TWELVE YEARS IN THE ARMY

BY

J. C. COLLAN.

TWELVE YEARS

IN

THE ARMY;

OR,

THE INCIDENTS

OF A

SOLDIER'S LIFE.

BY JOHN G. GOLLAN,

LATE CORPORAL H. M. 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

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"We leave
Our home in youth—no matter to
What end—study, or strife, or pleasure,
Or what not; and coming back in
A few short years, we find all as we left
It outside—the old elms, the house,
The grass, gates, and latchet's selfsame
Click. But lift the latchet—
All is changed as doom."—MONTGOMERY.

PREFACE.

In writing the following incidents of a soldier's life during his career in the army, I would, in the first place, throw myself upon the indulgence of a generous people. Not being a man of letters, I am rather doubtful of the present little work meeting with that support which I at one time anticipated; but be it understood that I am the son of poor and humble parents, and my education consequently limited. After having undergone the severe sufferings and dangers of a soldier's life, as represented in this little work, I feel that my constitution, once vigorous, is now broken; and it is by the desire of a few of my brave companions in arms that I write the following facts, that the public may appreciate the value of the soldier. The few verses of poetry which I have added to this little work will be very interesting to those of poetic feeling. The language expressed in these simple lines is from the heart of him who so often took part in the carnage and strife of the late war, and in my calm and reflective moments I penned in rhyme these verses of my poetic imagination.

THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—MY ENLISTMENT.

I DO not wish to enter into the genealogy of my family, notwithstanding I was asked to do so by some friends on several occasions when talking over the past few years of my life in the army. This I find to be rather a delicate subject, and one that I am not prepared for. It would matter but little to any of my readers, as I am of obscure and humble parentage. Had any of my forefathers shone in the busy scenes that take place amongst us from time to time, I would have every chance of being known and made known to many of my fellow-countrymen, and my late sufferings and many narrow escapes, which I endured while in the service of my Queen and country, would at times be

felt with pain and pleasure. Suffice it, then, to say, that I am an Invernesian by birth — a true-born *Clachnacuddin.*

The most of my early days were spent in the capital of the Highlands. Often have I followed the sound of the pibroch, and went along with the recruiting parties, headed by their sergeant with his sword drawn, marching up one street and down another. What a gay life (I thought to myself) to be a soldier!—buckle, shoe, and sporan dazzling in the sun—also their head-dress, so soldier-like, and all arrayed in fine order. What a delusion! What a difference there is in the soldier's life when in the camp and field—in front of the foe, surrounded on all sides with danger! Not so here at Inverness, where my young and ardent bosom became inflamed to be a soldier, buoyed up with the idea of thinking it quite a gentleman's life. But it would be well for every man who wears a red coat to go on active service: it is there and only there he can get a thorough knowledge of his position. The party at Inverness would talk of battles, sieges, narrow escapes, and so on, which led me to believe that to be a soldier would open the way to fame and honour. At this time I was but fourteen years of age, and of course I was not as yet able to be a soldier; but I trusted that the time would soon come when I would stand five feet seven inches. Ah, yes! that day did come, and I have, by sad experience, undergone the trials of a soldier's life.

I spent a good many of my early days with a relation—a gentleman of small estate, near Fort-George—who acted to me with the kindness of a father. When

at this place I was in the habit of going to Fort-George, and my desire became strengthened of becoming a soldier. When I saw them going through their evolutions—large gun drill, firing salutes, and so on—it would often bring to my mind what the Inverness party used to say of a soldier's life being all glory and honour. A Highland regiment, or part of a regiment, lay at this time at Fort-George. One morning, as I went down to the little village of Campbeltown for letters, I fell in with a sergeant who was residing at the Fort. (In after years, in the late Crimean war, I was standing by his side in the trenches in front of Sebastopol when he was struck by the splinter of a shell and killed on the spot; and little did I know when I saw him that morning at Campbeltown that I would be so close to him when he lost his life.) The first thing I asked him was if he thought I was height enough, as I wished very much to become a soldier. I recollect of his taking me to a public-house and measuring me, but I was one inch below the standard. This stung me a little, as my mind was now fully made up to join the army. However, I went home, and a few days after this little affair happened, my kind friend and benefactor, with whom I was at this time staying, sent me to a day-school at Nairn, always telling me that I must be diligent and learn at school, as he intended to do something for me. I soon tired of this work at Nairn. A field-day at Fort-George would always whisper, honour and fame is all I want.

After staying at Nairn for two summers, I left and went to Inverness, my native town. I was still below the standard, and the recruiting parties would often

tell me I was too little for anything. I met in at this time with an old schoolmate, who told me he was going to Edinburgh, and that if I would go along with him he would pay my fare to that city. I agreed, and was ready in a week from that time. I kept my father and the rest of the family in the dark regarding this. The day arrived, and my friend and I left for Edinburgh. A few days after our arrival I went to visit the Castle. The Castle was garrisoned by the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and to this gallant corps I volunteered my services. They were accepted. I went through all the forms that a recruit has to go through when he enlists, and my name was enrolled in the 79th, and I became a Cameron Highlander.

CHAPTER II.

WAR DECLARED AGAINST RUSSIA—PASSAGE TO TURKEY.

I HAVE thought several times during my career as a soldier of bringing before a generous and loyal people the little incidents that took place during my life in the army; and I have been prompted to do this by a few of my surviving comrades, who, along with me, stood victorious on many a hard-contested field.

The past ten years of my life has been one scene of severe trial and great danger, and it is now, after

exchanging the sword for the pruning-hook, that I venture to lay before my readers the many narrow escapes, severe hardships, and fatigues of the most trying nature. I cannot at present enter into, or give a full detail of every thing that took place in the Crimea, although I was present during the whole of that eventful struggle. The able pen of Mr Russell, of the *Times*, has already given to the world a true account of that ever memorable and never to be forgotten struggle. I will pass over the first two years of my life as a soldier, and come upon the stage at Chobham Camp in 1853, where an army of upwards of 10,000 were convened undergoing daily exercise, and where I myself got my first thorough and practical lesson in field movements, under the able generalship of his Royal Highness Prince George, Duke of Cambridge. At that time Russia was waging war against Turkey, and the Principalities was the great question of the day. It was evident at that time that Great Britain and France were to become actors in the great drama.

After the breaking up of the camp at Chobham, my regiment (the 79th Cameron Highlanders) was ordered to Portsmouth, and there we remained during the winter and spring of 1853-54. It was in the spring of 1854 that Great Britain and France proclaimed war against Russia. I recollect well that it caused a great sensation of joy amongst us. Regiment after regiment left Portsmouth for the seat of war, and amongst the last were the Cameron Highlanders. Never, I am sure, did a body of more efficient men leave the shores of old England than that called the Crimean army; but, alas! how few returned again to their native

land. War is a great calamity, but still it cannot always be avoided. My regiment embarked at Portsmouth for Turkey on the 4th day of May, 1854, and disembarked at Scutari on the 27th of the same month. We could see the capital of Turkey on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, with the spires of the Mosque glittering in the sun. Constantinople appeared a beautiful city from a distance, but, on a closer inspection, this was found very far from being the case. The narrow and filthy strects showed at once the indolent disposition of the Turks. Give the Turk his cup of coffee, and let him smoke his *chabook*, and he will allow the streets to clean themselves. We lay a short time at Scutari, when we received orders to proceed to Varna. We steamed up the Bosphorus, and what a lovely sight we saw going up that river. The summer residence of some of our aristocratic countrymen were beautiful to behold. We landed at Varna after three days' sailing, and pitched our camp about three miles distant from the town. Regiment after regiment landed, and we soon formed an army. We were told off into divisions. I belonged to the first or heavy division, composed of the following regiments:—Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scotch Fusilier Guards, 42d, 93d, and 79th Highlanders, under the command of his Royal Highness Prince George and Sir Colin Campbell. A body of better looking men, I believe, ncver took the ficld. At this time the Russians were hard pursuing the Turks at the siege of Silistria. I would give thc Turks credit for their courage and daring at this place; but their garrison was kept alive by two bravc and faithful Englishmen

(Butler and Naysmith.) Their appearance and indefatigableness roused within the Turks a spirit of bravery. The Russians, after struggling for some time with the Turks, were obliged to raise the siege, and withdrew their forces. The Crimea was then the object of our attack, and we longed to try the strength of the Russians. Cholera broke out amongst us, and made great havoc in our ranks. We were therefore more eagre to shift our camp, and have a "go-in," as we called it, at the Russian bears. Our wishes were soon to be realised; for it was whispered that we were to sail for the Crimea. We were very busy making fascines and gabions for siege works. We found ourselves often in company with Frenchmen and Turks—the former very spirited and gay, the latter very sedate and dull. Still, we managed to understand each other very well. With a salute from a Frenchman of *Bona Engliterra,* we returned *Bona Franci;* from the Turk, *Bona Johny,* and so on. Such were the civilities passed occasionally between us. We in this way amused ourselves for some time.

CHAPTER III.

LANDING IN THE CRIMEA.

At last, on the 4th of August, we got orders to sail for the Crimea. A few days previously we were received by the Commander-in-chief, Lord Raglan,

and he appeared to be very much pleased with our soldier-like bearing. The bay at Varna was at this time a busy scene—transport ships and men-of-war waiting to carry us to that place which was so soon to be the scene of so much bloodshed. It was a busy day at Varna on the 4th of August, men and provisions having been ordered on board on the shortest notice. After getting everything ready, we stood out to sea, to behold (and oh what a sight!) all arrayed on the mighty deep, in the order of battle, our noble fleet on either side of the transports, with that handful of brave and devoted Britons—Britons determined to uphold the honour of their country. Our motto was, "Our Queen and our Fatherland!"

During our voyage cholera again broke out, and made great havoc amongst us, especially in the ranks of our noble tars. It was indeed a sickening sight to behold so many dead bodies floating around us. We found the weather in the Black Sea very boisterous. A severe storm coming on separated us for some time, but we came in sight of each other again, and early on the morning of the 14th September could see at a distance that country which we were so soon to occupy. The Russian army could see us well; and what surprised me much was that they did not oppose our landing; had they done so, they would have greatly harassed us, but they had so much confidence in their entrenched position on the Alma, that they were sure of being successful in driving us into the sea. We shall see, however, as we proceed, whether their hopes were realised.

We cast anchor close in-shore, the surf running

very high at the time. Orders were then given to disembark, and by ten o'clock A.M. we could see the French already at work. We took three days' rations with us from the vessel, but the tents were left on board, and we landed in fighting order—

> We sprang to land upon the sand,
> And slept on Russia's shore,
> On the fourteenth of September,
> Eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

It was nearly five in the evening before we got everything on shore. A few horses were drowned during the disembarkation, but these were the only casualties.

We now found ourselves in the enemy's country, and after advancing a few miles into the interior, we piled arms and halted, our first night in the Crimea—a night never to be forgotten. The rain fell in torrents while we lay on the cold ground, our knapsacks for a pillow, and no covering above us but the canopy of heaven. In this manner we lay, officer and private, peer and peasant, together. We were very glad when daylight appeared, but found that during the night a number of our little band had been cut off by cholera: that messenger of death seemed to follow our track, and take with an unsparing hand the best and bravest of our men.

We remained in this place for two or three days, getting from the fleet such articles as we could carry and be of use to us in the field. We also managed to get a few tents, which we found very useful during the night. At times we could see a few Cossacks hovering on our flank, watching our movements. We

killed a few bullocks, which were cut up and served out to each mess, and then, with our camp-kettles on our backs, our water-bottles by our sides, and our ninety rounds of ammunition, we started, prepared to meet the Russian on his own soil; and not the least daunted—

We marched along until we came
Upon the Alma's banks;
We halted just beneath the lines,
To breathe and close our ranks.
"Advance" we heard, and at the word
Across the brook we bore,
On the twentieth of September,
Eighteen hundred and fifty-four.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

On the night of the 19th, we were told that on the morrow we were to fight a severe engagement. We were aware that the Russians were strongly entrenched upon the Alma, and that we would have to carry that position or perish in the attempt. Many things arose in my mind as I thought on the morrow—that morrow which was to decide which should win the day. As I sat down to rest my weary limbs on this night before the battle, thought was busy within me—thoughts of friends and thoughts of home—of my childhood's early

days, when the frowns of the world did not darken my brow. This was indeed a time for reflection! But I was resolved; the die was cast; and the spirit of my forefathers aroused me from my reverie. All was silent as the grave. I slept soundly, and awoke early on the morning of the ever-memorable 20th of September. More than a thousand bugles sounded the rouse. We all stood to our arms; the sun in its splendour shining upon us, but shining, alas! upon some who were never more to behold it. Many a gallant fellow took that morning his farewell of that sun which he would never see setting.

We marched along for upwards of two hours without halting, and were by this time getting very close to the Alma, being distant from it only about four miles. We halted for a short time, killed some cattle, and gave an allowance to each man. Then the bugles sounded, "Stand to your arms," and in an instant all were ready to advance. We could now see the enemy's position in front of us, and the Russians in their dark solid squares ready to receive us. We put ourselves into order of battle, the French occupying a position on our right, and then advanced, with our bands playing, our colours flying, and our bayonets shining in the morning sun. A more beautiful sight I never beheld. When we got within range of the Russian guns, we got orders to "Halt; ball cartridge; load!" Now we were to be at it in right earnest. It was now close upon noon. The Russians having commenced a heavy fire, set a village right in front of us in a blaze. Still, we were nothing daunted, but took things very coolly.

At last, the word "Advance" was given. It was then that the Russian batteries opened a murderous fire upon us with their heavy guns, grape and cannister flying around us in all directions. Still we kept on, never flinching—"Onward to victory!" being our watch-word. Our countrymen falling on our right and left roused us to daring; and

We scrambled through the clustering grapes,
Then came the battle's brunt;
Our officers they cheered us on,
Our colours were in front;—
While fighting well, full many fell,
Alas! to rise no more,
On the battle-field of Alma,
Eighteen hundred and fifty-four.

Desperate was the struggle to obtain possession of the heights. At last, we heard our chief cry out, "Charge, Highlanders, charge!" and the war-note of the Camerons was heard high o'er the din of battle—

"Brave Cameron in his shock of steel
Dies like the offspring of Lociel."

The gallant Light Division, with their brave leader, General Sir George Brown, fought desperately: it was a hand-to-hand conflict for some time. The brave Guards, with their gallant leader, a Prince of the Royal blood, proved themselves worthy of the sons of Caledonia.

The French they took the right that day,
And flanked the Russian line;
While full upon their front they saw
The British bayonet shine.

We gave three cheers that dulled their ears
Amidst the cannon's roar;
And we drove them off the Alma
In September fifty-four.

Thus was fought and won the ever-memorable battle of the Alma—a decided victory. The gallant Frenchmen shared along with us that day's renown. In less than three hours we made the enemy fly. The Russians felt that they had men of a different stamp to contend with than the poor Turks. They continued their retreat until they reached the walls of their great stronghold, Sebastopol, and were themselves the bearers of their own defeat.

We felt much fatigued after our day's work, and we felt hungry and thirsty. We found the Russians' cooking utensils, and some firewood which they had left, very useful to us. We lighted great fires, and very soon satisfied our appetites, and quenched our thirst at the little river, which, a short time before, was coloured by the blood of the slain. Darkness came on; the weary were left alone to sleep, and the wounded to die. There we lay, side by side with the dead and dying!

The following day we had to remain and bury our dead; and I can assure my readers that I felt more upon this occasion than on the day of battle. The mind was calm and reflective now, when I looked upon the faces of those whom I knew so well when living—some of them the companions of my early days, and who only yesterday were alive and in the vigour of health; but ah! now I looked upon nothing but a piece of clay. Hundreds of my countrymen lay there

weltering in their gore. I was on the working party, and counted one hundred bodies put into one grave; officers and privates there lay together; no coffin to enclose them, nor shround to wind them into; they were buried in their regimentals. We had also to bury the Russians. After consigning all to their graves, we were ready to march at a moment's notice. We bivouacked that night on the battle-field, and the next day, at an early hour, we marched on towards Sebastopol.

CHAPTER V.

HARDSHIPS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL—THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA.

From our encamping ground we could see the doomed city that cost so many thousand lives before it fell. The first thing to be done then was to find some place of rendezvous for transports, to land stores and munitions of war. Balaclava was decided upon as the fittest place, and we therefore marched upon it, took the fort without opposition, and the little harbour was then in our possession. Our vessels got safely into the harbour, and began disembarking the stores, provisions, siege guns, and ammunition, while the troops took up their position on the heights of Sebastopol. Picks and shovels were quickly landed and brought up to the front. We were then told off into working parties,

and immediately began to throw up batteries for our siege guns, and get them into position. We found the work very trying, as our hands were unfitted for the mattock; but it was now a branch, and a very important one, of our military profession, and we were eager and anxious to push our own work, as we felt assured by this time that Sebastopol could not be taken by a *coup-de-main*. The Russians were not idle all this time: they seemed to be as busy as ourselves. We could see them hard at work throwing up redoubts outside the town—even their women wrought. We could see by this that the Russians were determined to sacrifice their all, and defend their city to the last. When we measured swords with them at the Alma, we proved ourselves superior to them in courage and daring; yet we found them sullen and stubborn; and we had reason to believe that behind that celebrated fortress they would put into practice that feature of their nature.

While we were progressing with our siege works, the enemy annoyed us very much with their heavy guns. They sunk their Black Sea fleet in the harbour, and the batteries from these wooden walls would often put us to a stand-still, as we were not ready to open the siege, although we wrought daily, and progressed favourably, under the trying circumstances. The weather was yet mild; still, there was no provision made for the coming winter—that winter of suffering and hardship, unparelleled in the annals of modern history. Fatigue parties went daily to Balaclava to land the heavy guns and shot and shell. We found the carrying of shot and shell nearly seven miles very

laborious work. The heavy siege guns were dragged up by horses. What a sight the little harbour of Balaclava then presented. There seemed to be people from every nation—Turk, Greek, Maltese, Jew, Italian, French, and English, and the many languages to be heard in the little street of Balaclava made it appear another Babal.

We got some guns into position, and it was decided that on the 17th of October we should open for the first time one hundred guns on the doomed city. The 17th arrived, and the siege commenced. The enemy appeared to be ready for us, as they replied sharply. Our fleet at the same time tried their strength on the fort Constantine and others outside the harbour. Our noble fleet could make no impression. The cowardly Russians would not come out with their fleet, but sunk it in the mouth of the harbour, thereby depriving our gallant tars of all chance of a naval engagement. Well did the Russians know that if they did come out to sea they would never return, so they skulked behind their wooden walls, and our brave tars were obliged to put again to sea. Some of the sailors, however, came ashore, and formed a naval brigade, and manned a 21-gun battery.

On the following day we could see our late work had done some damage. The Round Tower was levelled to the ground, and others of their works suffered very much from their recent bombardment. This, then, we continued until a few days before the battle of Balaclava, when the Russians appeared to be arriving in great force. The little harbour of Balaclava was the object of their attack, as we could see them

arriving daily and taking up a position in front of it. It was therefore found that a small force would be requisite to protect the harbour. The command of this important place was given to Sir Colin Campbell, with the Highland Brigade, and a battery or two of the marines placed on the heights. There were three redoubts a short distance in advance, in which a party of Turks were placed, with orders to hold their position to the last. But did they do so? We shall see as we go on. The enemy were arriving in great force, and at the same time they appeared to be in great force at Sebastopol. They made several sorties on our troops in the trenches, but were always repulsed. My regiment was again called up to Sebastopol, and our brave chief was left with only the 93d Highlanders. Our absence was only to be temporary; but it was during that time that the enemy attacked our position at Balaclava.

Before daylight made its appearance, on the morning of the 25th of October, the Turks were attacked at their outposts. The Russians drove them from their works, and the frightened and cowardly Turks came running in with the news that they were overpowered by the enemy. It was at this crisis that the powerful mind and abilities of Sir Colin Campbell as a general were put to the test. The Russians, flushed with their success in driving in the Turks, came onward in thousands, cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The 79th and 42d were ordered hastily out of the trenches to proceed at once to Balaclava; and after spending a tedious and trying night before Sebastopol, we had to march to Balaclava, hungry and fatigued

though we were; but the British soldier's motto is, "Honour and Duty!" What was our brave and devoted chief doing during this time with his handful of men? He was determined to defend Balaclava to the last, and hastily formed the 93d in line, with their front rank kneeling. What a sight to see that thin, red line kneeling! ready to receive thousands of the enemy's cavalry at the point of the bayonet. Sir Colin was riding along the line with words of encouragement to his faithful soldiers, his grey hairs streaming in the breeze, and a smile of victory on his glowing lip. His words were, "Steady, 93d; not a move!" Sir Colin well knew that he could rely on the men under his command. The Russians galloped up to the line, and when within a few yards he gave the word, "Highlanders, fire a volley!" and in an instant a number of the enemy's horses were riderless. They staggered and reeled, doubtful of Sir Colin's strength, and drew back a little. The stratagem proved successful to the chief, and classed him at once as a general of the first order. By this time the Commander-in-chief was on the ground, and he ordered reinforcements from the front. The Russians still held the important post taken by them from the Turks, and these batteries we were determined to regain. There was a calm for a moment, and it was decided by the Commander-in-chief that our cavalry should charge the enemy—a sad and fatal charge to many. I cannot give the exact number of the enemy on the plains of Balaclava; but I would say that they were upwards of thirty-five thousand. Their cavalry were strong and powerful, and their artillery of very heavy caliber. It was against this

number that our little band of gallant horsemen were arrayed in order of battle. The Earl of Cardigan led the charge. Onward they galloped. Sabre meets sabre. The issue is doubtful. The Scots Greys are seen clearing the way in gallant style. Oh, what a desperate encounter! The Russians are ten times the number! Fearful havoc is now going on in the plains of Balaclava! The British fight with superhuman courage. The Russians retire slowly and sullenly. The redoubts are in our possession. The few survivors of the fatal charge are called in. Little benefit was derived from that magnificent charge; but the courage and daring displayed therein will never be forgotten. The Highland Brigade was again united, and took up its position upon the heights of Balaclava.

CHAPTER VI.

HARDSHIPS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL—THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

THE cold winter began now to set in, and houseless and homeless was the position of the British. Our clothing was getting thread-bare, our firewood all cut up and consumed, and no prospects of anything arriving to relieve our wants. Still, however, we pressed the siege, and defended our position around Sebastopol. Dysentery, that awful scourge, broke out, and scarcely

any who were attacked survived. Raw pork and hard biscuit were greedily devoured. Our ration of rum we found very nourishing; and had it not been for this useful drop of spirits I believe my bones would have been left bleaching on the rocks of Balaclava; but when I partook of a little of this medicine, I could crack a biscuit and swallow a small bit of the raw pork.

It now appeared evident that the Russians were determined to try another of our positions, and drive us into the sea. Such was the idea they formed when their legions prepared to attack our position on the heights of Inkermann. At this battle they were led by the Emperor's sons, and, animated by their presence, they were confident of success. But did they carry out their object? Never! although well plyed with spirits to arouse them to the fierceness of the wild bear, so numerous in their country. They again found they had to deal with the British soldier, who never requires stimulants to arouse his courage: his courage is engraven on his heart.

The Highland Brigade could not remove from the important position occupied by them, and so took no part in the battle of Inkermann. A strong Russian force of thirty thousand were continually hovering around us.

Early on the morning of Sunday, the 5th November, the Russians made the attack on the British position, the most of our troops being then in the trenches. The enemy came on yelling like demons, and attacked the handful of British encamped on the heights of Inkermann. Aroused from their slumber, they met the foe in mortal conflict—a hand-to-hand combat.

The struggle to obtain possession of the heights was desperate. The brave and gallant Earl of Cathcart fell leading his men. General after general was cut down; still, the British kept their ground against so great odds. The Guards' ammunition being expended, they took their fists, and implanted a number of severe marks on the countenances of the enemy. General Bosquet, with about 8,000 Frenchmen and a supply of ammunition, arrived. The battle was renewed, and the Russians fell fast. The British drove them off the heights at the bayonet's point, and were again undisputably the conquerors. Such was the desperate battle of Inkermann, one of the hardest-fought fights of the the war: it lasted the whole day, and there were upwards of 10,000 Russians killed and wounded. Our own losses were very heavy; and the victory of Inkermann was purchased at a great sacrifice.

The Russians then left us for some time unmolested in our position. The siege was going on but slowly; our cattle were dying daily; starvation and cold were causing sad havoc amongst our horses; the road leading from Balaclava to Sebastopol was strewn with dead horses; numbers of our men were frost-bitten; hunger and nakedness were staring us in the face.

The 14th of November came, and along with it a terrible storm. Vessels with clothing and provisions for the army foundered in the storm, and all were lost. Our tents were blown in the direction of the Russians, and they had the honour of wearing some of our clothing. A more disastrous affair than this could not have happened. If we were in a bad condition before the storm, we found ourselves fully worse after it. The

plains of Balaclava were covered with snow, and homeless and houseless was the position of the British soldier. The few canvas tents that yet remained were utterly useless, tattered, and torn. The sharp, piercing wind of dark November came whistling through our threadbare garments, and our thin and ghastly frames told us how much we suffered. Fuel was out of the question, and fires were very rarely seen; yet, the Cossacks, right opposite us, had their fires lighted, as we could see the smoke curling upwards from their camp; and as it is very often remarked among ourselves at home, "where there's reek there's also heat," so we came to the conclusion that those Cossacks of the Don, who were only about one mile distant from us, must be comfortable in comparison to what we were. Well, a few of us thought upon a plan, and a very dangerous one it was, yet we were determined to carry it out, let the consequence be what it might. We knew that the enemy in front of us had logs of firewood piled up a short distance to the right of their camp, in the direction of the little village of Kadikoi; and we also knew that their position in that direction was weakly guarded, or, in other words, not strengthened by sentries. This much we well knew by our weary and lonely watch during the dreary months that we already spent on the heights of Balaclava. Our plan was then laid out in this manner: We were to form a party of about fifty volunteers, headed by a brave officer, and, if possible, to get over unseen by the enemy to where the firewood lay, and this done, every man, when he got his load, to return in silence. The night at last arrived when we were to carry out our dangerous plan.

It was very dark, and we waited in silence for our brave leader. At last he came; and after giving every man his orders, we examined our rifles, saw that all was ready and in good order, and went silently along, determined every man to bring his "junk" of wood, or perish in the attempt. As we crawled in breathless silence along the bottom of the rugged rocks that stretch from Balaclava past the little village of Kadikoi, we could distinctly hear the Cossack sentry mutter some old national ditty to himself as he silently went his rounds, little dreaming how close we were to his post. So we wished him to continue his ditty until we should accomplish our difficult task. We kept well to the right in case of the alarm being given, when, of course, all would then be up with us. After circumnavigating a little, we at last arrived at the firewood—every man determined to do his best. I took up a piece of wood, and, unmolested, returned to camp, very glad that I now had the prospect of at least once more enjoying a cup of hot coffee and a piece of "Sandy Campbell" boiled. The little band arrived one after another, and our brave officer congratulated us upon our success, and for our heroic spirit and undaunted courage. The following morning the Russians must have felt stung by so daring a feat.

The siege was nearly at a stand-still. As the winter passed over, things began to look a little more cheerful; fresh troops were arriving from England; a scanty supply of stores was coming occasionally; the warm weather was beginning to revive us, and we found ourselves getting stronger; the railway from Balaclava to Sebastopol was in progress, and things were

taking a better turn; vessel after vessel came to the harbour with a supply of something to the army; we were again regaining our soldierly appearance; our army was increasing, and the time was not far distant when we would be able to make an assault upon Sebastopol; but a sad calamity befel us at this time. Our Commander-in-chief, Lord Raglan, died—a man beloved by all who knew him, and a faithful and just servant to his Queen and country—although he was lightly spoken of at home by some who never saw the Crimea, nor understood his position there. We were kept very busy at this time bringing shot and shell up to the front, and pressing on the siege. The summer was now getting well on, and the troops were in good spirits, eagre for the capture of the city. At last the time came when we were to assault it. The storming party was told off and the day fixed; scaling-ladders, &c., were got ready. The Redan was the point of our attack; while the French were to fall upon the Malakhoff. Our first assault failed, and we were repulsed with great loss. Still Sebastopol remained with the enemy. Nothing daunted, we continued bombarding the town, and pushing our works closer and closer, sorties night after night taking place in the trenches. We were always able to defend our position, and very often had the advantage over the enemy in these night attacks. We were getting so well acquainted with this kind of work, that latterly we thought no more of going to the trenches than to a field-day. The Russians, not satisfied with former defeats, were determined to try one other effort to get possession of Balaclava; but they were baulked in

this as in former attempts. This was the battle of the Tchernaya, fought on the 15th of August. The brunt of the battle fell on the French and Sardinians. There was also a battery or two of English artillery. The Russians were again utterly routed. This was the last time that the enemy tried to overthrow us in the field. They could never gain any advantage over us, although always superior both in infantry and cavalry. It was often proved in the field, and in many sorties during the Crimean war, that the British soldier was superior in courage, and the sufferings and hardships which he had to undergo during this eventful struggle, showed that in patient endurance he was at least equal to any other soldier in Europe. Sebastopol still held out against us, and our works were advancing rapidly. The time was again drawing nigh for a final assault upon the city. The French were already within a few hundred yards of the great Malakhoff; and we ourselves were making rapid progress in our advance upon the Redan. The Highland Brigade was ordered down to Kamara, a place about six miles in advance of Balaclava, and eight miles distant from Sebastopol. We found the Sardinians already encamped at this place, along with some French and Turks. We were once more united together, and exchanged civilities as usual; but we found the Sardinians proud and jealous —nothing in their nature like the spirited and gay Frenchman. The Sardinian had his dagger always concealed about his person, and in any altercation that took place would use it on the least provocation. Not so with the British or French: the English soldier with a manly spirit would retaliate by leaving the mark

of his fist in a very conspicuous part of the countenance. Our engineers, finding the siege progressing so favourably, decided at once upon an assault on the town. The final bombardment was to open on the 4th of September, and continue until the 8th. On that day, at twelve noon, we were to make an assault upon Sebastopol—that city which for the past eleven months was the scene of so much carnage, and where perished many of the renowned heroes of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann. We were resolved to take it or perish in the attempt.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTURE OF THE MALAKHOFF AND REDAN—FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—PEACE PROCLAIMED—OUR RETURN TO ENGLAND.

The dawn of the 4th September arrived, and brought along with it the echo of a thousand cannon. Never, during my career as a soldier, have I witnessed anything like the opening of the bombardment on Sebastopol. We felt the very earth shaking underneath our feet at Kamara, a distance of eight miles. We continued this work for four days, and on the eighth an assault was found practicable. The Highland Brigade was ordered to march from Kamara to Sebas-

topol. We accordingly left Kamara at an early hour, and arrived on the heights about six o'clock A.M. After a hearty breakfast, we made all necessary arrangements, and were ready for the final attack. We could look upon Sebastopol from where we rested upon our arms, and as we saw regiment after regiment marching along to that assault, which in a few hours would decide the fate of Sebastopol, we took a last farewell of one another. We all knew what was before us, as we had already experienced it; but the die was cast, and we were resolved once more to brave every danger and win the victory. We felt confident under the watchful eye and experienced leadership of our gallant chief, Sir Colin. The hour for the assault approached, and we moved down to the advanced trenches. The cavalry were already mounted, and keeping back some stragglers who were anxious to see from a distance the result of the day's fighting. The storming party of the French were already in position, the Malakhoff being their object of attack. The British storming party were also in readiness to attack the Redan, and the supports were hastily advancing to their places of trust. The day was beautiful, the sun shining in all his loveliness; not a whisper was heard; all was silent. The French were to fire a rocket at noon as a signal that the work of carnage was about to commence, and every one was watching for its ascent. The French are already scrambling up the steep and slippery sides of the Malakhoff; the tricolour is in an instant planted on its flagstaff; and the Russian Eagle is down; the enemy are taken by surprise. Overpowered in the Malakhoff they fly to

the Redan. The conflict is desperate. The British can gain no footing in the Redan; their ranks are fast thinning; still, they fought as Britons always fight, and fought during the whole of that eventful day. The French kept possession of the Malakhoff. Great was the carnage on both sides. It was evident that by holding the Malakhoff, the key of Sebastopol was in our possession. The Russians were beginning to see that all was lost, that their once far-famed stronghold was in our possession, and they lost all hopes of winning back what was already in possession of the Allies. Horrid sights were now presented to my view! My comrades and companions in arms, with their palo and gory faces, and their mangled and bruised bodies, were lying around me. I could not help shedding a tear, and exclaiming with amazement, What am I that I have escaped untouched? Thoughts such as these arose within my beating heart, and I returned thanks to the Divine Preserver, who, by His providential care, brought me safely through the fight. Darkness came on, and all again was silent, except at times the dying moans of some brave fellow struggling with the King of Terrors. The night was very dark, and the Russians were deserting and leaving in our hands their once thought impregnable position. Fort after fort blew up into the air; the enemy retired to the north side; and the town of Sebastopol, after a siege of eleven months, was in possession of the Allied army.

The town was levelled to the ground;
The houses once so gay
In ruins lay; no shelter found
The heroes of that day.

The streets were sprinkled o'er with gore,
And there in thousands lay
Those who would trouble us no more :
Now stiff and lifeless clay.

In wandering through the town a few days afterwards, we observed there was scarcely a house but shewed the marks, and told plainly of the fatal effects of the siege. The streets were deserted, and none of the inhabitants were to be seen. We found a great deal of very heavy cannon, with large quantities of shot and shell, and all kinds of ammunition. The large military buildings alongside the docks were greatly damaged, and the shipping had suffered very severely. The Russians were in great force on the north side of Sebastopol, and appeared to be preparing their winter quarters. For our army huts were arriving daily from England, and stores of all descriptions were getting plentiful. We employed our time in erecting houses and making every preparation for the coming winter. The Highland Brigade was busy at Kamara building huts and cooking-houses; firewood was cut and stored away, and everything that was necessary for the coming winter was provided.

We now found plenty of time for amusements of all kinds—jumping, putting the stone, and racing. National games were, of course, the order of the day. Happy change! The whole of the army was also in a very good state of health, and, comparatively, there was very little sickness. We had abundance of food and good clothing. Winter came on, bringing snow and sleet with it, but we were prepared to meet it—thanks to Lord Panmure's skilful and well-arranged

plans for the comfort of the soldier. The second winter passed over, and everything went on smoothly. There was now some talk of a conference; an armistice was agreed on, and, of course, hostilities ceased for a time. The little stream of the Tchernaya separated us from the enemy, and we frequently went along the banks of that stream to have an exchange of civilities with the Russians. Such was the way we were spending our time when the intelligence arrived from England that peace was proclaimed, and that the troops were to evacuate the Crimea. We felt glad that we were again to see our native land; but, alas! how few were to return of the number that left in 1854. Of my own regiment there were upwards of five hundred lying mouldering in the dust on the plains of the Crimea.

Our gallant chief, Sir Colin, came to bid farewell to the Highland Brigade, and addressed it somewhat to the following effect:—"Soldiers of the 42d, 79th, and 93d old Highland Brigade! with whom I have spent the early and perilous part of the war, I now bid you a long farewell! I am now getting old, and may not be called any more to serve my country; but should another war arise, the Highland Brigade will prove themselves soldiers, as they have already done in this war. Your courage and daring on the battle-field shall be handed down from generation to generation; and your children's children shall yet tell of how you fought and won the Alma. Soldiers! it is to your bravery and daring I now wear on my breast those laurels which you now see; and wherever I hear the sound of the pibroch the recollections of former days

will arouse within me a feeling of admiration and pride. Brave soldiers! kind comrades! farewell!"

We embarked at Balaclava on board the steam-ship *Victoria*, and landed at Portsmouth early in July, after an absence of two years and two months.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—REVIEW BY HER MAJESTY—EMBARK FOR INDIA.

On arriving at Portsmouth, the 79th was ordered to proceed by rail to Aldershott, now a very extensive military station. As regiment after regiment arrived at this place from the Crimea, we congratulated one another on our safe arrival. The appearance of the Crimean soldier told at once of his late sufferings;—his care-worn visage, which could be easily distinguished at the first glance, was a proof that he had undergone the Crimean campaign. We were told that Her Gracious Majesty the Queen was to inspect at Aldershott the survivors of the Crimean army. The day at last arrived, and Her Majesty inspected regiment after regiment minutely; and to some of her soldiers she spoke in words of such an affectionate character, that the tears started in the eyes of those brave fellows, from whom, in the heat of action, all feelings would be banished; and no wonder that the

tears would start on hearing from the lips of the Queen such words as these:—"I have watched and prayed for you in your recent struggle; and now I congratulate you, my brave soldiers, on your return to your native land; but again I have to deplore the loss of many of the brave who have fallen in battle." Language so pathetic could not but fill the hearts of the soldiers with pride and admiration.

After the breaking up of the camp at Aldershott, the 79th was ordered to Dover Castle. We were very much disappointed, as we always hoped that we would have been sent to our native soil; but the soldier's motto is obedience. But little did we know that we were soon to be called away to a far distant land. We passed a few months at Dover, when we were ordered to Canterbury, where we passed a few months. From Canterbury we were sent to Shorncliffe, and formed part of a brigade there. The 79th was again hastily ordered to London, and were glad of the opportunity of getting a glance of the great metropolis. We went by rail, and were quartered in Portland Street Barracks. On the following day we were reviewed in Hyde Park; the Queen and all the officers of state were present, and thousands of spectators viewed with admiration the defenders of their country. We were next ordered to Dublin, and at the shortest notice took rail for Liverpool, and embarked on board a steamer for Dublin. We landed at Kingstown after a passage of forty-eight hours, and proceeded by rail to Dublin; and it was here, in the summer of 1857, we received the alarming intelligence of the Indian mutiny —a mutiny which brought along with it crimes of the

deepest dye. What was now to be done? All eyes were turned to the safety of our empire in the east; statesmen turned pale, and officers were eagerly bent on promotion. Our country looked for an able general to go at once to India and quel the rebellion, which had already been kindled into a flame. All eyes were turned on officers of experience to take command in India. Such a general Her Most Gracious Majesty found in Sir Colin Campbell, and he was selected for the duty. A short interview between Her Majesty and Sir Colin was sufficient to enable the gallant chief at once to proceed to the seat of war. When asked how soon he could be ready to proceed, he replied, "To-morrow morning shall see me in France!"

The 79th were again ordered to the seat of war, and India was the country of our destination. Details of the horrid cruelties of the sepoys were arriving daily, and feelings of indignation were aroused throughout our land, and we soldiers burned to be revenged on the black villains, and the 79th went on board at Kingstown on the 27th of July, 1857. The hopes I had hitherto entertained of visiting my friends in bonny Scotland were now blighted; but duty called, and there was nought for it but to obey. After bidding adieu to all around us, we stood out to sea, and on the following morning we lost sight of land. As I have kept a diary of my homeward passage, I will pass over the outward voyage.

I shall not now trouble my readers by telling about catching albatrosses, flying fish, spearing dolphins, hooking sharks, weathering the Cape, taking in water, latitudes and longitudes, and keeping a log-book.

Suffice it to say, that after a tedious passage we arrived at Calcutta on the 27th of November. We found the inhabitants of this city in a state of great anxiety on account of the mutiny. As we sailed up the river Hooghly, we were greeted with cheers by our countrymen. It was then that the soldier was appreciated. Ah! how true are the words of the poet—

> "When war's proclaimed and danger's nigh,
> God and the soldier is the people's cry;
> When war is o'er, and a'thing righted,
> God is neglected and the soldier slighted."

We found Calcutta at this time of the year very hot, especially in the day time. The roads and streets were very dusty; and it was a very novel sight to see large numbers of *bheastee wallahs* (water-carriers) going about naked watering the roads, and keeping down clouds of dust, which would at every other moment arise and darken the air.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR CAMPAIGN IN INDIA—MARCH TO CAWNPORE.

After making some arrangements, such as leaving our heavy baggage and other articles in store at Calcutta, we proceeded at once up the country. The massacre at Cawnpore, and the cruelty of the sepoys

in many other instances, filled us with horror and alarm for the safety of our countrymen and women. We crossed the river Hooghly in flat-bottomed boats, and went by rail to Runeegungee, about one hundred miles from Calcutta. We remained at this place for a few days, in order to get waggons and bullocks to carry us to the scene of strife. The sepoys were at this time exulting in their cruel work in the kingdom of Oude, and Lucknow, the capital, was in their possession. The taking of Delhi from the rebel army was already accomplished by a small force of faithful British. It was a very trying time for the few brave soldiers (under the command of that gallant and Christian soldier, General Havelock), who were carrying on the siege of Delhi; but, although surrounded upon all sides by the mutineers, and the ravages of cholera leaving its fatal effects in the little band, yet victory already crowned their efforts, and Divine Providence paved out a way in a very mysterious manner, and Delhi was saved. After the fall of Delhi, the sepoys came swarming across the plains and entered Lucknow. The whole of the rebel army in Oude and Rochilcunde were flocking daily to Lucknow, and the number of the rebels in the city was computed at 100,000.

Such, then, was the state of things when we left Runeegungee. It was a very novel sight to look upon the regiment as we travelled along the road—some of the men in four-wheeled machines, drawn by upwards of twenty natives, who ran along the road with a swiftness equal to a horse; others of us, again, were in waggons drawn by bullocks, four in each waggon. This mode of conveyance was not so rapid as the other;

still, we jogged along in this manner until we came to Banares, the sacred city of the Hindoos. We here took up our quarters in the palace of the Rajah of Banares, and we could already see the marks of the cruel sepoys. Here we saw the two Bengal tigers said to have devoured a number of our inoffensive women and children. The number of bones that could be seen lying about their vicinity testified the truth of the horrid fact. The miscreant who was the cause of this terrible crime met the fate he so richly deserved.

So soon as we refreshed ourselves and took an hour or two's repose, we proceeded at a quick rate to Allahabad, a town built where the rivers Ganges and Jumna unite. The fort at this place is famed for its strength and commanding position, and it now afforded a safe retreat to the many who were pursued by the fierce and savage mutineers. After getting our tents and camp equipments and beasts of burthen, such a camels, elephants, &c., we were prepared to take the field; and the first affair that took place between us and the enemy was a slight skirmish a short distance from Allahabad. We had a native spy, who brought us intelligence that the rebels were not far distant, and in great force. The regiment received orders to march at twelve at night, and, with a light battery of artillery, we went along, our black guide leading the way. We came unexpectedly on the enemy, and cut up all who came in front, giving no quarter. We suffered very much from excessive heat and thirst, the long fatiguing march knocking us completely up; and after arriving in camp from this our first affray with the black men, we saw at once that the British soldier was again

superior in bravery, and more able to endure fatigue. The native sepoy could not cope with us in the field; and we could stand the scorching rays of the sun as well as the natives of the country, and the cold chilling dews of the night were to us only as a refreshing summer shower. After this slight skirmish, we were ordered to Cawnpore—that place which had so recently been the scene of so much cruelty and bloodshed. The massacre of Cawnpore, and the horrid cruelties perpetrated there by that monster Nana Sahib and his legions of black devils, can never be thought of but with feelings of horror and indignation.

After marching upwards of two hundred miles, exposed to oppressive heat, thirsty and fatigued, we arrived at Cawnpore in the beginning of February. The appearance of the town gave proofs of the sufferings of our countrymen; the skulls and bones of the women and children were lying bleaching in the scorching sun. How eager were we now to give the Nana and his cowardly sepoys battle, and to make them forfeit, at the bayonet's point, what they took from us in so cruel a manner, and prayed that the day would not be far distant when we would meet the tyrant in the field. Lucknow was still in possession of the rebels, and the capture of the city was decided upon. Head-quarters of our army were formed about six miles distant from Lucknow, and to this place every available regiment was marching. Sir Colin Campbell, with the 93d, had relieved the garrison by this time, and he was resolved to take the town by assault. The 79th crossed the Ganges, and marched along the Cawnpore road to Lucknow; but the enemy annoyed us very often on

our march; however, we carried everything before us at the point of the bayonet. As regiment after regiment arrived at the encamping ground, we soon formed an army of 10,000; and once more under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, we were sure of victory. How little did we think when our chief gave his farewell address to the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, that we would be in this far distant part of the world; but the soldier is bound to go wherever his country calls him; the characteristics of his profession is obedience, patience, and indomitable courage; and it is this, carried out to the full extent of his military career, that constitutes the soldier at once a brave and faithful servant to his Queen and country. Ah! how few of the human family knows what the soldier suffers during his military career; in how many instances is he scorned and neglected, and very often sneered at by his own countrymen. But, my dear reader, bear in mind that he is your country's stay in the hour of its great danger;—then despise him not, "nor count him as a stranger." How cheerfully he leaves all that is dear to him—friends and home—exposes his life and braves the storm in the battle-field, teaching the enemy that Briton's sons are brave and generous;—no foul crime, no act of cruelty, can be attached to his character. Then, gentle reader, although some may pass him over as uncultivated and unpolished, I doubt not that you will feel for the defenders of your Fatherland, and sing with the poet Burns—

"A soldier lad, oh ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's your country's stay
In day and hour of danger."

We found our little force before Lucknow increasing daily, and we expected soon to be able to take Lucknow at a *coup-de-main*. We were making every preparation for the capture; General Outram was to lead one half of the little army, and his knowledge of the position of Lucknow was all that could be desired, as he was long resident there; besides, he was a skilful and brave leader. General Sir Hope Grant was to command the cavalry, and to place his men in such a position that none of the rebel army would make their escape, as we were determined that the whole of the rebels in Lucknow would suffer that punishment which they so richly deserved, knowing that there were many of them now in the city who took part in the massacre of Cawnpore, and in many other places throughout the country. We could now plainly perceive that they were determined to defend Lucknow to the last, as we could see them making all preparations to receive us warmly; still, we were confident of success. Under such generals as Sir Colin Campbell, Sir H. Grant, and Sir J. Outram, we knew that Lucknow would be re-taken; but, at the same time, doubting not that a number of us were looking upon the spires and domes of the city for the last time. Orders were given to march, and we wound round the suburbs unmolested. The fragrance of the trees and shrubs at this place was delightful; vegetation was very rich; the palm-tree and cedar, the banyan-tree, with its mighty branches and foliage, under the shade of which upwards of one thousand persons could rest themselves protected from the rays of the sun. All this looked very grand; the work of nature could here be seen in its most glorious

perfection; the Divine Author of the universe was so mindful of the creature of his own creation that, in this far-off land, he planned everything so wonderfully that one could here look upon nature in her progressive course, and look up to nature's God.

We drew very close to the city, and encamped at the Dalkoosa, a very large building in the vicinity of Lucknow. The Martinerre College was another great building, fortified by the enemy. After dividing the army, and making every arrangement for the assault, we rested our weary limbs for the day, as we expected that in twenty-four hours we would be in possession of the city. Orders were given to march at two the following morning. We were to attack both sides of the city at once, that by so doing we might throw the enemy into confusion. At last the morning dawned, and we moved stealthily from our encamping ground, and, after marching round the suburbs, our little army separated, each regiment to its own respective post. The company to which I belonged was ordered down to the iron bridge of Lucknow. Our duty at this bridge was to blockade it, and prevent the enemy from coming across. We were under the command of our brave officers, Captain Stevenson and Lieut. J. M'Nair, upon whom this dangerous and important duty devolved; and we had to crawl upon our hands and feet to prevent the enemy from seeing our approach. This accomplished, and while in breathless silence at our post, we could hear the sepoys speak to one another, and call out, "All's well." Now, the great thing to be done here was to place a barricade across the nearer end of the bridge. A volunteer party of one officer,

one sergeant, two corporals, and twenty privates was wanted for this dangerous work. Lieutenant M'Nain Sergeant J. M'Kenzie, Corporal Leavy, and myself, with the twenty privates, offered our services. The whole company were willing to undertake the work, but the number I have mentioned was sufficient. The first thing we did was to take off our shoes; and one man was to carry his gabion, another his bag of sand. All was silent, save the enemy calling out occasionally "all's well." As each man proceeded with his load—Lieutenant M'Nair leading the way—the burden that I was carrying was a dead sepoy; the night being dark, I took him for a bag of sand, and would not have known except for the smell of his greasy black carcase. However, I had no time to look for another, so I went along with my darky, and housed him nicely into the gabion. There are some of my comrades still living who will never forget the night that Corporal John honoured the darky with a carry. Our job finished, we were relieved by a party of Fusiliers. The sepoys saw, when it was too late, what we had accomplished; they fired in all directions, wounding some of us and killing others. I received a slight scratch on the arm at this affair. This little piece of work being done, we gave charge of the bridge to the Fusiliers, and joined our regiment. Our comrades were anxious to know how we had succeeded. We related the whole, and they laughed heartily at the affair of the dead sepoy. The following morning we were to make a determined attack. The morning came; we crossed the river, and drove the enemy from their outposts at the point of the bayonet. Our

artillery got a position in the town, and they fired right and left, making the rebels fly in all directions. Onward we advanced, up one street and down another. The enemy could be easily distinguished by his grim and savage appearance. We pursued them into their houses: "Point and parry" was our motto. The recollections of Cawnpore aroused us; and the sepoy paid the penalty of his former crime. They fought desperately when they found there was no escape for them. The carnage continued for two days, and Lucknow was completely in our possession. The dead bodies of the enemy were lying everywhere around. The sight was awful; but I was so well accustomed to these scenes, now that my compassionate feelings fled. My nature revolted against me when I thought of mercy to the black savages around me. "No," I said, "drink this cup of poison to its dregs (meaning my bayonet); you were wont to do this, and worse than this, to my unoffending countrywomen and their infant children!"

On the third day of this eventful period plunder began, and we sallied out through the city. Some were very lucky; others not so fortunate. I was so much taken up with the music-boxes and pianofortes that I profited little. Captain Carnegie was moving about with authority from Government to stay our raid, but not until he was in possession of a handsome capital himself was his authority much exercised; when sprinkled over with gore and carrying victory before us, he was never seen so near us. No; the poor soldier had to do the work, and the fraternity of Carnegie's reaped the fruits of our labour.

Leaving a portion of the army to garrison, we marched upon a place called the Black Fort. We left Lucknow at an early hour. The heat was now excessive during the daytime. At the end of our first day's march we found the *camel wallah* (native driver) that was carrying the baggage amissing. I was orderly corporal of the company, and my order-book and company roll were lost. It appeared that the rascal of a driver bolted with the camel on which my kit and those of my comrades were packed, and left us therefore with nothing but what was on our backs. This I reported to my commanding officer, and hoped he would apply for compensation for us; but what we got from Government was trifling compared with what we lost. We arrived at last at Fort Walpole, as we termed it, on account of the general of that name who was in command of the brigade. By his blunders one way or another, we were repulsed the first day, after suffering heavy losses in officers and men. The second day we found that the enemy decamped, leaving guns and ammunition in our possession. Nothing was now left but to follow them to their lurking places, and a difficult matter we found this to be. The warm season was advancing, and the heat of a tropical climate was already leaving its sting amongst us. Sun-stroke was daily taking one or two from our number; but we were intent upon the destruction of the rebel army. Sir Colin was once more with us in the field, and his presence there always animated us. We had several skirmishes daily with the sepoys, and cut up a number of them on our march to Barilly, in Rochilcunde. That part of the country was infested with the muti-

neers; and it was believed that Nana Sahib was there at their head. We lost no time in cutting our way through every obstacle. Thirst occasioned the greatest of our sufferings; the parched tongue clove to the mouth; and often did we look in vain for some spring or running brook where we could quench our thirst. The natives who carried the water to us wandered in every direction in search of this great refreshing beverage, and although nearly boiling with the sun we drank it greedily

We arrived at Barilly, and found the enemy in great force—upwards of 30,000 of them prowling here in the jungle. We hoped that they would make a stand. We attacked them and carried their position. They fought like demons for about twenty minutes; but we routed them with heavy loss, captured their guns, and were again victorious. We heard that one of our regiments at Shaganpore was surrounded by the enemy, and to their relief we went in double quick time. When we arrived, we found the little band very hard pressed; but relief was at hand, and the enemy were again put to flight. The cavalry made great havoc among them, and the few that were left made their escape to the mountains. This closed the first campaign in India. The very hot weather was fast setting in, and we began to look out for some temporary quarters to shield us from the rays of the scorching sun. We marched to Futtyghur, and went into quarters there. We were suffering very much from the hot weather; but we were very happy that the rebellion was so far suppressed, and that another campaign would for ever crush the spirit of revolt.

I forgot to mention, that while we were encamped outside the town of Lucknow, the company which I belonged to received orders from the commanding officer of the regiment to move forward a short distance in advance of the main body, and to act as an outlying piquet (a very important duty in the field.) Our orders were to prevent the enemy from crossing the river, which was fordable at this place. After arriving at our post of trust, the officer in charge of the piquet received intelligence from a native spy that a few of the rebels had taken possession of a very large building on the south bank of the river, and were committing desperate havoc on the inmates, who, as the spy said, were English. As I was senior corporal on piquet, the officer wished me to go, and to take along with me six of the best men in the company, and find out at once the truth of the native's story; at the same time the officer remarked to keep a good look-out after the spy, as he was not very sure of his statement being correct. I at once voluntcered, and was glad of the high honour conferred upon me by having command of six as brave and hardy men as stood in the Cameron Highlanders. The orders from my officer were very brief. I was to find out the truth of the whole, and to act with great caution, and much upon my own discretion. After examining our rifles, and seeing that all was in good order, we proceeded along, our black guide leading the way. I was rather doubtful of this fellow, as I was taken in once before in the same way. However, I was determined, if there was any foul play on his part, his life would pay the penalty of his crime. At last we arrived at the building; it

was a very large structure, and looked as if it had been at one time the residence of some great rajah or prince. "There," said my black guide, pointing with his finger—"there," said he, "is *saib morgagga*" (master dead.) I held the guide with my left hand, and while doing this I gave orders to the men how they were to act. I placed one of my men at the gate, with orders to fire upon any native who would attempt to force his post; another I placed in the front entry door, with orders to allow no one in or out; and with the guide and the other two I was to enter the house and ascertain the fact. I told the guide to lead the way; but he trembled, and would not move one inch. I then placed my rifle at his breast, telling him I would only allow him two minutes to make up his mind—to come with me and stand the chance of his life, or loose it at once where he stood; but he trembled still more, and fell prostrate on the ground, pointing to the dwelling, and crying, "*Saib, budmash, budmash!* (robbers, robbers.) One of my men, who was loosing temper by this time, came behind the spy and struck him a blow on the face, and would have put an end to his blarney, as he termed it, had I not interfered, and I knew that the guide would be of great service to me at this critical time. At long last I got him to move on. I placed my men in single file, Johnstone in front, then the native followed, next to him my other man, Campbell, and I brought up the rear. Moving along the corridor, I could hear at a distance faint sounds, as if some persons were in great agony, and here and there could be seen large blotches of blood on the fine marble flooring. When we came to the end of the

corridor, and in a large room on the right-hand side, the pitiful moanings of some sufferer was distinctly heard. I stepped forward, and telling one of the men to look well to the spy, I pushed from me the door; and what an awful sight was presented to my view—no fewer than seven bodies there lay weltering in their gore! and what struck me most was the form of a young lady who still gave signs that life was not extinct. I went across the room to where she lay, but she appeared to be sinking fast. She was cut in several places with a *talual* (sword), as it appeared the whole lost their lives in defending their persons and property against those desperate budmashes. I saw that I could be of no further use at this place; so I turned round and spoke to the guide, and made him understand that what he told my officer was correct, and that if he could give me any information where the robbers might be concealed, I assured him that he would be handsomely rewarded by my *saib* (officer.) It was during the time that I was talking thus to my guide that I heard the report of a rifle outside the building. I ran out as fast as I could to ascertain the reason of this alarm, when I met the sentry whom I placed at the entry door, and who told me that a wild-looking rascal tried to make his escape by letting himself down from one of the windows by a rope, but that he prevented him from carrying out his object, as he could be seen swinging to and fro. I said I was sorry for this, as I would like to have taken him alive, as he then could be of service in giving information as to where his accomplices were concealed; but this could not be helped now. The whole of us then searched

the house, but nothing more could be seen of the budmashes. I was determined to go and join my company at once, and report to the officer the whole affair. He listened eagerly to my account, and took a note of all I said, wrote the whole down, and sent the report to head-quarters.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUATION OF INDIAN CAMPAIGN—THE REBELLION QUELLED—CLOSE OF THE WAR.

We took the field again in the latter end of 1857, and marched down to Allahabad, and opened the campaign under favourable circumstances. The sepoys fled at our approach; fort after fort was in our possession; arms were captured, and many of the enemy taken prisoners. I recollect at one of these places we came unexpectedly on them while they were cooking, and their capture was complete. Some of them implored us to spare their lives, but their crime was so heinous that we arranged them in single file, gave them a few moments to think of their future state, and with the Enfield rifle we settled their account. Some awful scenes were witnessed in this second campaign; sometimes we would come across piles of their bodies burning to ashes. Another mode of exterminating those cruel savages was by blowing them from heavy guns, after trying them by drum-head court-martial, telling

them of their severe crime, and the doom that awaited them. The 32-pounder was placed in the centre of the square, the mutineer's hands were tied behind his back, the word was given to fire, and the place that knew him once knew him no more!

There was a great range of mud forts in the direction of the Nepaul Hills, said to be strongly fortified by the rebels, and to this place we proceeded at once, suffering greatly from want of water, and the poor and forlorn soldier had again to endure the fatigues and hardships of an eastern climate. "Patience and progress" was our motto. We called to our minds times gone by, and that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, the period would soon arrive when this great calamity, war, would be at an end, and that we would get that repose and quiet of which we so much stood in need; yet, there was something to be done before these our bright prospects were to be realized. Onward, then, to victory, and crush the tiger in his lair!

We arrived at the very strong fort of Rampoorkusie, and found the rebels determined to make a stand. Our batteries of artillery were placed in front, supported by our cavalry. After opening a heavy fire, we crossed the outer ditch, scaled the walls, and carried all before us. The enemy had no stronghold now; they fled to the hills, hotly pursued by our troops. They now began to loose hope; they threw away their arms and ammunition, and implored our mercy. What could these blood-thirsty villains expect? Death was their doom! Some met their fate cooly; others again would give way—their guilty consciences were speaking against them. We followed them to their last

lurking places, and the rebellion which shook our empire in the East was now nearly quenched. Well was the selection made in sending Sir Colin Campbell out to India as Commander-in-chief; and well did he deserve to be raised to the pecrage by the title of Lord Clyde. He is now no more; but his memory will be ever green in the hearts of the beloved soldiers whom he so often led on to victory. He was generous as he was brave; endeared to those whom he commanded; he would call them his children; but now he is gone; his spirit hath fled to regions beyond the grave.

There was still a little work going on in Central India, searching after Nana Sahib, and capturing parties suspected of mutiny; but as I took no part in these raids, I will pass up with my regiment to Meen-Meer, a very good station, with commodious quarters, and good clean bedding. We longed to rest our weary limbs on our *charpay* (bed.) We had upwards of six hundred miles to travel. I will not tire the reader with long marches, parched tongues, and so on. Suffice it to say, that after three months' wandering in search of a home, I awoke early one morning in Meen-Meer Barracks, lying on the ground, having tumbled out of my *charpay* while asleep. Having during my last two campaigns been accustomed to have the ground for my bed, it appeared that I wished to resume my former custom on this my first night in quarters.

What surprised me very much out in India was the gross superstition prevalent in the religious ceremonies of the Brahmans. I will here mention a little affair that I very often witnessed amongst them. They take a bullock (a Brahman bull with them is sacred in their

eyes) and decorate him with a scarlet cloth, paint him on the forehead, and tie a string of beads around his neck. They then assemble in numbers, place the animal in the centre, and while he kneels, each of the natives touches him in some particular part, at the same time roaring out in frantic joy, "*Salam! salam!*"—that means, greeting the furious animal with reverence. The beast appears to know all that passes, and as each of the little black urchins gives him a pomegranate or a piece of sugar cane, he bows his head to the ground, in token that he has now thanked them. This done, they dance several times around him; they then resume their sitting posture, and the bullock rises up and shakes himself; they then disrobe him, and he walks slowly out of the circle. A dog belonging to one of the men in the regiment seized one of those bullocks by the nose, and held on like grim death, the affrightened animal running up one street and down another, the dog still holding on by the upper part of the nose, the natives all the time howling and tearing their hair at thus beholding one of their religious objects of worship beat and bitten by one of the canine tribe.

I recollect one time of going down the Ganges, and at a place opposite Cawnpore I observed a great number of Hindoos singing and calling upon their god, who was by this time lying at the bottom of the river. What was my surprise and astonishment on seeing them dragging along by the banks of the river a carved stone, representing the figure of a man. They appeared to be greatly disappointed, for when throwing him into the river they would persist in the belief that this dumb

idol could, after being thrown into the river, come out if he had a mind; and when he did not appear above the surface of the water, they would say that he fell asleep, and would make his appearance at some other time. They hooked this fellow, and drew him to the side, and after examining him, threw him in again, and called upon him time after time to shew himself to the crowd. They do this very often, and they are so superstitious and decided in their belief, that they put off day after day in this manner. Poor deluded creatures! they spend the natural period of their existence in this world without ever knowing any better that truth which makes free.

The native *durgie wallahs* (tailors) found plenty of work; cotton trousers and jackets were made on the shortest notice. We had some very good water baths at this station, and we scrubbed and rubbed the dust of former days away from us, and, upon the whole, we were, comparatively speaking, very comfortable. The weather was getting excessively hot; but still, we managed to have a game at cricket before the sun's scorching rays affected us. We got up amusements of various kinds to carry us back to times gone by. We had a very good regimental library, and often had newspapers from home, which were indeed interesting to us. Time rolled on in this manner, when we were ordered to Ferozopore, another very good station, but infested very much with bugs. There was no chance of sleep here. After lying down for the night, the "enemy" would make a sortie upon us, then right and left we would have it from them—they would take possession of our domicile, and we were obliged

to pace the varandah all night. We remained here for a short time, when the regiment was ordered to the frontiers of India, and Nowshera was the station assigned us, and a very long and tedious march we found it. However, we overcame every difficulty, and arrived at Nowshera.

Here I made up my mind to leave the army, and return to my native land. The officer of my company was very much opposed to my taking this step. He told me, and I have since found it to be true, that my constitution was greatly shattered and weakened by the severe struggles and hardships of former days. How often, since then, have I felt the truth of his remarks. This officer, Lieut. T. B. Dougal, the commander of my company, is now no more. I cannot close this little book without making a remark or two upon this brave officer, who was an ornament to his profession, and beloved by the officers and men of his regiment. The high spirit of bravery, which was so conspicuous in his nature, often led to victory the men whom he commanded. Although only a subaltern, he gave so many proofs of his valour, that, had he been spared, he would no doubt have adorned the list of our best and bravest generals; but, alas! he is gone—his spirit hath fled to regions beyond the grave. It is since I commenced this little work that I heard of his death. In leading a handful of his men against the hill tribes, he was overpowered by numbers, and lost his life, serving with honour his Queen and country. It is now with painful feelings I deplore his loss, being often led on by his word of command—onward and to victory. Often do I think of his affectionate and kind

words, and of the many good advices he gave me ere I left India; but although he is gone, his memory shall lie within this beating heart while life remains.

After making up my mind to return home, I felt very much at the thought of leaving my regiment, being at this time nearly twelve years along with it. I was now one of the very few survivors of the Crimean war; and as I shook hands affectionately in parting with those who, along with myself, braved many storms and great dangers, I could not help shedding a tear; and my farewell to the regiment I rhymed in the following manner:—

Farewell! gallant comrades, it may he for ever—
Farewell to the thistle, the claymore, and feather;
Oh sad do I part with a regiment so true
As the clan of Lochiel, with their honnets so blue.
Twelve tedious years have I weather'd the storm—
Sometimes I was happy, and sometimes forlorn;
But the thought of my regiment, which always proved true,
Entwines round my heart, with my bonnet so blue.
How oft have we wandered through flood and through field,
And in many sharp fight made the enemy yield;
Our hearts to our country were loyal and true—
Our watchword, "The Queen, and our bonnets so blue."
'Midst carnage and strife, we have oft seen the day,
Made the Russians and sepoys alike run away;
With Lord Clyde at our head—a chief always true—
We would brave every storm, with our honnets so blue.
If chance leads the way, I'll to Scotland return,
At the sound of the pibroch and beat of the drum;
My heart will rejoice and my spirits renew
To welcome the Camerons, with their bonnets so hlue.
Farewell! then, my officers and comrades dear,
In times of reflection I'll oft drop a tear;
And if ever your swords will he lifted anew,
May victory crown you, with your bonnets so blue!

After parting with my regiment, I arrived at Curra-chee, after a march of four months, and remained there for a few days, previous to embarkation. In my next chapter I present a diary of my homeward passage; it may be amusing and interesting to some of my readers.

Standing by the shore of a far distant land, viewing at a distance the noble vessel that is to carry me over the deep—to my own sweet home in Scotland—multitudes of thoughts arose within my mind; yet, in bidding farewell to India, I thought of the great Eastern empire, so rich in its natural productions, and great in its importance to Great Britain, and where so lately sprang up that rebellion made memorable by the terrible usage our countrymen and women received at the hands of the cruel sepoys. I could not but call to mind the alarming and horrible scenes I had so often witnessed and taken part in during the time of the rebellion—away in a far distant land, where no word of comfort, no look of sympathy, and no tender hand was reached forth to close the eyes of the dying soldier! How many brave and gallant comrades have I seen cut down and dying around me, no more to behold the smiles of a fond mother, nor the sweet words of an affectionate wife! Yet, when others fell around me, I received no hurt—a kind Providence had spared me. While I live, I shall remember the years I have spent in India, exposed to a cloudless sky and scorching sun, and to the fire of the sepoy mutineers;—but I must return from my reflections.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN FROM INDIA—MY LOG-BOOK.

MARCH 6th, 1863: Embarked at Kurrachee on board the transport ship *Cospatrick*, of 1200 tons, and set sail early on the morning of the 7th.

8th: Sunday; slight wind; ship going at the rate of four knots per hour; Divine service at ten o'clock A.M.; sail in sight, but took no notice of her.

10th: Great confusion on board this morning, the baggage lying about the deck; land now faintly descried, and we are soon out of sight of it altogether, and nothing is seen save the wide expanse of the ocean, and the sky so serene. What a lovely sight!—how we see the work and wonders of God in the deep.

11th: Sailing very slow; still, we are thankful to an ever ruling Hand for bringing us so far and so prosperously on our passage.

13th: The whole of the troops, women, and children, in good health. Plenty of music, instrumental and vocal, this evening; it helped to while away the time.

14th: Very good sailing, at the rate of six knots. A private of the 7th Regiment of Foot died early this morning; the funeral service being read, his body was committed to the deep.

15th: Sunday; rose early this morning; nearly a calm; thanked Almighty God for His providential care over us. If we only knew how deeply we are indebted to that Being who careth so much for us; tossed about on the mighty deep, we cannot but see

His almighty power, and exclaim, with wondrous awe, How the God of all the earth hath marked everything out in a mysterious way! Our noble vessel going slowly but steadily on her course.

16th: A fair wind; going at the rate of six knots; nine days at sea; in latitude 12° north of the line; flying fish in abundance; observe them skimming above the water. What a sight a troop-ship such as ours is, composed of so many men of different regiments, women and children, in all about 400 souls—invalids and time-expired soldiers. What a difference in going home besides it was some six years ago when I left Kingstown along with my regiment; how smoothly and correctly everything went at that time; but now there is nothing but confusion. There are men invalided going home now who never joined their respective regiments out in India; young soldiers, who came out from England in 1861, got sick of the country, and are now going home without seeing the colours of their corps. These men are served out with soap, tobacco, flannels, &c., by Government or some other fund, I know not from which, neither do I care; but the time-expired soldier, who has served his Queen and his country in a noble cause, and who suffered the fatigues and hardships of the Crimean war, and a rebellion remarkable in history, and helped to save the Indian empire, when their term of service expires, after an honourable apprenticeship and a broken down constitution, do they get any of the little alticles that I have mentioned? The answer is, *No.* Just think for one moment, and make a comparison. The men who joined the service in 1861 came out to India and

go home now without ever seeing the colours of their regiments unfurled; and the men who joined the army in 1851, who served their country with honour, went through the struggles of the Crimean war, and also who saved the Indian empire, retire from the service with a broken down constitution; yet, there are neither flannels, soap, nor tobacco for those brave and hardy fellows! This is true: I witnessed the articles served out yesterday to those who were never in action. I leave it now to my readers; and I would ask the question, If the time-expired soldiers are not entitled at least to an equal share? Observed a number of fish very like the grampus swarming about the vessel. Beautiful sky, and a steady breeze. What a blessing to be in good health; there is not a case of sickness on board, with the exception of some old standing cases. Some of my readers will be very apt to say, Why did I speak of time-expired soldiers and invalids in this small work? The answer is a very simple one:—everything that I have mentioned above came under my own observation while on board ship, and what I have stated is true. I am myself a time-expired soldier, and have seen active and good service. Nearly the whole of my service has been in a foreign climate, and very often in front of the enemy; and what I have already said in regard to the injustice done to the time-expired soldier is perfectly true, and I doubt not but that some will feel for the brave fellows who often stood the brunt of battle and the severe winter in the Crimea. There are still a few of my countrymen who will sympathize with those brave and hardy fellows who stood the brunt of many a struggle, and say with me,

that they were entitled to an equal share of the little comforts of life on their way home.

17th: Still going along, sailing slow, at the rate of four knots per hour; things go on a little better; more regularity. Towards evening the rain pours down in torrents; very uncomfortable weather to us at sea; all the appearance of a storm.

19th: The sky very clear; made acquaintance with a young man, and entered into conversation with him; talked a great deal of home and of India. I asked him his opinion on the subject of the time-expired men. He appeared to be highly pleased with my remarks. He gave me one instance, and I will here lay it before my readers. He said, "I fell in with a young soldier one day at Kurrachee; he belonged to the 51st Regiment. I asked him if he was long out in India, and if he had joined his regiment. The answer he gave me was, 'No; I never saw my regiment, nor I don't intend to join it!' I then said, why not? You should make yourself acquainted with the men of your regiment, see its colours, find out the number of engagements it has taken a part in, and so on; you will never be able, said I, to tell when you go home all the honours your regiment wears on its colours. 'Ah!' said he, 'I came out here about six months ago, and the doctor tells me he will send me to Bombay for my health; then when I do get there, I will be invalided home, and be served out with flannels, soap, and tobacco. A fig for my regiment; I never wish to join it.'" Here is an example of a soldier; still, he is thought more of than the hardy, brave fellows who went through the mutiny, and were for years exposed to a

burning sun. Some will say, "Poor fellow, he must be delicate, or something very serious the matter with him:" but I can assure my readers, he is like a number more in Her Majesty's service—sick only of the service—yet he is thought more of than the time-expired soldier. If the service had 10,000 of this kind of stuff, what would become of the British army? The shades of evening again closed around us, and our noble barque rides along, in the prospect of making a quick passage home.

20th: A great deal of rain fell during the night; got up very early this morning. How uncomfortable it is to be on board ship in rainy weather; the spirits get very low. We have got another lot of passengers on board, which I have not mentioned before: I will here describe them, so that my readers may form an idea of our cargo. Among the feathered tribe are parrots of every variety, and they are a complete pest; and I would advise those who are still in India, and on the eve of coming home, to bring nothing cumbrous along with them—four months at sea is tedious and trying enough. We have also a lot of monkeys full of trick; Jacko is a rare animal. We have likewise swine in abundance, with geese, ducks, &c. Here, then, is a stock of the animal creation, 340 men, 20 women, and 30 children. I would compare the interior of our vessel to nothing else but a Babel of confused languages.

21st: Clouds appear in the distance, and the motion of the water tells of a coming storm; the crew are all prepared to shorten sail, but the storm passes over to leeward, and leaves our good ship to go unmolested

on her journey. When I call to memory time gone by, how short it appears, now that I am going to my native land, after an absence of twelve years. I have spent the last few years out in India, exposed to a burning sun, and gone through the hardships of two campaigns. Fatigue, hunger, and thirst I have felt in their most awful forms, and still I am spared by the hand of an Almighty Power. Disease and sickness I have seen carrying away many a brave comrade to an untimely grave, yet I escaped untouched; and now, as I glide along, I cannot but think on the past, and of companions so dear to me, who stood victorious on many a hard-contested field. Alas! they are now no more—they lie in a far distant land.

23d: The weather fine and serene, the sun shining in all its splendour. We have had some singing and dancing this evening; the dancing consisted of reels and country dances; all in good health.

24th: The wind still favourable; the time glides away with ease. Something new this morning, exercise for the men; very comical on board ship; marching past to the tune of "Over the water to Charlie; 2° north; getting very near the Equator, and nearly a calm. I trust that the wind will rise during the night, still, we must not complain. Oh for a glance of bonny Scotland, where all the beauty of nature is resplendent in its glory! One may travel a thousand miles in India and see nothing to carry the mind back to former days.

God-speed our ship, and send us home
In safety to our place of rest,
Where, free from cares and hardships gone,
We live with those whom we love best.

25th: No progress in this day's sailing; a dead calm; very low in spirits, still, Providence is kind; there is nothing but trials before us, so we must make the best of every-day life.

26th: Several showers this day; still making no progress; a bad place to be becalmed in. When I left Kurrachee I made up my mind that I would arrive in England in about one hundred days; but we do not know the future; it is as well; with a little patience many difficulties may be overcome. I retired to rest, trusting in Divine Providence that he would steer our bark in safety over the mighty deep, and that in his own good time we would all land in safety on the shores of old England—

A land of liberty and fame—
Few other lands can boast the same.

27th: Still remain about the same place; not a ruffle in the water; two large sharks hover about the vessel, but they are cunning enough, and refuse the bait; they appear to have been cheated before.

28th: The wind freshens, and the vessel once more moves onward; how cheerful every one seems to be—all new life after a calm of a few days. I trust that this light breeze will continue, and carry us across the line, and then we will have every chance of catching the trade winds. Four months at sea would seem very long to some people; but it is the soldier's fortune, or misfortune, to go wherever his country may call him. I can now say with pleasure that I have spent many happy days in the army, although at times I have been sad when I call back to memory the past twelve years

of my life. What strange scenes I have seen: I think I could write a little history of remarkable incidents, from the commencement of the Crimean war up to the suppression of the Indian mutiny. Everything that occurred during these eventful periods is still fresh in my memory. Oh that I had made a better use of my younger days when at school; but I slighted the golden opportunity, and now I see my folly, and deeply regret that I so much neglected the earliest and happiest days of my life.

29th: A good deal of thunder; what a powerful effect it has on the water; the very bottom of the deep seems to be disturbed. By two P.M. a fine breeze springs up, and we glide along.

30th: The weather getting cooler; as we go south, we find this time of year winter in this part of our globe. Another death took place this afternoon; it was that of a young child about two years of age. I happened to be very near it during the last moments of its life. The parents were present at the last struggle. The funeral service having been read, the body was committed to the deep—there to await that great day when the sea shall give up its dead. A few sheep died from the excessive heat; and I am of opinion that the bad usage they get bring on disease; in fact, I think they should dispense with sheep, poultry, &c., as I am confident that it would make a great improvement, or else give them quarters in or about the vicinity where dwells the parties who feed upon them, then we would have more room and fair play. I do assure you it is no easy matter to be crammed together as we are on such a long passage.

31st: A smooth sea, and no wind; how long it may last is a mystery to all of us; but I trust that the rapid current of time will bring a wind that will swell our sails and carry our good ship across the fathomless deep; to-day there is a calm; to-morrow there may be a storm; the present is only ours; there is a veil cast over the future that no mortal eye can penetrate. This makes the 25th day at sea.

April 1st: The first of April brings no wind with it; observe a great number of sea birds, very dark in the colour; we cannot be far from land; a sail in sight; cannot make her out; she is far to the port side of our ship.

3d: Got up early this morning, and was glad to see the vessel going along at the rate of six knots; getting a theatre erected on board; what a novel sight it will make; a few parrots died within the last few days; I am not sorry at this, as they make a confounded noise. I will bring to notice an affair that took place on board; indeed, I feel sorry to mention an occurrence of the kind, but as I intended, from the commencement, to bring to light several things that are looked over, I will here give one instance. I entered into conversation with a soldier of my own regiment. I saw by his appearance that he was not well. I asked him how he felt. He said that the pains were most excruciating, and that he was scarcely able to walk. I advised him to call on the doctor, and perhaps he would do something for him. So I parted with him for that night.

4th: Fell into conversation with my friend the sick man. He told me he had been at the doctor, but the

medical officer in charge of the sick took no interest in his case. He told him to exercise his limbs on the deck—very good medicine indeed for an old soldier who has served twenty years. He is in possession of three war-medals, and a good conduct one; age and active service have pulled him down, yet this is the treatment he gets from the medical officer. Our Government provides an hospital on board ship for the soldier, issues out medicine, &c., for the sick, appoints a surgeon to take charge of them, yet they are not looked after. What treatment for a British soldier! The medical officer in charge is not fit for his duty, and cannot superintend the management of an hospital on board. But enough of this: it is not only in this poor fellow's case, but in many more of the same nature. I know that the medical department gives all manner of justice to the sick—at least one would suppose so, if he only saw the returns that go to the Horse-Guards showing the expenditure for the year.

6th: A great swell in the sea; made a very good run during the last twenty-four hours—188 knots; the wind is dying away again; we are now about one month at sea; how short it seems; during that time we have run 3000 miles.

7th: Some confusion this day; the rations served out are bad; no person seems to take any interest; there is a quarter-master sergeant appointed to see that everything goes on right, but if he gets his own share he does not give one straw for any one else.

8th: Raining very heavy; observe a water-spout; what a strange phenomena; how the water rises out

of the sea and ascends upwards; a strong north-east breeze drives our good ship at the rate of eight knots; all seem so cheerful and gay; 13 south; if we continue to sail as we have done the last day or two, we will double the Cape by the end of April. I would advise all who intend to make a passage out to India to be careful to protect the person from cold. The whole of the crew, women and children, are in good health. I mentioned in some part of this narrative something about insane men; I said that they were very comical. There was one who tried to obtain his discharge by feigning madness. He succeeded so far as to be invalided home from India. He was one of the party who got a share of the warm clothing gratis. How the authorities are gulled and Government robbed. The weather very mild; several showers of rain; in latitude 27° 33" south.

15th: The wind strong, and in our favour. What a joyful sound to hear all hands make sail; studding sails and top-gallant sails are set, and our noble vessel runs at the rate of ten knots an hour.

17th: There is nothing of any importance that has taken place during the past few days. The theatre is in progress; the amateurs are busy painting scenery, and I believe they are to appear on Monday, bringing on the stage the fifth act of *Macbeth*. The pieces to be played are to be selections taken from Shakspeare.

19th: Sighted two vessels; spoke one; she belonged to Hamburg; her cargo was tea, from China, homeward bound; the other was the *Eugene*, of Liverpool, with cotton; overtook both these vessels, and soon left them far behind, in latitude 32' 17" south.

20th: The weather cloudy, and very like rain; the breeze very strong, and bearing round ahead. We got our theatre started at last. The piece came off very well, considering the hands. What a novel sight at sea. I was asked to write a prologue: it was as follows:—

Ladies and gentlemen, you are aware
Our wardrobe's scarce, and almost bare;
But we are anxious to display,
To wile the time and keep you gay.
We ask your patience for this night,
And we shall play the tragic fight,
Where tyranny in all its breath
We'll bring to justice false Macbeth.
Then bear us witness how we do,
And every folly you subdue;—
Hark! footsteps! Now then for the play:
Behold Macbeth! He comes this way.

The *Macbeth* was very good, and also the *Macduff*; the farce "The Dead Shot," was very laughable, and came off with great applause. A couple of songs were sung by Messrs Gowan and Smith; the whole very successful.

23d: The wind changed during the night more in our favour; we cannot depend on the weather. There were a few articles of clothing served out yesterday to the time-expired soldiers, consisting of two smock frocks, and one pair of socks. As we are getting well on our passage, they appear to take a little more interest in the time-expired soldier; but the articles they gave us yesterday are of no use to us. Why not give us flannel shirts and drawers, as they have given to the

invalided soldier. I have not the least hesitation in saying that Government is of the opinion that we get an equal share on leaving India. When I call back to memory the time of the Crimean war, when we were naked and starved for want of clothing and food, our beloved Queen was kind and sympathizing, our country generous and liberal; and where lay the fault? how was the soldier not fed as he ought to be? still he went on from day to day, with scarcely as much clothing on his back as would cover his nakedness, and that without a murmur;—I say, where lay the fault? Those who were appointed by Government to carry out that work failed in their office; they were at home indulging in the luxuries of a dining-room, while the poor soldier was eating raw pork and hard buscuit, exposed to the severe blasts of winter, without house and without fuel; and these gentlemen could sit at home and keep those useful things about them, which, had they come to the Crimea, would have saved many a gallant fellow from going to an untimely grave. Let shame and confusion cover the faces of those who were the cause of so much misery, suffering, and death.

24th: The weather very boisterous, and a strong head-wind; being so near the Cape, we cannot look for calm weather.

25th: Land in sight; descried it about noon; how all on board welcomed the joyous sight; I cannot give the name of it, but it is on the coast of Africa.

May 1st: A strong gale brought in the first of May, and the wind ahead; the vessel is stripped of all her canvas; very stormy weather, and like a storm; how nobly our vessel rides and faces the angry billows;

she is a good craft, but her sails are torn to ribbons.

2d: The wind fallen, but the sea is still running very high, the vessel rolling very much; very cold; feeling the change of climate very much; I trust a good breeze may spring up, and carry us round the Cape.

3d: Another Sabbath-day on board, making the ninth; Divine service as usual; a hurricane came on about ten o'clock A.M., still, our noble vessel rides amid the storm; the weather very cold.

9th: Suffering very much from the effects of a cold; very feverish; no use going to ask medical advice; very likely I would receive the same treatment as the old soldier already spoken about. What a blessing it is to be in good health; we do not value that great blessing as we ought. It is when we are laid upon a bed of sickness, and no tender hand to smooth our lonely pillow, tossed about on the fathomless deep, we often exclaim, Restore me to my wonted health and strength, and I will give Thee praise, O our God. Another sail in sight a good way ahead; appears to be homeward bound. Another death took place to-day —that of a private of the 7th Regiment of Foot; he had been suffering some time from dysentery. Poor fellow! he was greatly worn out, and the pain that he suffered a short time previous to his death was almost beyond endurance. The funeral service having been read, his body was committed to the deep.

10th: A sail in sight; passed by our weather bow, outward bound; working to-day amongst the married people's baggage. I never thought for one moment that married people were allowed so many boxes. I

hear some of the women say, "O, Mrs So and So, I have seen only four of my trunks; I wonder where can the other four be?" and so on. Here, then, is a lot of lumber choking up the vessel. The women should just have their knapsack like the soldier, then we would have plenty of room; but when people are allowed to take home whatever they fancy, there will never be but confusion on board.

11th: Another death took place this afternoon, a boy of the name of Geddes, about nine years of age. Poor little fellow! I felt very much for him; he was an object—a cripple from his youth. The month of April slides gently away; the time goes fleeting by, and we cannot tell who amongst us may be the next to throw off this mortal coil. There is one of our number who has been suffering for the last few years from dysentery; his case is deplorable; if he survives the passage it will be little short of a miracle.

June 1st: We have now altered the ship's course, steering N.N.W.; a good breeze springs up in our favour, and we all seem animated with new vigour in the prospect of soon getting home. For the last two or three days we have had very boisterous weather; but what a difference now—the sky so clear and serene, the air so pure, and the sun shining resplendent in its glory. Sighted several vessels, apparently very much the worse from the effects of the late storm.

6th: The vessel rolling very much; great swell in the sea; thunder and lightning; very like a storm; all ordered below; the wind whistling through the rigging; we hear nothing but the sound of the angry billows.

9th: I will bring to notice an affair which took place while on board. The troops are generally divided into three watches. The watch on duty remain so for twelve hours at a time—that is, they come on duty at eight o'clock A.M. and remain till eight P.M.; this gives the remainder more room; so this duty goes on regularly, beginning with the first and ending with the third. It happened one very wet and stormy night that the soldiers composing the third watch found shelter from the cold stormy blast in front of the cabin door; they were sheltered here so far from the rain. One Capt. H—— came out of his comfortable cabin, and ordered the men away from that part of the vessel. He appeard to be annoyed by their presence, or, perhaps, thinking that they were too comfortable, he told them to get up and pace the deck, and at the same time he said not to go below, the rain pouring in torrents. This was treatment from a British officer, who seemed void of all the feelings of humanity. What harm could the poor fellows have done that Capt. H—— would thus order them away? This was not the action of a soldier. It was very evident he never saw active service, or knew anything about the trenches. Far be it from me to run down the character of an officer, but this act of Capt. H——'s was nothing but tyranny and oppression. In the field and in front of the enemy, where is the man who can surpass the British soldier? His bravery none can doubt; obedient to his officers, notwithstanding the hardships he does endure, he will uphold the honour of his country even to the cannon's mouth, and in the hour of danger he is foremost in the fight; and now, on board ship, on his passage home, he is scorned,

and looked upon as a piece of lumber knocking about the deck; this noble fighting machine is ordered away from his snug corner by one who does not know the value of the soldier. If on the cold heights, where the echo of a thousand cannon resounded in our ears, or at the relief of Lucknow, where we fought hand to hand against the cruel sepoy, we cheerfully obeyed the voice of our officers, surely, when returning home, we were entitled to some sympathy; but none did we receive.

10th: Another Sabbath-day on the wide ocean, this makes the tenth; Divine service as usual; the vessel making good progress, and the weather very mild.

11th: Still proceeding steadily on our course; very mild weather; distance from St Helena 467 miles, and 66 days out; we consider the passage now as half made—a long time to be on sea.

13th: The breeze still very light, yet we intend making St Helena in a few days. Our amateurs again appeared in the very popular Drama of "Black-Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs."

15th: Arrived at St Helena to-day, and cast anchor at noon; it looks a very barren island; not the least appearance of vegetation. It is famous as being the residence and burial place of Napoleon. The once renowned Bonaparte must have thought his prison place but indifferent—him who so often struck so much terror over the whole of Europe. His ambition was, however, crushed; and I cannot but now look on the place where the conqueror of nations at last found his resting-place.

16th: Having taken in a supply of water, we weighed anchor in the afternoon, and with a light breeze in our favour, we soon lost sight of the little island.

18th: The wind fell a great deal, very near a calm; hooked a number of dolphins; very good eating.

22d: Still going on our course steadily; the whole of the troops, women and children, are well. I will mention a case that came under my observation while I lay at St Helena. There were in the harbour at that time a number of vessels with troops on board, homeward bound. A sergeant of the 92d came alongside our vessel in a small boat, enquiring after a friend. In the boat along with him was another soldier, his comrade, who lay fast asleep. Not wishing to disturb him, as he had no particular friend to come and see on board, the sergeant left him alone. While in the act of coming on board, the sergeant was arrested. I could not conceive what was up. I heard the sergeant-major call out, "Seize him! make a prisoner of him!" The poor fellow looked as if he had fallen into the hands of pirates, and very naturally asked, "Where am I? and what have I done? Is this the manner I am to be treated when I come to see a friend? If I have done anything wrong, tell me, and send me back to my officer." The poor fellow was nearly out of his wits. Who was to blame for this? It was our sergeant-major, whose only motive for such a step was a wish to be revenged for some former quarrel, and he took this mean way of attaining his end. But in this he was foiled; for our commanding officer ordered the sergeant to be at once sent back to his own vessel.

27th: Raining heavy; excessively hot. O for the banks and braes of bonny Scotland!

30th: A great deal of thunder and lightning; what an awful effect it has upon the mighty deep.

31st: Got into the north-east trade winds; another death took place this afternoon; it was one of my own regiment, an Aberdeenshire man; he was suffering from dysentery; his case was deplorable; I felt very much for him, getting so near home, and in the prospect of recruiting his health in his native land, but his strength gave way, and the King of Terrors laid hold of him. The funeral service having been read, his body was committed to the deep.—I will now pass over a few days, and leave our good vessel to run along, and again I will appear with my reader.—Looking eagerly out for land; every eye is strained to catch a view of it; went to hammock, in the hope of sighting land the following morning.

25th: Up at the peep of day, and descried land's end. What a joyful sight to every one on board. Happy land! how we embrace you.

Our passage now draws to a close,
And Devonshire appears in view;
And now I'll seek that sweet repose,
And rest my weary limbs that stood me true.
How sad's the change since last we met,
Methinks I hear their voices say;
Your skin appears as black as jet,
But still your hearts are bright as day.
We sympathise with all your woes;
We've watched and prayed for your return;
In battle you have beat your foes—
Oh welcome from your far sojourn!

At length, on the 27th of June, we arrived at Portsmouth, after a favourable passage of one hundred and eighteen days; took rail from Portsmouth to London, from thence took steamer to Stirling, where the depot of the regiment lay. Arrived at Stirling Castle on the 3d of July; and after the arrival of my documents and papers, I was finally discharged, and set adrift in the wide, wide world. After serving my Queen and country with honour and distinction, I retire from the army with nought but a name!

POETRY.

ON LEAVING INDIA.

FAREWELL to the land where in sorrow Iv'e wandered!
No more in your jungles will I seek to roam;
My health and my wealth I have recklessly squandered,
Amid scenes of strife, never thinking of home.

But now I embark on the deep stormy billows,
In hope of arriving in safety once more,
Where oft I have seen the green weeping willow
Sprout forth by yon stream at my father's door.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

How sad now the change at my father's dwelling,
For Death has transported my kindred away:
I trust to the land where's no weeping nor wailing,
Where all is sublime and clearer than day.

And now I'll retire from the world and its sorrows,
And seek some quiet spot to lay down my head,
And banish away the thoughts of the morrow,
For my friends and relations—they lie with the dead.

ON PAST SCENES.

How oft have I thought, when toss'd on the billows,
Of the land of my birth, and my friends all so dear,
And oft, when alone, the crowding reflections
Have brought to my eye the large blinding tear.

How oft now I think on the days of my childhood,
When the frowns of this world never darkened my brow—
Of days when I roamed mid the oak and the beechwood,
Beside that clear stream, where in splendour they grow.

Since then I have braved many storms and great danger,
'Mid the roaring of cannon, in front of the foe;
In the centre of carnage I've escaped the avenger—
Now my time is expired, to Scotland I'll go.

Farewell! my companions and comrades in toil,
May that spirit of bravery for ever remain,
And carry you over that far distant soil
To your Queen and your country again,

ON A COMRADE.

ADIEU! my friend—a long farewell,
Till brighter days will shine on me;
The past, the present, I'll reveal,
And open all my heart to thee.

When far away from India's shore,
How oft I'll think on friends so dear,
And call to memory times of yore,
Our happy days and homely cheer.

If poverty should be my lot,
And leave me helpless, homeless too,
I'll face the storm with what I've got,
Where oft I've wandered in the dew.

If fortune should upon me smile,
And cheer me through this world of pain,
How willingly I'll go and toil,
And never leave sweet home again.

When I arrive in Scotia's soil,
Your father and your mother dear
Shall hear from me, and with a smile,
Will banish all their doubts and fear.

Farewell! companion of my toil,
May health, may wealth with you remain,
And bear you through that Indian soil,
Until the day we meet again.

ON THE APPROACH OF A STORM ON MY PASSAGE HOME.

Our gallant ship she glides along,
And leaves the land far on our lee;
We listen to the sailor's song,
While toss'd upon the roaring sea.

How dismal is the night, and dark!
No star is seen above on high;
The storm comes frowning on our bark,
And thunders crash along the sky.

How nobly does our vessel ride,
Triumphant o'er the stormy waves;
And all on board with faith confide
On Him alone whose near to save.

The storm abates, all hands make sail,
The sun appears in all its might;
The sea is smooth, gone is the gale
That sprung up on that dreary night.

Our course lies for the British isles—
That land of liberty and fame,
Where wives and sweethearts with their smiles
Of kindness sooth away our pain.

The dangers you have underwent,
Methinks I hear their voices say;
How many nights we've sleepless spent,
Our thoughts on you when far away.

Come to my arms! embrace once more
The one who's kept her heart so true;
My love for you I've kept in store,
And now the pledge once more renew.

Ah! what is this? Is it a scar
I see upon your manly brow—
A stain of blood brought from afar;
But all is past—forget it now.

THE HUSSAR.

How well I remember the morning
I left home to travel afar,
How eager my heart was a-burning
To become a young gallant Hussar.

I accomplished the task, and enlisted
In a regiment all ready for war,
With a spirit that ever resisted,
I became a young Seventh Hussar.

At the sound of the trumpet I mounted
On my grey steed as bright as a star,
And the dark roaring billows surmounted,
As a brave gallant British Hussar.

Our watchword is, "Charge, not Surrender!"
It is spoke by our chief from afar;
We our country from tyrants defend her—
The brave gallant British Hussar.

In battle our squadrons defended
Our Queen in the late Indian war,
The rebels' career we suspended—
The brave gallant British Hussar.

My sword I'll return to the scabbard—
I'll return to my home from the wars—
My life I'll no more put in hazard—
Farewell! then, my gallant Hussar.

TO A FEW FRIENDS.

FAREWELL! my brave comrades, companions so true,
May right, safety, and honour accompany you,
When far from the land where we often did stray
I'll remember your kindness, when far, far away.
I'll bring to my memory the days that are gone,
When we wandered together in search of a home,
When the sound of the cannon brought our thoughts from afar,
And we fought side by side in a long bloody war.

How often with pride will I think on you all,
For in danger we fought, made the enemy fall,
With courage so daring, we our bayonets could wield,
For the Cameron Highlanders never could yield.
Accept, then, my comrades, so faithful and true,
The affection and friendship of one who loves you;
I will ever remember your valour and fame—
Farewell! gallant comrades, we'll soon meet again.

ON A FEW OF THE TIME-EXPIRED SOLDIERS AFTER ARRIVING FROM INDIA.

TRANSPORTED with joy in the hopes of once more
Arriving in safety on old Scotland's shore,
Where that band of ten-years-men, so loyal and true,
Shall welcome the heather, the thistle, and yew.
Now, before we do part, and without any boast,
Let us hand round the wine-cup and drink to this toast:
"Long life to the Camerons, a regiment so true—
"No stain on their tartan, nor their bonnets o' blue!"

As we sit round this table, let us now drink once more
"To the sons of Lochiel on a far distant shore!"
We have long wore the tartan with honour and pride—
Farewell! gallant comrades—may good you betide.
And now, my brave comrades—companions so dear—
We have fought side by side with a loud British cheer!
After serving our country with honour and fame,
We retire from the service with nought but a name!

Once more fill the wine-cup before we do part—
Let us pledge one another with a soldier's true heart;
Mayhap in this world we shall meet no more—
Let our hearts be united as they've oft been of yore.

Farewell! then, farewell! the time's drawing nigh,
Tie the chord of true friendship that none can untie,
Till that day when we meet where we never part more,
In that land where our kindred has gone long before.

WHEN THE AUTHOR LEFT HIS NATIVE LAND.

FAREWELL to the land of the thistle,
No more on your mountains I'll roam;
Nor again will I blow on my whistle
When in youth I lived happy at home.

The advice of my friends I resisted
I was bent a soldier to be;
At the age of eighteen I enlisted,
Intending a warrior to be.

When the sound of the cannon did rattle,
And the cry of Lochiel reached my ear,
I was eager to be in the battle,
With a courage that never knew fear.

At the Alma the slogan was sounded,
With the sun shining bright on our steel;
The Russians in hundreds lay wounded
By the sons of the gallant Lochiel.

I have faced many scenes of great danger,
(For honour at heart I did feel),
To the foe I ne'er would surrender
One drop of the blood of Lochiel.

I hope, then, my country will cherish
That band who always fought well;
Ten-years-men with honour did flourish
In the path of the gallant Lochiel.

THE INJUSTICE DONE TO THE TIME-EXPIRED SOLDIER.

When I look to my country, I cannot but say
That the time-expired soldier does not get fair play;
His exemplary conduct he proved in the field—
He was put to the test, but he never would yield.

After serving his country eleven long years,
He's forgot, he's neglected, and look'd on with sneers;
Awake, then, my country, and give us fair play—
Give us share of the comforts before we're away.

Compare, then, the soldier who serves only one year,
Getting flannels, tobacco, and soap it is clear;
And the hardy ten-years-men, far, far from their home,
With what valour they fought, and behold they get none.

Dishonour to those who are placed in command—
They are blind with deceit, and they don't understand;
Dispel them, I say, for I think its high time—
To the army and mankind committed a crime.

Where, then, are the men who have got any sense?
Stand by the ten-years-men, and bring their defence
To a court of inquiry, and then we'll see there
How the time-expired soldier does not get a share.

I hope these few lines will be everywhere seen,
And that some men of sense will explain to the Queen
How her time-expired soldiers are left in despair—
Are done out—what their country has left to their share.

WRITTEN FOR AN OLD COMRADE OF THE 93D HIGHLANDERS.

My name is M'Gillivray, of an old ancient clan,
For my Queen and my country I've fought in the van—
In Turkey, the Crimea, and India far-famed,
And now on my breast wear the honours I gained.

In the Sutherland Highlanders, a regiment so brave,
I first joined the ranks my country to save;
In the Crimea their daring was proved in the field,
For a Sutherland Highlander never could yield.

At the charge of Balaclava we opened our line—
Not a move, not a breath—all was silent as time,
Till one word from our chief* gave the signal to fire,
Then the enemy reel, and quickly retire.

Again, at Sebastopol, a place far-famed,
We struggled for freedom, and honour obtained;
With courage and daring, unsurpassed in the field,
We conquer or die, but we never can yield.

* Sir Colin Campbell.

The war being over, I'll return to the spot
Where in youth I did wander, but ne'er have forgot;
But the voice of my country arose from afar,
And calls me again to the Indian war.

Our countrymen know with what valour we fought
'Midst the fire of the rebels, and in safety we brought
Out from Lucknow our women and children so dear,
All saved from the hands of the cruel mutineer.

I now feel disabled, and return to the land
Where in infancy oft I was led by the hand;
With a hurt constitution, and spirits depressed,
I will seek some quiet spot, and lie down to rest.

The sound of the pibroch I will answer no more—
No more will I wander amid scenes of gore;
My sword I now shall to the scabbard return,
And ponder o'er scenes where I oft did sojourn.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

See the tender grass up-springing
Where the snow and ice have been;
List! the pretty birds are singing
'Mongst the sprouting leaves so green.

Welcome to Glenferness Village,
Spring and Summer; now once more
With care the farmer tries the tillage;
The soldier rests from scenes of gore.

See the bees how they are swarming
Round the fragrant tall palm-tree;
The village children, neat and charming,
Sporting in their circled glee.

The woodman's axe is loudly sounding
On the trunk of some fir tree.
While the roe is swiftly bounding
In the forest—he is free.

The birds are now in numbers singing,
Sending forth their songs of praise;
The church bells of Ardclach are ringing
On the solemn Sabbath-days.

What a change is joy and gladness
From the carnage I have seen!
Oh! my heart hath felt great sadness
In distant lands where I have been.

All is still around my dwelling,
In this lone secluded spot;
My bosom sighs, my heart is swelling—
Once so gay—forget-me-not.

Haste thee! haste thee! glorious Summer!
From thy stay in other climes;—
Yes! I welcome your forerunner—
Spring, O Spring! bring happier times!

ON A FRIEND RETIRED FROM THE BUSY SCENES OF LIFE.

SILENCE reigns within my dwelling:
No intrusion—quite alone;
Still, at times my heart is swelling
When I think on days by-gone.

When my daily toil is ended
I retire to this lone spot;
Still, I'm cheerful and contented
With the comforts I have got.

Ye who lie midst scenes of pleasure,
Would you venture to this spot?
I would part some of my treasure
With a friend to share my lot.

What is rank but a delusion;
What is wealth but a great sore;
The gay encounter much confusion;
The rich can boast of nothing more.

Time is fleeting, t'will not tarry,
I may change, but time will not;
Since I cannot think to marry,
I'm content with what I've got.

With my faithful dog I'm cheery,
Banished from the giddy show;
Tho' my dwelling is but dreary,
Yet brightness will upon me glow.

A DAY-DREAM.

In wandering alone by the banks of the Findhorn,
I sat myself down by an aged oak tree;
And in watching the course of the pure crystal streamlet,
A voice in my ear whispered, "Fear not for me."

I turned myself round to see the fair stranger,
And catch a faint glimpse as the sound reached my ear,
When the form of a female, so handsome and lovely,
Sat gazing upon me—in her eye was a tear.

I approached to her side, and I said, "Oh! fair maiden,
Come speak one kind word to this lone drooping heart;
I come from afar, and I'm here but a stranger—
Oh speak but one word, now, before we do part!"

She whispered, "I've heard of your sufferings and danger:
Will you come, now, with me, and share some of mine?
If so, all my wealth will be at your disposal—
Come, leave this lone spot for a more genial clime."

"Yes, charming fair creature! with you I will wander—
I'm homeless and friendless—just as you now see;
Yet, once I was courted by friends who now slight me—
They care not for me: I will go with thee.

Arise, then, my fair one—come, let us not tarry,
This path you will follow, while I lead the way."
While speaking, a scream from my fair one aroused me—
'Twas she—but a vision—a dream of the day!

TO A STREAM.

GENTLE streamlet, onward flowing,
Running smooth without a rill,
Carrying waters for industry
To this lone secluded mill.*

By your mild and gentle pressure
On the wooden wheel you fa',
Which by its rapid revolution
Sendeth round the circular saw.

Tall majestic trees are carried
To this lone sequestered spot,
Which by the art of the saw-miller
Are formed to build the rustic cot.

Waft thee! waft thee! little streamlet,
From thy rise in distant hills,
Running on without obstruction,
Onward to the water mills.

* Saw-mill of Glenferness.

Come, then, woodmen, throw your timber,
While the summer months are near,
While this gurgling little streamlet
Unmolested runs so clear:

Ere the month of cold November
Comes with storms of sleet and snow,
When the frost will stay the waters,
Round the large wheel cannot go.

Long I gaze and watch your progress,
Running onward by the mill,
While the circular saws are sleeping,
Since the large wheel's standing still.

Come, then, ye who have got money,
Buy your timber from the glen,
While this little stream's o'erflowing
With water for the working men.

IMAGINARY POEM.

It was in the month of sweet July,
Upon a Saturday,
As I was rambling through the woods,
A fair-hair'd girl did say:—
"You're welcome to this lovely spot—
I see you're from afar—
You've fought and bled for Scotland's sake
In the late Crimean war."

I said, "O yes, my lovely girl!
In distant lands I've been,
And deeds of daring and renown
I've often done and seen.
Upon the Alma's rugged heights
The conflict was severe;
And now I mourn for those who fell,
Who never knew no fear."

"Come sit ye down, my bonny lad,
And hear what I've to say,
This heart of mine I will bestow
On you this very day.
A tocher of five hundred pounds
My father left to me;
And now I'll share this sum with you
If you will marry me."

" O generous, kind, and lovely girl!
I see you pity me;
You have my heart, you know my mind,
Then let us married be;
And let us go to some quiet spot,
Where, free from grief and pain,
We'll live for one another,
O ne'er to part again.

My wild career is ended,
My rifle lies asleep,
My doting wife is all to me;
How often does she weep
For all my sufferings long gone by,
But now they'll come no more;
My grief and pain are left behind
On yon far distant shore.

Now sitting by the cheerful hearth
I tell her tales of yore,
How her gallant Highland laddie fought
'Midst strife and scenes of gore;
And with her hands around my neck,
Her smiles so bright and clear,
She sooths away my former pain,
My former doubts and fear.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BRAVE OFFICER WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

Rest to thy ashes kindest friend,
No more on earth I'll gaze upon your smile;
Let angels of redeeming love attend
Your flight to realms beyond this stormy isle.

Had I been near thy side when death was nigh
(As oft in days gone by we met the foe),
I would thy death avenged or cheerful die;
But yet I live to hear this tale of woe.

Your well-known voice I've heard in battle
Leading on, with a devoted hand,
Quite undismayed, midst cannons rattle,
The soldiers of your native land.

But, overpowered by numerous foes,
You fought as British soldiers fight—
Your single arm laid numbers low,
While in your native garb you shone so bright.

MEDITATIONS ON THE PROSPECTS OF BETTER DAYS.

REST, soldier, rest, for your rifle lies sleeping,
The war-note is silent, you'll obey it no more;
How sad is the change! I see you are weeping;
Cheer up! there is something for you yet in store.
Alas! I'm forsaken, I wander in sorrow,
The once gallant soldier is left in despair;
The friends of my youth they say "Come to-morrow;
We'll try and relieve you; what can we do mair?"

The clouds that surround you, tho' dismal and dreary,
Shall vanish away, when in splendour you'll shine;
Your past life, that often was toilsome and weary,
Is carried away by the current of time;—
Yes, Time, thou art fleeting; in rapid succession
Each day brings us nearer the verge of the grave;
We all must depart, leave our homes and profession,
And launch this frail bark on the deep stormy wave.

Yet hope cheers me on, and is balm to my sorrow,
The bright side of Nature will yet on me shine;
The past I'll forget, and I'll wait on to-morrow—
The die that is cast will come round with time.

Farewell for awhile! till the dawn of that morning
Shines on the front of my lone cottage door,
I then will arise and go forth in the dawning,
My hardships all past, to come back no more.

THE PROSPECTS OF BETTER HEALTH.

Not all the lands beyond the sea,
Where oft I strayed and mused alone,
Can heal the wounds which trouble me,
As this, my native Highland home.
The cedar tree I've often seen,
And sat beneath its fragrant boughs;
The myrtle I have watched at e'en
Refreshed from heaven with dewy showers,

But all the trees of eastern clime
Are strangers to the birken tree;
The mountain ash and smelling thyme
Are healing virtues now to me.
Yes, Scotland! thou art dear to me,
Tho' steep and rugged and tho' cold,
Your mountain breeze is balm to me—
Your freeborn sons are stout and bold,

A VOICE FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

HARK! 'tis the war-cry of carnage and sorrow:
The host now are standing in battle array;
How many now blooming will fall e'er to-morrow?
Alas! 'tis too late—they rush to the fray.

Weep, ye fond mothers! for sons and relations
Lie bleeding in gore, ah! ne'er to return
To the homes of their youth, to enjoy consolation;
They die for their country: weep ye and mourn.

Heard ye the slogan? See, look, now, and wonder,
They grasp one another in murderous fray;
A thousand large cannon sounds louder than thunder:
Weep, ye fair maidens! the avenger doth slay.

See their pale faces, so death-like and gory—
No smile from a mother to soothe down their pain;
They die! yet their names are recorded in story
How they fought for their country, their honour, and fame.

The last gun has ceased from its death-stirring rattle,
The soldier, now weary, seeks some place to rest:
He thinks on his home, where in youth he made battle
In innocence;—now he is put to the test.

THE END.