to fight if Roostum's appeal were rejected, neither they nor their feudatories definitely made up their minds until February 13, 1842. For, as I have pointed out in the text (p. 75), the conclusion which Napier drew from the letter which he intercepted on the 12th of that month was not warranted. Again, the demeanour of the Ameer during their conferences with Outram was not that of men who had resolved to fight. Had they not wished to avoid bloodshed, why should they have taken the trouble, on the day after signing the treaty, to send their deputies to beg Outram once more for the restoration of the Turban lands, and frankly to warn him that, unless their prayers were granted, they would be compelled to go to war. "I well knew," so he had written some weeks earlier, "that they themselves were quite conscious of their inability to oppose our power . . . and that nothing but the most extreme proceedings and forcing them to desperation would drive them to it." The Beloochee chiefs would not have sworn, on February 13,—in the solemn way they did, and after the failure of the Ameer to induce Outram to promise that Roostum's petition should be granted,—to fight, if they had already resolved to do so. Nor would the Ameer have failed to remove their women to Kurrachee, that they might be out of the reach of danger. But there is another argument on which I rely still more confidently. A letter was intercepted, dated February 14, 1843, from Nusseer Khan and Mahomed Khan to the Governor of Kurrachee. In this letter occurs the following passage,—"The friendship which existed between the English Government and ourselves we intend to sever, because the English seem desirous of possessing themselves of our dominions. We ourselves and three other Ameers, viz., Sobdar, Shadad, and Hussain Ali, have, therefore, determined upon taking the field forthwith, and this day intend leading our army against the English." Also, on February 22, Lieutenant H. Stanley, Officiating A.D.C. to Sir C. Napier, writes from Sukkur to the Secretary to the Governor-General,—"Letters have been received by the Shikarpore authorities from Meer Nusseer Khan, of Hyderabad, to the following effect,—'It is uncertain whether we shall subscribe to the terms offered us by the British Government. In the event of our not doing so we shall commence hostilities, in which case you must arm likewise.'" (Enclosures to Secret Letters from India, 1843, No. 3
Would letters like these have been written if the Ameers or their feudatories had, as Napier maintained, all along wished and intended to fight.

2. It appears to me quite possible, though not proved, that the Ameers did spin out the negotiations in order to gain time, in case they should find it necessary to fight. But it is just as likely that, knowing the temper of the Beloochees, they begged for delay, because they hoped against hope to obtain some concession.

3. The evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the Ameers of Hyderabad, or, at all events, all except the two who led the attack on the Residency, were overborne by the Beloochee chiefs. But all that is certain is, that, failing all attempts to obtain justice for Roostum, the chiefs were determined, with or without the consent of the Ameers, to fight.

4. Napier’s advancing beyond Hala could not have precipitated hostilities because, before the Beloochees knew of it, they had resolved to fight. He did not leave Sukkurunda, which is north of Hala, until February 14. It is, indeed, just possible that, if Outram could have given a pledge that Napier would not advance, war would have been prevented. But it is more likely that to halt at “the twelfth hour” would have been attributed to fear: it would certainly have given time for more Beloochees to assemble; and therefore it may confidently be affirmed that Napier would, by halting then, have imperilled the safety of his army.

APPENDIX I.

WAS THE BURNING OF THE SHIKARGAHS USELESS?

Sir W. Napier (Conquest of Scinde, p. 302) maintained that it “turned greatly to the disadvantage of the British,” because (1) the enemy, in the night of February 16, moved eight miles to their right, instead of occupying the shikargahs which Outram intended to burn, and (2) the two hundred men whom
Sir Charles detached under Outram were not able to take part in the battle of Meeanee. To this Outram (pp. 401-402) replied that (1) the reason why the enemy moved to the right was that they received from their spies information regarding his plan of firing the shikargahs; and (2) the two hundred men were only convalescents, unfit to take part in a general action. "Fortunate, indeed," he adds, "was it that they did change their plan, and thus gave us an opportunity of deciding... in an open field the whole campaign, instead of commencing by contesting the shikargahs before falling back upon the fort and city, in which jungle warfare we should have gained no decided advantage, should have lost many men, and then should have arrived before the place with an inadequate force to attack it."

APPENDIX J.

WAS OUTRAM RIGHT IN DISSUADING NAPIER FROM ATTACKING "THE LION" AFTER THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE?

Sir W. Napier (Conquest of Scinde, pp. 324-26) severely censures Outram for giving, and mildly censures his brother for taking this advice. Outram, on the other hand (pp. 443-47), argues that it would have been impossible,—even if it had been desirable,—for Sir Charles to march against and surprise the Lion.

Napier was a far abler and more experienced soldier than Outram; and he knew that, against an Asiatic foe, audacity may almost work miracles. Nevertheless, he himself admitted that, for two days after the battle, he dared not abandon the defensive; and he certainly could not have surprised the Lion, who had the best information, and could easily, with his fresh troops, have out-marched him. Probably, however, he would, even with his weakened army, have defeated him, if he could have induced him to accept battle; though it is not likely that such a victory would have been decisive. Whether he would have been justified in attacking, without making an attempt to preserve peace, a prince who had not committed any overt act of hostility, is another question.
APPENDIX K.

THE TREATMENT OF THE AMEERS AND THEIR FAMILIES AFTER
THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE.

After the battle of Meeanee, various complaints were made
by the Ameers (C.S. Suppl., No. 102-16, 118-23, 125-26, 129-32,
136-37, 148, 167-72, 179-80) and by Outram (pp. 429-38, 460-71)
on their behalf, as to the treatment which they and their women
experienced. Outram succeeds in proving that certain allega-
tions of the Ameers remained unanswered. But, except for his
conduct towards Sobdar and Mahomed, which I have mentioned
in the text (pp. 89-90), neither Napier nor his officers were to
blame, though some of their men may have been. All that
Napier did was to place the Ameers under restraint just before
the battle of Hyderabad, when he believed his army to be
endangered by their (alleged) intrigues.

Nevertheless, considering that the Ameers were guilty of no
offence except desiring to rid themselves of British domination
and fighting for their patrimony, their punishment was very
heavy. No doubt their expatriation was a political necessity.
But it does not appear that they were treated with the gene-
rosity which Lord Wellesley displayed towards the family of
Tippoo,—the implacable enemy of England; though surely the
honour of the British Government, if not justice and mercy,
required that every consideration should be shown to them in
their fall.

APPENDIX L.

NAPIER'S BAGGAGE-CORPS.

The efficiency of the baggage-corps was decried in a pamphlet
(see Appendix M., No. 52) by Lieut.-Col. W. Burton, and by
Col. J. Jacob (Ib., No. 31). Major McMurdie replied, convinc-
ingly, in my judgement, to the former (Ib., No. 28). Napier
himself, in a letter to Sir J. Hobhouge (Ib., No. 27),
gives an elaborate account of the corps. Sir Richard Burton
(Sind Revisited, vol. ii. pp. 219-20) pronounces that it was very
efficient in war but very costly in peace; and this, as far as I can ascertain, expresses the opinion of the best informed judges.

APPENDIX M.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES FOR THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

The authorities may be grouped in three classes, viz. (1) original; (2) partly original,—either because they contain some original matter, or because the writers had an intimate personal knowledge of India or of Sir Charles Napier; (3) works that do not come under either of the above heads.

I.

5. General Sir F. Adam, by A. Von Reumont, 1855.
6. Boards' Drafts of Secret Letters to India (Ms.).
7. Enclosures to Secret Letters from India (Ms.).
8. Correspondence relative to Sinde, 1836-1838.
9. Returns relative to European and Native Soldiers of the Indian Armies employed in Scinde, &c.
10. Return to an order of the House of Commons for Further Papers respecting Scinde communicated to Court of Directors.
11. Papers relating to the Charge preferred against Meer Ali Morad.
12. Correspondence relative to Sinde, 1838-1843.
13. Correspondence relative to Sinde, supplementary to the Papers presented to Parliament in 1843.
15. "British Administration of Scinde,"—article in vol. xiv. of the
Calcutta Review.
16. History of the Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough in
his Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, edited by Lord
Colchester, 1874.
17. Compilation of the General Orders, &c., issued in 1842-47 by
Sir C. J. Napier to the Army under his command, by E. Green,
1850.
18. Narrative of a visit to the Court of Sinde, by J. Byrnes, 1829.
19. Rough Notes of the Campaign in Scinde and Afghanistan in
21. Sindh and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus, by
Richard F. Burton, 1851.
22. Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley, by Richard F. Burton, 1851.
24. James Outram: a Biography, by Major-Gen. Sir F. J. Goldsmid,
2nd edition, 1881.
25. a. Account of the Battle of Meeanee, by Major Waddington
(vol. ix. of R., E. Prof. Papers).
   b. Explanation of the Battle of Meeanee (vol. x. of ditto).
i. New Series of ditto).
26. Report on Upper Sindh and the Upper Portion of Cutchee, by
Lieut. Postans (Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. 12,
Part 1).
27. A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir J. Hobhouse on the Baggage of
Burlton's attack. By Major W. M. S. McMurdo, 1850.
29. Records of the Indian Command of Gen. Sir Charles Napier,
compiled by John Mawson, 1851.
30. Papers relating to the Resignation by Sir Charles Napier of the
Office of Commander-in-Chief in India (Earl. Papers, vol. xlvii.
[1854]).
31. Remarks on the Native Troops of the Indian Army, and Notes
on certain passages in Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work on
32. Views and Opinions of John Jacob, 1858.
33. Petition of His Highness Ameer Ali Morad Khan Talpoor of
Khyrpoor, 1856.
34. Recollections of the late Sir Charles Napier (Chamber's
Edinburgh Journal, vol. 20 [1853], pp. 233-4.)
37. The Times, Morning Chronicle, Examiner, Spectator, and Indian newspapers (especially the Bombay Times).

II.

38. Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by W. N. Bruce, 1885.
41. The Conquest of Scinde, a Commentary, by Lieut.-Col. Outram, 1846.
43. Speech of Captain William Eastwick, on the Case of the Ameers of Scinde, 3rd edition, 1844.
46. Sir Charles Napier’s Posthumous Work,—article by Sir H. Lawrence in vol. xxii. of Calcutta Review.

III.

47. The Affairs of Scinde, by an East India Proprietor, 1844.
50. India and Lord Ellenborough, 1844.
51. Reply to “India and Lord Ellenborough,” by Zeta, 1845.
52. Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough, by a Bengal Civilian, 1845.
55. The Case of Meer Ali Morad Khan.
59. Sir Charles Napier and the Unhappy Valley (Bentley's Miscellany, vol. 31 [1852], pp. 82-8).
69. The Conquest of Scinde (Ibid., vol. 26 [1845], pp. 100-9).
70. Administration of Scinde (Ibid., vol. 39 [1852], pp. 363-72).
74. The Sindh Controversy (Ibid., vol. 6, pp. 569-614).

I have also had the advantage of private correspondence on various points relating to the administration of Scinde with two civilians who served in the country during the years that immediately followed Napier's departure. Both of these expressed a very high opinion of his work.

1. The biography by Sir W. Napier is the primary source of information regarding the character, the private life, and the first sixty years of the public life of Sir Charles. But the reader may rest assured that, over every part of the hero's
career which has been the subject of controversy, it is a most unsafe guide. William Napier was a man absolutely incapable of literary or any other dishonesty: but passionate fraternal love upset the balance of his judgement, and insensibly corroded his love of truth. He was grossly, often ludicrously, unjust to almost everybody who opposed his brother, and especially to Sir Frederick Adam, Outram, and Dr. Buist. Indeed, I question whether any other writer, posing as a grave historian, was ever responsible for so many and such cruel calumnies. It will hardly be believed, but it is true, that he stigmatised Outram, the Bayard of India, the bravest of the brave, as a coward. To say nothing of the heightened, and sometimes even false, colouring which he gave to important episodes in his brother’s career, his book,—in certain parts relating to India,—literally bristles with inaccuracies on points of detail, a small fraction of which were exposed by Buist. Many of these blunders, it is true, were contained in Charles’s letters and journals; but William let them pass without comment or enquiry, or rather he virtually adopted them as his own; although some had been previously refuted. From a literary point of view, the work suffers greatly by comparison with the History of the Peninsular War and even the Conquest of Scinde. The arrangement is bad: irrelevancies are frequent; and the bombast of the author’s manner is exaggerated. Nevertheless, passages of real eloquence are scattered among the volumes; and any intelligent reader who has the patience to read them through, while he may feel that he is still far from knowing the truth about the conquest and administration of Scinde, will form a tolerably correct idea of the man, Charles Napier.

6-7. These MS. records (to be found in the Political Department of the India Office) contain a good many despatches that do not appear in the Blue Books. Only a small percentage, however, of the unpublished documents is of historical or biographical value.

15. This article, apparently written by “one who knew,” and thoroughly impartial in tone, is essential to a just appreciation of Napier’s administration of Scinde. Still the writer appears to me to make too much of the demerits of that administration, and not sufficiently to emphasize its merits.
25 a.b.c. These papers have already been discussed in a note to p. 83.

31-32. These are a necessary antidote to some of the mis-statements contained in the works of the brothers Napier relating to Scinde. They are, however, marred by personal spite; for Jacob, not indeed without provocation, indulged in the language of Billingsgate almost as freely as Sir William himself. Such phrases as "beastly falsehood" frequently occur.

37. The newspapers, of course, are only available for the later years of Napier's life,—the historical period of his career: they supply but very few fresh details that are both interesting and credible; and, for the most part, they are only useful as showing how his contemporaries judged him.

39-40. Much of what has been said of Sir W. Napier's biography of his brother is also true of his two special works on Scinde. They deserve to be read, if only for their brilliant battle-pieces: but the student is warned to maintain a sceptical attitude while he reads, and to keep the original authorities at hand.

41 and 42 ought to be studied simultaneously. Outram makes some effective points against Sir W. Napier: but much of his argument, even if sound, is devoid of historical interest. The style is so different from and so much superior to that of his letters, that I doubt whether he actually wrote the book as it stands. Were his sheets revised by Mr. Willoughby of Bombay? Sir F. Goldsmid could probably answer this question. [I am informed that the sheets were revised by Outram's friend, Dr. Ogilvie.]

43-44, 47-52. Of the pamphlets those by Captain Eastwick (who had an intimate personal knowledge of Scinde), Sullivan, and "an East India Proprietor" are the best.
HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE.

During the anxious months of 1857, when the eyes of all Englishmen were bent upon the struggle in the East, few names attracted more attention than that of Hodson of Hodson's Horse. His daring raids at the head of the famous Guides and of the motley regiment of cavalry with which his name has since been associated, were chronicled in every newspaper. A few months after his death, his brother, the Reverend George Hodson, published a memoir of his life, which taught many people to believe that he united in himself the qualities of a paladin of romance and those of a Christian hero. The professed historians of the Mutiny painted his portrait in less attractive colours; but the ample space which they devoted to the record of his deeds bore witness to the high estimate which they had formed of his powers. And when, in clubs or drawing-rooms, conversation turned upon the Mutiny, those whose knowledge of its history was limited to a few vague ideas or recollections of Cawnpore, of Delhi, or of Lucknow, were tolerably sure to have heard at least the name of the daring partisan leader.
Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

It is probable, however, that most readers would have known little more of Hodson than his name, if the outspokenness or, as some would call it, the indiscretion of a biographer had not made his character the subject of a controversy. Before the appearance of the *Life of Lord Lawrence* in the spring of 1883, Anglo-Indians had often repeated to each other stories which reflected upon Hodson's reputation: but of these stories the general public knew nothing. Mr. Bosworth Smith, however, gave them a wide circulation. Soon after the publication of his book, a naval officer, who had known and esteemed Hodson, wrote to the *Daily News*, indignantly repudiating one of the most damaging of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges, and fiercely denouncing him as the calumniator of a brave man. A warm controversy followed; and presently it was announced that Mr. George Hodson was about to prepare a detailed refutation of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges.

Towards the end of 1883 the refutation duly appeared in the form of an introduction to a new edition of Major Hodson's *Life*. It was generally accepted by the Press as satisfactory. But on a composition like Mr. Hodson's *Vindication*, no ordinary reviewer, however good a critic he may be, is in a position to pronounce a solid judgement: The value of such a composition depends mainly upon minute accuracy of detail; and no man can judge whether such accuracy has been attained, unless he has examined sources of information which are always
HODSON OF HODSON’S HORSE.

difficult of access, and weighed the testimony which he may have thus collected, with the conscientious industry of a judge trying a prisoner for his life. What newspaper reviewer can be expected to take such pains as this?

And yet it is certainly worth while to take such pains. For the friends and the enemies of Hodson are agreed that he was not only, in his own line, one of the ablest soldiers that ever lived, but also one of the most prominent actors in a historical drama which can never lose its interest for Englishmen. When men’s minds have been impressed by the exploits of one of their countrymen, it is no idle curiosity which leads them to ask whether they can love and respect, as well as admire him.

William Stephen Raikes Hodson, the third son of the Reverend George Hodson, was born near Gloucester on the 19th of March, 1821. As he grew up, every one who took notice of him was attracted by his bright, affectionate ways. The intellectual characteristic which his relations specially noted in him was an extraordinary quickness of observation. Educated almost entirely at home till he was fourteen years old, he was then sent to Rugby. There he soon won for himself a reputation as a good athlete. Those of his schoolfellows who still survive doubtless remember how, at the end of the famous Crick Run, he would come bounding with his long, easy stride up the road towards Whitehall. But even then they respected his strength of character at least as much as, if not more
than his strength of wind and of limb. After he had been in the school some time, he was transferred from the house in which he had hitherto boarded, to that of Mr. Cotton, who was afterwards successively Head Master of Marlborough and Bishop of Calcutta. At that time there were no præpostors in the house; and it would seem that discipline had become rather lax. Young Hodson soon proved himself, if we may so say, his master's right-hand man. He would not allow the younger boys to be bullied; and he caused his præpositorial authority to be respected by the turbulent. As a natural result, he became a general favourite in the house.

His school career over, the lad went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There, too, he distinguished himself as an athlete. But, though he was fond of reading, he suffered so much from headaches that it was impossible for him to study hard. Moreover, he was constitutionally inclined to an active and adventurous life. When, therefore, after taking his degree, he had to choose a profession, he made up his mind to enter the army. Colonel William Napier, who was then Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, gave him a commission in the militia of that island. During his service with this corps he was no idle loafer or dandy. Just before he left the island for India, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his short life, Napier wrote for him a testimonial containing these words: "I think he will be an acquisition to any service. His education, his ability, his zeal to make himself
acquainted with military matters gave me the greatest satisfaction during his service with the militia."

Hodson landed at Calcutta in September, 1845, and went on at once to Agra, which was at that time the capital of the North-Western Provinces. He was cordially welcomed by an old friend of his family,—the Lieutenant-Governor, James Thomason. It happened that the first Sikh war was just then imminent. Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, was at Agra, on his way to open the campaign. Hodson joined the 2nd Grenadiers, which formed part of the Governor-General's escort. His earlier letters to his family were filled with accounts of the picturesque-aspects of camp life. They showed, like many of the letters published in Mr. Hodson's book, a considerable literary faculty,—a crisp, incisive style, and a power of seizing and sketching the prominent features of a scene in such a way as to leave an abiding impression of them upon the mind. But, while he was wielding his pen, his fingers were itching to grasp his sword. And his desire was on the point of being gratified. For, on Christmas Day, he wrote to tell his father that he had fought in the first two battles of the first Sikh war.

Before the end of March, 1846, the war was over; and a few weeks later Hodson, whose imperious nature had been shocked by the laxity of discipline which was already undermining the loyalty of the Sepoys, was transferred, at his own request, to a European regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Soon
afterwards he found himself staying at Simla with Henry Lawrence, who had lately been summoned to undertake the duties of Governor-General's Agent for the affairs of the North-West Frontier and of the Punjab. The experienced soldier-statesman and the ardent young subaltern took to each other at once. Among the traits which most endeared Lawrence to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, were his delight in the society of younger men, his generous eagerness to spend himself in promoting their welfare and helping them to opportunities for developing their powers. He saw at once that his new friend was far abler, far better educated than the mass of young subalterns, and resolved to do all he could to give him scope for turning his gifts to account. On the other hand, he did not fail to perceive that Hodson was too fond of thinking about his own powers, that he was arrogant in manner and conversation, and that, being six or seven years older than most of the officers of his own standing in the service, he took no pains to conceal that he felt himself their superior. Hodson, for his part, at once respected and soon conceived a strong liking for his newly-found friend. From his conversation he learned much about Indian politics, and, in return, he helped him by copying letters and making digests of official documents. In the course of a political journey to Cashmere the two came to know and esteem each other still better. After their return, Lawrence, who had found out Hodson's capacity and readiness for work, asked him
to undertake the secretarship of an institution which he had long resolved to found for the benefit of the children of European soldiers. Always overflowing with sympathy for the troubles of those around him, he had been especially grieved by the sight of what the children of private soldiers and of non-commissioned officers suffered, morally and physically, in barrack life. He believed that it would be possible to ameliorate their lot by building for their reception an asylum on some healthy spot in the hills; and he worked hard and spent large sums of money in maturing his design. The preliminaries were now all arranged; and it only remained to build the house. This task was undertaken by Hodson. The site of the Asylum was seven miles from the station of Subathoo, where he was then living; and every day he had to ride to his work and back again. The work was of the most arduous, and, at the same time, interesting nature. Building a house in India, as he remarked in a letter to his sister, was a very different matter from what it was in England. He had to act as architect, builder, and foreman in one; to direct and control four hundred and fifty workmen, and see that they did their work; to teach himself, and then to teach them, the trades of mason, bricklayer, and carpenter. "You will naturally ask," he wrote; "how I learnt all these trades. I can only say that you can't be more astonished than I am myself, and can only satisfy you with the theory that necessity is the mother of invention."
But there was another episode in this chapter of his life of which he did not care to speak. As the secretary of the asylum, its funds passed through his hands; and, unsuspected by his trusting chief, he took advantage of his position to embezzle a portion of the money which had been given for the relief of helpless children.*

A great rise was now in store for Hodson. In October, 1847, he was appointed second in command of the famous corps of Guides. The idea of forming this corps had originated with Henry Lawrence. His object was to raise a body of men who would not only guard the north-western frontier of the Punjab against the savage tribes who were always ready to swoop down upon it, but also hold themselves in readiness to undertake any errand of war which required a knowledge of the enemy's country and of his language. The recruits were raised in parties of twenty or thirty in different districts of the Punjab. They included representatives of many races and of many creeds. Notorious criminals, dare-devil highwaymen were to be found among them. Indeed, no questions were asked about the character of a candidate for enlistment. He need only show that he had

* See letter from Sir George Layrence to the Daily News, June 9, 1883. Mr. Bosworth Smith was "assured most positively," by Sir George and others, that Hodson plundered the funds of the asylum. Their testimony is supported by the conduct of Hodson on subsequent occasions: but the statement in the text is not proved as unanswerably as others that I shall have to make later on. If it represented a solitary act of dishonesty, I should not print it without such unanswerable proof: but it is only one amongst many. (See Addenda).
a thorough knowledge of the roads, rivers, mountain
passes, and resources of the neighbourhood in which
he lived. Unlike the pipe-clayed battalions of
Hindostan, the men were dressed, at Lawrence's
suggestion, in their own loose, dusky shirts and sun-
proof, sword-proof turbans. It was wisely resolved to
subject them to the sort of discipline which best suited
their genius,—that of personal ascendancy rather than
of rules and regulations. Like the black soldiers whom
Sir Samuel Baker raised in the Soudan, under a weak
captain they would become a dangerous mob, but
for a leader who could both dominate them and win
their affections they would go anywhere and do any-
thing. Such leaders were Lieutenant Harry Lumsden,
the first commandant of the corps, and his second in
command.

Some months elapsed before Hodson joined the
Guides. In the meantime, Lawrence did not suffer
him to be idle. The duties which he had to fulfil
were far more varied and onerous than those which
fall to the lot of an ordinary regimental officer. His
business was to make himself generally useful. He
was to be found at one time digging a trench, at
another time investigating breaches of the peace.
"In three weeks," he wrote, "I have collected and got
into working order upwards of a thousand most
unwilling labourers, surveyed and marked out some
twenty miles of road, through a desert and forest, and
made a very large piece of it." In the spring of 1848
he was made assistant to the Resident at Lahore.
There his duties were purely civil. A few weeks passed away; and the scene of his labours again changed. The second Sikh war broke out. Hodson had no part to play in its more decisive scenes; but he did good service with the Guides in various districts which suffered from the attacks of the rebels. With only a hundred and twenty men to support him, he held his own in a large tract of country, dislodged the rebels, and drove them headlong out of it, collected its revenue, and raised from it supplies sufficient to feed five thousand men and horses for six months. How thoroughly the Sikhs appreciated his services, is evident from the fact that they sent out party after party to take his life, and that at one time he could not gallop a mile without running the risk of being shot at from behind some bush or wall.

His work, however, though it helped to bring his name into notice, was not directly rewarded. On the annexation of the Punjaub in the spring of 1849, the regulations of the Company's service, as regarded seniority, took effect; and Hodson lost his appointment at Lahore. Soon afterwards, following the advice of Henry Lawrence and of Thomason, he left the Guides, and obtained the post of Assistant-Commissioner at Umritsur. But he soon grew very weary of this unexciting work. He had felt the bounding enthusiasm of winning personal ascendancy over high-spirited soldiers; and he yearned to go back again to his wild Guides. After some months, he became so ill from the effects of the climate and of
uncongenial labour, that he was obliged to go for a tour with Henry Lawrence in Cashmere. Each delighted in the company of the other; but the younger man, though he had a boundless admiration for his companion, never hesitated to attack his opinions when they happened to differ from his own. "He has his faults," wrote Lawrence to his brother George, "positiveness and self-will among them; but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. Toryism and Absolutism are right, Liberty only another name for Red Republicism. So you see we have enough to differ upon."

It would have been fortunate if no more serious differences had arisen. But in the course of this tour there appeared fresh symptoms of that moral turpitude which overclouded Hodson’s later career. The care of the public purse had been entrusted to him; and, when the journey was at an end, Lawrence asked him for an account of the monies which he had disbursed. This account was not forthcoming; and, though Lawrence again and again pressed him to render it, he remained to the last unable or unwilling to do so."

But Lawrence was too chivalrous to desert a friend.

* See Appendix to the sixth edition of Mr. Bosworth Smith’s Life of Lord Lawrence, pp. 509, 522.
even when he had shown himself unworthy of trust. He saw how much there was of good in Hodson's character; and he hoped that the good would overcome the evil. After their return, he promised to obtain for him the command of one of the Punjaub regiments, in case he should be unable to overcome his dislike of civil work. Sustaining his spirits by hope, Hodson worked on at his uncongenial duties with might and main.

The most eventful period of his life was now about to begin. Towards the end of the year, he hurried down to Calcutta; and there, on the 5th of January, 1852, he was married to a Mrs. Mitford, a lady whose acquaintance he had made in England several years before. Soon after his marriage, the second Burmese war broke out; and he expected to be ordered to the front. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one; for the campaign was sure to be both expensive and inglorious. But, to his joy, his anticipation turned out incorrect; and in September he wrote home to announce the welcome news that he had been appointed to the command of the Guides. "I am supposed," he said, "to be the luckiest man of my time. I have already had an offer from the Military Secretary to the Board of Administration to exchange appointments with him, although I should gain, and he would lose £200 a year by the 'swop'; but I would not listen to him. I prefer the saddle to the desk, the frontier to a respectable, dinner-giving, dressy life at the capital, and,—ambition to money!"
Almost immediately after taking command of the regiment, he marched with it to join in an expedition against the hillmen of the Black Mountain in Huzara, who had recently made a raid into British territory. The leader of the expedition was one of his dearest friends, Colonel Robert Napier, a man whom we in this country have since learned to esteem and honour, and who still steadily refuses to disbelieve in his lost comrade's integrity. He has recorded his admiration of the manner in which the young commander performed his part, and of the unfailing cheerfulness and gaiety by which he relieved the hardships of camp life. The marauders were swiftly punished; and Hodson returned with the regiment to the neighbourhood of Peshawur. Encamped in mud huts, he and his men kept their carbines loaded, and their sabres keen, ready at any moment to gallop against any predatory horde that might descend into the valley. For some months his wife was obliged to live apart from him at the hill-station of Murree, lest she should fall a victim to the climate of the valley. Once or twice he was able to visit her. Towards the end of 1853 he wrote home to tell how he had just ridden hard all night to welcome his first-born, and, as it turned out, his only child into the world. By this time, after many wanderings, he had finally established his headquarters at Murdan, distant some thirty miles from Peshawur. A few weeks later his wife, bringing her child with her, came to join him in his wild home. "You would so delight," he wrote to his
father, "in your little grand-daughter. She is a lovely, good little darling; as happy as possible, and wonderfully quick and intelligent for her months." Month followed month; and one day differed little from another. Soon after daylight the first bugle roused the commandant. Morning parade followed; and then he would gallop across the plain to inspect some outpost, gallop back, and go for a plunge in the river, and about nine come into his quarters with a keen appetite for breakfast. The meal over, he disappeared into the tent which served him as an office; and there a variety of business awaited him. Attached to his regimental command was the civil control* of Euzofzai; and the turbulent character of the Pathans of that district gave him plenty to do. He was not surprised if, on entering his tent, he found laid out the dead bodies of several men who had perished in some brawl the night before. Sometimes a party of villagers came thronging in, loudly complaining that their crops had been beaten down by a storm, and that they did not know how they were to pay their rents. Sometimes a batch of recruits presented themselves for examination. Hardly a day passed on which one of Hodson's men did not come to tell of some wrong which had been inflicted upon him. When the business of the morning was finished, he would return to his home, to drink a glass of wine and play with his child. Towards sunset he and his wife

* This expression is not strictly accurate. He was ex officio Magistrate and Assistant-Commissioner of Euzofzai.
generally ordered their horses, and galloped side by side over the plain, inhaling the cool, evening air, and enjoying the sight of the shifting hues which played over the vast mountains that overhung the valley. As soon as dinner was over, when they happened to be alone, they examined together the official letters which had arrived in the course of the evening; and Mrs. Hodson, after the manner of Anglo-Indian ladies, made notes of the papers which she was to copy for her husband on the morrow.

There is another point of view, however, from which Hodson's connexion with the Guides must be regarded. His relations with his officers were not satisfactory. They liked him, indeed, in a way: but, in spite of his commanding abilities, they did not really respect him; for they soon perceived that there was some ugly twist in his character. Pleasant though he could make himself when he chose, they felt that he was not sincere: to them, whatever it might be to his intimates, his manner was not really genial. But they had more tangible grounds of complaint against him than these. Not content with enforcing discipline and exacting the obedience which was his due, he rapidly withdrew from them all their legitimate authority, and concentrated it in his own grasp.* Nay, so selfishly eager was he to force the men to regard him as their sole master that, in their

* This statement is made on the authority of General Sir Harry Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., who knew Hodson well, and liked him, and of an old officer of the Guides who served under Hodson's command.
presence, he more than once deliberately insulted and humiliated a subaltern. One night at mess, noticing that an officer had a bottle of French liqueur on the table, he said, with a joking air, "Would you let me see that?" The officer passed the bottle to him. Holding it up, Hodson said: "I can't allow you to drink such unwholesome stuff," and then, calling his orderly, told him to take it away and empty the contents outside.* Nor were his subalterns the only persons who complained of his high-handed proceedings. It happened that there was no baker at Murdan, and consequently the officers were obliged to eat the unleavened cakes of the country, instead of bread. One day Hodson said to the surgeon of the regiment, who managed the mess, "Bob, I am going to Peshawur, and I'll bring you a baker." "I fear we shall not be able," replied the surgeon, "as I have tried, and none will come out to this wilderness." Nowise discouraged, Hodson, accompanied by one of the camel-riders attached to the regiment, rode off to Peshawur; and, on his arrival, sent for a native baker, and asked him to come out to Murdan and bake for the Guides. The man declined the offer. * Hodson, however, was not at the end of his resources. Calling the camel-rider, he asked the baker whether he might give him a lift home. With profuse expressions of gratitude, the baker mounted. The camel-rider understood his master's meaning. Away went the camel, at full speed, towards Murdan; and the kid-

* I learned this from the officer himself.
napped baker remained with the regiment for many years. It is not to be wondered at if, with such an overbearing temper and such a reckless contempt for the rights of others, Hodson made many enemies.

But, with all his faults, he had a heart; and a heavy sorrow was soon to befall him. Early in June, 1854, his wife was obliged to return to Murree; and a few days later he was summoned to join her by the news that their child was dangerously ill. She was sinking fast when he arrived: for a fortnight he watched hopelessly by her bedside; and then she died. "It has been a very, very bitter blow to us," he wrote; "she had wound her little being round our hearts to an extent which we neither of us knew until we woke from the brief dream of beauty, and found ourselves childless."

Before this bereavement, Hodson's career had been, on the whole, singularly prosperous. But a series of troubles was now coming upon him. The officers whom he had humiliated, feeling that their men no longer respected them, became exasperated against him. Natives complained that he had struck them and abused them in the foulest language. For some mysterious reason, he had taken a dislike to the Pathans of the regiment, splendid soldiers, to whom his predecessor had been warmly attached, and had discharged many of them without even giving them their arrears of pay. Others were so stung by his marked unkindness that they voluntarily resigned.

* This anecdote is told on the same authority as the last.
As time passed, the officers and many of the men who remained came to suspect him of misappropriating public monies which passed through his hands.* These suspicions were soon confirmed. An officer, returning after leave of absence, asked for his pay, which had fallen into arrear. Hodson coolly replied that he had spent it. Naturally indignant, the officer threatened to expose him unless he refunded the money within twenty-four hours. Driven to his wits' ends, Hodson sent to Peshawur, and asked the banker of a native regiment to lend him the required amount. The banker refused to do so unless Hodson found a surety; whereupon an officer called Bisharut Ali, belonging to the same regiment, generously offered to undertake the responsibility. † Thus Hodson was saved from immediate exposure. At length, however, he received an order from the Punjaub Government to furnish a return of all the men whom he had discharged from the regiment, and to state the reasons which had led him to discharge them. He drew out the required document in his own handwriting, forwarded it to the Government, and then left Murdan on leave. During his absence, the document was sent back to the officer who was temporarily commanding the regiment, with a request that the Adjutant's signature should be affixed to it. The Adjutant refused to affix his signature, on the ground that certain statements

* Stated on the authority of the above-mentioned officer and of Sir Harry Lumsden.

† See Appendix to Life of Lord Lawrence, p. 517. (See also Addenda).
in the document were untrue.* The result was that, towards the end of the year, Hodson was summoned, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, to appear before a Court of Enquiry at Murdan. His bearing in the face of the approaching ordeal was characteristic. "Pray," he wrote to a friend, "impress upon John Lawrence's mind that I am not in the smallest degree disposed to shrink from the strictest enquiry into any act of mine in command of the Guides." A short time before the enquiry began, Hodson went to the quarters of one of his subalterns, and asked him in whose favour he intended to give evidence. The subaltern replied that he hoped he should not be called upon to give evidence at all; but that, if he were, he should simply give truthful answers to such questions as might be put to him. "Oh yes!" rejoined Hodson, "of course we must all tell the truth; but there are different ways of doing it. At all events, if I find myself falling, I shall drag you with me; so I give you warning." †

The Court was composed of officers of various regiments quite unconnected with the Guides. It sat for several weeks, minutely investigated Hodson's account-books, ‡ and cross-examined a number of witnesses.

* Stated on the authority of a letter in my possession from the officer who asked the Adjutant for his signature.

† Stated on the authority of the subaltern himself.

‡ Stated on the authority of an officer who was examined as a witness by the Court, and who, with his own eyes, saw the account-books being investigated, and of an ex-member of the Court. See also Appendix to Life of Lord Lawrence, pp. 512-14.
Not only the question of malversation, but also the charges of violence and abusive language were enquired into. On the 15th of January, 1855, the proceedings terminated; and the conclusions at which the Court arrived were unfavourable to Hodson’s character. In his letters to his brother he maintained, with perfect effrontery, that the verdict had been founded on one-sided evidence, and that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts. “I can only trust,” he wrote, “to the eventual production of all the papers to put things in their proper light. In the meantime, I must endeavour to face the wrong, the grievous, foul wrong, with a constant and unshaken heart, and to endure humiliation and disgrace with as much equanimity as I may, and with the same soldier-like fortitude with which I ought to face danger, suffering, and death in the path of duty.” Again and again he demanded that his accounts should be examined by another authority. At length, in the month of August, his demand was assented to; and the account-books were placed in the hands of Major Réynell Taylor. Hodson at the same time laid before him certain papers which he had prepared in the interval. Taylor, who had succeeded him in the command of the Guides, entered upon his task, partly in order to satisfy himself, partly with the chivalrous desire of clearing his predecessor’s character. His enquiries were restricted to the question of the accounts, and had nothing to do with the other charges already disposed of by the Court.
After a long investigation, in which he was assisted by Hodson himself, he drew up a report exonerating him from all guilt. Nevertheless it is absolutely certain that the verdict of the Court of Enquiry was correct. That Court was composed of men of unquestioned honour, who were only not impartial because they hoped to establish the innocence of a brother officer. They examined his accounts with the most scrupulous care; they detected him in debiting and crediting items falsely in order to make the result appear satisfactory; and the Governor-General, after an independent review of the case, unhesitatingly confirmed their decision. On the other hand, Taylor did not even see, much less examine, a mass of evidence which had been laid before the Court. Moreover, it has been positively asserted by men who had the best opportunities for finding out the truth, that the papers which Hodson submitted to Taylor had been garbled; and that Taylor, who was the most guileless and trusting of men, was influenced by his plausible explanations. Be this, however, as it may, it is impossible to believe that Hodson would have tried, as he did, to intimidate one of his officers into giving evidence in his favour, that he would have spoken of the possibility of his being found guilty, if he had not been conscious of guilt.*

* I might add, if it were not already obvious to attentive readers, that his conduct in the matter of his subaltern’s pay, even if it had stood alone, would have justified the finding of the Court.

The following is an extract from a letter written by General Crawford
Before this, Hodson had exposed himself to an

Chamberlain, who was one of the members of the Court of Enquiry:—

"Reference to Hodson's brother's book will show that Hodson wrote to
him that he could never get a fair hearing! He had repeated opportunities,
and he over and over again thanked the Court for its latitude and
attention! He once asked for and got fourteen days' law to make up his
accounts, and when he produced his account current, Turner saw in five
minutes that items had been wrongly debited and credited to square up.

Reynell Taylor's acquittal goes for nothing, for, if H. could not
acquit himself before the Court which had full sympathy for him, believing
him to be roughly handled until forced to think otherwise, what new
matter for defence could have arisen? . . . I am sure Reynell Taylor never
had the original proceedings and worked entirely on Hodson's papers,
and other regimental books which may have been returned by Govern-
ment after they were no longer needed." See also Appendix to Life of
Lord Lawrence, vol. ii. pp. 511-17. Reynell Taylor (see his recently
published biography by Mr. Gambier Parry) says, "The whole account
was worked out to an intelligible conclusion, showing, indeed, numerous
irregularities, but no actual improprieties in the management." But, in
a letter to Mr. Bosworth-Smith (Life of Lord Lawrence, vol. ii. App., p.
517), he stated that he had not seen the evidence that was laid before
the Court. That, if he had done so, he could not have recorded the
acquittal which I have quoted above, the following extract from a letter
which I have received from General Crawford Chamberlain will prove:

"'Amongst the many' complaints preferred there was one by a
Duffadar of the Guides to the effect that he had not received payment for
a horse upon the terms agreed. I do not remember whether there had
been a change of horses between Hodson and the Duffadar, but anyhow
there was a monetary transaction, and when the account-book came to
be examined, it was found that the item had been tampered with! Now R. Taylor may have seen many erasures and alterations in the
account-books, and this item amongst them, but unless he had knowledge
of attendant circumstances, he knew little! If the transaction had been
fully carried out at the time, why was there an erasure and a re-entry?
Hodson's explanation was unsatisfactory, and the Court considered the
claim established. 'I submit,' says General Chamberlain in another
part of the same letter, 'that the opinion recorded by the Court, which
was endorsed by the Government of India, is much more likely to be
right and just than any conclusion come to . . . on partial infor-
mation by Reynell Taylor. Had he known the ins and outs of the one
item I have brought up, he would never have acquitted Hodson of im-
proprieties.'"
accusation of another kind. The Peshawur valley swarmed with Mahometan fanatics, and with cut-throats who, at their bidding, would, at any moment, attempt the assassination of a European. In September, 1853, Colonel MacKesone, the Commissioner of Peshawur, was assassinated; and, a few months later, a murderous attack, which, however, proved unsuccessful, was made upon an officer of the Guards, called Lieutenant Godby. Hodson obtained what he regarded as convincing evidence that one Kader Khan, a chieftain of Euzofzai, had instigated both the assassination and the abortive attack. But, as his conduct on two subsequent occasions proved, Hodson was unfit to judge of the value of evidence; and he had, apparently, no idea that justice demanded that a prisoner should be tried and convicted before he was punished. Constituting himself the judge of Kader Khan, he confiscated his property, and sent him into Peshawur in chains. For five months the accused man remained a prisoner in the Peshawur gaol. At the end of that time he was arraigned by Hodson, in the Commissioner's Court, on the charge of having instigated the attack on Lieutenant Godby. The case for the prosecution completely broke down, and Kader Khan was honourably acquitted.*

* I have examined MS. copies of all the correspondence connected with the case. Robert Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, and Capt. James, the Deputy Commissioner of Peshawur, both agreed with Edwards that Kader Khan was innocent, and that Hodson had treated him unjustly. It is to be observed (1) that Kader Khan was not originally confronted with his accusers; (2) that Hodson
Herbert Edwardes, who was then Commissioner of Peshawur, had been one of Hodson's warmest admirers; but now he naturally felt that a man so hasty and so liable to be hurried by his feelings into committing acts of injustice as Hodson had shown himself to be, was unfit to be trusted with civil power over fierce tribes for the management of whom tact was needed as well as firmness. On public grounds, therefore,* he caused a report of the whole affair to be sent to the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie severely condemned Hodson's proceedings, and directed that he should be dismissed from civil employment, and from the command of the Guides. Considering that that command was linked with the civil charge of a district, and that it was of vital importance that its holder should be not only a good soldier but also a civil officer of tact and judgement, no impartial judge will pronounce that the Governor-General was unduly severe.

Nevertheless, in writing to his friends, Hodson assumed the tone of a deeply-injured man; and his letters were, to all appearance, inspired by such genuine feeling, that they would conquer the warm sympathy of any casual reader. "What a year this did not enquire into the truth of the charge against him until after he had arrested him; (3) that one of the witnesses told Edwardes that, when giving evidence against Kader Khan in Hodson's court, he had acted from fear.

* Mr. Hodson has stated (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. 123), without any foundation, that Edwardes "was, both on public and private grounds, opposed to" Hodson.
has been," he wrote, towards the end of 1855; "what ages of trial and of sorrow seem to have been crowded into a few short months. Our darling babe was taken from us on the day my public misfortunes began, and death has robbed us of our father before their end." Again, in a letter to his sister, "I trust fondly that better days are coming; but really the weary watching and waiting for a gleam of daylight through the clouds, and never to see it, is more harassing and harder to bear up against than I could have supposed possible." Having been deprived of his command, he was obliged, in April, 1856, after eleven years of hard work and distinguished service, after enjoying the sweets of independent command, to rejoin his regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, as a subaltern. He had brought this degradation upon himself: but he bore it like a man. His colonel paid him the compliment of asking him to act as quartermaster, and afterwards bore testimony to the energy and thoroughness with which he had done his work. "I yearn to be at home again and see you all," he wrote towards the end of the year, "but I am obliged to check all such repinings and longings, and keep down all canker cares and bitternesses, and set my teeth hard, and will earnestly to struggle on and do my allotted work as well and cheerfully as may be, satisfied that in the end a brighter time will come." Months passed away; and still the brighter time would not come. Weary of waiting for the redress which he did not deserve, Hodson at length resolved to go down to
Calcutta and endeavour to procure from the Governor-General an acknowledgement that his character had been cleared by Major Taylor's report.

But this resolve was never to be carried out. The wheel of fortune had suddenly spun round. On Tuesday, the 12th of May, the 1st Fusiliers received an order to hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, for Umballah. Flashed up the wires from Delhi, this message had warned the authorities of the Punjaub:—"The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The Bengal army was in revolt.

By the following Friday the Fusiliers reached Umballah; and on the same day the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, arrived thither from Simla. He had already received a telegram from John Lawrence, urging him to march with all speed against Delhi: but he had great difficulties to contend with; and, though he did his utmost, he lacked the force and the genius to overcome them. Hodson was, of course, eager for instant action. "Unless," he remarked in a letter to his wife, "very prompt and vigorous measures are taken, the whole army, and perhaps a large portion of India will be lost to us. Here alarm is the prevalent feeling, and conciliation, of men with arms in their hands and in a state of absolute rebellion, the order of the day. Oh for Sir Charles Napier now!" He was soon to find an opportunity of showing the metal of which he was
himself made. The day after his arrival at Umballah, he was sent for by the Commander-in-Chief, who appointed him Assistant Quartermaster-General on his own personal staff. On the 19th he was ordered to raise a new regiment of Irregular Horse, which afterwards bore his name, and distinguished itself on many fields under his command. On the previous Sunday he had set out in the mail-cart for Kurnaul, to make arrangements for the shelter of the advanced detachment of the troops which were being assembled for the march against Delhi. While he was engaged in this work he conceived a daring idea. Before the Commander-in-Chief could begin his march, it was necessary that he should communicate with the General at Meerut. But the road from Kurnaul to Meerut was believed to be in possession of mutineers. In this extremity, Hodson sent a message to the Commander-in-Chief, offering to open a passage to the distant station. Anson, who saw the difficulties of the undertaking, but did not fully appreciate the union of reckless daring and calm judgement which characterised Hodson, withheld his consent for a time: but Hodson's earnest remonstrances prevailed; and on the 20th of May the telegraph brought him a favourable reply. At two o'clock he rode off with no other escort than a few horsemen lent by a friendly chief, the Rajah of Jheend. "Hodson is at Umballah, I know," said an officer at Meerut, "and I'll bet he will force his way through and open communications with the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves." The
officer knew his man. In seventy-two hours, having ridden a hundred and fifty-two miles through an enemy's country, delivered his message, and obtained all the required information, Hodson returned to Kurnaul. Hurrying on in the mail-cart, he presented himself within another four hours before his chief at Umballah. Now that he had acquired the information for which he had waited, Anson drew up his plan of campaign, and recorded it in a despatch which he wrote for the instruction of the General at Meerut. But he was not suffered to execute even the first stage of his design. Sending on the main body of his troops before him, he followed with the last batch on the 25th of May. Two days later he was lying dead of cholera at Kurnaul.

General Sir Henry Barnard, a veteran of the Crimea, who succeeded him in the command of the army, marched from Kurnaul on the 31st of May, and arrived at Aalepore, near Delhi, on the 5th of June. There, two days later, he was joined by the Meerut contingent under Brigadier Wilson, who, on his march, had gained two victories over the mutineers. On the following day the whole force broke up its camp, defeated a large body of mutineers, who had posted themselves at a group of buildings called Budlee-kaiser, in the hope of checking its advance, and, before night, encamped on the famous Ridge, 'which commands the northern and part of the western face of Delhi.' John Lawrence afterwards declared that, if Barnard had followed up his victory over the dis-
heartened fugitives, he might, at one stroke, have made himself master of the imperial city. But the opportunity, if such it was, was lost.

Barnard soon saw that the task which lay before him was a hard one. The fortifications were too strong to be battered down by such artillery as he then had at his disposal; and the city was far too extensive to be invested by his little force. All that he could do was to watch the portion, little more than a seventh of the whole, that faced the Ridge. But he knew that his Government and his countrymen, ignorant or heedless of the difficulties which beset him, expected him to recapture Delhi without a moment's delay; and he therefore resolved, not with the resolution of the strong man, but with the desperation of the gambler, to try any enterprise that offered the remotest chance of success. A clever young lieutenant of Engineers, named Wilberforce Greathed, who was longing for an opportunity to distinguish himself, succeeded in persuading him that the city could be taken by a coup-de-main. Hodson, on whose judgement the General set a high value, expressed a similar opinion. To dare, and to dare, and to dare again, was the motto on which he always acted; and he believed that, if the city were not assaulted at once, the siege might be indefinitely protracted. The General accordingly ordered him to join Greathed and two other Engineer officers in drawing up a detailed plan of attack. On the 12th of June orders were issued for the execution of the scheme: but an
accident prevented it from being even attempted; and, after holding a council of war to consider the question, Barnard allowed the idea to drop. It is probable that, if the assault had been delivered on the night of the 12th, the city would have been taken: but, at the best, the attempt would have been a hazardous one; and, if it had failed, the results would have been calamitous.*

It soon became evident that Delhi was not to be taken without a long and tedious struggle. For some time a battle was fought outside the walls, on an average every other day. The enemy were indeed invariably beaten: but no positive advantage accrued to the conquerors. Moreover, the victories were dearly bought. From the 30th of May to the 30th of June, the Rifles alone lost a hundred and sixty-five men, killed, wounded, and destroyed by disease. Barnard had proved himself a fair soldier on European fields; but he knew nothing of Indian warfare. The evil results of his inexperience were intensified by want of decision. Hodson, who, like every other officer in the force, respected him for his conscientious performance of duty, and loved him for his personal qualities, could not help, chafing against his incompetence. "The mismanagement," he wrote, about three weeks after the commencement of the so-called siege, "is perfectly sickening. Nothing the rebels can do will equal the evils arising from

incapacity and indecision. With our present chiefs I see no chance of taking Delhi. It might have been done many days ago, but they have not the nerve nor the heart for a bold stroke requiring the smallest assumption of responsibility.” A few days after these words were written, Barnard died of cholera. His successor, General Reed, who, in his prime, had never shown any particular sign of military talent, was now old, and enfeebled by hardship and anxiety, and had to go to the hills on sick leave a week after assuming the command. General Archdale Wilson, the fourth commander of the Delhi Field Force, was a good artillery officer; and many expected great results from his appointment: but he too was vacillating, irresolute, and despondent: like his predecessors, he soon became ill from the combined effects of heat, anxiety, and incessant toil; and he lacked the stoutness of heart which enabled some of his officers to triumph over physical prostration. The idea of an assault was more than once revived; but, from various causes, it was as often abandoned. Week after week the tedious struggle dragged on; and it was not till the siege had lasted nearly two months that the British began to feel that they were really gaining ground.

Meanwhile Hodson had been doing all that one man in such a position as his could do to make ultimate success certain. He had more than one enemy in the camp; and there were others who knew that he was an unscrupulous and dishonest man;
but the stories of his prowess were in everybody's mouth. He conducted the duties of the Intelligence Department with such tact and skill that the General was always kept supplied with information respecting the doings of the mutineers. Indeed it was jokingly said that Hodson could tell, day by day, how the King had dined. As a fighting man, he was admitted to be almost without a rival. Towards the end of June, Captain Daly, the commandant of the Guides corps, which had marched down from the valley of the Indus to take part in the siege, was severely wounded; and Hodson, at the earnest request of the General, but not without equally earnest remonstrances from Daly, once more took command of his old regiment. Under his leadership it earned, in a series of combats, a reputation second to that of no corps which took part in the siege. From time to time batches of recruits for his own Horse arrived from the Punjaub; and he was gradually training them for the distinguished part which they were afterwards to play. On the left and rear of the camp, which were specially exposed to attack, he kept watch with an eye which nothing could escape; and, at whatever point the battle might be raging, he was sure to appear in moments of difficulty, and restore the fortunes of the day by swift counsel or strong succour. Amidst such varied and arduous duties, he found time, nearly every day, to write to his wife. Sometimes he dashes off a bold, sketch of the fight in which he has
just been engaged. Often he inveighs against the irresolution of his chief. He describes, but never in a querulous spirit, the hardships which he has to endure. He notes, with expressions of tender sympathy, how his friend, Colonel Thomas Seaton, who shares his tent, is suffering from a wound. Early in August he hears the first rumours of the death of the veteran soldier-statesman who, through good and evil report, has tried to believe in him, and helped him on. "God grant," he says, "for his country's sake and for mine, that it be not true. To me his death would be the loss of my truest and most valued friend." Again, a few days later, "I cannot rally from the fear of dear Sir Henry's fate." Often he broke forth in harsher accents. Alluding to the story of Cawnpore, "There will be a day of reckoning," he writes, "for these things, and a fierce one, or I have been a soldier in vain." Other men at that time, maddened by the thought of the outrages which their wives or their sisters had suffered at the hands of the rebels, let fall utterances as passionately vindictive as these. But a sad story, based upon the most authentic testimony, has been told of Hodson, which proves that there were moments when justice, even honour, could not prevail against the truculence of his spirit.

During the earlier days of the siege, it chanced that a native, named Shahaboodeen, came to Hodson's tent, and informed him that one Bisharut Ali, an officer of the 1st Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, had mutinied, and was living at his village, within a few miles of
Delhi. The man added that Bisharut Ali's relatives were mutineers. Hodson at once recognised the name. Bisharut Ali was the same man who, some years before at Peshawur, when he had been in sore distress, had stood his security to enable him to borrow a sum of money from the banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Shahaboodcen, too, had known Bisharut Ali before. He had formerly been a trooper in the regiment to which Bisharut Ali belonged, but had been dismissed from the service for an assault on one of his comrades; and his conviction had been founded, mainly, on evidence furnished by Bisharut Ali. He was a man of infamous character; and it was to revenge himself on Bisharut Ali for having borne witness against him that he now turned informer. The story which he told to Hodson was a deliberate invention. As a matter of fact, Bisharut Ali was a brave and honourable man: he had been sent by his commanding officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, to his village, on sick leave; and some of his relations, who were represented by Shahaboodcen as mutineers, had never, for a single hour, been in the Government employ. But Hodson was in no mood to ask himself whether the unsupported statement of an ex-convict deserved to be regarded as evidence. It was enough for him that a nest of mutineers were said to be lurking within his reach. Taking with him a few of his horsemen, he rode off to the village; sought out Bisharut Ali's house; and, after a fierce struggle with the inmates, in which much blood was shed on both
sides, established his footing within. Returning to his camp, whither Bisharut Ali had gone, he met him, and charged him with being a mutineer. Bisharut Ali indignantly denied the charge, and demanded that he should be taken to the British camp, and there formally tried. Common justice required that Hodson should grant the request. And it might, surely, have been expected that a motive more powerful than the sense of justice would impel him to give every chance of proving his innocence to the man who had helped him in his hour of need. But the desire to destroy a supposed rebel was uppermost in his heart; and justice and gratitude, if they pleaded at all, pleaded in vain. A hasty trial* was held; and Bisharut Ali was declared guilty. Raising his carbine to his shoulder, Hodson deliberately aimed at his benefactor, and fired. The shot did not kill Bisharut Ali; and, looking Hodson full in the face, he shouted, "Had I suspected such treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being shot like a dog." The troopers fired, at Hodson's command. Bisharut Ali was slain; his nephew, a child of twelve years, was slain, clinging to the knees of another uncle; his innocent relatives were slain; and Hodson, having taken possession of his horses, his ponies, and some of his personal property, rode off to another village to hunt down more mutineers.†

* The trial was not a trial in the true sense of the word.
† The main facts of this story are told in my History of the Indian Mutiny, p. 372. In a letter to the Daily News (Jan. 4, 1884), Mr.
There were others whom Hodson longed to slay, and of whose guilt he might, with a greater show of justice, feel assured. 'The time was coming when the King of Delhi and his sons were to be called to their account. John Nicholson, fresh from his victorious march through the Punjaub, led his column into camp early in August, and, a few days after his arrival, gained an important victory. It was the beginning of the end. "If I get into the palace," wrote Hodson, "the House of Timour will not be worth five minutes' purchase, I ween." Early in the following month the last reinforcements joined the army on the Ridge: the siege-train arrived: the siege-batteries were thrown up: day after day a storm of shot and shell dashed against the walls of the doomed city; and huge masses of stone crumbled, and tottered, and crashed down upon the ground. On the night of the 13th a daring party of explorers examined the breaches: the General issued orders for the assault: at daybreak the assaulting columns were let loose; and by the evening of the 14th the British, after a fierce struggle, had gained possession of the outer portion of the city.

Hodson denied the truth of the story. In a letter which appeared in the same paper on Jan. 14, I replied, stating that my informant (General Crawford Chamberlain) had learned the facts of the story, on the scene of Bisharat Ali's execution, direct from eye-witnesses. On Jan. 19, a letter appeared from General Chamberlain himself, vouching for the truth of the story as told by me. To this letter Mr. Hodson made no reply. In November, however, soon after the publication of my article on "Hodson of Hodson's Horse" in the National Review, he attempted, in a letter to that periodical, to defend his brother. My rejoinder appeared in the number for February, 1885.
Several days of street-fighting followed: the King's palace was reached: its gates were blown down: a few fanatics, who had remained in it, were slaughtered: the British flag was hoisted; and the city of the Moguls, now resembling a city of the dead, was again subject to the Nazarenes.

While the actual siege had lasted, Hodson, as a cavalry officer, had of necessity played a comparatively unimportant part. But something more remained to be done before the British triumph could be deemed complete. The King was still at large. He had been urged to share the flight of the mutineers; but one of his nobles, Meerza Elahee Buksh, wishing to purchase the favour of the conquerors by some signal service, had persuaded him that, by separating himself from his army, he would gain the credit of having originally acted under their compulsion. Yielding to the tempter, he had consented to remain with his family for a short time at the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, which was situated about six miles from Delhi. Hodson was promptly informed of his whereabouts by a spy named Rujub Ali, and at once resolved to effect his capture. He went to Wilson with the story which his spy had told him, and, pointing out that the capture of the city would avail but little so long as the King remained at liberty, asked whether he did not intend to pursue him. Wilson replied that he had no European troops to spare. Hodson then volunteered to go himself with some of his own irregulars. Still Wilson refused. At
last, however, he gave way. Hodson then asked for permission to promise the King that his life should be spared, explaining that otherwise it would be impossible to induce him to surrender. To this request Wilson at first emphatically refused to assent; but, after some further argument, he reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of those around him.* It must not, however, be imagined that Hodson was influenced by pity for the King. He had, indeed, himself declared that the King was old and well-nigh impotent; that he had throughout been a mere tool in the hands of others; but, nevertheless he longed to take his life, and regretted that policy forbade him to do so.† The truth was that he had a cogent reason for the persistence with which he urged Wilson to show mercy. Secretly, and doubtless for a substantial consideration, he had taken upon himself to sign a paper guaranteeing the safety of the King and Queen and of her family; and this transaction he naturally did not care to

* This is stated on the authority of Lieutenant-Colonel (then 'Lieutenant) Turnbull, who was Wilson’s A.D.C. See also a letter from Sir T. Seaton (Hodson of Hodson’s Horse, pp. 231-32). Hodson himself wrote on September 24, 1857, “I assured him (Wilson) it was nothing but his own order which bothered him with the King; as I would much rather have brought him into Delhi dead than living.” (Ibid., p. 223.) But, on February 12, 1858, he wrote, “General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the King), and to avoid greater calamities I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground, and solely on the ground, that there was no other way of getting him into our possession.” (Ibid., p. 239.) See the next note but one.

† Hodson of Hodson’s Horse, pp. 223, 230.
reveal.* After receiving his instructions, he set out on his errand with fifty of his troopers. Approaching the Tomb, he concealed himself and his men in some old buildings near the gateway, and then sent messengers to demand the surrender of the King, on the sole condition that his life should be spared. Two hours after, they brought back word that the King would surrender, if Hodson would himself go, and pledge his word for the fulfilment of the condition. Hodson consented, and rode out from his hiding-place. A great crowd was gathered in front of the Tomb. Presently the Queen and her son passed out through the gateway, followed by a palkee bearing the King. Hodson rode up, and bade the King give up his arms. The King in reply asked Hodson to confirm the guarantee which his messengers had given. Hodson solemnly promised; but at the same time he threatened that, if there were any attempt at a rescue, he would shoot him down like a dog. Nor did he forget to improve the occasion as he had done when he slew Bisharat Ali. The Queen had with her about seven thousand rupees; and this sum Hodson appropriated.†

* Stated on the authority of one of the most distinguished officers in the British Army, who learned the facts from the lips of the Queen herself, and saw the paper with Hodson's signature. He is prepared, if challenged, to support my statement under his own name. What was the price which Hodson received, the Queen did not say. But it is needless to point out that he would not have taken upon himself to grant the guarantee,—for doing which he might have been brought before a court-martial,—without a quid pro quo. (See Addenda.)

† Stated on the authority of the officer referred to in the preceding note. In this case too the Queen herself was his informant.
Then, in the presence of a crowd who were too awed to strike a blow in his behalf, with the glorious white marble dome of that imperial mausoleum to remind him of the majesty of his ancestors, betrayed by his own kinsman, his city captured, his army defeated and dispersed, his hopes shattered, the last king of the House of Timour gave up his arms to the English subaltern who had robbed him, and was led away captive to await his trial.

But the King's sons were still to be brought to their account.* Hodson resolved to go and capture them as he had captured the King. At first Wilson would not be persuaded to give his consent: but Hodson was importunate: Nicholson from his dying bed vehemently supported him; and Wilson at last yielded.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, he started with Lieutenant Macdowell, his second in command, and a hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade,—wild-looking horsemen wearing scarlet turbans and dust-coloured tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader, a tall, spare man attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish-brown hair and beard, aquiline nose; thin, curved, defiant nostrils, and blue eyes which seemed aglow with a half-kindled light. Arriving at the Tomb, he sent in Meerza Elahee Buksh and Rujub Ali, both of whom he had brought with

* They were his children by another wife than the Queen; and therefore Hodson's guarantee did not apply to them.
him, to say that he had come to seize the princes for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. For more than half an hour the two Englishmen were kept in suspense. At last the messengers returned to ask Hodson whether he would promise the princes their lives. He replied that he would not. The messengers went back. Hodson and Macdowell waited on, wondering whether the princes would ever come. They heard furious shouting within. It was the appeal of a fanatical mob of Mussulmans to their princes to lead them out against the infidels. At length a messenger came out to say that the princes were coming. Hodson sent ten men to meet them; and Macdowell, by his order, formed up the troop across the road, to shoot them down if there should be any attempt to rescue them. Presently they were seen approaching in a small bullock-cart, with the ten troopers escorting them, and a vast crowd behind. Hodson and Macdowell rode up alone to meet them. Once more they begged Hodson to promise them their lives. "Most certainly not," he replied, and ordered the driver to move on. The driver obeyed; and the crowd were following simultaneously, when Hodson imperiously waved them back, and Macdowell beckoning to his troop, formed them up between the crowd and the cart, the latter of which was thus free to pursue its way, while the former, baffled, fell slowly and sullenly back. Then Hodson galloped up to the troopers who were escorting the cart, and told them to hurry
on to the city as fast as they could, while he and Macdowell dealt with the mob. Hastily rejoining his subaltern, he found the mob streaming up the steps of the gateway into the garden of the Tomb. Leaving the bulk of the troop outside, he followed with his subaltern and but four men. Then, seeing the necessity of instantly awing the crowd, he commanded them in a firm voice to surrender their arms. They hesitated,—there were some six thousand of them confronting him. He sternly repeated the order; and they obeyed.

Within two hours five hundred swords and more than five hundred fire-arms were collected; 'and Hodson, having fulfilled his object of keeping the crowd occupied, rode off with the troop to overtake his prisoners. As he drew near, he saw a large crowd surging round the cart, and menacing the escort. He had intended to have the prisoners hanged: but now he believed that, unless he slew them on the spot, the mob would rescue them, and, emboldened by success, turn upon himself and his troopers.* He rejoiced that circumstances had given him the opportunity of playing the part of executioner.† Galloping into the midst of the crowd, he reined up and addressed them, saying that the princes had butchered the women and children of

* This was his own account of his feelings. Readers must decide for themselves whether they will accept it or not.

† "I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches."—Hodson of Hodson’s Horse, p. 224.
his race, and that Government had now sent their punishment. Then, seizing a carbine from one of his men, he ordered the princes to strip off their upper garments, and, when they had done so, shot them all dead. Finally, while the crowd stood by, awe-struck and motionless, he ordered the corpses to be taken away, and flung out in front of the Kotwallee. On this spot the head of a famous Sikh Gooroo, * Jey Bahadoor Khan, had been exposed by order of Aurungzebe. A prophesy had long been current among the Sikhs that they should reconquer the city of the persecuting emperor by the aid of the white men. The prophesy was now in their eyes fulfilled; and Hodson had avenged the martyr of their religion.†

"I cannot help being pleased," wrote Hodson, "at the warm congratulations I receive on all sides for my success in destroying the enemies of our race. I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right." Since then, however, it has been asserted by some that the deed in the remembrance of which Hodson exulted, was a brutal murder, and that, if he had survived till men's passions had cooled down, he would have been a marked man for life. There were others even who went so far as to express the belief that one of his motives for slaying the princes had

* Gooroo,—a spiritual teacher.
† See National Review for August, 1884, note to p. 810.
been the desire to possess himself of their ornaments and to achieve a sensational renown. He himself afterwards asserted that, if he had not overawed the crowd by killing the princes, the crowd would have killed him: but, if his own conscience was satisfied with this excuse, it will not satisfy an impartial judge. It is impossible to believe that the man who, by his own resolute bearing, had overawed the crowd at the Tomb, would have failed, at the head of his hundred troopers, to repel the crowd that surrounded his prisoners.* Moreover, out of his own mouth Hodson was already condemned. He himself declared that he would have rejoiced to slay the aged and impotent king. By confessing his delight at having had the opportunity of slaying the princes, he forfeited the right to excuse himself, on the plea of necessity, for having slain them. A Neill or a Havelock, however strongly he might have been convinced of their guilt, would have insisted on the duty of giving them a fair

* It may perhaps be objected that what really overawed the crowd was the audacity displayed by Hodson in shooting the princes, and that, if he had contented himself with trying to escort them into Delhi, the troopers would have hesitated to support him in repelling the crowd. I do not, however, believe that anybody who impartially studies the narrative will attach the least weight to this objection. If Hodson had really wished to bring the princes into Delhi, he would have ordered the troopers to beat back the mob, which was too poor-spirited to attempt to avenge the slaughter of the princes whom it had attempted to rescue,—and the troopers would have obeyed him. Anyhow it is difficult to explain away the significance of his own admissions,— "I would have much rather brought the King into Delhi 'dead than alive," and "the orders I received were such that I did not dare to act upon the dictates of my own judgement to the extent of killing the King when he had given himself up."—Hodson of Hodson's Horse, pp. 223, 239. (See Addenda.)
trial; and, if he had felt obliged by circumstances to slay them himself, would have done so under a solemn sense of responsibility. But Hodson, in slaying them, showed, as he had shown in the case of Bisharut Ali, that he was too eager for retribution to care about justice; he exulted in shedding their blood with his own hands. While then we may acquit him, for want of evidence, of the baser motives that have been laid to his charge, while we may not lightly condemn him for having assumed, as others did, that the princes were murderers, it is my deliberate opinion that, in slaying them as he did, he was guilty of an outrage against humanity.

For about a fortnight after this memorable day, Hodson remained at Delhi. On the 2nd of October he started, at the head of a portion of his Horse, with a column under Brigadier Showers, who had been entrusted with the duty of reducing the districts to the west and south-west of Delhi. The operations of the column were not of an exciting character: but one episode, in which Hodson took part, deserves to be recorded. One day some fifteen hundred head of cattle were captured, and driven into camp. The Brigadier, on seeing them, exclaimed, "Hang me! what in the world am I to do with them? It would take half my force to convoy them back to Delhi. I can't take them." "Well, Sir," said Hodson, who was standing by, "will you sell them to me, and let me take my chance?" "Willingly," replied the Brigadier. A bargain was promptly struck; and Hodson paid
over three thousand four hundred and ninety-one rupees for the entire herd, or about four shillings a head, to the Prize Agent. He then sent off the cattle under the care of their drivers and a few of his own horsemen to Delhi, where they were sold at a large profit.

Soon after the return of the column to Delhi, Hodson obtained a few weeks' leave, and hurried up to Umballah, where his wife was then staying. But he was soon parted from her. Sir Colin Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief, who had lately relieved the garrison of Lucknow, decided that, as a preliminary to further operations for the pacification of Northern India, the Doab, that is the country between the Ganges and the Jumna, must be reconquered. Accordingly it was arranged that a column under Colonel Seaton should march from Delhi, through the Upper Doab, to Futtahgurh, and there join the main army under the Commander-in-Chief. Seaton earnestly begged Sir Colin to allow Hodson to accompany the column. "He is a soldier of the highest class." he pleaded; "I have unbounded confidence in him, and would rather have him than five hundred more men." The request was granted; and on the 2nd of December Hodson received an order to join the column with his Horse. The column gained three victories on its march through the Doab; and Hodson contributed largely to its success. His readiness in procuring information, his bold reconnaissances, his dashing charges in action, won the admiration of all. On the night of the 29th of
December the column was at the station of Mynpoorie, and it was believed that the main army was at Goorsaigunge, some forty miles distant. Hodson, knowing that Seaton wished to communicate with the Commander-in-Chief, offered to ride to Goorsaigunge with despatches. Seaton accepted the offer. The venture was a perilous one; for it was known that for some days past the road to Goorsaigunge had been closed against all Europeans; the Commander-in-Chief's whereabouts was uncertain; and it was quite possible that the volunteers might fall in with roving bands of the enemy. But Hodson always knew exactly what was possible, though, when there was an important object to be gained, he never hesitated to attempt what was all but impossible. At six o'clock next morning he rode off with his devoted subaltern, Macdowell, and seventy-five sowars.* After riding fourteen miles, they entered a village called Bewur. Here Hodson ordered a halt; and, after he and his friend had eaten a few sandwiches, they mounted again and rode on with five-and-twenty men, leaving the remaining fifty to await their return. At another village, fourteen miles further on, they left the twenty-five men, and proceeded alone to Goorsaigunge. There they were disappointed to learn that the Commander-in-Chief had moved to another spot fifteen miles off. On they rode, and entered the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Hodson was cordially welcomed by the Commander-in-Chief,

* Sowar,—a native cavalry soldier.
who invited him and Macdowell to dine at the Headquarters mess. It was already dark when the two set out on their return journey. For some time they met with no adventure. About midnight they were suddenly stopped by a native, who had for some hours been looking out for them. He told them that the twenty-five sowars had been attacked by a party of the rebels, and that the latter were probably lying in ambush near the road, a little ahead. For a few minutes the two Englishmen deliberated. At last Hodson decided that they must push on at all risks. "At the worst," he said, "we can gallop back; but we'll try and push through." At a foot's pace they went on, the native walking beside them. The moon shone brightly; but the night was piercingly cold; and every few minutes a bitter blast swept down upon them, and chilled them through and through. Fearing that the sound of their horses' hoofs might rouse the rebels, they moved off the road on to the soft strip of turf that ran alongside it. Still walking at their horses' heads, they listened for every faintest sound, and strained their eyes to see whether any dark figures were lurking behind the trees that lined the road. Suddenly the guide stopped, and, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees on the right, whispered, "They are there." A faint humming sound was distinctly audible. They were now just outside the village in which they had left the twenty-five sowars. Stealthily they made their way through it; and, as they passed along the main street, they saw
the corpse of one of the sowars lying stark and ghastly in the moonlight. Emerging from the further side, they bade their guide good-night, and then, springing into their saddles, dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped for their lives the whole fourteen miles into Bewur. As they rode in, they were met by a number of men whom Seaton had sent out to look for them. Dismounting, they entered a hut, and flung themselves down on mattresses to rest. "By George, Mac," said Hodson, "I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea!" and, turning over, he went to sleep. Next morning the column marched into the village; and Seaton joyfully congratulated the two friends on their escape.

Hodson's adventures were nearly at an end. The throbbing excitement which had sustained him in the first few months of the struggle had spent itself; and he was becoming very weary of campaigning. On the 5th of January he wrote to his wife, "The anniversary of the most blessed event in my life again to be spent in absence." Again, a few days later, "I can bear up manfully against absence and separation when we are actually doing anything; but when I see nothing doing towards an end, I confess my heart sinks and my spirit hungers after rest."

During the first few weeks of the new year he was constantly occupied. Notwithstanding the recent efforts of the Commander-in-Chief, the Doab was not yet secure from the incursions of rebel hordes; and small columns were continually sent into the field to
disperse marauders. In a skirmish, which took place towards the end of January, Hodson was wounded; and his gallant friend, Macdowell, who had shared with him so many adventures, was killed. Hodson chafed against the inaction which his wound imposed upon him; for preparations were now being pushed forward for the siege of Lucknow, and he looked forward to seeing more service of the kind which he loved.

Early in February he started from Futtehgurh to take part in the campaign. He was still so weak from the effects of his wound that he could not ride; and, accordingly, one of his friends, Colonel Pelham Burn, drove him in his buggy. A story has been told respecting this journey, which contrasts painfully with the record of the gallant feats of arms performed by Hodson during the war.

Colonel Burn noticed that he had with him several boxes, besides his ordinary baggage. These boxes contained various articles of value, which Hodson had amassed, as booty, during the campaign; and, after his death, their contents were seen by an officer whose duty it was to examine his effects. That this was not the only loot which Hodson had acquired, is proved by the fact that, whereas, at the outset of the mutiny, he was deeply in debt, he had just remitted several thousand pounds to Calcutta.

* See letter from Mr. Bosworth Smith to the Pall Mall Gazette, February 5, 1884. Also Appendix to vol. ii. of Life of Lord Lawrence, pp. 527-8. A general officer who served on Sir Colin Campbell’s staff has told me that it was well known that Hodson had a list of all the places at Lucknow and Delhi where valuable plunder was to be got.
On the 16th he found himself at Onao, where Havelock had gained one of his most brilliant victories. "This," he wrote, "has been a red-letter day, for I have at last seen our friend Napier. God bless him! I do love him dearly, as if he were indeed my born brother." Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief was completing his arrangements for the siege. The army was continually swelled by new reinforcements, and day after day dense battalions of infantry, bright squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, hackeries laden with ammunition, commissariat wagons, and legions of camp-followers passed over the Cawnpore bridge, and moved up the road towards Lucknow. On the 28th of February, Sir Colin, having seen the last detachment start, quitted Cawnpore, and made a forced march to the village of Bunthecra, where the whole army was encamped. On the morning of the 2nd of March the advanced portion of the force quitted this spot; and before noon they could discern the domes and minarets of Lucknow. The siege began the same day. Hodson was still suffering from the effects of his wound; and for some days he had little to do except to post vedettes and picquets, and to watch the progress that was being made. On the 10th of March he received the welcome news that he had at last been promoted to a brevet majority. On the 11th he wrote, as though he had a presentiment that his end was near, "If anything occurs, I will get Colonel Napier or Nofman to send you a telegram."

This was the last letter which he ever wrote. On
the same day, he happened to be in the headquarters' camp, when he heard the report of a signal gun. One of the palaces known as the Begum Kothee was about to be stormed. Hodson immediately mounted his horse and galloped away.* As he rode up to the palace, he found Colonel Napier examining the breach. "I am come to take care of you," said Hodson with a smile. He had no right to be there: but there was plunder to be got and fighting to be done.† In a few moments the signal was given; and Colonel Adrian Hope's brigade advanced to the assault. Captain Clarke, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, waved his sword in the air, and rushed straight upon the breach, shouting "Come on, 93rd!" The 93rd answered the call by a ringing cheer: a Punjaub regiment followed in support; and though for a few moments the garrison, trusting to their vast numerical superiority, maintained their footing in the breach, they were soon overborne by the vigour of the attack, and fled through the courtyard. After the first fury of the contest had spent itself, Hodson and Napier passed through the breach side by side. Many of the rebels had run for shelter into the dark arched buildings which surrounded the court of the palace; and the stormers were striving to dislodge them by throwing in bags of powder and lighted fuses attached

* I learned these facts from an officer who was with Hodson at Norman in the Adjutant-General's office, the moment before he started for the Begum Kothee.

† See the last note but one and Appendix to vol. ii. of Life of Lord Lawrence, pp. 520-21, 529.
to the ends. Suddenly Hodson, who had got separated from Napier in the confusion, saw two soldiers running towards him. They cried out that they were going to fetch some more powder-bags. Drawing his sword, Hodson instantly started off towards the spot from which they had come. Seeing an officer of the 93rd Highlanders standing by the corner of one of the buildings, he shouted to him, "Where are the rebels?" The officer pointed to a doorway. Hodson was just going to rush in, when the officer cried, "Don't, its certain death; wait for the powder!" Heedless of the warning, Hodson pressed on; the officer stretched out his hand to drag him away from the doorway; and in a moment there was a flash, and Hodson rolled over on the ground. "Oh, my wife!" he cried. He could say no more, for he was choked with blood. His orderly, a powerful Sikh, raised him, and carried him a few paces off; and the officer helped to lift him into a litter which had just been brought round. As he was being carried to the place where the surgeons were at work, the powder-bags were brought up; and in a few moments the Highlanders rushed into the room, and drove their bayonets through the bodies of the rebels. Presently the surgeon of Hodson's regiment came to see him; and, after examining his wound, saw that it was likely to be mortal. All night long he lay beside him, holding his hand to help him to bear the pain. Rallying under the stimulants which had been given to him, the wounded man slept for a time; and, when day broke, he said, with a
touch of his old energy, that he felt very well. About nine o'clock the surgeon had him carried in the litter into a room, that he might suffer less from the din outside. Soon afterwards he began to bleed again profusely: and the surgeon told him that recovery was impossible. The dying man then begged that Colonel Napier might be sent for. Presently the colonel came, and sat down beside the litter. Hodson grasped his hand, and would not let it go. "I should like," he murmured, "to have seen the end of the campaign, and to have returned to England to see my friends, but it has not been permitted. I trust I have done my duty." Soon afterwards Napier had to go back to his work; and when he returned, he found that his friend was dead.

Hodson was buried the same evening; and the Commander-in-Chief attended the funeral. When the body was lowered into the grave, it was seen that tears were flowing down the old man's cheeks. "I have lost," he said, "one of the finest officers in the army."

There were others who grieved more bitterly that they had lost in Hodson a tried comrade and a valued friend; for, if some could see only the darker side of his character, the few who loved him, loved him well. Among these was Thomas Seaton, a gallant, warm-hearted, noble-minded man, the spontaneous utterance of whose grief remains the most powerful and the most touching plea that Hodson's friends can quote on his behalf. "Hodson's care for
me," he wrote, recalling the months which they had spent together in their tent upon the Ridge, "I shall never forget. He watched and tended me with the affection of a brother. . . . I mourned for him as for a brother."

There must have been some redeeming features in the character of a man whose friend could write of him in terms like these. Posterity will not indeed be blinded by the glamour of his military exploits. They will not admit him to a place among the nobler heroes of the Indian Mutiny. But, while they will not be able to forget that he enriched himself by dishonest means, that, heedless of justice, of gratitude, and even of honour, he was swift to shed innocent blood, they will remember that he was a good comrade and a gallant soldier, that he rendered brilliant services to his country, and that he died, fighting to the last against the enemies of England.

NOTE.

The original authorities for the life of Hodson are as follows:—

(1) Rev. G. H. Hodson's Hodson of Hodson's Horse.
(2) Cave-Browne's The Punjaub and Delhi.
(3) History of the Siege of Delhi, by an officer who served there.
(4) Kaye's History of the Sepoy War.
(5) Enclosures to Secret Letters from India (in Political Department of India Office), 8 to 22 October, 1857, p. 128.
(6) Seaton's From Cadet to Colonel.
(7) Greathed's Letters Written during the Siege of Delhi.
(8) Bosworth Smith's Life of Lord Lawrence. Sixth and cheaper edition (especially the Appendix to vol. ii.).
(9) Verney's The Shannon's Brigade in India.
(10) Russell's Diary in India.

(12) Letter of Rev. G. Hodson to the Editors of The National Review (Nov., 1884) and my reply (Feb., 1885).

(13) MS. copies of correspondence relating to the case of Kader Khan.

(14) Letters received by me from, and conversation with officers and old Rugbeians (see Addenda) who knew Hodson.

Mr. Bosworth Smith's Appendix is based upon first-hand information from honourable, impartial, and able men, who had seen with their own eyes, heard with their own ears, or learned from the study of original papers, or the cross-examination of eye-witnesses, the facts for which they vouched. Among these men may be mentioned General Crawford Chamberlain, C.B., General Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B., General Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., and General Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B. I have, as my footnotes show, received additional first-hand information from General Crawford Chamberlain, and from other general officers—not mentioned in the above list,—of equal authority.

As for Mr. Hodson's book, while it contains much indispensable material, it is perhaps needless now to say that, on most of the matters in regard to which Hodson's character has been impugned, both from what it says, and what it leaves unsaid, its authority is next to worthless. No one, indeed, would think of doubting that, when Mr. Hodson gave his version of various painful episodes in his brother's career, he believed himself to be writing biography and not romance. But, with all respect to him, I must say that a book which depicted Hodson as a Christian hero,—a kind of fusion of Cœur de Lion with Wordsworth's Happy Warrior,—was simply calculated to provoke the delusion of those who, while they admired his rare ability, had only too intimate a knowledge of the darker features of his character. Mr. Bosworth Smith has shown (App., pp. 526-27, note 2) that, in the edition of 1859, an eulogistic letter, purporting to have been addressed by Lord Clyde to Hodson's widow, was, in part, a forgery,—palmed off, it must be assumed, on Mr. Hodson, by some friend of his deceased brother. On p. xxxviii. of the edition of 1883, Mr. Hodson writes, "I have the authority of Sir Donald Stewart, now Commander-in-Chief in India, for saying," &c. Now I have in my possession a letter from Sir Donald, in which he writes, "You are welcome to say that Mr. Hodson had no authority to quote me at all in his introductory remarks." Sir Donald, however, expressly told me that he made no imputation whatever against Mr. Hodson. Possibly Mr. Hodson was misled by a third person to believe that Sir Donald had sanctioned the use of his name.
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, the name of Sir William Napier was, to the people of this country, a household word. Hardly a week passed in which the readers of the Times did not light upon some letter bearing his signature, and written in a style of which the passionate sincerity, the strange vehemence, it might be, the overflowing tenderness, could not fail to arrest attention. The fame of his great book was then still fresh. The public knew him as one of the most distinguished survivors of that band of officers who had helped Wellington to drive the French out of the Peninsula; and many were still alive who could tell how nobly he had shared in making the history which he afterwards so eloquently wrote. A few hero-worshippers, who saw him from day to day, as he drove his ponies in the neighbourhood of Clapham, and gazed upon his massive form and his eagle face, with its half fierce, half tender glance, and its halo of snow-white hair, might picture to themselves how he had looked when, half a century before, he had bounded up the rocks overhanging the Nivelle, and clambered, the foremost man, over the
wall of the fortress of La Rhune. But now his glory is becoming dim. His History was not written for all time; and, with the exception of a few students of military affairs and a few lovers of good literature, the readers of our generation know it only by those isolated passages in which chronicle rises to the sublimity of epic poetry. He was not a great general, though he often allowed himself to fancy that, under happier circumstances, he too, like his brother Charles, might have led armies to victory. Moreover, his biography was so poorly written that, after the curiosity that demanded it had died out, it could not survive to attract the interest of future readers.

Nevertheless, of William Napier tradition will long have something to say; for, though he was not a great warrior, he was an almost ideal type of the military character, and, besides, he was endowed with a genius which, if somewhat narrow, was genuine and rare. Before I knew anything of his life, I had studied, until I could almost repeat them by heart, the more famous passages of his writings; and, as no historical writer was ever less impersonal, I felt that I knew him as well as any of those old friends who are always the same to us as we listen to their still, yet moving voices. But when I came to read his letters, and to see how he bore himself in the mess-room and on the battle-field, in the bosom of his family, and, at last, on his sick-bed, I felt for him that love which all of us to whom the past is real have felt for our heroes among the illustrious dead, and which make us hope against
hope that hereafter we may be allowed to converse with them and to see them face to face. And I was sure that, if I could succeed in drawing his portrait, even in outline, with some approach to fidelity, I should make others feel that they also had found a new friend.

Both the parents of William Napier were persons of noble birth and of remarkable personal gifts. His father, Colonel the Honourable George Napier, was descended from the inventor of logarithms and from the great Montrose. He was endowed with gigantic bodily strength and corresponding force of character: but he seems to have been one of those men who, from whatever cause, fail to win a general reputation at all commensurate with the opinion formed of them by the more discerning of their friends. One of the most striking features of his character was a disinterestedness which sometimes showed itself in a manner that, to his contemporaries in those days of corruption, must have seemed Quixotic. For example, by abolishing a system of fees which he regarded as unjust, he voluntarily reduced the emoluments of an office to which he was appointed in Ireland from £20,000 to £600 a year. Left a widower at a very early age, he had afterwards married the famous Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and great-granddaughter of Charles the Second. This lady was eight years older than her husband; but she still retained much of that beauty which, nearly twenty years
before, had captivated the heart of George the Third; and the intense affection which her sons felt towards her may be regarded as an indication that her nature was as beautiful as her outward form.

William Francis Patrick Napier, the third son of this marriage, was born at Celbridge, a small town on the Liffey, near Dublin, on the 17th of December, 1785. Among the great writers of our country, hardly any has owed less than he to regular education. He attended, as a day boy, a large school in his native town, the master of which appears to have been totally unfit for the profession of teaching. Nevertheless, the time which he passed here was not wholly wasted. Idle as he was, he eagerly read, and he remembered all the romances, the histories, and the poems that he could obtain. The circumstances of his life tended, not less than his reading, to strengthen his adventurous instincts. Symptoms of the rebellion of 1798 had already begun to appear; and William’s eldest brother, Charles, who, though a military officer of two years’ standing, was still his schoolfellow, had persuaded the boys to enrol themselves as volunteers in support of the Government. One day, William was insubordinate on parade. Charles at once ordered him to be seized and tried by a drum-head court-martial. The court found him guilty: but he refused to accept the sentence. Thereupon the youthful commander ordered him to be drummed out of the corps. With loud shouts the boys thronged round William, who furiously
hurled his marbles among them, rushed upon the drummer, smashed the drum, and challenged the foremost of his assailants, who was much bigger than himself, to fight. In the struggle which ensued William was soon beaten: but, as he would not give in, the hearts of his comrades warmed towards him, and they voted that he should be allowed to rejoin the corps.

Nor was his early training for warfare derived only from the experience of school. One night, in the absence of his father, the house in which he lived was surrounded by several hundred rebels, who demanded that the arms which it contained should be given up to them; but a brave old nurse and a butler, for both of whom the children had an ardent affection, met the demand with defiance, and stood at bay until succour arrived. When the rebellion broke out, the Colonel fortified his house, and armed his five boys; and so great was the awe which he inspired, that the little citadel, though often threatened, was never attacked. Amid such stormy scenes, however, William found plenty of opportunities for the ordinary amusements of boyhood. He was constantly getting into scrapes, in company with a poacher of whom he was very fond. Lady Londonderry, a beautiful young woman, who was very intimate with his family, begged him off whenever his father threatened to punish him; and she prophesied that, though he hated his lessons, he would do something great when he was a man.
At the age of fourteen William left school to enter his father's profession. It was fortunate for him that he had not to pass an examination; for he would have had less chance of doing so than the youngest child in a modern infant school. Hardly a line in his letters was free from mistakes in spelling; and punctuation was a refinement of which he had not so much as an idea. But he had not suffered from over-pressure: his mind, following nature's prescription, had devoured and assimilated the food that suited it; and he had fought and played and run till his body had become vigorous and active as that of a young lion. Indeed, it may be said of him, as of other distinguished men whose early want of education their biographers have deplored, that he had learned what fitted him best for the work which he had to do.

After passing through two regiments, he was presented by his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, with a cornetcy in the Blues, and went to Canterbury to join that regiment. But something better was in store for him. General John Moore, who was then at Shorncliffe, training the brigade which he was to make famous, offered him a lieutenancy in the 52nd Regiment. Napier accepted the offer; and Moore was so delighted with the readiness with which he gave up the high pay of the Household Brigade and the pleasures of London in order to study his profession, that from thenceforth he took a special interest in watching and assisting his progress. In 1804, Napier was made a captain in the 43rd, another of the regiments
Moore's brigade. This regiment was at that time one of the worst in the army; and Napier's company was the worst in the regiment. But the boy was resolved to become a real soldier. Before he had been three months at Shorncliffe, he was admitted to be one of the best captains in the corps; and his company was reduced to perfect order. The influence which he gained over his men was in great part due to the fact that, while vigorously enforcing their obedience, he heartily joined in all their sports. With some of his brother officers, however, his relations were less smooth. "The greatest pleasure," he wrote, "I have had since I came was, when General Moore was made a knight, to make them drink his health. My fingers itched to throw the bottles at their heads when they seemed to make difficulties about it. Had they refused, I would have by myself drunk a bumper, broken the glass on the table, and left the mess immediately." In spite, however, of disagreements like these, the years that preceded his first experience of active service were singularly happy. He yearned, indeed, to be with his mother: but he wrote to her continually; and his letters, ill-spelt and ill-written as they were, are delightful to read, now tender, now sparkling with fun, and abounding with warm expressions of love for his relations and of admiration for his chief. Fond as he was of athletic games, he spent much time in quieter pursuits,—studying military history, and amusing himself by learning to draw. At this period of his life, he was at times almost
drunk with animal spirits. Many years afterwards he described how one afternoon, while staying at Putney with William Pitt, he and Lady Hester Stanhope and her two brothers had fallen in a body on their laughing host, and had ended by holding him down on the floor and blackening his face with burnt cork. Once, when engaged on special service in Ireland, he jumped over two cows standing side by side in the street of Ballina, having been dared to perform the feat by a local beauty. But to the temptations that especially beset a young man of vigorous bodily organisation, he never succumbed. Though he was so handsome and so fascinating that few women would have resisted him, though he passionately admired woman's beauty, he never injured one,—nay, he was as pure as a little child.

During these years Napier must have often chafed against the fate which forced his regiment to remain inactive while others were winning new laurels in Egypt, in Syria, and in India. But in 1807 his longing for active service was at last gratified. In the seven years that followed,—the one period of his life in which his sword was unsheathed,—he won for himself a splendid reputation as a fighting man, and, by dint of observation and reflection, acquired a practical knowledge of the military art which proved invaluable to him when he entered upon his literary labours. Having served through the expedition to Copenhagen, he embarked in 1808 with his regiment for Spain. Before the campaign opened, he stayed
some days at Corunna, and during this time he often went to the theatre and to balls, where he waltzed to his heart's content with black-eyed beauties. But this short season of pleasure was followed by the stern realities of war. Within three months from the day on which the regiment marched out of Corunna, the men were retreating thither in grievous plight, with the rest of Sir John Moore's column, pursued by Soult's battalions. Of the miseries of that retreat Napier had his full share. For several days he had to march with bare feet, and with no clothes but a jacket and a pair of trousers: blood oozed from his feet at every step; and he must have perished, if Captain Macleod, his dearest friend, had not heard how he was suffering, and lent him a spare horse. But, being young and full of vigour, he soon recovered; and, after a short visit to England, he rejoined the army in the Peninsula. After the battle of the Coa, in which he was for the first time wounded, he was thanked on the field by his commanding officer for the gallantry and skill with which he had handled his company under an exceptionally heavy fire. Wounded again at Cazal Noval, he was selected with ten other captains, by Lord Wellington, for the brevet rank of major. With the bullet which he had received in this combat lodged ineradicably near his spine, he fought again at Fuentes d'Onoro. Ill and worn out, he was forced by Wellington to return again to England; and there, in the spring of 1812, he was married to Caroline Fox, a niece of Pitt's great rival. Three weeks after his
marriage, learning that Badajoz was being besieged, he sailed the third time for Spain, but arrived too late: the assault had already taken place, and his friend, Macleod, who commanded the 43rd, had perished. "Macleod is dead," he wrote to his wife, "and I am grovelling in misery and wretchedness. You must be my friend and wife and everything." Though only twenty-six years old, he succeeded to the vacant command: but promotion obtained at such a price gave him little pleasure. His responsibility, however, was now so pressing, and he had to exert such force of mind for the fulfilment of his duty, that he was obliged to forget half his sorrow. Nearly all the officers of the regiment had been killed or wounded in the assault; and the men, thus released from control, and with their savage passions inflamed by the stubborn resistance of the defenders, and their lusts satiated by drink, debauchery, and plunder, were utterly demoralised. With terrific severity, yet with a heart wrung by grief at the thought that he must punish soldiers who had braved unheard-of terrors, Napier curbed their lawless spirit: but so stubbornly did they resist his will that, on the heights of San Christoval, near Salamanca, he was obliged to flog four of them within range of the enemy's guns, and while a skirmish was actually going on. Then at last they submitted. At Salamanca, leading the column which drove back General Foy's division, they advanced in line for three miles, under a constant cannonade, as steadily as at a review. At Vittoria, they marched
over the richest articles of dress and furniture strewn about the field, not a man venturing to stoop and plunder. Twice again after his promotion, Napier was obliged to go to England on sick leave. He took part in the battles of the Nivelle and of Orthes; but he missed the crowning victory of Toulouse. During his six years of warfare he had been thirty times engaged on the field of battle, and three times wounded; he had gained three decorations and two steps in rank; and,—what he valued far more,—he had won the love and admiration of every soldier in the Light Brigade.

The perfection to which Napier attained as a regimental officer was partly due to the generous and comprehensive spirit in which he regarded his duties. He did not think it enough to master the principles of warfare, to maintain perfect discipline, and so to lead his men that they should follow him into any peril: he impressed them with so deep a sense of his sympathy that they looked upon him as their friend and counsellor. Two anecdotes will show what a hold he had upon their hearts.

On the night before the battle of the Nivelle, as he lay on the ground, trying to sleep, Lieutenant Freer of the 43rd, a boy of nineteen, came to him and crept under the cover of his cloak, sobbing bitterly. Napier turned to him, and tried to soothe him. Between his sobs the boy faltered out that he was sure he would be killed in the coming battle, and that he could not bear to think how his mother and sisters would suffer when
they heard that he was dead. The presentiment was fulfilled: but it had been the boy’s consolation, to feel that he had opened his ‘grief to his commander.

On the day before the storming of La Rhune, an Irish private of the 43rd, named Eccles, having committed a crime against military law, was delivered over by Napier to a court-martial, which sentenced him to corporal punishment. Napier, however, revolted against the thought that a man should be flogged who, the day after his flogging, was to be called upon to fight for his country. “I pardon you,” he said to Eccles, “if you will behave well to-morrow and justify that pardon.” Next morning the French batterics on the rocky mountain of La Rhune opened fire. Napier formed up four companies of his regiment, and gave the word to advance. Forward he sprang at his utmost speed; and the men, each of whom carried fifty pounds, sprang after him. Unencumbered himself, he kept ahead of all except one who passed him; and, ashamed to think that that one, burdened as he was, should scale the rock before him, he strove with all his might to win back the lead. But Eccles, who was six feet three in height, mindful of the promise which he had given on the previous day, was resolved to shield his captain from hurt; and, keeping always just before him on the right, he would not be passed, but leaped first into the rocks, and then fell exhausted.

Though, however, Napier had succeeded so remarkably, and was still quite young, there were two cir-
cumstances that quenched his early ambition to win fame as a warrior. The wound near his spine had destroyed the first vigour of his constitution, and he was in love with his wife. Towards the end of the war he wrote to her: "I find myself more inclined than ever to quit the army. My health is really so bad that my life is a perfect burden to me: pain and lowness of spirits are my constant companions; and this, added to an eager restless impatience about you, totally unfit me for a military life. God Almighty bless you, my own darling wife! You are the only comfort I have in the world; and I am determined that no silly hankering after fame shall prevent me from profiting by that comfort."

For the greater part of the next five years, however, he was debarred from this happiness. After the close of the war, he was obliged to accompany the headquarters of his regiment, which formed part of the army of occupation in France, to Bapaume, a small town in the Pas de Calais. There for some time, and afterwards at Vaupciennes, he lived till 1819. He tried to solace himself for the absence of his wife and children by studying the works of Cobbett, and painting. At length his exile was over; and he returned to England.

Although he had gained a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy before the close of the war, he was at this time only a regimental major. An opportunity of purchasing the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy soon presented itself: but, owing to poverty, he was unable
to take advantage of it. He therefore went on half-pay, and took a house in Sloane Street. Notwithstanding what he had said to his wife about his contempt for fame, he was haunted at times by the thought that his boyish dreams of the distinction that he might win as a soldier would never be fulfilled. He tried to distract his mind by working at painting and sculpture. Eminent artists, who saw what he produced, asserted that he might have made himself one of the first of living painters or sculptors. But he was not absorbed in his work. His genius, was forcing him in another direction, though he did not yet know whither he was moving. Besides painting and modelling, he read many books, and saw much of Chantrey, of Jones the painter, and of various Peninsular comrades. In 1821 he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* a very able article on Jomini's great work. But, as he himself said, the worm still gnawed.

One day, early in 1823, he went for a walk with Lord Langdale, one of his intimate friends, over some fields which are now covered by the mansions of Belgravia. The conversation turned on Southey's recently published narrative of the Peninsular War. Lord Langdale was greatly struck by Napier's remarks on the events of the struggle and the characters of the principal actors. Suddenly he asked him what he was thinking of doing. "Do you mean," replied Napier, "where am I going to direct?" "No," said Lord Langdale; "what are you thinking of