the little settlement surrounded by a pallisade strong enough to afford some resistance to attack, or at least to sudden surprise. As years rolled on, the town increased in extent, so as to meet the requirements of an ever-increasing population, and of a constant stream of immigrants, until it covered a very considerable extent of ground; the original plan, however, as to arrangement of streets, public buildings, etc., as laid down by the surveyors under Colonel Cornwallis, being strictly adhered to;—indeed, the nature of the ground prevented any deviation from the original plan.

I shall not at present enter into any description of the physical aspect of the province, or of the beautiful harbour, or of the town of Halifax itself and the scenery in its vicinity. These subjects I shall reserve for the next chapter, in which I shall write of my own personal recollections and of what came within the sphere of my own observation during my period of service in that command.

But the history of Nova Scotia, however short, would be incomplete without some record of the church, and this will be interesting particularly to



those who had the pleasure of knowing the late Lord Bishop and his family.

With the first settlers in 1749 were sent, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, two clergymen and a schoolmaster, to establish the Christian church and instruct the young. When a site was chosen and the surveyors began to draw out the plan for the town of Halifax, they were directed to apportion a square as the site of a church. This was done, and a handsome wooden church (the frame-work of which was brought from Massachusetts) was erected almost in the centre of the town, and dedicated to St. Paul. On the 2nd of September, 1750, this church was formally opened for divine service by the Reverend Tutty, one of the clergymen sent out by 'the Society.'

This Mr. Tutty was succeeded by the Rev. Messrs. Breynton and Wood, two zealous priests of the Anglican Church, and who, after a time, and in addition to their own special parochial duties, preached in German to the settlers of that nationality, and who belonged to the Lutheran Church; and in their own language to the Micmac Indians, who were professed Roman Catholics; and even administered the Christian rites according to the Anglican form to a priest and to members of the Roman Catholic Church, thus proving how tolerant and charitably disposed towards each other were the clergy and members

of the different Christian churches at that time.

Nova Scotia has the great honour of having been the *first* colonial bishopric. The See when formed was of vast extent, including Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Canada, and the first bishop was the Right Reverend Dr. Charles Inglis, of whose history, by permission of the Inglis family, I write as follows :

About 1755, Mr. Charles Inglis had gone from England to Pennsylvania as a missionary teacher, and after having been so employed for several years returned to England, was admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of London, and returned in 1759 to Pennsylvania to take up the arduous duty of a missionary preacher at a town called Dover, on a salary of fifty pounds a-year. This position he held for six years, at the end of which time he was appointed, early in 1765, assistant to Dr. Auchmuty, rector of Trinity Church in New York. While so employed during the next ten years, he advocated in frequent letters to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel the necessity for the appointment of bishops to the church in America, and pressed on the notice of government the appointment of missionaries and teachers specially for the Indian tribes. But all action in regard to these matters was suspended in 1775 and '76 by the rapidly increasing discontent of the colonists, by their desire for independence, and by

preparations for war, which was soon to break out, and in which the clergy of the Church of England were amongst the greatest sufferers, but who, nevertheless, with few exceptions, proved themselves faithful and fearless preachers of the Gospel, loyal to their Church, and to the Crown of England. They exerted themselves unceasingly to prevent war, but without success, for the colonists were determined on obtaining independence, and the Presbyterian portion of the community was equally determined on the abolition of the Church of England in America.

The clergy, however, were not to be intimidated, but steadily did their duty, preaching the Gospel and avoiding politics; consequently, by the extreme patriotic party (rebels as they were styled) they were reviled, threatened, and often treated with violence. Some were carried as prisoners by armed mobs into distant provinces and kept in confinement for weeks; some were cast into prison under suspicion of conspiracy; some were obliged to fly for their lives, but were pursued, brought back, and threatened with punishment because they had attempted to fly from danger; some were pulled out of the reading-desks because they attempted to read the prayers for the king; some had their houses plundered and their desks broken open, under the pretence that they contained treasonable correspondence.

On the occasion of the American army occupying

New York, Mr. Inglis was informed that General Washington intended to attend service in Trinity Church, and was desired to omit the prayer for the king, but he refused to comply with the order (which it appears had not been given by Washington himself, but by one of his staff), remarking that 'the general had it in his power to close the church, but not to make the clergy depart from what they considered to be their duty.'

The following is an extract from one of Mr. Inglis's letters, dated New York, October 31st, 1776 :

'On Sunday, when I was officiating, and had proceeded some length in the service, a company of about one hundred armed rebels marched into the church, with drums beating and fifes playing, with their guns loaded and bayonets fixed, as if going into battle. I took no notice of them and went on with the service, only exerted my voice, which was in some measure drowned by the noise and tumult. The rebels stood thus in the aisle for near fifteen minutes, till, being asked into pews by the sexton, they complied. Still, however, the people expected that when the collects for the king and royal family were read I should be fired at, as menaces to that purpose had been frequently flung out. The matter, however, passed over without any accident.'

In July, 1776, a declaration of independence was issued by Congress, and thus was all connection with

Great Britain broken off, and Americans released from allegiance to the Crown. This declaration increased the embarrassment of the clergy of the Church of England. To officiate publicly and not pray for the king according to the Liturgy they considered contrary to their duty and oath, and yet to use prayers for the king would have drawn upon them not only certain persecution, but possible destruction. The only course, therefore, that they could adopt was to suspend the public exercise of their functions, and close the churches. Amongst others Mr. Inglis, with the concurrence of the members of his own and other congregations, closed the churches in the city of New York, and kept the keys in his own possession, determined that, if the 'rebels' wished to use the sacred buildings for public worship or any other purpose, they should have to break open the doors. Shortly after this, on the royal troops re-occupying the city, some rebel incendiaries set fire to it in different places before retiring, and amongst the buildings which were consumed by the flames was the venerable Trinity Church.

In 1777, Mr. Inglis was appointed, in succession to Dr. Auchmuty, rector of Trinity parish, and he continued faithfully and fearlessly to discharge his pastoral duties until 1783, when the independence of the United States of America having been formally acknowledged by Great Britain, the Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel withdrew its support from the Church which was no longer within the dominions of the Crown. Some of the clergy were appointed to chaplaincies in the British Army, and others were provided for in Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Amongst the dispossessed royalist clergy, Mr. Inglis was one of the greatest sufferers, for his private property was confiscated, and he was compelled to abandon his rectory and leave the country. Under the circumstances, he applied to the Society for permission to accompany the royalists of his own and other congregations to Nova Scotia: but it would appear that, instead of proceeding thither, he returned to England, where, on the 12th of August, 1787, he was consecrated as the first bishop of the new diocese of Nova Scotia, which at that time included, as I have already stated, the whole of British North America; but in 1793 the province of Quebec was erected into a separate bishopric. The Right Reverend Dr. Inglis retained the bishopric of Nova Scotia from 1787 to 1815, when he died, and was succeeded by the Right Reverend Dr. Stanser, who, in consequence of ill-health, resigned the See in 1824, and was succeeded by the Right Reverend John Inglis, D.D., the son of the first bishop.

Dr. John Inglis had been rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, and ecclesiastical commissary to his father

for many years, at whose death it was proposed and expected that he should have succeeded to the diocese, but it appears that there was no precedent in the history of the Church for a son to succeed a father, and therefore Dr. Stanser was appointed.

The Right Reverend Dr. John Inglis took over charge of the diocese in 1825, which then comprised Nova Scotia and its neighbouring islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's; New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas.

I had the privilege and the pleasure of knowing his Lordship, but only during the last months of his life, and I shall never forget the first time I was introduced by my own father into his presence. It was with a feeling of respect and reverence that I looked upon the slight figure reclining in evident weakness and weariness on a couch, round which sat devoted attendants, members of his own family, conspicuous amongst whom was a gracious matronly lady. As I approached the couch, a pale face was turned towards me in kindly greeting, eyes from which shone gentleness and benevolence were turned on me, and, while a smile of winning sweetness played around the thin lips and lighted up the whole countenance, he held out his hand in welcome, and in low but cheerful voice expressed pleasure at seeing me, and then he conversed as if he knew all about me, and was anxious to know more.

He was the first dignitary of the Church that I had ever met or seen, and I could not but feel surprise at the quiet dignity of his manner, so softened by gentleness and urbanity, at his cheerfulness, though so weak and suffering, at his evident thoughtfulness of and interest in others, even of a stranger like myself, and at the unconscious power to please which he possessed.

The cause of his illness was, in the first instance, a severe cold caught in some distant corner of his diocese while on a tour of visitation and confirmation, for which cold he was bled; but during the night the bandage slipped from his arm, and he lost a great quantity of blood, without his being aware of it. From this great drain he never rallied, for he was in his seventieth year.

Shortly after my arrival in Halifax, his Lordship's son, Major Inglis (in after years Sir John, famous for the defence of the residency of Lucknow), came from England to see his father, and as he was anxious that the best medical advice should be obtained, and that his father should not spend another winter in Halifax, it was decided that the whole family should go to England.

This arrangement was accordingly carried out in August, 1850, but the change was not followed by any beneficial result, and his Lordship died in October following (1850); and thus, mourned for not only



by his family and by friends, but by every member of a vast diocese, passed away one who had been associated with the See of Nova Scotia, during a long and laborious life, from early manhood even to old age; one who, as a clergyman of the Church of England, had filled every position of that great Christian establishment from the lowest to the highest; who, as priest and rector, had been a zealous and faithful pastor of a large parish, and who, as a prelate following in the footsteps of his Master, had been a bright example of Christian piety and benevolence, ruling over and guiding his great flock with wisdom, gentleness, and love.

## CHAPTER XV.

Physical Aspect of Nova Scotia—Granite Rocks—Harbours—Scenery—Lakes—Rivers—Position of Halifax—Citadel—Wooden Houses—Fires—Climate—Fogs—Seasons—Indian Summer—Forests—Autumnal Tints—Winter—Skating—Sleighing—First-Footing on New Year's Day—Thaws—Hospitality—The Sleigh Club—Sam Slick—Sport—Spring—May Flower—Longevity of the People.

THE physical aspect of the southern seaboard of Nova Scotia presents a wild, rock-bound coast deeply indented by arms of the sea, many of which run far inland, and form magnificent harbours. The rock is chiefly granite, which not only forms the sea-cliffs, but lies close to and often above the surface all along the southern half of the province. The northern coast is not so rock-bound; presents only one or two deep indentations or bays, and is comparatively flat. Indeed, in the northern counties there are extensive tracts of undulating land, rich, fertile, and well cultivated, especially in the beautiful valley of Annapolis, and the diversified and picturesque districts of Horton, Cornwallis, and Windsor.

The physical aspect of the surface of the province generally presents a series of low, parallel ridges,

scarcely exceeding six hundred feet in height, running without any grand line of direction, though their inclination appears to be from south-west to north-east; their sides and summits clothed with dense forest growth of beech, pine, birch, hemlock, and maple. These ridges are separated from each other by tracts of flat, often swampy, land, covered with brush-wood mixed with whortleberry, cranberry, and strawberry, amongst which are bare, rocky spots, and granite boulders of various size, some of these of great size, and some few so placed as to rock on being pushed by the hand. There is a very large one lying on a bed of granite near the shore of 'Pine Island lake,' about nine miles from Halifax, which rocks so distinctly and perceptibly as to be called, *par excellence*, 'the rocking stone,' and is often visited by fishing and picnic parties. These ridges are also separated by innumerable lakes and lakelets, connected to each other by streams, and communicating with the sea by fairly-sized rivers, many of which are navigable to various distances inland by small vessels.

The harbour of Halifax is one of the finest in America. It is accessible at all seasons of the year, and is never completely frozen over, even in the most severe winter. It is easy of access, and conveniently situated with respect to the interior settlements of the province, to the harbours of New Brunswick, and

to those of the northern seaboard states of the union. It lies nearly north and south, and from the entrance to its northern limit is about sixteen miles long. The entrance is marked by a lighthouse situated on a bold headland to the west of it, and is divided into two channels by McNab's Island. These channels are called, *locally*, 'Eastern and Western Passage.' The former is narrow and shallow, and used only by small coasting craft going to the eastward; while the latter is broad and deep, and suitable for vessels of the largest tonnage. The harbour is divided into three basins; the outer is between two and three miles long, by one and a half broad, and is separated from the middle basin by the small, low, almost circular island of St. George, which is strongly fortified, and forms one of the chief defences of Halifax. There is a deep channel on either side of this island leading into the middle basin or principal harbour, on the western side of which lies the town of Halifax, and on the eastern the small town of Dartmouth. This middle basin is about two miles long by one broad, and communicates by a deep, narrow channel, called the 'Narrows,' with Bedford basin, the third or inland portion of the harbour. This third basin is a magnificent sheet of water of ten square miles in extent, capable of affording the most secure anchorage for the whole of the British Navy.

'The north-west arm,' which I have described as

lying on the west side of Chebucto Promontory on which the town of Halifax stands, and which may almost be considered a fourth basin of the harbour, branches off from the outer basin near the entrance, and runs in a north-westerly direction for several miles behind the town towards Bedford Basin, from which it (the 'arm') is separated, at its northern extremity, by a short neck of land about a mile broad.

The scenery around the harbour, on both sides of the north-west arm, and in the vicinity of Halifax, is very picturesque, undulating and under cultivation in some parts, rocky, wild, and densely wooded in others, the trees growing down to the very margin of the water. At the upper extremity of this north-west arm is a small island, on which are the ruins of an old prison, in which in former days French prisoners of war were confined; and near it is the little cemetery where their dead were laid at rest. Neither were used at the time of which I write, and probably by this time the old building has crumbled into a further state of ruin.

The following story, connected with the north-west arm, is interesting, and, as it was told me by one of the *oldest inhabitants*, may be true: A French cruiser, chased by a British man-of-war, ran into the 'arm,' believing that it communicated with the open sea at the other end. She was taken in a trap, as it were, and, of course, captured. Such a mistake on

the part of the Frenchman was not improbable, for its wide, deep entrance and its direction towards the west might easily have induced the belief that it did communicate with the sea.

Many a day have I spent on the beautiful 'arm' in my trim sailing-boat or in my rowing-skiff; and often on dark nights have I speared lobsters, by torch-light, in its quiet little bays and along its rocky shores.

The town of Halifax stretches along the eastern face of a ridge which runs north and south, and slopes gradually from the harbour to a height of several hundred feet above sea level. On the crest of this ridge stands the citadel, a casemated fortress (nearly completed early in 1852) overlooking the town and commanding the harbour. In 1851 the 1st Royals occupied part of the citadel after their barracks had been destroyed by fire, and the military prison occupied another part.

Several long parallel streets run along the side of this ridge on which the town lies, and these are intersected by other and smaller streets which run up the slope of the ridge. All are carefully macadamized, and have trottoirs made of planks laid on sleepers. To the north of the town are the dock-yard and naval establishments; to the south are Government House and a number of villa residences, amongst which (and almost opposite Government House) is (or was) the venerable-looking house of

the late Lord Bishop Inglis, and which had also been the home of his father, the first bishop; and to the south and west is the suburb of Spring Gardens, in which are the Roman Catholic cathedral, the poor-house, the old General's quarter, once the home of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent; and still further to the west a number of villa residences in rather uncomfortable proximity to the cemetery. To the north of Spring Gardens and overlooked by the citadel to the west is an extensive plain used as a review-ground and racecourse, part of which, I understand, is now laid out as a public garden and promenade;—indeed, this was commenced before I left Halifax.

Round the eastern base of the citadel, and between it and the town, stood (at that time) the general military hospital and medical stores, three infantry barracks, and one for the Royal Artillery and Engineers, attached to which was the Ordnance Department hospital, in which the sick of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers were treated. At that time and for some years afterwards the Army Medical Department and the Ordnance Medical Department were distinct establishments; the former presided over by Sir James McGregor as Director-General, and the latter by Sir John Webb. In the same locality (that is, at the eastern base of the citadel) were situated the staff offices, the garrison library,

and the garrison chapel, the Reverend Dr. Twining being the garrison chaplain. New masonry barracks have been built on a height above the northern extremity of the town to replace two of the old wooden ones destroyed by fire.

Even at the time of my service there, wooden houses were almost universal in Nova Scotia. These, I understand, have been replaced, in many parts of Halifax, by stone or brick buildings, as the old original wooden houses were burned down, a thing which was of frequent occurrence, and very rapid consummation. In the winter of 1850-51, I saw two of the infantry barracks (the position of which I have already specified) and the two adjoining streets burned to the ground in a very few hours. The fire commenced at midnight—how originated was never discovered—and all Halifax was startled from their first sleep by the ringing of the fire-bell—and a very dismal and alarming sound it was at night—to witness a tremendous conflagration. It was certainly a grand though awful sight. The night was pitchy dark, for the heaven were obscured by clouds; but the great sheets of flame shooting high into the air, and throwing off myriads of sparks, like a pyrotechnic display, roared with the fury of a tempest above the town and surrounding country buried beneath its robe of winter snow, and brought all objects into view as if in the clear light of day.



Even at a distance of half-a-mile I could see to read, so bright was the illumination. The fire was so rapid that in a very few hours two piles of barracks, including the officers' quarters, and two whole streets were destroyed. Fortunately there was no wind, or half the town might have been consumed.

The public buildings of Halifax (then) were Government House, the Province Buildings, and the Courts of Law; the two first built of stone, and the last of brick. There may have been a few stone private dwelling-houses, but as a rule these were constructed of wood. Wooden houses are cheaper than stone or brick, are much more easily constructed, and more quickly erected. The framework is cut down, shaped, and put together in the forest, then taken to pieces and brought into town, or wherever required, on trucks or sledges, and put up on the selected site. Planks are nailed to the outside of the framework, over which is spread a layer of felt, which is covered again by planking, on which are nailed the shingles, overlapping each other like slates. The roof is boarded and shingled in the same way, and the whole outside of the building painted white to preserve the wood. Inside, the house is divided into rooms, etc., by lath-and-plaster partitions.

Houses thus constructed last for many years, are cool in summer, and when fitted with winter porch and double windows, and with blazing fires in hall

stove and parlour grate, are warm and comfortable during the months of frost and snow. In very frosty weather a new arrival is often surprised and not a little alarmed to hear the woodwork of his house crack above and around him in the still hours of the night. Of course the great danger to such houses is fire, and when this does break out there is scarcely a possibility of arresting it, for the wood is dry as tinder, and burns with amazing rapidity. Fortunately the good people of Halifax do not, or at least did not, live under any fear of the dangerous element.

During my first six months I thought the climate delightful, though for the first month (June) we were frequently enveloped in dense fog. This was not accompanied by cold, nor had it a depressing effect (relaxing, as people say) ; indeed, it was considered rather a healthy state of the atmosphere, and to it was attributed the prevalence of beautiful complexions amongst the fair sex. It is only on the south side of the province that these fogs prevail, and they are confined to the coast-line, beyond which they never penetrate. They are seldom of any depth, but roll towards the land and into the bays and harbours close to the water, so that a person standing on a height can often see the topmasts of a vessel while the hull is invisible. I have already explained their origin, and that it is only with a southerly or south-westerly wind that they roll in towards the land.

The north-east and south-east winds are bitterly cold in winter, and are generally accompanied by snow and sleet, and even by rain. The north-west wind is cold and dry, and often blows with great violence for three days at a time. From May to the end of September may be considered the summer, a long and delightful season, during which the weather is regular and moderate, with very few really hot days. Occasionally there are thunderstorms in July and August, followed by unsettled weather, which, however, does not last for more than a day or two.

The period between the first week of October and the end of the month, or even up to the 10th of November, is called the 'Indian summer,' during which the cloudless sky presents a great, unbroken vault of deep azure blue in which the sun rises and sets in a flood of glory, and shines during the day with genial warmth, while the air is clear, crisp, and with a touch of frost in it, bracing up the nerves and sending a thrill of buoyancy and elasticity through the frame which I have never experienced in the same degree in any other part of the world. The leaves of the trees, shrubs, and creepers then begin to change colour, until, as the season advances, the forest presents a vast expanse of the most brilliant tints of every colour, seen to still greater advantage when compared with the dark, sombre, and never-changing green of pine and hemlock.

By the middle of November the temperature falls to the freezing-point, a coating of ice forms and thickens rapidly upon the thousand lakes, and from that time until towards the end of December those who skate have ample opportunity, unlimited space, and beautiful smooth ice for the full enjoyment of this exhilarating recreation. One must be careful, however, not to approach too near to the end of the lake, where its waters, entering a narrow channel, flow often rapidly into the next lake: for the ice which forms over this running water is never safe. Neglect of this precaution nearly cost me my life on one occasion, for in the excitement of hockey I approached the dangerous spot, when I felt the ice suddenly give way, and in a moment I was under water. The current was strong enough to have swept me under, but fortunately, as I rose to the surface, I was carried into a narrow corner, where I was able to throw each arm over firm, unbroken ice, and keep myself afloat and steady till my companions came up to my assistance.

I had not been out of the water above a minute when my clothes were frozen hard; but I hurried off to a farm-house near, and borrowed a suit of 'homespun' from the good man; and must confess I cut an extraordinary figure as I returned to finish the match on the ice, for I am little over five feet seven in my boots, and the man whose clothes I wore measured over six feet four.

There is an interruption, in fact an end to pleasant skating after the first fall of snow, which generally takes place about Christmas; from which date until the end of March the whole country is buried, warm and at rest, beneath its pure white covering. All wheeled vehicles have then to be put away, and sleighs and sledges, the former with gay trappings of buffalo and other *robes*, make their appearance, and remain in constant use for the next three months. It is always expected that there shall be a good fall of snow by Christmas Day, so that on the 1st of January gentlemen may use their sleighs to pay their New Year's calls, and offer New Year's greetings to the ladies, who remain at home in expectation of these visits. A kindly custom, reminding me of the time-honoured 'first-footing' in my own old Highland home. In Halifax the day is looked upon as a fitting opportunity of making new acquaintances, cementing old friendships, and putting an end to little quarrels and coolnesses. The first New Year's Day I spent in Halifax commenced with a levée at Government House, when everybody attended, and when the venerable Sir John Harvey shook hands with and said a few kindly words to each of us as we passed.

After the levée the town was astir with active life; sleighs of many different designs and gay with varied trappings, flew past on noiseless runners

in every direction, their rapid flight marked by the merry music of many little brass bells attached to the horses' pads and collars. To me it was a day of great pleasure and excitement, for it was my first experience of sleighing: the horses were so fresh and eager, the motion of the sleigh so smooth and rapid, the incessant tinkling and jangling of a thousand bells so exhilarating, new acquaintances apparently so pleased to see me, friends so cordial in their kindly greeting, *sips of Curaçoa or Maraschino so constant* (for it was an obligation on one to drink to the lady's health and happiness for the New Year) that I did not feel the cold, although it was so intense, and persuaded myself that an almost Arctic winter was a pleasant and enjoyable season, and sleigh-driving a delightful sensation. And I did think so for the first two winters, but by the third the novelty of the thing had worn off, and after that I always felt, when seated in my sleigh, as if I were rushing through the cold air with my feet in a bucket of iced water.

Although the climate of Nova Scotia is so cold that it may be considered almost semi-Arctic, though the surface is covered with snow, and the lakes and rivers, and even the inland portions of the harbours, are bound by ice during at least four months of the year, temporary thaws are of common occurrence, owing to the influence of the warm Gulf stream along

its southern shore. These thaws, however, last perhaps only for a few hours or perhaps, which is rare, for a couple of days, and are followed by another fall of snow, and by another period of frost more intense than the last. They happen suddenly too—for while the whole country is ice-bound; when the trees in the forests, their branches drooping under a weight of snow, are cracking and splitting; when all rivers and lakes are sealed up by the intensity of frost; when people shiver under their furred clothing; when the ladies' breath forms a coating of ice on their thick veils, and icicles hang round the nose of the horse trotting briskly in the sleigh; and when the water in every vessel in the house becomes a solid mass of ice, the moment the wind veers round to the south or south-west, the temperature rises, the air becomes soft and warm, and there may even be a fall of rain enough partially to melt the snow resting on the trees or covering the ground and frozen lakes; but, as soon as the wind changes again to the north, the temperature falls many degrees perhaps below freezing point, and then the melting snow is rapidly frozen smooth and slippery as glass, the trees are enveloped in a coating of ice, and when the sun shines on them glisten like delicate forms of crystal, and sparkle with all the colours of the rainbow. Such alternations of temperature are frequent during a Nova Scotian winter, and though they may be unpleasant

they produce no injurious effect on health. They are expensive to the householder who has no ice-house ; for whatever supply of frozen meat may be hanging in the larder is suddenly thawed and destroyed. During the intense frost all animal food is frozen hard. You see carcasses of oxen, sheep, and pigs standing against the wall of the butcher's shop ; your joint is brought to you a lump of frozen flesh, which you must carefully thaw in cold water when required for use ; fish, just like chips of wood, are carried round for sale in baskets ; your cream may be brought to you a solid mass, which must be thawed. I have heard (from good authority) that cream so frozen may be broken up, and the pieces taken up in the sugar-tongs and dropped into the tea. Even the water in the pump would freeze and choke the sucker if one forgot to cover up the wooden casing with thick bands of straw.

During the months of snow and frost, the good people of Halifax are much given to outdoor amusement by day and hospitality and gaiety at night. During the first year of my residence amongst them, the Sleigh Club met once a week on the parade. Sir John Campbell, in his four-in-hand, led off, followed by tandems, pairs, and last by single sleighs, drove through all the principal streets, to the merry music of the horn and of innumerable bells, the drive ending in a lunch and forenoon dance at some country



inn, the whole procession returning home by moonlight. Dinner-parties were of frequent occurrence, where the elderly and middle-aged, with a sprinkling of the young, joined in pleasant conversation, quite unrestrained, because all were intimate and friendly. Balls and dances were also given every week, the rooms filled with pretty girls, who dearly loved to 'tread a measure' (and none that I ever met could do so more gracefully), and had no objection to a little flirtation with the red-coats, these flirtations often ending in sober matrimony.

I think I had the pleasure of knowing not only every family, but every individual member of each family in Halifax, and take this opportunity of letting those of them who are still living know that I have a faithful remembrance of them, and can hardly tell from whom, amongst the most hospitable people I have ever met, I received the most kindness and attention. Some few of them now live in London, and still extend their hospitality to their Halifax acquaintances and friends of 'auld lang syne.'

I was often a guest at these pleasant dinner-parties, and remember with gratitude the kindly welcome with which I was always received, and the tact with which my hosts always made me feel as if my presence gave them pleasure. I particularly remember being at a party at Mr. Stewart's (Master of the Rolls), and being not a little surprised at the

irrepressible wit of one of the guests, and at the merry laughter which his sallies elicited from those who were seated immediately around him. Evidently he was a Nova Scotian, for he appeared to know and be known by the other guests, but was a stranger to me, for he did not live in Halifax; so I asked my right-hand neighbour who he was. 'Oh, don't you know SAM SLICK?' was his reply. Then, of course, I paid even more attention to the conversation, and as anecdote followed anecdote, joke succeeded joke, and pun was capped by pun, the mirth and laughter became universal. Sam Slick's 'Moral Nature' was of a high and serious character, for he was a wise and learned judge, but his 'Human Nature' was full of fun and wit, for he was a clever, genial man. After dinner on that occasion, I sought an introduction, and that was the first and last time that I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with the author of 'The Clockmaker, by Sam Slick.'

For the sportsman, spring and early summer is the season for sea-trout and salmon-fishing, when they come up the rivers and into the lakes to spawn, and August and September for partridge-shooting. These birds are, properly speaking, grouse, for they have feathered legs. They feed off and roost in trees,\* the former in the spruce pines, the latter in the birch-trees, and hence their local names, spruce and birch

\* In India partridges often roost in trees.

partridge. The flesh of the former is dark-coloured, that of the latter is white. In October snipe and woodcock are plentiful, and wild-duck and goose in great variety and abundance; but the best duck-shooting is in spring, just after the breaking up of the ice. Summer and autumn are the seasons for bear-shooting; the *fall*, or September and October, for moose-calling; and winter, when the country is covered with snow, for moose-tracking and cariboo-shooting. *Calling* can hardly be called sport, for the huntsman lies concealed in the wood, imitates the cry of the female (through a birch-bark trumpet), and, as that is the rutting season, the male answers the call, and is thus lured to his destruction. But to track the moose through the woods over the deep snow is difficult and exciting work, and is really sport, for it gives the animal a chance of escape. The huntsman must, however, be in good condition, fit to endure cold and fatigue, and be able to walk and run expertly on snow-shoes before he can expect to run down and kill a moose running for its life.

I cannot write at any length on the subject of either calling or tracking, or even of sport generally, for at that time I was not an eager sportsman, and not expert with the rifle—at least, at a snap-shot.

About the end of March in Nova Scotia the frost begins to break up, the ice on the lakes and rivers, rent into great masses, is either carried away to sea

or floats about, melting slowly in the lakes; at the same time the snow disappears from the surface of the ground, and vegetation rapidly springs up, the first harbinger of the glad spring-time being the beautiful little Mayflower, with its dark-green leaves and delicate pink blossom.

Such is the climate of Nova Scotia, and such the routine of its seasons, with their pleasures and amusements.

There are no climatic diseases in Nova Scotia, no malarious fevers; bronchitis and pneumonia are rare, but consumption amongst the lower middle class is not uncommon, attributable to imperfect ventilation of their houses, and to the irregular temperature maintained in their rooms, the thermometer in their sitting-room showing seventy or eighty degrees of heat, and in their bed-room from ten to twenty degrees of cold; this irregularity of temperature often causing rheumatism and dyspepsia also. As a rule, however, the inhabitants of the province generally enjoy wonderfully good health, and many of them live to a great age.

I think it was in the spring of 1850, just before my arrival, that there had been a procession to commemorate some great colonial event, and in this procession there had been no fewer than seven persons, each of whom numbered over one hundred years of age—one of them, I was told, over one hundred and seven.

There was one old gentleman of ninety-three whom I often saw, and who up to the age of ninety had been in the habit of taking a plunge in the sea every morning. When I knew him he was beginning to 'break up,' as his family said—mind and body failing—and he passed his days seated in a straight-backed old-fashioned arm-chair by the 'ingle neuk,' crooning over old Scotch ballads which he used to sing in his youth, and talking over events of the long past, all else having quite escaped from his memory. One day he was told of the death of a friend aged *eighty*, and he remarked, in great surprise, 'Bless me, is that boy dead!' He only remembered him as a boy, when he himself was a young man. Within a few months after the death of his octogenarian friend, he too passed into his rest, at the age of ninety-four.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Practice—Amusements—Riding and Boating—My Companions—Foaker, 38th Regiment—Fishing—Camping in the Forest—Insect Plagues—My little Yacht—Picnics—My Future Wife—Youth—Forest Fires—Gloomy Valley—Use of these Forest Fires—The Fleet—Lord Dundonald—Sir G. Seymour—Sir John Harvey—The Staff—Commanding Officers—My Father—Honours and Rewards—Titles—Medals—Illness and Death of Sir John Harvey—Colonel Bazalgette—Colonel Savage—Colonel Lockyer—Sir John Campbell.

I HAD not been long in Halifax before I found that my appointment had very little professional duty attached to it, and that I should have plenty of time at my disposal, and therefore, to keep up my professional knowledge, I determined to practice *gratis* amongst the poor. With this object in view, and with the permission of the Principal Medical Officer, I caused it to be made known amongst those who were not in circumstances to pay a doctor that, during two hours every forenoon, I would advise and prescribe for any of this class at my office, and at the same time made arrangements with a charitable chemist to dispense all my prescriptions for them at cost price. In this way I soon got plenty of

practice, and believe did some little good. But even with this I found that there would still be plenty of time for amusement. I therefore purchased a horse and wagon (a small light car on four equirota wheels), and also a sailing-boat and rowing-skiff.

I had a horse (sometimes two) ever since entering the service, and was accustomed to riding, and, having been brought up by the sea, was, and still am, fond of boating, and expert in the management of boats both sailing and rowing. Thus equipped, I made exploring and fishing excursions, and soon knew every forest track and every lake and river in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. Many a day have I spent fishing from the banks of the *nine-mile* river, or from a *dug-out* on the lakes through which it flows, and many a basket of splendid trout have I brought home; occasionally even a salmon or two.

In some of the fishing expeditions I was accompanied by my friend Foaker, of the 38th Regiment, to whom I owe my proficiency in the art of fly-fishing, for it was from him I received my first instruction. Often with one or two companions I went out for several days at a time, camped in the forest, on the bank of a stream or shore of a lake, rigged up a shanty to which, after a day's fishing, we returned at night, cooked and dined off our own fish, and, after a comfortable smoke and a can of tea

or grog, rolled our blankets round us, stretched ourselves on a bed of fern, or soft sweet-scented branches of the silver pine, and, with our feet towards the log-fire, were lulled to sleep by the sighing of the night wind through the tree-tops, and the gentle rustling of their leaves; by the murmur of the stream rippling over its rocky bottom, or the constant lapping of the little wavelets as they broke in quick succession on the pebbly shore of the lake, now and then startled from uneasy slumber (for one does not at first sleep soundly or comfortably in their clothes) by the hooting of the great horned owl, or by his sudden flight on soft noiseless wing past our fire, or by the many strange and indescribable noises of the forest heard so distinctly in the stillness of the night.

The only drawback to the pleasure of life in the forest is the black fly of the woods, a vicious little insect, not unlike the ordinary house fly, whose bite is sharp and painful, often drawing blood, and followed by swelling and intense irritation. In consequence of these pests, some persons cannot remain in the woods at all, and others try to defy them (though in vain) by wearing veils and gloves. I was never bitten, and my remedy was a simple one: it consisted of smearing my face, neck, and hands with a volatile oil, and repeating the application frequently during the day. This I found most efficacious, for, as I say, the fly never bit me.



My trim little yacht also was a never-failing source of occupation and pleasure to me. Alone (for I could sail her by myself, unless it was blowing hard), or with a companion, I cruised day after day, in the pleasant summer time, about the beautiful harbour, from McNab's Island up to the head of Bedford basin, seeking a new course, and finding some new spot of beauty along the wooded shores every day; and, when tired of sailing, I lowered my spritsails, anchored, got my deep-sea lines ready (which, with bait, I always carried), and caught haddock, haik, and even hallibut, for the waters swarmed with fish.

Often we made up boating picnics, when my little yacht would be graced by a party of pretty girls; and on these occasions she who afterwards became my wife would take her seat beside me at the tiller, and ask to be taught to steer; and I need hardly say how willingly I gave the desired lesson. Ah, it is pleasant now, when one's hair is silvering, to look back on the joyous scenes of youth, and recall the happy memories attached to that period of one's life and service; and how eager youth is in the pursuit of pleasure, and how willingly, and even absolutely, it gives itself up to the enjoyment of the moment, thinking little, if at all, of the storms, troubles, and dangers incident to a military career, and which may be awaiting it in the future.

In the summers of 1850 and 1851 extensive fires

occurred in the forests away to the west of the town, their position and extent marked by the dense cloud of smoke which rolled above them. In my rides and fishing excursions, I several times came upon wide tracts where but recently fires had raged with destructive fury; scenes of utter desolation: the ground covered with the débris of thousands of fallen trees lying amongst little mounds of white, pulverous ashes, and piles of great granite rocks whitened, and rent, and splintered into fragments by the fiery blast which had swept over them; and here and there at long intervals still stood erect, as if mourning over the wreck and ruin round them, the scorched and blackened trunks of former stately giants of the old forest.

On one of my fishing excursions my guide proposed to take me to a certain lake, from which he said good trout were often taken. On reaching it, I found that it was a large sheet of water occupying a long, winding valley enclosed by low, rocky hills, whose sides and summits had been swept by fire, and presented the appearance which I have just described. Rather unwillingly I got into a crazy punt, and rowed out into the middle of the lake, but the water looked so black and deep, and the surrounding scenery so desolate and lifeless, that I could not fish, but, rowing back to shore, hurried away from the gloomy valley as fast as I could walk.

It is a remarkable fact that where the forest has been destroyed by fire, or cut down and cleared away by the axeman, the same kind of trees do not grow again, but are succeeded by a growth of several perfectly different kinds, very few of the original kinds appearing amongst the second growth.

These surface burnings, though destroying immense quantities of timber, clear the ground, consume the vast quantities of dead leaves and deep beds of mosses, the deposit and growth of years; disintegrate the rocks, impart immense quantities of alkaline matter to the soil, and thus prepare the earth for the supply of farinaceous plants for the future support of man.

Thirty-five years ago—that is, when I arrived in Nova Scotia—Halifax was the head-quarters of our North American fleet, and of a military command; and a very favourite military station it was, for independently of the healthy climate, and the many outdoor amusements, the people were the kindest and most hospitable I ever met. The celebrated Lord Dundonald was the admiral in command of the fleet, but I only saw that great and remarkable man once, for, in the summer of 1850, he was succeeded by Sir George Seymour, another of the veteran naval commanders who had served with distinction during the protracted war with France under the Emperor Napoleon I., and who had been associated with Lord

Dundonald, and is mentioned in his Lordship's 'Autobiography of a Seaman' as having come to his (Lord Dundonald's) assistance when his ship, the *Pallas*, partially disabled in an engagement with three of the enemy's vessels, was in danger of capture by the approach of three French frigates, and again at the attack on the French fleet in Basque Roads, in 1809, when he (Captain Seymour), regardless of the admiral's signal of recall, bore down and offered to assist Lord Dundonald, who was hotly engaged with the enemy.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province and general officer commanding the military district was Sir John Harvey, K.C.B.; the Assistant Quartermaster and Adjutant-General was Lieutenant-Colonel Bazalgette; the Brigade-Major was Lieutenant-Colonel Tryon, and the Principal Medical Officer was my father, but who the other staff-officers were I have forgotten. The troops in garrison consisted of three batteries of Royal Artillery (or companies, as I think they were then styled), under Lieutenant-Colonel Browne; three companies of Royal Engineers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Savage; and three regiments of infantry, viz. (I use their old numbers and designations) 1st Royals, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bell; the 38th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Campbell, Bart.; and the 88th Connaught Rangers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley. The 97th, under Lieutenant-Colonel

Lockyer, were stationed in St. John's and Fredericton, New Brunswick, for though Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were distinct civil governments, each with its own lieutenant-governor, legislative and executive assemblies, they formed one military command.

Of all these officers, there is not one alive now. They all belonged to the old school, and were then, some few of them, old in years and service, and others men of middle age—none under forty; very few of them had seen active service, and only three wore decorations or medals. But in those days it was very unusual to meet officers who wore either. Sir John Harvey had served in India under Lord Lake, and also in Canada during the rebellion. He wore the insignia of Knight Commander of the Bath, but I do not remember if he wore any war medals. Sir John Campbell had served as aide-de-camp to his father, Sir Archibald, in the first Burmese war, and wore the medal for that campaign; and my father, who had been with the army of Sir John Moore in Spain in the advance and retreat, and had been present at the battle of Corunna, wore the Peninsular medal. The Waterloo medal was the first ever granted to the British soldier. That for the Peninsular war, as my readers may remember, was not issued till the year 1850, that is thirty-five years after Waterloo, and was only granted after repeated representations by the late Duke of Richmond, and in

spite of the opposition of one who should have been the warmest advocate for it at the conclusion of the war, when he himself received honours and rewards. But in the British Army of that time generals received honours, titles, rewards, and handsome pensions, and colonels commanding regiments in an engagement received gold medals, but the services of regimental officers, and of the rank and file, of the men who had really fought, bled, and been maimed in their country's battles, were altogether overlooked. *They* had only 'done their duty,' as it was said, and therefore what the necessity of acknowledging this by the bestowal of medals or rewards?

The Imperial Government was slow to recognise the soldier's services by the award of medals, but the Honourable East India Company set a good example by recommending that one should be given for the first Afghan war. This was followed by one for the first war with China, and one for the Punjab campaigns, and for the second Burmese war. Since then the Imperial Government has granted a medal for every campaign, even with retrospective effect, and the soldier, even after discharge, is allowed, nay encouraged, to wear it, and thus show what he has done and how he has served his country.

Of late years an order has been issued that decorations and medals are to be worn in plain clothes, when the Sovereign or any member of the Royal

Family is present. Officers have been granted permission to wear their orders and medals in ordinary evening dress in general society, but this permission is rarely taken advantage of, and one seldom sees in society a gentleman in evening dress with a decoration or medal. Whether it is that British officers think that stars and medals are part of uniform, and only to be worn with uniform; or that they are too modest to let the world know that they have seen something of war; or that they think society does not appreciate them; or that they do not wish to be like officers of other nations; or what it is I do not know; but the fact is that officers seldom wear their often hard-won decorations in plain evening dress. Forty years ago it was the exception to see a soldier with a medal, but now it is the exception to see one without several.

Up to 1853 war service in South Africa was ignored, but in 1854, on the recommendation of the late Sir George Cathcart, a medal was granted for service in that ill-fated colony. This Sir George told me himself during our voyage out to the Crimea, but he also told me that it was to be given only for the Kaffir war of 1852-3, in which he had commanded the troops. I mentioned the fact to Colonel Charles Maitland (who was one of our party during the voyage), the son of Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had been Governor of the colony and had commanded in the war of 1846-7,

and who, as he told me, communicated with his uncle the Duke of Richmond, through whose influence the medal was granted to all officers and men who had served in any of the previous Kaffir campaigns, and not confined to those only who had served in that of 1852-3. I received my medal for the war of 1846-7 in 1855, just seven years after the war; and others who had served in the wars of 1825 and 1835 received theirs at the same time. This was not very encouraging, nor was it a graceful way of recognising the soldier's service, but it was something to get any recognition at all.

Since the Crimea, we have been more liberal with our rewards. I know (or rather knew, for he is gone over to the great majority long years ago) an officer who went to the Crimea, his first campaign, without a medal, served during the greater part of the war on the staff, and returned to England with *three* decorations and *three* medals. This was not a solitary instance, however, of good fortune. Now-a-days we are still more liberal, and service in our recent campaigns has been rewarded with decorations, stars, and medals. I have been told of one officer who was in Egypt during the Tel-el-Kebir campaign, but never under fire, and who received a decoration, a bronze star, and a medal; but I understand he has rather an objection to wear them.

Whether or not Sir John Harvey was a popular



Lieutenant-governor, and what his political principles were I do not know, for at that period of my life I knew and cared nothing about politics; and indeed in those days one never heard of politics in the army. He was, however, a man of noble presence and most charming manner, and possessed the faculty of impressing all who came in contact with him, even a young man like myself, with the belief that they and their concerns were matters of thought and consideration to him. My father and Sir John were great friends, partly, I suppose, because they were the oldest soldiers in the garrison, and partly because my father possessed great general information and could converse well on any subject. Through this intimacy and friendship, I was a good deal brought to the notice of Sir John and Lady Harvey, and in a professional capacity was present during Lady Harvey's last illness and at her death; and also, just a year afterwards, at the last illness and death of Sir John himself. I was much impressed at the calmness with which Sir John received from myself the announcement of the approach of death. He was very ill with congestion of the lungs, and as I was sitting by his bedside during the last night of his life, the only watcher at the time, I saw that the end was drawing near, for his breathing became difficult and hurried, and the clear, strong intellect confused, mixing up persons and events of the present with those of the

long past, and frequently calling for *one* who had already gone before. Suddenly he turned to me and said, 'Can you do nothing to relieve this terrible oppression?'

'We are doing all we can, sir.'

'Is it death that I feel approaching?'

'I fear so, sir.'

Then he pressed my hand and thanked me, and bade me call the members of his family, to whom having said his loving words of farewell, he quietly laid himself down, gradually sank into unconsciousness, and passed away as if falling asleep.

Colonel Bazalgette, the senior officer of the staff, was a warm-hearted man, and one of the most courteous I ever met. He had long been associated with Halifax, had been Brigade-major for years, and had succeeded to the double appointment of Assistant Quartermaster and Adjutant-General; and on the death of Sir John Harvey, being the senior military officer, became Acting Lieutenant-Governor, or (as it was locally styled) Administrator of the Government. He had enemies both before and after this; some who I think were jealous of him, and others who did not understand, could not appreciate his dignified and courtly manners. Personally I not only appreciated, but was very fond of him, and during all my stay in Halifax I received the greatest kindness and attention from himself and family.

Colonel Tryon was the son-in-law of Sir John Harvey. Neither he nor any of his family mixed much with the society of Halifax.

Colonel Browne of the R.A. I knew, but only slightly. Colonel Savage of the R.E. I knew intimately, as I had served in the 91st Regiment with his son, who had given me a letter of introduction to his father. In those days officers were required to wear full uniform at all dinner and dancing parties in Halifax. Colonel Savage was a great advocate for uniform, was never seen out of it himself, and could not bear to see others out of it.

I remember once being asked verbally to an evening party, and supposing, from the fact of having been invited verbally, that it was to have been a small family party, I made my appearance in plain evening dress (or *coloured* clothes, as soldiers say), but was rather surprised to find that it was a large gathering, and that everybody but myself was in full uniform.

My first impulse was to retire, but on looking round the room my eye fell on my friend Colonel Savage, and, believing that he was the senior officer present, I went up to him and explained how it was that I was not in uniform. His reply was,

‘I am not the senior officer in the room, but if I were I should order you out of it.’

The senior officer happened to be Colonel Lockyer,

of the 97th Regiment, so to him I offered my explanation and apology, and at the same time said I would leave the room if he wished me to do so. Very different was his reply.

‘Never mind, my boy, if you don’t come too near, I’ll not see or know you.’

Colonel Lockyer was one of the dearest and kindest of men, and, as a commanding officer, was much liked by his officers and men. In all my service I have only known one other commanding officer who was more beloved by his regiment than Colonel Lockyer, and that was Sir John Campbell of the 38th Regiment. Adrian Hope was a universal favourite in the 93rd, but he was only a short time with the regiment; came to it as a lieutenant-colonel, and never really commanded the regiment, for he was always junior lieutenant-colonel, and held that position even when, as Brigadier-General, he commanded the Highland brigade in India during the mutiny, while Sir John Campbell had been years in the 38th, had risen in the same regiment through all the different grades to the command, was the only lieutenant-colonel, and held that position for some years.

He (Sir John Campbell) was really a pattern commanding officer, the friend and companion of his officers, and the father of his men, who, while they loved, respected him, for he was a brave man, a gallant soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and had his regiment in splendid

order. I had the good fortune to know him well, and to receive a good deal of kindness and attention from him, for whenever my friend Foaker, surgeon of the regiment—still my friend, for we often meet in London—went on leave of absence, I always took medical charge while he was absent, and in this way became very intimate with Sir John and his officers, and a better and more united set of fellows never served with a regiment.

The 1st Royals was a very fine regiment, and with it were two old friends, Captain Dowker, whom I had met at the Cape, and Assistant-Surgeon Mee, who had been at Chatham with me as a ‘Supernumerary’ in 1844. I did not know Colonel Bell of the Royals, nor did I know Colonel Shirley very well, but he was a great favourite in his regiment. I was intimate with the officers of the 88th Regiment, however, and a good set of fellows they were. The men of this regiment were magnificent fellows, and all Irishmen.

In those far-off days the ranks of all regiments were filled with men, big, strong, well-set-up fellows, whom it was a pleasure to a military eye to look at. These were the sort of soldiers that fought at the battle of the Alma. What splendid men they were! not a weed amongst them. We have not had anything like them *in a body* since, and have nothing now-a-days to be compared with them. I do not mean to say that our young soldiers of the present

day are not brave, noble fellows, but they want the bone and muscle and the splendid carriage of the grand old soldier of the long-service army, who was a soldier for life—that is, for all the period of his vigorous manhood, and thought of nothing during all his service but his regiment and his duty.

I may be told that, being an old soldier myself, one of the old school, I am prejudiced, and do not know the soldier of the present day. Perhaps I do not know much about him, but I can see that in appearance, physique, and movement he is not to be compared with the soldier of the past generation.

In future chapters I shall have more to say about the soldier, and as I spent my life with him, and in his service, I ought to know something about him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Sent to New Brunswick—March to Windsor—Bay of Fundy—St. John's—The River—Fredericton—42nd and 72nd Highlanders—Reserve Battalion 97th Regiment—Headley Vicars—Colonel (now Sir Duncan) Cameron—Highland Brigade—My Father Promoted and Ordered to West Indies—One of the Crew of the *Shannon*—Sir Gaspard le Marchant—General Gore—Unpleasantness—Ordered to attend General and Family—The Letter D.—Again visit New Brunswick—Volunteer to go to Bermuda—Get into Trouble—Sail for Bermuda—Yellow Fever—Return to Halifax.

IN the summer of 1851, I was sent to New Brunswick, in medical charge of a detachment 97th Regiment, arrived from England under Lieutenants Wood and Jones. We marched across the province to Windsor, embarked there in a small trading steamer, ran down the river Avon, on the eastern bank of which the town of Windsor stands, down Minas basin and channel, across the Bay of Fundy to the town of St. John's, at the mouth of the river St. John, and from thence in a river steamer up the broad stream to Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, where the head-quarters of the 97th Regiment were stationed.

This was the first of three occasions on which I

was sent away from Halifax without being relieved by, or handing over the responsibility of my charge to, another officer. It was a very pleasant trip, however, and the responsibility which I left behind did not give me any anxiety. I enjoyed the two days' march across country, was delighted with the beautiful, undulating, park-like scenery in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and with the sail up the river St. John, a magnificent stream presenting a great expanse of water, so broad immediately above the town of St. John's, where it is joined by the Kennebec river, and for many miles inland, that it was difficult, for *me* at least, who had never seen so great a volume of running water, to believe that we were steaming up a river; for the current did not appear to be strong, and, the day being hazy, we could only just distinguish the low-lying and wooded shore on each side, which of itself, perhaps, conveyed to my mind the impression that the breadth of the river and the extent of surface of water were greater than was really the case. We did not meet any vessels on our way up stream, but passed numbers of lumber-rafts which were being slowly floated down by the current, each in charge of several men, to St. John's for ship-building there, for which at that time the town was famous; and for exportation to England.

On arrival at Fredericton, I handed over my charge, and received orders to return to Halifax



immediately. I was therefore only absent eight days.

In July, 1851, the 88th, on being relieved by the 42nd from Bermuda, returned to England. In August of the same year, the 1st Royals and 38th returned to England also, and were replaced by the reserve battalion of the 97th, and by the 72nd Highlanders, both from the West Indies. With this battalion of the 97th were my friends, Hedley Vicars and Assistant-Surgeon Cay. The subsequent history of the former, his piety, his gallantry, and his heroic death before Sebastopol, are matters of history, so that *I* need not write on the subject. I saw a good deal of him while he was in Halifax, and particularly during his devoted attendance on a brother-officer, who lost his leg in consequence of an accidental bullet-wound in the knee, received while out moose-shooting. Cay was an intimate friend of Vicars, and of my own also, and many a game of rackets he and I played during the winter of 1851—2. Shortly after his return to England with the 97th, he was transferred to the Coldstream Guards, with which regiment he served throughout the Crimean war.

The 42nd was a magnificent regiment, and to me, a Highlander, the very sight of them was a great pleasure. I went down to see them land, and walked beside them up to barracks, to the enlivening music of the pipes. Colonel Cameron (now General Sir Duncan) was then lieutenant-colonel of the regiment.

He is still with us, and, though well stricken in years, is active in mind and body, and his old age is full of honour.

The surgeon, Dr. J. McGregor, was one of the very old school of army doctors, dating back even a couple of generations beyond my own time. Sir John McLeod, afterwards lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment, created K.C.B. for his services in Ashanti, and now general commanding the troops in Ceylon, was then an ensign. The good old paymaster, Captain Whately, only lately deceased at a very advanced age, had risen from the ranks. He enlisted just after the battle of Waterloo, and told me that, when he joined the regiment as a lad, the majority of the men in the ranks wore the Waterloo medal. He also told me that at the time the men were all Highlanders, and were, as a rule, short in stature, but broad-shouldered, deep-chested fellows; so short were they, that when in heavy marching order, with pack, great-coat, and canteen strapped on their backs, nothing could be seen above but the upper plumes of the feather bonnet.

Whately was intensely proud of his regiment, and thought that there was not a corps in the service that could compare with the 'Forty-twa.' At the battle of the Alma, two years after, he went into action with the regiment, 'just to see how the boys would behave.' So he told me himself.

I was an honorary member and a welcome guest at all the messes, and at none more welcome than the Royal Artillery and 42nd; but I think I dined more frequently with the 42nd than with any other, probably from a feeling of nationality, and never met any set of officers who were more attentive to guests; for whether you were there as a stranger, or as a public or private guest, you met with the same kind reception and attention from each individual officer. Very few of those with whom I was intimate then are living now, but I have a most perfect and faithful recollection of them all.

After our service together in Halifax, I was, both in the Crimea and in India, constantly associated with the 42nd, for Sir Colin Campbell's Highland Brigade in the Crimea, and Adrian Hope's during the mutiny, were made up of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd (the latter my own regiment). It was amongst the 42nd that the gallant Adrian Hope was killed, at the attack on Rooyah, a miserable fort in India.

On the arrival of the 72nd from the West Indies, the head-quarters of the regiment, under Colonel Freeman Murray, remained in Halifax, while a considerable detachment, under Major Gaisford, was despatched to New Brunswick; and the 97th, under Colonel Lockyer, K.H., was then concentrated in Halifax. The surgeon of the 72nd was Dr. Mure,

but he was (some months after arrival in Halifax) transferred to cavalry, and was succeeded in the 72nd by my friend, Dr. Seaman. The 72nd wore tartan trews, with shoulder-plaid and feather bonnet, and one of the officers tried, but failed, to convince me that this was a more ancient Highland dress than the kilt.

In the spring of 1852, my father was promoted to Inspector-General of Hospitals, and ordered to the West Indies, where he had previously served twenty-nine years, a long period out of one's life to spend in an unhealthy and unremunerative station. He was succeeded in Halifax by Dr. Bell, from Canada, an officer who served many years in India, and also in the China war of 1841—2, and whom I had often heard described as one of the best regimental surgeons that had ever been in the army.

On my father's departure from Halifax, I took and furnished rooms for myself and man-servant in a private house. My landlord was a remarkable old man, who in his youth had been a sailor, and had the honour of having been one of the crew of the *Shannon* during the engagement between that ship and the American frigate *Chesapeake*. On my inquiring as to how he had been employed during the action, he informed me that he was stationed in the *waist* of the ship, armed with a hatchet, to repel boarders; and, as he told me this, his bent figure

stood erect, his old eyes flashed fire, a grim smile played across his withered features, his trembling hands closed tightly, and he looked for a moment or two as if he were ready to act his part over again in the battle. It was something to be under the same roof with a veteran, with such a reminiscence attached to his life; and to hear from the lips of one who had been present any particulars of that brilliant action.

In the spring of 1853, the newly-appointed Lord Bishop (Dr. Binney) arrived, to assume charge of the diocese. He was a very young man, with a powerful physique, and with a countenance expressive of firmness and intellect. At the same time, our new lieutenant-governor, Sir Gaspard le Marchant, arrived, to take up the civil government only, also Major-General the Honourable Charles Gore, C.B., to take command of the troops; and Major Ansell relieved Lieutenant-Colonel Tryon, as brigade-major. At the same time, Admiral Sir G. Seymour was succeeded in the command of the fleet by Admiral Fanshawe.

It was a very unquiet summer, that of 1853, for everybody in Halifax. New brooms, in the process of sweeping clean, often raise an unnecessary amount of dust, which a little sprinkling of water might have prevented; so, when new officials are inquiring into long established arrangements, and propose to make new ones, a good deal of irritation is sometimes

caused, which might be avoided by the exercise of a little patience and courtesy. Our new lieutenant-governor was thought to be impatient and brusque, and to lack the affability and courtesy of his predecessor, Sir J. Harvey, and people did not take to him at first. Our new general was said to be fussy, and sometimes a little wrong-headed—or impulsive. He had some of his staff in hot water very soon after his arrival, and especially the Principal Medical Officer, who was directed to detail a medical officer to proceed with a detachment ordered to Cape Breton, but who replied that he had not one to spare at that moment. The general then desired that *I* should be detailed for the duty, but the Principal Medical Officer replied that *I* could not be sent away at that time, as *I* was engaged on the preparation of the annual returns connected with medical stores, and which were required at once for transmission to England, and that, if the general desired to detach me from my special duty at such a time, it could not be on the recommendation or responsibility of the Principal Medical Officer. The general would not take the responsibility on himself; and so the detachment went without a medical officer.

This was the first sweep of the broom, and the dust raised thereby had scarcely subsided when the general intimated to Dr. Bell, the Principal Medical Officer, that he (Dr. B.) was to consider himself the

medical attendant of the general and family. Dr. Bell pointed out that it was not usual for the Principal Medical Officer to be required to attend any person professionally, and that there was a staff-surgeon present in Halifax, whose sole duty it was to attend the general and staff. This officer was Staff-Surgeon Donald, a very capable officer, and a very gentlemanly, good fellow; but the general declined his attendance, and insisted on his own arrangement being carried out.

Dr. Bell protested, and the matter was referred by the general to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, commanding-in-chief, who decided in favour of the general. But Dr. Bell was not satisfied, and submitted a copy of the correspondence and decision to the Director-General (Dr. Andrew Smith, who had succeeded Sir James McGregor); and he must, of course, have put the matter in its proper bearing to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, who cancelled his former decision, and decided that the Principal Medical Officer was not the general's medical attendant.

This certainly did not tend to *lay* the dust, or *allay* irritation.

The general, however, still declined the attendance of Mr. Donald, but sent for me, and told me that he had selected me to attend himself and family. To this I could only assent, and, at the same time, I explained the circumstances to my friend Donald, who did not take the matter much to heart.

Just about this time a Horse Guards' order was issued, requiring medical officers in charge of military prisons to mark with their own hands men convicted of desertion, and sentenced to be branded with the letter D. We were all very indignant at this, for we did not consider it any part of a medical officer's duty to inflict punishment on the soldier. I do not know with whom the proposal originated that medical officers should be subjected to such degradation; but the consequence of the order was a universal protest by medical officers, which was followed by the repeal of the insulting and degrading order.

What would officers of the present 'medical staff' say to such an order, or how would they feel if such a duty were required of them?

Part of *my* duty in Halifax was to attend the military prison. It was not an arduous, but it was a very unpleasant, duty; for the prisoners often tried to *shirk* their punishment, and, though I could not but pity the poor fellows at the horrible punishment of shot-drill—horrible because severe, monotonous, and without result—still it was my duty to prevent any escape from punishment. One young fellow of bad character—not altogether bad or wicked, for I think he had been driven, goaded into crime—who was under a long sentence of imprisonment, was constantly putting his name on the sick-list, but, as I could not find anything the matter with him, I



could not excuse him from his daily punishment. Day after day he came before me, and day after day I sent him back. At last in a fit of desperation he raised his hand and struck me, crying out, 'I can stand it no longer.' For this he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude. I was sorry for him, for I think he was driven to momentary desperation by the impossibility of escape from what I have called the horrible monotony of his punishment, and in striking he never meant to hurt me.

In midsummer I was sent round by sea to New Brunswick, in charge of the head-quarters of the 76th Regiment, which had arrived to replace the 97th Regiment ordered to England, and on arrival at St. John's it was intimated to me that I was to be detained there to take charge of the detachment 72nd Regiment pending reference to Halifax; and I *was* detained there for nearly three weeks, while a correspondence was going on, and all this time retained the responsibility of my own proper charge.

I enjoyed this visit to St. John's very much, for it was a busy and interesting place, being a great ship-building depôt, where the noise of steam-engines and hammers sounded incessantly. I spent hours every day watching the busy workers, noting the facility and regularity with which great logs were drawn up, placed in position, and sawn into planks for use in the ship-yard, all being done by steam-

power. It was so different from Halifax, where there was little or no business, no noise, hardly any life; indeed, according to 'Sam Slick,' the Haligonians had no 'go in them' compared with the New Brunswickers and Yankees.

On my return journey from St. John's, I went by sea to Windsor, and from thence to Halifax on horseback, my own horse having been sent to meet me. I did not start from Windsor until late in the afternoon, so that before I had got over half of the distance to the roadside inn where I intended to stop, and where I had desired the driver of the mail-coach to deposit my portmanteau, I was overtaken by darkness, and by a tremendous thunderstorm, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain. The road was quickly under water, and I was only able to keep on my way by the vivid flashes of lightning that followed each other in quick succession; and when the storm passed off I was guided by two lines of sparkling, scintillating fire emitted by thousands of fire-flies and glow-worms that flitted and crawled amongst the low bushes that grew on the banks of the roadside ditches.

The autumn of 1853 nearly completed my service in Nova Scotia, and I shall now go on to explain where next my lot was cast.

In September of that year an express reached us to the effect that yellow fever was raging in Ber-

muda ; that many of the soldiers, of the convicts, and even of the civil population had been carried off by the disease ; that several of the military medical officers were ill, and the few others overworked and insufficient for the duty of attending on the sick ; and that immediate assistance was required.

I was then young and perhaps zealous, but certainly anxious to deserve and obtain promotion. Possibly, too, I may have thought that, being a staff-officer and without *encumbrance*, I should be *selected* to go to Bermuda, I therefore went to the P.M.O. and *volunteered*. My offer was accepted, the P.M.O. at the same time informing me that had I not volunteered I should *not* have been sent. The fact of my having volunteered to go to Bermuda, under the circumstances, soon became known, and created rather a sensation in Halifax ; for I was intimately known to everybody, and I think a favourite with all, at least I flatter myself that such was the case.

I offered my services on Saturday morning, and on the evening of the same day received orders to embark on board a man-of-war steam sloop (whose name I have forgotten), Commander Purvis, R.N., at ten o'clock the following morning.

This short notice gave me no time to get rid of my property, so I had to leave furniture, horse, wagon, sleigh, and boats behind ; all of which, however, the P.M.O. took under his charge. I embarked on

Sunday morning punctually at the hour specified in general orders ; and then passed from under military authority to naval.

At the time of my embarking, the commander was on shore, and the first lieutenant said to me,

‘ You are quite at liberty to go on shore if you wish to attend church service ; for we do not sail till the afternoon, and, if you are on board again by three o’clock, you will be in plenty of time.’

I took this as *official* permission, landed and went to church, where my dear old friend, the late Dean Bullock, preached a sermon on the ‘ Good Physician.’ I naturally took what he said to myself, and he afterwards told me that he did preach ‘ with me in his mind’s eye,’ and in reference to the perilous duty on which I was going. During the service I heard the report of a gun, and after an interval, of a second, and after a longer interval, of a third, but never dreamed that they were intended as a recall to me.

Service over, I went quietly out of church, and at the door found the flag-lieutenant and brigade-major waiting with orders to see me on board at once, as I was delaying the sailing of the ship. It appeared that the admiral had changed his mind as to the time of the sailing of the ship, and that I was blamed as being the cause of the delay. As soon as I got on board again, however, we steamed out of the harbour en route for Bermuda.

I heard afterwards that the general conceived the idea that I had not obeyed the general order, and that I was not very eager about going at all. He was mistaken on both points, for, as I have shown, I embarked punctually at the hour specified in orders, and had permission to land again, and, as to my readiness to perform the duty before me, volunteers do not usually hang back.

Still the general made it a subject of angry correspondence with the Principal Medical Officer, who, as I heard subsequently, warmly defended me in my absence, and endeavoured to explain the facts. But the general never would understand that I had obeyed *his* order, and thus, having passed beyond his jurisdiction, came under naval authority, and landed at the suggestion, and with the permission, of the senior naval officer on the spot. Even on my return to Halifax, after an absence of months, he opened the subject again, and warned me 'never to disobey a general order.'

On reporting my arrival in Bermuda to Surgeon Innes, 56th Regiment, officiating Principal Medical Officer at the time, I was directed to proceed to the island of Hamilton, and take over charge of the yellow-fever camp and hospital there from Dr. Harvey, a civil practitioner temporarily employed.

At the date of my arrival, early in October, though the intensity of the epidemic was abated, the disease

was still prevalent throughout the islands, and, as a means of arresting it amongst the troops, they had been removed from barracks, and detached to different islands; some placed under canvas, and others in isolated buildings; but the different detachments placed as far apart from each other as possible.

The camp which I was detailed for was situated on Prospect Hill, the highest available ground in the island of Hamilton, nearly surrounded by trees, but open on one side to the sea. I found there three officers, Captain Bull and Lieutenants Godley and Whitmore, with about two hundred men of the Royal Artillery and 56th Regiment; and in a house close by were some twenty fever cases, all of a very severe type.

I entered the camp late in the afternoon, and was at once conducted round the hospital by Dr. Harvey, from whom I received a short written statement of each case, and much useful verbal information and advice as to the usual treatment of the disease, on which point I was perfectly ignorant, never having seen a case of it before.

It was a very trying position for a young fellow, and when left alone I began to be aware of my ignorance, and to feel the grave responsibility I had assumed. However, I determined to do my best; so after again examining my patients, and ascertaining if the attendants had the necessary medicines,

and understood how and when to administer them, I retired to my tent, which was pitched beside the hospital, and betook myself to books (which I had brought with me) containing treatises on the disease, and sat up all night poring over these, occasionally visiting the sick, that by practical observation I might the more easily verify and understand what I read.

I confess that was a wretched night, perhaps the most miserable of my life ; for, though I had passed many a night previously on active service in discomfort and surrounded by danger, I had had companions on those occasions, and the dangers which surrounded us, though threatening death at any moment, were of a less revolting character than those which attend a pestilence. Death in the full flush of health and strength, upon the battle-field, or at any time by the bullet of an enemy, has nothing revolting in it, but human nature shrinks from the horror of a loathsome pestilence. That was my first experience of a pestilence, and, though there was something appalling in the sight of those suffering from it, I had no fear, and never for a moment thought of the probability of being struck down by it myself, although I was breathing the pestiferous atmosphere of the hospital, and touching the sick and dying from morning till night, and from night till morning, and was a new arrival from a temperate to a tropical climate, in which probably lay the greatest danger.

I had no thought of sleep, or even of rest, for several days and nights. I even found it difficult to read, for the low moaning of the dying and the muttered raving of the delirious distracted my attention. I was tormented also by the various noises, and by the presence of insect life, by numbers of the great green, offensive-looking, flying bug that circled round my candle, settled on my book and person, and seemed to look at me with fiendish eyes. I was bitten by thousands of mosquitoes and bloodthirsty little sandflies, both eager to enjoy a rich harvest out of a new arrival; and, lastly, I was oppressed by the unaccustomed heat, and depressed by the absence of companionship, for on me alone rested the labour, responsibility, and anxiety. However, I gradually became familiar with the disease, acquired practically sufficient knowledge to be useful, and learned to submit to the persecution of my insect enemies.

Besides myself, there was another army medical officer (Dr. Mackenzie) and two naval surgeons sent from Halifax, and two from England, but I had the honour of being the only volunteer. Poor Mackenzie was drowned *en route* to Bermuda; the two naval medical officers and one of the two sent from England were attacked by the disease; while I, who had most work and was more exposed to infection than any of them, was fortunate to escape, and am thankful to say that, though since then often exposed to climatic



influence and epidemic disease, I have never been ill or suffered in health.

During three months I lived in this fever-camp, until the disease gradually disappeared from the islands. During all this time I never went beyond the immediate vicinity of the camp, and never had any communication with the inhabitants; who, if they met me on the road, 'passed by on the other side' as if there might be a halo of infection round me; and, even when I went to the little church close by, I was shown into an empty pew. Throughout the epidemic the sickness and mortality had been very great in the several corps, but especially in the 56th Regiment, which lost several officers and many men and women; and numbers of the unfortunate convicts, shut up in their prison hulks, died.

My friend Innes, surgeon of the 56th Regiment (now surgeon-general), and his assistant, Dr. Deeble, laboured incessantly until the latter was struck down by the fever, and Innes himself was prostrated by ague. *He* stuck to his duty, however, and became P. M. O. in consequence of the death of two officers senior to him. Captain Elliot, R.N., the Governor of the colony, was at home in England, and, after one or two military officers had held the position of Acting-Governor, and died, Lieutenant-Colonel Oakley, who himself had recovered from the fever, succeeded to the appointment, and retained it until the return of

Captain Elliot, some time in the commencement of 1854.

But, when at last the islands were pronounced healthy, all those of us who had been in fever camps were received into the community, and, during the remainder of my stay, I received great kindness and attention from the residents, and spent another period of three months very happily in Bermuda.

I had gone thither merely for service during the epidemic, and, in January, 1854, received orders to return to Halifax. Accordingly I had said good-bye to all my kind friends, and was absolutely on board the steamer, which was on the point of sailing, when the English mail arrived, bringing a Horse Guards' order for the assembling of a committee to investigate and report upon all the circumstances connected with the epidemic. This order directed that, if I had not already left the islands, I was to be detained, as I had been nominated a member of the committee, which was to be composed of First-class Staff-Surgeon Logan (now Sir Galbraith), ordered specially from the West Indies, as president, and of Surgeon Innes, 56th Regiment, and myself as members. I was, therefore, ordered to land again, and told that I might make arrangements to remain at least three months longer. It was, perhaps, very flattering that I should have been thus selected to be a member of an important committee (commission was really the term applied

in the orders from home), but it did not suit me (my pocket especially) to remain any longer in Bermuda, particularly as I had finished the duty for which I had volunteered, and therefore I accepted the honour (as everybody thought it) of my detention for another duty very unwillingly.

We were occupied on the inquiry and report during three months, and then (towards the end of April, 1854) I was permitted to return to Halifax.

I received no benefit whatever, that I ever knew of at least, from having volunteered for this dangerous duty—no promotion—not even a letter of acknowledgment or line to say, ‘Well done!’ from the head of my department. The congratulations of my good Halifax friends, who never expected to see me again, were very gratifying, and the reception given me by Sir G. Le Marchant most flattering. I happened to meet His Excellency just as I landed, and he, on seeing me, crossed the street, and shook hands with me, remarking, at the same time: ‘I am glad to see you, for you are a brave fellow and deserved to come back safe.’

Sir Gaspard had never spoken to, indeed had never taken the least notice of, me before; but, during the rest of my short stay in Halifax, I received marked attention from His Excellency, and am aware that he wrote very strongly in my favour to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department.

But in those days no man, least of all a medical officer, ever expected to receive reward or commendation for any, even extraordinary, services. If he did cherish a hope of such a thing, he was certain to be disappointed; indeed, I have often heard the following saying laid down as an *axiom* in the service: 'Do the duty for which, in the ordinary course of service, you are detailed; but never *be fool enough* to VOLUNTEER, unless you have good interest.'

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Bermuda—The larger Islands—Coral Reefs—First Discovered—  
 Oldest Colony—Military and Naval Station—Convict Station,  
 but not Penal Settlement—The Productions of the Islands—  
 Climate—Pleasant Winter—Yellow Fever—Scenery—The  
 Cedar—Palmetto—Orange—Birds—Beasts—Fishes—Insects  
 —Ocean Life—Whaling—Whale-Beef—Caves—Coral Rings  
 —Boating—Population—Wrecking.

BERMUDA, or the Bermudas, lie almost in mid-Atlantic, and, though nearly three degrees north of the tropic of Cancer, are subject to the same climatic influences which prevail within the tropical zones. The group consists of many islands (some three hundred, great and small), and all of coral formation. The principal and largest are St. George's, Hamilton, Boaz, and Ireland islands. Boaz is smaller than several I do not specially name; but as it is on the high-road between two of the larger ones which I have named, and is connected to these by bridges, and was selected as the most suitable on which to erect a convict prison, or barracks, I have classed it with the most important islands of the group. These larger islands are so situated, with regard to each other, as to form something like a shepherd's crook. Round these

larger lie many smaller islands ; beyond these are others smaller still, and beyond these again, to a distance of between five and ten miles, and at various depths from the surface, extensive coral reefs enclose the whole group ; and, as the ocean is never perfectly at rest, the position of these reefs is always marked by a line of breakers, but, during a high wind, the waves roll with great violence over them, and, when the waters are thus churned into a sea of foam, one is reminded of Shakespeare's allusion to the 'vexed Bermothes.' Close round the larger islands also, and within the bays and sounds formed by them, are many coral rings, rocks, and reefs, some above water, others just below the surface, and others at greater depths, which render navigation, even in small vessels, difficult if not dangerous.

Bermuda is the oldest, though the smallest, of our island colonies in the Western Hemisphere, as it was founded in 1609, or three years before Newfoundland, and sixteen before Barbados. The discoverer was Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who first sighted and touched at the group in 1527. The first Englishman that we know of who visited, and afterwards wrote a short account of, Bermuda, was a certain Henry May, a seaman on board a French vessel, which was wrecked on the outer reefs in 1593 ; and the first English vessel wrecked on the treacherous reefs was the *Sea Venture*, one of the English fleet on its way to

Virginia, under the command of Sir George Somers, in 1609. Sir George, with his crew, succeeded in landing on one of the larger islands, where they built two small vessels, in which they eventually reached Virginia, leaving behind, however, a few (three) of their number, to establish proprietorship of the islands as a new colony. From the fact of Sir George having thus taken possession of the Bermudas, they have been called the Somers islands, and *that* one of the group on which he and his shipwrecked crew landed was named by him, and is still called, St. George's.

In 1612, James I. gave a grant of the islands to a company, composed of several Noblemen and Knights; and this company, empowered by their charter to nominate a governor, and to settle the policy of the new colony, sent out one RICHARD MORE, with a small number of colonists, from whom he was authorised to select several to form a council, to assist him in the administration of the government.

The colony does not appear, however, to have made any progress under More, or under a number of governors who succeeded him; and in 1684, their charter granted by James I. having expired, the company, without regret, resigned their authority, and since that date Bermuda has been a crown colony.

Bermuda is a military station, and the small garrison is accommodated chiefly in St. George's, where there are barracks and hospitals. I believe that of

late years further accommodation has been provided for detachments of troops in Hamilton and Ireland islands. It is also a naval station of great importance, and the dockyard and other admiralty establishments are situated in Ireland island. The Admiral on the North American station, with his family, generally spends the winter here, and the fleet invariably calls on its cruise between Halifax and the West Indies. Bermuda was further a convict station, though not a penal settlement, as all convicts were sent back to England on the expiration of their sentences. The convicts were employed on public works, and other government duties, often by the Commissariat Department. I have repeatedly crossed from Hamilton to Ireland island in one of the Commissariat boats, which are manned entirely by convicts; such employment being reserved for the well behaved, and looked on in the same light as the 'ticket-of-leave' system in England and elsewhere.

There is only one instance of a convict having been allowed to settle in the colony after the expiration of his sentence. I often saw the man and heard from himself that he was sentenced to penal servitude for what he meant as a boyish freak, viz., stealing and selling one of his uncle's horses. According to his own story the uncle had him apprehended, merely to give him a fright and thus sober him; but was more than astonished at the grave consequences of accusa-



tion and apprehension. The sentence of penal servitude was however carried out, and, at the expiration of it, the nameless convict resuming his own name was allowed to become a colonist, and, as Mr. Faisey, became not only an energetic and useful but a respected member of the community.

The principal productions of the colony are arrowroot, potatoes, onions, and tomatoes. The arrowroot is said to be the finest in the world, the potatoes are excellent, and *the* disease, which proved so destructive to this tuber everywhere else, has never appeared in Bermuda; the onions and tomatoes are as good and well-flavoured as those grown in Spain and Portugal. All these things are exported to Halifax (except the arrowroot, which finds its way into the English market), and are exchanged for salt-fish, the chief article of animal food amongst the lower orders and coloured population. Oranges also at one time were exported in large quantities, but these, as an article of export, have lately failed, owing to the destruction by blight of numbers of the trees. The banana and guava are also cultivated, and are, I think, superior to any that I have ever tasted elsewhere.

The climate of Bermuda may be considered tropical, but is by no means so oppressive as the climate of the West Indies. There is the same periodicity of seasons; but the temperature of the hot months is lower, the rainfall in the rainy season less, and the

winter colder and more bracing than during the same seasons within the tropics. The winter, which extends from the 1st of November to the end of April, is comparatively cold, and I have seen natives, and those who have been resident several years in the islands, shivering, blowing on their hands, and stamping with their feet on the ground, to rouse their sluggish circulation, while late arrivals from a temperate zone thought the temperature delightful. In July, August, and September, which are the rainy months, the heat is oppressive; rendered all the more so by a stillness of the air, accompanied by a damp hazy state of the atmosphere, and occasional heavy rain, with electrical storms. During these months the rainfall is collected in masonry tanks, and forms the only supply of potable water for the population.

There are several wells which were sunk for the use of the Navy (hence called the Naval Wells); but these are close down on the shore of Hamilton island, and are filled simply by filtration from the sea, and consequently the water is brackish.

As a rule the climate is healthy; and fevers, simple remittent and intermittent, the only prevailing (or endemic) diseases, are generally of a mild type; but when yellow fever makes its appearance it rages with intense severity. Fortunately this does not happen oftener, perhaps, than every sixth or seventh year; and the Bermudians will not acknowledge it as a

*maladie du pays*, but always attribute its appearance to importation.

Snow and hail have been seen, though rarely. Thunderstorms are not of frequent occurrence; and hurricanes, so common and often so destructive within the tropics, rarely occur or do any great damage when they do occur. Altogether, but for the occasional and uncertain visits of yellow fever, Bermuda would be a pleasant residence, and suitable climate for those who find our own changeable weather in winter too severe for them. The scenery is pretty and picturesque, but there is nothing bold or grand about it, as the islands are deficient in altitude, the highest elevation being only two hundred and fifty feet above sea level: but their number, and their relative positions to each other, and the little bays and sounds which indent their coastline, and the narrow channels which separate them, form a labyrinth which affords to the eye the charm of constant change of view and scene; and as the islands are covered to a great extent with groves of cedar, and with palmetto, orange and lemon trees, and in many parts are under cultivation, there is a freshness and a bloom about them which impart variety and beauty to their physical aspect.

The cedar (*Juniperus Bermudiana*) is indigenous, and was at one time much more abundant than it is now, as the tree was strictly preserved under the Com-

pany's rule ; but, after this restriction was withdrawn, trees were cut down wholesale for house, ship and boat building, and often used as firewood. The palmetto-tree also is indigenous, but is rapidly disappearing, as it has been literally preyed upon, the leaves being converted into a variety of beautiful plaits, which are in great request for making hats and bonnets.

The orange, citron, and lemon were not indigenous but introduced, and though to a certain extent with success, people say, their fruit has never equalled in flavour that of Malta or of the West Indies. I cannot say how far this is correct, for to *my* taste the Bermuda oranges were the most delicious I ever ate. Of late years many of the trees have been destroyed by blight, but I suspect numbers of them were destroyed by members of the garrison, and other persons cutting off the best young branches to make walking-sticks. I have seen dozens cut, and was guilty of cutting some myself.

Many of the little eminences and slopes are covered with wild sage (*salvia communis*) ; and the roadsides are planted and shaded by beautiful pink and white oleanders, and by bright green, graceful plants. The rose, jasmine, and several other flowering shrubs and creepers flourish, but there is a dearth of wild flowers.

When first discovered, the islands were uninhabited,

and there were no wild animals upon them ; but at the time of Sir George Somers' visit wild pigs were seen in great numbers, probably the descendants of some which escaped from the wreck of the French vessel in 1593. At one time the islands were overrun by the rat, but even he finds it difficult to exist, for, being destructive to the arrowroot, and other vegetable products of the soil, he is watched vigilantly and hunted remorselessly. There is no great variety of birds, and no songsters amongst them. Beautiful little red and blue birds, and pretty little ground-doves breed in the woods, and plover are seen as occasional visitors, and the chick of the village and moorhen are found in the salt-marshes on the east side of Hamilton. There are no venomous creatures except the centipede, and even this is rare and only to be seen when sought for ; but there is a great abundance of insect life ; and the woods resound all day, and even long after sunset, with the shrill voice of the cicada, which are in thousands. The loathsome cockroach and the green flying bug are found in myriads; and the busy ant swarms everywhere. There are many varieties of beautiful moths and butterflies.

But, if animal life is limited on shore, the abundance and variety of ocean life is astounding ; and no better spot in the world could be selected for the study of this branch of natural history and zoology.

Within the outer reefs on a calm day, when the sky is cloudless and the sea at rest, its surface unruffled by even a passing catspaw, the eye can penetrate the clear water far down into its depths, and there see plainly spread out on every side a wonderful fairy-like scene, a submarine garden, laid out apparently in wild confusion, but bright with many colours, and tenanted by myriads of different species of animal existence. Some fixed and stationary, but spreading out their slender, quivering ciliæ and tentacles of varied hue, in search of sustenance; others in perpetual though circumscribed motion; and others darting in rapid pursuit of prey amongst the labyrinths of sponge and madrepores and branching corals, fringed, shaded, and surrounded by tangled growths of numberless varieties of algæ, these stirred into gentle or rapid movement under the influence of ocean currents or of eddies caused by the restless motion of countless living creatures.

The numbers and varieties of fishes is amazing. They are of all shapes, sizes, and colours; from those no larger than the little silvery minnow flashing in rapid movement near the surface, to the large, hideous, and voracious grouper resting, far down, beneath some growth of seaweed, or of branching coral, having satisfied for the time his greedy appetite.

Sharks, I believe, are seldom, if ever, seen within

the outer reefs. Turtle are often caught, and at the time of which I write a good sized one could be purchased for a guinea. Those of the inhabitants who can afford it and who cultivate good living, have a turtle pond or pen in which they generally keep three or four, ready to be killed for festive occasions.

Whales are occasionally captured, and this was one source from which the old company expected wealth, but were disappointed, for never at any time were whales taken in such numbers as to be remunerative, or even to defray the expenses of an establishment. During my visit I was fortunate to witness the capture of one, and, though it was a very large animal, it did not afford much sport. It was not in very good condition, and the layer of blubber, though comparatively thin, was sufficient, as I was informed, to bring in a possible return of £200.

The procession of boats, decked out in gay flags, returning with their prize in tow, was an interesting scene, and rendered quite exciting by the wild song of the rowers. But the removal of the blubber and the cutting up of the flesh afterwards was a sickening sight to those who were merely lookers-on. The former was carefully cut off in large square pieces and carried to the melting-house, which was situated close down to the water's edge; and, when the whole of it had been carefully removed, everybody was allowed to help himself to what of the red

flesh he could secure in the regular scramble made by the half-castes and niggers, who, standing upon and swimming round the carcass, amidst a regular sea of blood, fought and struggled for a morsel.

That evening I dined with a friend on whose property the melting-house stood, and, after partaking hungrily of excellent mince collops, was informed by mine host that what I had just eaten, and apparently relished so much, was a portion of the captured whale. Had I not been told, I never should have known, for it was, in taste at least, very like ox-beef, and, though it was very good, I doubt if I should have eaten so hungrily and contentedly if I had known beforehand that it was whale-beef.

There are several beautiful underground caves in the island of Hamilton which every new arrival visits, or ought to visit; and, as they are on the property of the gentleman at whose hospitable board I enjoyed the whale collops, with his permission and under his guidance, several of us proceeded to explore them. They are a little difficult to approach, the entrance to each one being by a separate hole low down on the side of a little hill; so small is the entrance that it only admits one person at a time, and he has to crawl along on all fours, groping his way downwards in total darkness for about twenty or thirty feet. Our friend led the way, and warned us by voice when he had arrived at the end of the narrow passage, direct-



ing each of us, as we followed, how many feet to turn to right or left, so as to find room to assume the erect position.

When all were placed, he lit the torch which he carried, and, as it blazed up and threw its light around, we found ourselves standing on a ledge of coral rock within a long vaulted chamber of snowy whiteness. Immediately beneath us was a large circular pool of intensely clear blue water, beyond which, and opposite to where we stood, was a beautiful grotto, the arched roof of which was supported by pillars and columnar arches that glistened brightly in the torchlight, and from the roof in many places depended stalactites of various sizes, immediately beneath which were corresponding stalagmites. Some of both were small and in an early stage of formation, others larger, and others almost touching, thus affording an explanation as to how the pillars and arches, which formed the grotto and upheld the roof, had been formed. The bottom of the basin which contained the water was much lower than the floor of the grotto, but the arch which formed the roof of the latter extended over the basin and beyond the ledge on which we stood, and from this part of the roof also stalactites of all sizes were depending, and on the floor of the basin where the pool of water was collected stalagmites had formed. The air within this cave was pure and fresh, and the water in the

pool was only slightly saline, and contained no organic matter. We did not visit the other caves, as we understood that they were not only smaller, but more difficult of access, and, besides, we did not like the process of burrowing underground and the crawling on all fours.

It is very interesting to examine the coral rings and reefs to which I have already alluded. One of the former may be seen just above water, washed constantly through and through by the rolling waves; another near it nearly filled up with sand; another near that again filled up completely with sand, on which is growing long wiry grass; and yet another not only covered with grass, but with stunted shrubs. The bands of coral connecting these rings may be seen being gradually covered by sea-weed, and by sand and broken shells and coral, and slowly rising to the surface. In this way, in time, other islands will be added to the three hundred which at present form the group, and which doubtless were formed in the same way. As a rule, there is no shore or beach, the water being deep up to the very margin of the land, which is fringed by large rocks or masses of broken coral; but along the eastern side of Hamilton there is a long stretch of sandy beach (the only level space where one can have a gallop), washed perpetually by the great waves which, rolling in from the wide restless ocean, break in heavy surf along

this side of the island, in spite of a dense, broad barrier of mangrove growth.

The little colony can boast of several good roads, and one especially, which, commencing at St. George's, runs along the inner side of the crook through Hamilton, Somerset, Boaz, and Ireland islands to the dockyard; altogether a distance of twenty-four miles.

There is little traffic on it, however, and, except the postman in the mail-cart, you may walk the whole distance without meeting a living creature. It is a pleasant walk on a cool *winter* day, and the pretty and ever-changing landscape, especially in the well-wooded district of Somerset, well repays one for the exertion or fatigue of walking. Few old residents venture on such a long walk, but those only who have not lost their energy under the exhausting and enervating heat of several summers, and few even of these do it often.

The great and, I may say, only amusement is boating, or more properly speaking yachting; and this is not only a necessity, but a pleasant and exciting pastime, though not quite free from danger. Necessary as a means of locomotion; pleasant because thereby you kill time which often drags wearily along, and also because during the hot season you escape, while on the water, from the scorching reflected glare, and the suffocating radiated heat on shore; and exciting

and dangerous owing to the difficulty of navigating your craft amongst rocks and reefs and through the narrow channels which separate the islands. The boats or yachts are built in a style peculiar to Bermuda, and in their construction the island cedar alone is made use of. This is found to be the most durable wood, for water does not cause it to rot, and no insect or worm of either land or sea will venture to touch it, not even the cockroach, as it is close grained and hard, and exudes a thick and highly aromatic resin.

The population of the colony, exclusive of the military, was, at the time of my visit, about thirteen thousand. Of this number about three thousand were whites, the rest being half-castes and negroes; the first, chiefly the descendants of original settlers; the half-castes the offspring of whites and negresses, and the negroes the descendants of former slaves.

The upper classes are kind and hospitable, and gentle and refined in their manners, but not energetic, owing partly to the effects of climate, and partly to the complete isolation from the rest of the busy active world. They are not without a certain amount of family pride, and point to their few acres, and to their comfortable little houses, speaking of them as the *family estate* and the '*old manor house*, where my father before me lived.' The lower orders, both half-castes and blacks, are lazy, idle, and immoral.

Before the present lighthouse was erected, wrecks on the outer reefs were very frequent; and ill-natured

gossip did not hesitate to say that there had been violent opposition to its erection on the part of the community *generally*, as the majority lived and grew rich on wrecking; that wrecking (plundering) disabled ships was, in fact, their chief occupation and sole source of wealth. Possibly this may have been true as far as the lower orders were concerned, whose inclination was to make as much as possible with the least amount of labour; and who may have preferred occasional risk at sea, where a possible harvest was to be gathered, with temporary physical exertion, to earning a certain livelihood by daily labour and by the sweat of their brow.

I have myself seen the old lookout post, from which, in former days, keen eyes swept the ocean for any vessel that might be approaching the dangerous reefs, and from which signals were made indicating her position and the direction in which she was steering, not in warning to the unwary skipper, but to the islanders to be in readiness; and I have been told by an eyewitness, and (as some people hinted) an *interested party*, that when the signal 'ship ashore' was hoisted a fleet of small craft hurried to the wreck like a flight of vultures.

All this came to an end, however, as soon as the present beautiful iron lighthouse was completed, which, by its bright light, warns the sailor to avoid the dangers which surround Bermuda.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The 91st again—Reserve Battalion at the Cape—Battle of Boomplaats—Another Kaffir War—Reserve Battalion constantly Engaged—Gallant Behaviour—Old Friends Killed and Wounded—Wreck of 'Birkenhead'—My friend Captain Wright—Steady Behaviour of Troops—Many Drowned—Severe Fighting in Amatola Mountains—Battalion ordered Home—New distribution of Regiment—Depôt Companies at Aldershot—Visits of Her Majesty the Queen—Promoted—Ask for Highland Regiment—Ordered Home—Gazetted to 93rd—Ready to start for Turkey.

DURING my service in Nova Scotia and Bermuda, I had been in frequent communication with my old friends of the 91st Regiment, and kept a constant watch over the movements of both battalions, and of the officers with whom I had been most intimate.

Not many months after I had left the regiment, the first battalion was ordered from Dover to the North of England, and from thence in July, 1851, to Belfast; thence to Enniskillen; thence to Dublin, where it remained a year; and thence to Cork, where it embarked in December, 1854, for Malta.

When the first battalion left the Cape in 1848, the reserve battalion remained in the command; and was moved into Grahamstown to replace the parent

battalion. But in July of the same year (1848), a force under Sir Harry Smith, consisting of a detachment of six officers, seven sergeants, and one hundred and sixty-three men of the 91st, with detachments of Royal Artillery, 45th, Rifle Brigade, and Cape Corps, was ordered to Colesberg to punish the refractory Boers in that district; and on the 28th of August was fought the battle of Boomplaats, in which the detachment 91st, on the left of the line, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and drove them into utter confusion and rout; while at the same time the detachments of 45th and Rifle Brigade, with the Cape Corps, drove the main body from the crest of a chain of low hills on which they had entrenched themselves. In this battle two officers and five privates of the 91st were wounded. The officers were Lieutenant Owgan and Ensign Crampton, the former slightly but the latter severely.

The little rebellion having been quelled, the troops returned to the colony, and the detachment 91st joined head-quarters at Grahamstown, where the battalion remained for two years, until the breaking out of another Kaffir war, towards the close of 1850, and which continued intermittently until the autumn of 1853. I do not remember the circumstances under which this war originated; but it was the campaign conducted by Sir George Cath-

cart, who had succeeded Sir Harry Smith ordered to India.

At the first threatening of hostilities, the reserve battalion 91st marched to Fort Hare, an important position on our north-west frontier, on the 12th of December, 1850; and on the 26th of the month a small detachment under Lieutenant Mainwaring was engaged with the enemy. This detachment was sent out to patrol in the neighbourhood of some military villages, about six miles distant from the fort. These military villages, four in number, had been established at the close of the war of 1848 by settling discharged soldiers of different regiments on freehold grants of land in British Caffraria. They were intended as outposts to protect the colonial frontier, by keeping the Kaffir tribes in check. On the detachment approaching the first village, the Kaffirs were observed to be assembling in such force that an express was sent back to report the fact, and to ask for support, which was sent, but apparently only in sufficient strength to enable the united parties to return under an attack in rear from the enemy, of so sharp and spirited a character that further assistance had to be dispatched to enable the detachment to retreat in an orderly manner.

On the 29th of the same month, a detachment of the battalion led by Colonel Yarborough (an old friend already mentioned) with detachments of other



regiments were formed into a column which, under General Somerset, moved from Fort Hare in the direction of Fort Cox, to endeavour to open communication with the General Commanding-in-chief (Sir George Cathcart), who was surrounded by the enemy. This column met with determined opposition from a large force of Kaffirs, was obliged to retire fighting, and, though reinforced, only succeeded in returning to Fort Hare after *severe* fighting, during which two of my old friends, Lieutenants Melvin and Gordon, and twenty men of the battalion were killed; and one officer, Lieutenant Borthwick, two sergeants, and sixteen men wounded. The 91st Regiment, however, behaved so gallantly on the occasion, that His Excellency (Sir G. Cathcart) expressed his approval in a general order, and assured Colonel Yarborough, the officers, and men respectively, that he should submit a report of their gallant conduct to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, to be laid before Her Majesty the Queen.

Major Forbes of the 91st Regiment was also highly commended in the same order for the soldierly manner in which on the occasion he had led a party to the assistance and support of Colonel Yarborough.

On the 7th of January, 1851, a detachment of the battalion under Captain Pennington, was attacked at Fort Beaufort by a large body of Kaffirs and rebel Hottentots under the traitor Hermanus (a Hottentot),

and after a determined and prolonged fight succeeded in driving off the enemy, but not before the traitor leader had succeeded in forcing his way into the square of the fort, where he was killed. Again, on the 24th of February, the battalion, under the command of Colonel Yarborough, was present, though in reserve, when a body of seven thousand Kaffirs attempted to carry off the cattle from the vicinity of Fort Hare. On this occasion the Fingoes (described in a former chapter), supported by one hundred men of the 91st Regiment, under Lieutenant Squirrel, met and drove back the enemy.

In June of the same year a large detachment of the battalion, under Major Forbes (with which was my old brother-assistant Dr. Barclay, one of the best field-surgeons I ever knew), accompanied a column, under the command of General Somerset, which was engaged in a series of brilliant operations in the Amatola fastnesses, which were so successful as to merit a most complimentary general order from His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

Several columns operated simultaneously in this movement; but the brunt of the fighting fell to General Somerset's, with which was Major Forbes' detachment of the 91st Regiment; and the large body of the enemy which confronted this column was composed chiefly of rebel Hottentots, a more dangerous and determined enemy than the Kaffir, for many

of them were disciplined soldiers, who had served in the Cape Corps, and were therefore fighting, so to speak, with halters round their necks.

In the same month a small detachment, under Captain Cahill, had a sharp brush with the enemy; and Fort Hare, where Colonel Yarborough commanded, was again attacked, and with greater vigour than on the last occasion; but the Kaffirs were driven off with considerable loss. Again, in October, half the battalion, under the command of Colonel Yarborough, took part in a series of combined movements in the neighbourhood of the Amatola mountains. There was hard fighting during several successive days in which Colonel Yarborough and the 91st Regiment were conspicuous; the gallant conduct of the former and the brilliant services of the latter being again specially mentioned in a general order by the commander-in-chief.

In January, 1852, the greater part of the battalion under the command of Colonel Yarborough, was again engaged in another series of combined movements in the Amatolas. These movements were rapid and brilliant, and successful as long as the different columns were advancing, but as soon as they began to retire the enemy followed in great force, and our troops had to fall back fighting, the rear of each regiment covered by one of its own companies, extended in skirmishing order.

In these operations my friend, Colonel Yarborough, was wounded severely, also Ensign Hibbert (slightly), and three sergeants and twelve privates severely; and one sergeant and three privates killed.

Lieutenant Bond, the officer who commanded the company which covered the 91st Regiment retiring in column, had a narrow escape. He was very near-sighted, got separated from his company, and unexpectedly found himself in the grasp of two Kaffirs; but he was rescued by one of the stretcher-bearers of his company, who, rushing up to his assistance, killed one Kaffir by a blow with his stretcher-pole, and stabbed the other in the throat with his clasp-knife.

Here I must interrupt the detail of the incidents of the war to allude to the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, on board of which were detachments of several regiments serving at the Cape, and amongst them one of the 91st Regiment, under the command of my friend, Captain Wright, whom I have so often mentioned in a former chapter.

On the 7th of January, 1852, the *Birkenhead* sailed from Cork with officers, soldiers, women, and children amounting to four hundred and ninety-nine persons, and a crew of one hundred and thirty-two. All went well during the greater part of the voyage, indeed until nearly the end of it, and when the ship was running north, close along shore, for Algoa Bay. Then,

early on the morning of the 26th February, when the weather was perfectly calm, the sea smooth and unruffled even by a ripple, the heaven lit up by brilliant starlight, when all except the watch were asleep below, and when everyone on board was unconscious of danger, the ship, going at full speed, struck upon a sunken rock about three miles from the shore.

Instantly the sea rushed into the fore compartment, flooded the lower troop-deck, and drowned many of the men who were asleep in their hammocks. At first the alarm and confusion were considerable, but only for a few minutes; for the captain and his officers at once understood and appreciated the danger, and ordered the boats to be lowered and manned, and kept alongside in readiness to receive the women and children, while an effort was being made to back the ship off the rock. At the same time the officer in command of the troops (Colonel Seton, of the 74th Regiment) called upon the other officers to preserve discipline amongst the men. These silently and willingly obeyed orders and fell into their places on deck, as if for an inspection. Everyone, as Captain Wright reported, 'did as he was directed, and all received and obeyed their orders as if they were embarking instead of going to the bottom.'

The situation quickly became critical, as it was evident that the ship would go to pieces, for the sea poured in in such quantities as to flood the main deck

and extinguish the fires. Still the soldiers remained steady in their places, though many were mere lads, even when the women and children were lowered into the boats, which were rowed off clear of the ship.

Then, almost immediately, the fore-part of the vessel parted, but the soldiers retired, still steadily and in silence, to the after-part, and there stood as if on parade in a barrack square.

At this time the captain of the ship advised that all who could swim should throw themselves overboard and make for the boats, but Colonel Seton told them that, if they did so, both they and the women and children would inevitably perish, as the boats were already overcrowded. The men obeyed without a murmur, and kept their ranks until the after-part of the ship on which they stood broke up also and disappeared, carrying four hundred and ninety-eight human beings to the bottom with the wreck.

As my friend Wright was carried down with the crowd, a heavy spar struck him on the chin, and fractured his jaw, and at the same time he was entangled by a rope; but, being a man of cool courage, and great presence of mind, and a strong swimmer, he deliberately drew his knife from the belt which he wore, cut the rope, and, rising to the surface, at once struck out for the distant shore, accompanied by several men, who had got clear

of the wreck at the same time. It was a long and a terrible swim (and a painful one for a man with a fractured jaw); for, as he afterwards told me, he saw several of his companions who were swimming beside him taken down, one after another, by the monster sharks which followed them. Even when he neared the shore, he had the greatest difficulty in landing, for he was impeded by the long seaweed, which clung round his body, and twined around his arms and legs; and, even when he had succeeded several times in clambering up the side of a slippery rock, he was washed off again by a heavy wave as it came rolling in from the wide ocean to break on the rocky shore; and even when, carried on by the wave, his feet touched the pebbly bottom, he was several times swept back again by the returning and irresistible back-rush of water.

I repeat this just as I heard it from Wright himself in after years; and very quietly and modestly he told me the story.

But to return to my narrative of the war, which was carried on slowly and wearily, as all former Kaffir wars had been.

During the rest of the campaign, the reserve battalion of the 91st Regiment was constantly engaged, either as a complete battalion, under Major Forbes, who had succeeded to the command when Colonel Yarborough was wounded, or in detachments, under

different officers, in various expeditions against the enemy, chiefly in the Amatola fastnesses, and the extensive valleys at the base of, or within, the mountain range, and also beyond the Kei river against the paramount chief Kreili.

On two occasions the battalion formed part of one of several columns, which, acting in concert, had hunted the Kaffirs out of their mountain retreats; and on the last of these occasions formed part of one of the columns of a force of three thousand strong, which, under the command of Sir G. Cathcart himself, attacked from different points; and, after several successive days of hard fighting, expelled the rebel Hottentots and the tribes of the Tambookie chief and of Macomo (who had been the moving and guiding spirit in this, as he had been in two former wars) from the Waterkloof, an extensive valley in the Amatolas, miles in extent, densely wooded, and enclosed by steep, precipitous mountains; a position admirably suited and selected by the enemy for concealment, and, to some extent, prepared by them for defence, but difficult for an invading force to penetrate and carry out preconcerted movements in. On both of these occasions, Major Forbes and the reserve battalion of the 91st Regiment were specially mentioned in orders for gallant conduct.

In 1855, after a service of thirteen years in the colony, of which upwards of five had been passed



in the field, on active service, the battalion, then under the command of Major Wright, was ordered home to England. On its departure, a complimentary farewell order was issued by his Excellency the General Commanding; and the inhabitants of Beaufort and Grahamstown gave it a perfect ovation, as it marched through these towns, *en route* for embarkation. Both communities presented addresses thanking officers, non-commissioned officers, and men for their gallant and soldier-like conduct and behaviour during the whole long period of their service in South Africa.

On the 30th of July, the battalion, only two hundred and ninety-four strong (for numbers had been granted their discharge to settle in the colony) embarked at Port Elizabeth, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 29th of September, 1855, and from thence proceeded immediately to Chatham.

In the following November, a new distribution of the regiment was directed to be made, viz., into six service and six depôt companies, and the term reserve battalion was abolished. In April, 1856, the depôt companies were ordered to Aldershot, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bertie Gordon.

While at Aldershot the depôt was repeatedly noticed by Her Majesty the Queen, who on more than one occasion, with the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice, visited their lines, entered the huts, and even

inspected the cook-houses; and was graciously pleased to express satisfaction with all regimental arrangements. Those visits of Her Majesty were greatly appreciated by the men, who placed the following inscription (written by themselves, I presume) over the main entrance of one of the huts, viz., 'Her Majesty the Queen, with the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice, visited the lines of Her Majesty's faithful soldiers of the 91st Argyll Highlanders, and deigned to enter this hut, 16th of June, 1856.' And on the side-door of the same hut, the following lines were inscribed :

'Henceforth this hut shall be a sacred place,  
And its rude floor an altar, for 'twas trod  
By footsteps which Her Soldiers fain would trace.'

Both inscriptions were read by Her Majesty, and immediately after instructions were given to the barrack department that *the inscriptions on 'The Queen's Hut,'* as it was called, were not to be obliterated.

And almost at the same time a great compliment was paid to the depôt by an order calling the attention of the troops at Aldershot generally to the neat style in which the lines of the 91st were kept, and to their regimental arrangements for recreation and amusement.

Early in 1857 two companies were sent to join the service companies in the Mediterranean, and the depôt, reduced to four companies, was incorporated

with the *depôt* battalion at Preston;\* and thus terminated the existence of the last of the reserve battalions, a system which had never found favour with the army, and which had not proved a success. It was only one of the phases of development to which our army has been subjected.

I said in my last chapter that I was glad to get away from Bermuda and return to Halifax. *There* I was received by my friends as one who had escaped from considerable danger, and was for a time an object of attention—in fact, the lion of the day. But there were some few disturbed by a feeling of envy perhaps at my being made much of—and there are such natures—who said, even if they did not think so, that it was all nonsense to suppose that I had done anything out of the common, run any risk, or been exposed to any danger at all, quite forgetting that it is easy to depreciate danger after it has passed, and not so easy to look it in the face and go voluntarily to meet it. I daresay, however, that even my few detractors were very pleased to see me come back alive and well, though they could not bear to hear others speak well and kindly of me.

I know that medical officers are always ready to go wherever they may be ordered, and eager to meet and share with others the dangers of active service,

\* *Depôt* battalions were a new system established, I believe, at the suggestion of Sir Colin Campbell after the Crimean war.

but I am not aware—and say it without any boasting—of any other instance in the army of a medical officer having volunteered to go from a healthy climate and comfortable station to an unhealthy one purposely to serve during a deadly epidemic.

Dr. Bell, the principal medical officer, was the first to greet me as I landed, and he took me to his own house as a guest until I could make other and suitable arrangements.

I had corresponded with him regularly during my absence, and kept him fully informed as to the supposed origin, the character, and the extent and progress of the fatal epidemic; and he had forwarded all my letters and reports on the subject to the Director General of the Army Medical Department in England. It was owing to those letters and reports that I was nominated a member of the committee of inquiry, and detained three months after the disappearance of the epidemic.

During the year 1853 it was becoming evident that the dispute between Russia and Turkey—at first between France and Turkey—would end in war, in which Great Britain would be engaged; and consequently regiments and officers of departments who were serving in the colonies were kept in a constant state of excitement, at first by the newspaper details of the dispute; and then by the stirring accounts of the declaration of war, and of battles and

engagements between Turks and Russians, which reached us from time to time.

I need scarcely remind my readers that the dispute referred to here commenced several years previously, in a difference of opinion as to the custody of the keys of the holy shrines in Syria: whether they should be in the possession of the Latin or Greek Church; and that after long hesitation, and a good deal of evasion on the part of the Porte, they were handed over to the Latin Church, under a threat from France, to the great disappointment and mortification of the Greek Church, and of the Emperor of Russia, the head of the orthodox Greek Church.

This decision was followed almost immediately by a demand on the part of the Emperor Nicholas for a cession to Russia by the Porte of a protectorate of the Greek Church in the Ottoman dominions, and this demand was supported by an armed occupation by Russia of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, in order, as the Russian note declared, to obtain 'by force, but without war,' the protectorate demanded. This armed occupation of the Principalities was disapproved of by the great powers, England, France, Prussia, and Austria; and it was more than probable that the united protest of these powers, would have induced the Czar to recall his troops, and prevented war; but England and France, whilst still carrying on negotiations on the subject with the other powers,

entered into a separate treaty, to guarantee the safety and independence of the Ottoman empire. The Porte, therefore, encouraged by a knowledge of this separate treaty, and sustained by the presence and counsel of the British ambassador (Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) declined to yield to the Russian demand and threat; and, taking the armed occupation of the Principalities as an act of hostility, declared war against Russia on the 23rd of October, 1853.

Within a few days after the declaration of war, the Turkish Army, under Osman Pasha, crossed the Danube, and entrenched themselves at Kalafat, on the right flank of the Russian army of occupation. On this entrenched position the Russian made repeated and fierce, but unsuccessful attacks during four days, but were repulsed, and obliged to retire; and to retreat at other places also, on the left bank of the Danube. During the autumn and winter of 1853, the Russians were roughly handled by Omar and his Turks, especially at Csetate and Oltenitza. These Turkish successes were humiliating to the proud Czar, and in no way counterbalanced by some partial Russian successes in Asia, and by the destruction of the Turkish squadron in the Bay of Sinope—the massacre of Sinope, as it was called—by the Russian Black Sea fleet, although they did, to some extent, gratify his resentment and soothe his wounded pride.

But the repeated defeats of his well-appointed army by Omar Pasha and his half-disciplined Turks, the determination of England and France to maintain by force of arms the integrity of the Sultan's dominions, the entrance of the British and French fleets into the Black Sea, and the consequent imprisonment of the Russian fleet in Sebastopol harbour, the dispatch of British troops to Malta, and the military preparations of the French, all decided the Emperor Nicholas to hesitate no longer, but to cross the Danube, attack the Turks, and lay siege to their great fortresses preparatory to a further advance if permitted.

Accordingly, in April, 1854, the Russian Army, under General Paskievitch, crossed the river, and laid siege to Silistria; but, after pressing the siege with great vigour, the Russian Army, foiled and repulsed in every attack by the small Turkish garrison under the guidance and fired by the example of several young British officers (amongst them Lieutenant Nasmyth, whom I afterwards met, but cannot remember where), was forced to raise the siege, and recross the river, with its gallant old general wounded and disabled.

Not many weeks after this, the Turks, who were encamped at Rustchuck, on the right bank of the Danube, crossed the river under the leading of seven young British officers, and defeated the Russians at Giurgevo. Amongst these young officers was Lieu-

tenant Burke of the Royal Engineers, whom I had known intimately in Halifax. He was killed in the battle while leading his Turks gallantly. He was a young man of, I should say, about three or four and twenty, of a powerful physique and easy temper, and a capital pugilist, but, as far as I knew or ever heard, had never shown himself to be possessed of moral qualities superior to his fellows, and yet, when the opportunity occurred, he proved himself to be a courageous and daring leader.

But I have observed more than once in my service that the men who, during peace, were 'modest and retiring,' and perhaps lazy and indifferent, and therefore never thought of as likely to come to the front, stood prominently forth in the moment of difficulty, and met danger heroically; while others, who had been considered their superiors in all things, failed in the hour of trial, and followed the hitherto unknown leader with unquestioning obedience, though in wonderment.

After the defeat at Giurgevo, and under a threat of armed interference from Austria, the Emperor Nicholas withdrew his armies from the principalities.

While the Turks and Russians were actually fighting on the line of the Danube, the British and French armies, which had been assembling from an early date of 1854, were lying encamped near Varna, fretting under inaction, while day after day they



could hear the sound of guns from the direction of Silistria, and sickening under the influence of climate and disease.

But, though their time was to come, in the meantime we were throwing away the health and energy of our splendid little army; and instead of adding to its strength and power by bringing the brave Turks, who had already shown their mettle, into our service and pay and under our discipline, we '*esteemed them lightly,*' nay, appeared to despise them, speaking of them always derisively as the 'Bono Johnnies.' At a subsequent period of the war, we had German and Italian contingents, and also a Turkish one, which was less expensive than the other two, and probably more efficient and useful.

What I have just written about is an old story, but it must be borne in mind that I am writing the recollections of my service, *et me meminisse juvat.*

During the last half of the year 1853 and beginning of 1854, the excitement in England and the eagerness to fight had been increasing every day, and at last ended in a declaration of war. We, therefore, who were serving in distant colonial commands were getting anxious lest we should be forgotten, and lose the opportunity not only of seeing war on a grand scale, but of keeping pace with our fellows. On this account, if on no other, my removal from Bermuda was a source of satisfaction to me.

On arrival in Halifax, I resumed my old position and duties ; but in May, very shortly after my return, I was promoted to the rank of Staff-surgeon of the second class. I knew that this would remove me from Halifax, as my appointment there was one for an assistant-surgeon only, and hoped that I should be ordered to the seat of the expected war. But, though thankful for promotion (which, however, I did not owe to my having volunteered for service in Bermuda during a yellow-fever epidemic, but to augmentation of the Medical Department preparatory to war), I was not satisfied to have been promoted on the staff, so immediately applied to be transferred to a Highland regiment likely to be employed during the approaching campaign.

My application was forwarded, and recommended by Dr. Bell, the principal medical officer, and at the same time the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, wrote to the Director General, requesting that my wish might be favourably considered. But a reply could not be received under a month, as in those days there was only a fortnightly mail between England and Halifax ; and it is easy to understand how eagerly, in the spring and summer of 1854, we all looked for the mail signal on the day that the Cunard steamer was due in Halifax.

At last, towards the end of June, I received orders to return to England by the earliest opportunity.

Accordingly, by the first mail steamer (the *Arabia*) in July, I left Halifax, arrived in Liverpool on the 20th, and presented myself at the Army Medical Office on the 22nd. There Dr. Andrew Smith received me very kindly, and desired me to lose no time in getting the uniform of the 93rd Highlanders, and making preparations to start for Turkey immediately, as my future regiment was there.

‘Good-bye and God bless you—I know all about you,’ were his parting words.

Three days afterwards, my name was in the *Gazette*, and I was ready to start.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.