were so severely wounded that they were removed on *charpoys.*"

The fort of Baddi-Pind was levelled to the ground. Next morning at daybreak Hodson continued the pursuit. Shortly after noon he sighted a body of insurgents near Cherauk, but they had gained so long a start of him that after a gallop of three miles he was fain to give up the chase. "I regret extremely," he wrote to the Resident, "that I had not had a larger party of cavalry with me. Had I been accompanied by even a single troop, I think it is not too much to say that the whole of the leaders of these bands of marauders would have been either killed or taken prisoners."

The enemy, however, had no heart for further fighting. In the same letter of December 23 from which I have just quoted, Hodson was able to report to Sir Frederick Currie that after his last encounter they "only halted for a few hours at a time to collect their scattered followers and cook their food, and hurried to the upper ferries of the Chinâb, which the last of the party crossed early on the 20th. I have ascertained satisfactorily that there are no insurgents in arms on this side the Chinâb, and I have made some progress in reducing these districts to order." [1]

Nor was Lord Dalhousie slow on his part to indorse Currie's eulogies of his dashing subaltern. Addressing the Resident through his own secretary, Sir Henry Elliot, on January 14, 1849, the Governor-General conveyed to Lieutenant Hodson "the strong expression of his satisfaction with his conduct, and with the mode in which he discharges

[1] Punjâb Blue-Book.

whatever duty is intrusted to him. The Governor-General has had frequent occasions of noticing the activity, energy, and intelligence of his proceedings, and he has added to the exercise of the same qualities on this occasion an exhibition of personal gallantry which the Governor-General has much pleasure in recording and applauding, although Lieutenant Hodson has modestly refrained from bringing it to notice himself. The Governor-General offers to Lieutenant Hodson his best thanks for these services."[1]

Meanwhile events in the Punjâb were steadily advancing towards the issue which Hodson had been among the first to foresee. By the middle of December the bulk of Gough's army was halted some miles beyond the Chinâb about Hela, awaiting Dalhousie's permission to attack Sher Singh, who had fallen back from the line of the Chinâb to a strongly intrenched position near the Jhilam, behind the jungles of Chilianwâla. Peshâwar was already occupied by Dost Muhammad's Afghans. James Abbott still held his own in the wilds of Hazâra. But thousands of good Sikh troops were marching from the Indus to the Jhilam under the standard of Sher Singh's father, Chatar Singh. Nicholson's efforts to hinder his advance had proved utterly futile for want of timely aid from Gough's troops.

In the last days of December General Whish found himself strong enough to press forward the siege of Multân with so much vigour that by January 2, 1849, the whole of the city outside the citadel had fallen into his hands. On the 3rd of

[1] Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

the same month the strong fortress of Attock opened its gates to the Amir of Afghanistan, and its brave defender, Lieutenant Herbert, subsequently became, like George Lawrence, a prisoner in the hands of Chatar Singh.

The good news from Multân induced Lord Dalhousie, then staying at Ferozepore, to loosen somewhat the curb he had placed upon his impetuous commander-in-chief. What use the brave old soldier made of his chief's concession may be seen from the following passage in Hodson's letter of January 18: "We have just received intelligence of another great fight between the army under Lord Gough and the Sikhs, in which the latter, though beaten, seem to have had every advantage given away to them. Our loss has been severe, and the mismanagement very disgraceful, yet it will be called a victory and lauded accordingly. Oh, for one month of Sir Charles Napier!"

The bloody battle of Chilianwâla, which resulted in a doubtful victory purchased at a terrible cost, was fought on January 13. About a fortnight earlier Lumsden and Hodson had marched off with a strong party of the Guides, horse and foot, in pursuit of an insurgent force moving along the foot of the hills that border the districts of Nurpur and Pathankôt. So swift and secret were the movements of the Guides that parties of Sikhs were caught in the act of cooking their dinners under a clump of trees. At sight of Hodson's advancing infantry they turned and fled. But Lumsden's horsemen were close upon their heels. In spite of the broken and marshy ground, the runaways were cut up almost to a man. "So bad," says Hodson

in his report of the affair, "was the nature of the country over which he [Lumsden] followed them, that at one time more than half the horses of his troops were down, pursuers and pursued rolling together in desperate strife in the middle of the deep marshes. From thirty to forty of the enemy were killed or mortally wounded, among whom we were able to identify beyond doubt the insurgent leaders, Ganda Singh, and his major, Sukha Singh."[1] The loss of the victors in this dashing affair was confined to one horse killed and one wounded. As a matter of course they received the thanks of the Indian Government.

A few days later Hodson was again in the field, employed on behalf of General Wheeler in hunting after Ram Singh, who was again trying to raise the hill country north of Jalandhar against its new masters. "I have been day and night at work," he writes, "examining the hills and rivers, trying fords, leading columns, and doing all the multifarious duties thrust on that unhappy combination of hard work, a 'Guide' and 'Political' in one." The rebel leader was found to be strongly posted on the Dalla mountain. On the 15th Hodson, acting on Wheeler's instructions, led his Guides and a wing of the 3rd Native Infantry up the right bank of the Ravi with a view to recross the river and move up to a high peak of the mountain, while two other columns advanced from opposite quarters to the attack. "We had to march," writes Hodson, "by a circuitous route across the hills; darkness came on, accompanied by dreadful rain, the rivers rose and were impassable, and after twenty-four hours of

[1] Punjâb Blue-Book.

the most trying work I ever experienced, in which cold, hunger, and wet were our enemies, we succeeded in reaching our ground just in time to be too late." On the morning of the 16th the remaining columns succeeded in storming the position with no great loss. Ram Singh once more fled across the Ravi, with only two followers; and Lieutenant Hodson, in the words of Wheeler's despatch, "has entitled himself to the sincere thanks of the brigadier-general for his endeavours to lead a column to turn the enemy's position, which failed only from causes which rendered success impracticable."

On January 31 Hodson's amazing energy saved him from an untimely end. He had gone into Lahore for a few days to see Sir Henry Lawrence, who had just resumed his post as Resident. He left Lahore on the morning of the 31st, on his way back to Dinanagar. Halting for breakfast at Amritsar, he reached his camp by nightfall, having covered the hundred miles in ten hours and a half. "A party of Sikhs," he writes, "had collected at a village by the roadside to attack me and polish me off." They had not expected him, however, till the next morning. "I am sorry to say," he adds, "that they surrounded my horses, which were coming on quietly in the morning, asked for me, and finding I had escaped, stole my best horse, a valuable Arab, who had carried me in three fights, and bolted, not, however, without resistance, for two horsemen (Guides) of mine who were with the horse tried to save it. One got four wounds and the other escaped unhurt. Had I ridden like any other Christian instead of like a spectre horseman, and been the usual time on the

road, I should have been a 'body.'" "As soon as the tidings reached us," he says in a letter to Mr Lewin Bowring, "the troop was off like a flash of lightning, old Fathi Khan going at the gallop the whole distance and sending a man to us—we were at breakfast at the time in camp—to say that he was off! We followed like a steeplechase, got up to the scene of the scrimmage, some five *kôs* hence, and did our best to trace the rascals. We got on their track and followed it to Kanowan, but there lost all trace of them, and as a matter of course not a soul would own to having seen them. . . . I have had enough of riding—100 miles on the 31st, and eleven hours steady in the saddle on the 1st! I only feel it in the waist, which is somewhat sore from the constant pressure of a sword-belt for so many hours."

"'But my horse it is another's,
And it never can be mine,'"

were the words in which Hodson, writing to his father, gave a humorous turn to the feeling of "intense disgust" expressed in his letter to Mr Bowring at the abduction of his favourite Arab, who had done him "yeoman service" during the campaign.

On January 22 the citadel of Multân surrendered to General Whish, and to Herbert Edwardes was intrusted the duty of escorting Mulrâj as prisoner to Lahore. Three of Whish's brigades were at once sent northwards to reinforce Gough, who had meanwhile halted at Chilianwâla, watching Sher Singh's army intrenched about Rasûl. By the middle of February the combined forces of Sher and Chatar Singh marched quietly round Gough's flank towards the

Chinâb near Wazirabad in hopes of intercepting Gough's reinforcements, and even, it was said, of making a dash at Lahore. By this time Hodson found himself acting in close companionship with the army of the Punjâb. "I am at present with my men," he writes on February 19 from Wazirabad, "attached to a brigade encamped on this (the left) bank of the Chinâb to prevent the enemy crossing until Lord Gough is ready to attack them on the right bank, where he is now encamped with his whole force minus our brigade."

Baffled by swollen fords and British vigilance in their attempts to cross the Chinâb, the Sikh leaders prepared to make their last stand round the walled city of Gujarât, on the right bank of the Chinâb, some miles north of Wazirabad. In front of this place some 50,000 horse and foot, including 1500 Afghans, with an armament of 60 guns, awaited Lord Gough's advance at the head of 23,000 men and 90 guns.

On February 21, 1849, the British general fought and won "his last battle and his best," as he himself put it in his letter to the chairman of the India Board. At 8.30 of that morning the battle of the guns began, and raged more or less fiercely for about three hours. By that time the two villages on our right front had been stormed, and about noon the long British line moved forward to certain victory. The retreat of the enemy was soon turned by our guns and cavalry into a murderous rout. That day the whole of their standing camp, their baggage, ordnance stores, and fifty-three of their guns fell into the victor's hands. Gough's whole loss in killed and wounded amounted only to 806 men.

At this crowning victory of Gujarât Hodson himself was present as an active member of Lord Gough's personal staff. Of his letter describing the battle no trace can be found, nor did his name at first appear in Lord Gough's despatch to the Governor-General. This oversight, however, was duly remedied in Lord Gough's postscript of March 15: "On the reperusal of my despatch relative to the operations of February 21 at Gujarât, I regret to find that I omitted to mention the names of Lieutenants Lumsden and Hodson of the corps of Guides, and Lieutenant Lake of the Engineers, attached to the Political Department. These officers were most active in conveying orders throughout the action, and I now beg to bring their names to the favourable notice of your lordship."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM SOLDIER TO CIVILIAN. 1849–1850.

On the morning of February 22 a strong flying column of all arms, led by the dashing Sir Walter Gilbert, set out from the field of Gujarât on that long hot chase of the routed enemy which led to the final surrender of the Sikhs at Rawal Pindi, and ended a week later in the flight of Dost Muhammad's horsemen through the Khaibar hills, only a few hours before Gilbert's cavalry reached Peshâwar. On March 30, 1849, the Marquis of Dalhousie issued the proclamation which dethroned the child-sovereign of Ranjit's kingdom, and turned the Punjâb into a province of British India.

"I had anticipated and wished for this measure," wrote Hodson on April 17. "I did not, however, expect that it would be carried out so suddenly and so sweepingly as it has been. I have been *annexed* as well as the Punjâb. My 'occupation's gone.'"

In other words, under the new scheme of government provided by Lord Dalhousie for the Punjâb, Lieutenant W. Hodson was relieved for the moment of his civil duties by some one whose official rank entitled him to displace a mere subaltern of less

than five years' standing. Conscious of his own worth, as attested by the records, public and private, of his recent services, he fell back, with a passing grumble, upon the post he still held as second in command of the Guides under the high-souled Harry Lumsden. After instructing the new Commissioner in the details of the province, which he himself had won from the rebels during the past six months, he rejoined the Guides at Peshâwar to arrange with Lumsden the proposed additions to the strength of that corps.

"Now daily, morning and evening," he writes in June, "I may be seen standing on one leg to convince their Afghan mind of the plausibility and elegance of the goose-step. I am quite a sergeant-major just now, and you will well believe that your wandering brother is sufficiently cosmopolised to drop with a certain *aplomb* into any line of life which may turn up in the course of his career. I was always fond of 'soldiering,' and there is a species of absurdity in dropping from the minister of a province into a drill-sergeant, which is enlivening."

Meanwhile Hodson, as he tells his brother, had "made some progress in the knowledge of men," but found himself behindhand in that of books. "We are sadly off," he writes, "for military works in English, and few sciences require more study than the art of war. You might get me a list of good works from the United Service Institution at Charing Cross. I want the best edition of Cæsar procurable; also Xenophon and Arrian. I fancy the last has been very well edited." In the matter of reading he was certainly better off than most of the many officers then quartered about the

frontier; but he had read the few books he always carried about with him until he was tired of them all excepting Shakespeare. "Then, of course, there are no ladies here, and consequently no society, or *réunions* (as they are called when people *live* together), and people are pitched headlong on to their own resources, and find them very *hard falling indeed!*"

He was just then recovering from a sharp attack of fever—"a regular blazing Eastern fever, the sort of thing which burns so fast that if it don't stop quickly, it burns you well down into the socket, and leaves you there without strength to splutter or flicker, and you go out without the satisfaction of a last flare-up at expiring." By this time the order had come for increasing the Guide corps to 1000 men, so that Hodson would have plenty of work before him, especially as Lumsden left "almost everything" in his lieutenant's hands. By this time also his good friend, Sir Henry Lawrence, had obtained for him the post of Assistant Commissioner under the new Board of Administration, at the head of which was Sir Henry himself.

On this occasion one of his heartiest well-wishers was his late comrade and commander, Harry Lumsden. "I congratulate you," he wrote in July, "on being made an Assistant Commissioner in the Punjâb, though I am myself truly sorry to lose you as a Guide: however, it is for your advantage, no doubt."

Some months earlier the new President of the Punjâb Board had not been in the best of humours either with Hodson or Hodson's commandant. To the former he had written on February 28: "I

am seriously displeased at the way you and Lumsden have behaved after all my injunctions. Battles are not fought every day, and yet to this moment I have not *one* line from either of you, the two officers of the Guides, on the subject of a general action fought on the 21st." And on the following day, after giving Hodson some directions as to the treatment of some prisoners, Sir Henry wrote: "I know you are zealous, and I am ready as ever to appreciate your merits, but it seems to me that a year has not lessened the great defect in your character and drawback to your usefulness —viz., impetuosity and excess of self-reliance."

Sir Henry, indeed, was just then out of humour with things in general, especially with Dalhousie's plans for annexing and governing the Punjâb. His broken health and his strained relations with a Governor-General who had a will of his own did not tend to improve a temper naturally quick to take offence, and now yet more embittered by the fact of his holding only the first place in a board of three, one of whom was his brother, John Lawrence. In Hodson's case, however, this splenetic humour does not seem to have rankled long. In due time Sir Henry frankly owned that he had misjudged his young friend, and Hodson's soreness at the seeming injustice ere long gave place to kindlier feelings and a juster sense of his patron's unfailing efforts on his behalf. Sir Henry's letters of this period show how warm an interest he took in Hodson's fortunes. Writing from Lahore on July 21 to congratulate Hodson on his *pucka* appointment, he says: "Regarding your appointment, I had to speak or write at least six times since I went to

Simla. You can come down with Lumsden or otherwise as you and he think best. . . . If you come down, the sooner the better, for I have a special bit of service in this direction for the Guides which must come *off soon*. . . . You never sent me the memorandum of services during the war." [1]

About the middle of August Hodson had reached Lahore and entered on the duties of Assistant to the Commissioner, Charles B. Saunders. He had hardly set to work when he came in for another sharp attack of fever. "I am about again," he writes on September 3, "but not able to work. Sir H. Lawrence is very unwell: I fear that his constitution is utterly broken down, and that he will either have to go away from India for two years or more, or that another hot season will kill him. He is ten years older in every respect than he was during our Kashmir trip in 1846."

With regard to the nature and extent of his duties the new Assistant Commissioner had not much to learn. They combined, in his own words, "judicial, police, magisterial, and revenue work. A goodly number of new ideas, is it not? Happily I have tried all under the old *régime*, and have only to learn the new system and official slang. It will be a good line eventually. At present I get less pay than with the Guides since their augmentation."

It was not entirely of his own choice that Hodson had entered upon his new career. "To tell the truth," he wrote on September 24, "I had much rather have remained with the Guides,—a more independent and very far pleasanter life, and I

[1] Letters supplied by Miss Hodson.

think one that will in the end be more distinguished. However, I was guided by Mr Thomason's and Sir H. Lawrence's advice, and must take the consequences."

There were other matters, also, on which for the moment he was specially employed. "The army has fallen to my share, and I have to examine into the claims of innumerable fine old hangers-on of the Lahore State to grants or pensions, to record their rights, and report on them for the decision of Government. Then there are upwards of 2000 old women, wives and mothers of soldiers killed in war, whom I have to see and pay the pittance decreed by their masters. Lord Dalhousie and his secretaries and officials are stern and hard taskmasters, and are not unworthily represented by the new Board, the only merciful member of which (Sir H. Lawrence) is left in a minority, and is, moreover, too ill to do much."

In October Hodson was again disabled for a time from active work. For several weeks he was, in his own words, "continuously bedridden, thanks to a rampageous horse. Gentlemen at home ride trained and broken horses; *we* ride fresh young brutes innocent of bit or saddle till the day one mounts them, and it's not *one* wild trick but a thousand they have. But my leg is doing well, only sprained; but three weeks on one's back is hard lines when, as now, it means solitary confinement. 'Tis true an acquaintance now and then drops in, and the doctor's visits mark the lapse of days, but at the best it is weary work."

During those weeks of enforced idleness he amused himself with reading the Life of Sir T.

Fowell Buxton, whose energy, he wrote, "is admirably shown in everything, from porter and beefsteaks to bullying West Indian planters. We want men of that kind out here, who will stand climate and *snubbing* to any amount. The apathy and *laissez-faire* system which the climate of India seems to engender is quite astounding; but one gets used to it soon, and in time, I suppose, as apathetic as the rest of them. Sir Henry Lawrence is still absent on his tour. . . . He seemed to me utterly broken up, body and mind, when he was here."

On the 22nd he writes to his father: "How I envy you your mountain and lake wanderings [in Switzerland], and how much I wish I could be with you and the dear sisters amid such a beautiful country. What a relief it would be after the sea-like plain of Upper India, to say nothing of the delight of seeing you all again! . . . I am not yet able to walk or ride, but I make my friends drive me in their carriages." He had "quite a host of guests" staying with him during a great race meeting at Lahore, in which Sir Walter Gilbert might be seen, at the age of sixty-five, "riding races against all comers, professional and gentlemen riders, and beating them all."

In December 1849 Lord Dalhousie paid his first visit to the capital of his new province. "Great have been the doings," writes Hodson on the 7th—"two balls, two darbârs, two levees, a *fête champêtre*, and an investiture of the Bath, all in one week. . . . I had only just strength enough to stand up during the proceedings. We civil employés gave a ball last night to Lady Dalhousie and the Governor-General.

. . . But the event to me was my introduction to Sir Charles Napier, and a 'big talk' I had with him. I have been long looking forward to this, and was much pleased. . . . I am writing against time, as I am going to dine with Sir C. Napier *en famille*."[1]

In the first days of 1850 Hodson was staying with the Lawrences for change of air at Lahore. "I go into camp to-morrow," he writes on the 5th, "for the same object, and hope at length to shake off the effects of my long ailings. It is three months since I mounted a horse, and that in India, and in this beautiful climate, where one ought to be in the saddle half the day. I am thoroughly weary of contemplating four white walls and a white roof. The bare barn-like rooms, without curtains, colour, or ornaments, do so weary one's eyes after a few weeks' constant confinement. Commend me to a camp life, even though you could not leave your tent without being shot at! Sir C. Napier is coming out very strong, and routing people up amazingly. . . . He is frightened, as he well may be, at the fearful want of discipline in the native army. . . . Sir Henry talks of our making a tour together among the wilds of the Punjâb."

It was at this time that Hodson made or renewed the acquaintance with William Arnold, the youngest and not least gifted son of Rugby's famous head-master. In the young ensign of a native infantry regiment, the future author of 'Oakfield,' Hodson found a companion suited to his own scholarly tastes, and responsive to his more thoughtful moods.

[1] The hero of Miâni had just succeeded Lord Gough as commander-in-chief.

"He is quite fresh and very Arnold-like, and does me a world of good. One feels at home again with some one to speak to about former days, and of sense sufficient for conversation. He is a shrewd clever lad, I think."[1]

By the 21st of January Hodson had reached Pathankôt in company with Sir Henry Lawrence. He hoped to see

> "our coursers graze at ease
> Beyond the blue Borysthenes,"

the name by which he had dubbed the Indus before his return to civilised life. He was now able to ride again, "though not quite with the same firmness in the saddle as of yore. I have no doubt, however, that ere we do see the 'Borysthenes' I shall be as 'game' for a gallop of one hundred miles on end as I was last year at this season."

Some weeks later Hodson became assistant to the Deputy-Commissioner of Amritsar, Charles B. Saunders,—"a very nice sort of fellow, with an exceeding pretty and nice wife." For the Commissioner himself, Mr (afterwards Sir Robert) Montgomery, he soon conceived a strong liking. "He is a very able man, and at the head of his service in many respects." His letters of this period seem to attest the depressing influence of three months' illness, crowned by an attack of jaundice, from which he was only just recovering.

[1] William Delafield Arnold soon exchanged the life of a soldier for the duties of a public teacher. He became a Director of Public Instruction in the Punjâb, and died at Gibraltar on his way home in April 1859. Readers of Matthew Arnold may remember the touching verses in which he mourned his brother's untimely death. See 'Matthew Arnold's Poetical Works,' p. 294. Macmillan, 1890.

He looked back regretfully to the stirring life he had led on service with the Guides; and he brooded, not without cause, over the fact of his exclusion from the honours bestowed on deserving officers after the late campaign. "It is now two years," he writes on March 4, "since I was made an assistant to the Resident, and within a few months of that time I took absolute charge of a tract of country (in a state of war, too) comprising three modern districts, in one of which I am now playing third fiddle. Surely annexation was a 'heavy blow and a great discouragement' to me at least. In the military line, too, I have been equally unlucky, from the fact of my services having been with detachments instead of with the main army. I held my ground (and cleared it of the enemy, too) for weeks with only 120 men at my back, and when every officer, from General Wheeler downwards, entreated me to withdraw and give it up; I fed 5000 men and horses for six months by personal and unremitting exertion; collected the revenues of the disturbed districts, and paid £15,000 over and above into the treasury, from the proceeds of property taken from the rebels. Besides this, I worked for General Wheeler so satisfactorily that he has declared publicly that he could have done nothing without me. So much were the Sikhs enraged at my proceedings that party after party were sent to *polish* me off, and at one time I couldn't stir about the country without having bullets sent at my head from every bush and wall. However, I need not go on with the catalogue; I have been egotistical enough as it is."

A fortnight later he inveighs with equal force and justice against the seniority system which then pre-

vailed in India: "At the age at which officers become colonels and majors not one in fifty is able to stand the wear and tear of Indian service. They become still more worn in mind than in body. All elasticity is gone; all energy and enterprise worn out; they become, after a fortnight's campaign, a burden to themselves, an annoyance to those under them, and a terror to every one but the enemy! The officer who commanded the cavalry brigade which so disgraced the service at Chilianwâla was not able to mount a horse without the assistance of two men. A brigadier of infantry, under whom I served during the three most critical days of the late war, could not see his regiment when I led his horse by the bridle until its nose touched the bayonets; and even then he said faintly, 'Pray, which way are the men facing, Mr Hodson?' This is no exaggeration, I assure you. Can you wonder that our troops have to recover by desperate fighting, and with heavy loss, the advantages thrown away by the want of heads and eyes to lead them?"

"A seniority service," he adds, "like that of the Company, is all very well for poor men; better still for fools, for they must rise equally with wise men; but for maintaining the discipline and efficiency of the army in time of peace, and hurling it on the enemy in war, there never was a system which carried so many evils on its front and face.

"I speak strongly, you will say, for I feel acutely: though I am so young a soldier, yet the whole of my brief career has been spent in camps, and a year such as the last, spent in almost constant strife, and a great part of it on detached and independent command, teaches one lessons which

thirty years of peaceful life, of parades and cantonments, would never impart.

"There are men of iron, like Napier and Radetzky, aged men, whom nothing affects; but they are just in sufficient numbers to prove the rule by establishing exceptions. Depend upon it, that for the rough work of war, especially in India, your leaders must be young to be effective."

In a letter of April 5, Hodson tells how he had just spent three days on civil duty in Sir Charles Napier's camp. Sir Charles "was most kind and cordial; vastly amusing and interesting, and gave me even a higher opinion of him than before. To be sure, his language and mode of expressing himself savour more of the last than of this century—of the camp than of the court; but, barring these eccentricities, he is a wonderful man; his heart is as thoroughly in his work, and he takes as high a tone in all that concerns it, as Arnold did in his—that is to say, the highest the subject is capable of. I only trust he will remain with us as long as his health lasts, and endeavour to rouse the army from the state of slack discipline into which it has fallen. On my parting with him he said, 'Now, remember, Hodson, if there is any way in which I can be of use to you, pray don't scruple to write to me.' I didn't show him his brother's (Sir W. Napier's) letter, that he might judge for himself first, and know me *per se*, or rather *per me*: I will, however, if ever I see him again."

In the same letter he refers to the death of Dr Arnold as "a national misfortune. . . . As it is, the influence which he did produce has been most

lasting and striking in its effects. It is felt even in India; I cannot say more than that.

"You should come and live in India for five years," he adds, "if you wished to feel the benefit of our 'established' forms of Christianity. Even the outward signs and tokens of its profession—cathedrals, churches, colleges, tombs, hospitals, almshouses—have, I am now more than ever convinced, an influence on men's minds and principles and actions which none but those who have been removed from their influence for years can feel or appreciate thoroughly. . . . A few cathedrals and venerable-looking edifices would do wonders in our colonies. Here we have nothing physical to remind us of any creed but Islamism and Hinduism. The comparative purity of the Moslem's creed is shown admirably in the superiority in taste and form of their places of prayer. Christianity alone is thrust out of sight! A barrack-room, a ball-room, a dining-room, perhaps a court of justice, serve the purpose for which the 'wisdom and piety of our ancestors' constructed such noble and stately temples; feeling, justly, that the human mind in its weakness required to be called to the exercise of devotion by the senses as well as by reason and will; that separation from the ordinary scenes of everyday life, its cares, its toils, its amusements, is necessary to train the feelings and thoughts to that state in which religious impressions are conveyed. I have not seen a church for three years and more, nor heard the service of the Church read, save at intervals in a room in which, perhaps, the night before, I had been crushed by a great dinner-

party or worn out by the bustle and turmoil of suitors. The building in which one toils becomes intimately associated with the toil itself. That in which one prays should at least have some attribute to remind one of prayer. Human nature shrinks for long from the thought of being buried in any but consecrated ground; the certainty of lying dead some day or other on a field of battle, or by a road-side, has, I have remarked, the most strange effect on the soldier's mind. Depend upon it, the same feeling holds good with regard to consecrated places of worship. You may think this fanciful, but I am sure you would feel it more strongly than I do were you to live for a time in a country where everything *but religion* has its living and existent memorials and evidences."

Hodson had just made himself comfortable in Amritsar, in a pretty garden-house fitted up with doors and windows, when he found himself driven by the state of his health to go on four months' leave to the hills. Going away was, he felt, "a great bore in some respects, as it may be a hindrance in the way of promotion, and, moreover, I am reduced to the state of half-pay for the time I am on leave. On the other hand, neither promotion nor pay are any good so long as life is a burden to one by reason of weakness and sickness."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM KASHMIR TO KUSSOWLIE. 1850–1851.

EARLY in June Hodson quitted Amritsar to join Sir Henry Lawrence on the road to Kashmir. By the 10th they had reached the summit of the first high ridge southward of the snowy range, and were only about sixty miles from the valley itself. "To me," he writes, "travelling is life, and in a country where one has no home, no local attractions, and no special sympathies, it is the greatest comfort in the world. I get terribly *ennuyé* if I am in one place for three months at a time; yet I think I should be just as tame as ever in England, quite domestic again."

The travellers were resting in the Kashmir valley, the beauty of which enraptured Hodson, who had only seen it before in its winter dress. "Nothing can exceed the luxuriant beauty of the vegetation, the plane-trees and walnuts especially, except the squalor, dirt, and poverty of the wretched Kashmirians. The king is avaricious, and is old. The disease grows on him, and he won't look beyond his money-bags. There is a capitation tax on every individual practising any labour, trade, profession, or employment, collected *daily*. Fancy the

Londoners having to go and pay a fourpenny- and a sixpenny-bit each per diem for the pleasure of living in the town. Then the tax on all shawls, goods, and fabrics is about seventy-five per cent, including custom duty, and this the one solitary staple of the valley. . . . What a garden it might be made! Not an acre to which the finest water might not be conveyed without expense worth naming, and a climate where all produce comes to perfection, from wheat and barley to grapes and silk."

On the 20th they went northwards towards Ladâkh, whence they passed on through Iskardo, across the Indus, to Gilgit—"a *terra incognita* to which, I believe, only one European now living has penetrated." "Sir Henry Lawrence," he adds, "is not well, and certainly not up to this trip, but he has made up his mind to go. I do not gain strength as fast as I could wish, but I fancy, when once thoroughly unstrung, it takes a long time to recover the wonted tone."

By the end of July our travellers were encamped at Kargil, only a few marches from Leh, the chief town in the Tibetan province of Ladâkh. "As far as the pass," he writes to Mr F. A. Foster, "dividing Kashmir from Tibet, all was lovely, rich woods and green sloping lawns, covered with a profusion of our English garden-flowers, interspersed with mighty peaks and savage rocks. You cross the ridge and all is changed—glaciers and vast masses of mountain alone meet the eye, and as you descend the valley of the Drâp river, day after day you have but a wall of mountains on your right hand and on your left, and a torrent rushing along by your side to join the Indus. . . . We are among the Bhôts here,

Buddhists by creed, and the ugliest mortals I ever beheld. Their features are an immortal smash, scarce cognisable one from another, with low villainous-looking forehead and bad eyes. No wonder, since they live half buried in snow during six months of the year! and have to grind hard for a livelihood the remainder of it. I need hardly say that their language is unfit for ears polite, and undistinguishable from that of a calf or wild beast. Neither gods nor men could undertake such a task as deciphering it, one would think, yet I believe a romantic Pole or Russian really did make a vocabulary thereof, and I doubt not the Boden professor would lecture off-hand on the subject."

On August 4 Lawrence's camp was pitched at Kalsi in Ladâkh. "The kitchen," writes Hodson, "is under a neighbouring tree; and round a fire are squatting our gallant guards, a party of Maharaja Gulâb Singh's household brigade. Some of his people accompany us, and what with followers, a munshi or two for business and their followers, I daresay we are a party of two or three hundred souls of all colours and creeds—Christians, Mussulmans, Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, and varieties of each. The creeds of the party are as varied as their colours; and that's saying a good deal, when you contrast my white face and yellow hair with Sir Henry's nut-brown, the pale white parchmenty-colour of the Kashmiri, the honest brunette tinge of the tall Sikh, the clear olive-brown of the Rajput, down through all shades of dinginess to the deep black of the low-caste Hindu. I am one of the whitest men in India, I fancy, as instead of burning in the sun, I get blenched like endive or celery.

How you would stare at my long beard, moustache, and whiskers. . . . The Indus is brawling along 500 feet below us, as if in a hurry to get 'out of that'; and above, one's neck aches with trying to see to the top of the vast craggy mountains which confine the stream in its rocky channel. So wild, so heaven-forsaken a scene I never beheld; living nature there is none. In a week's journey I have seen three marmots, two wagtails, and three jackdaws, and we have averaged twenty miles a-day."

After some more marches of the same average length, the party arrived at Leh or Ladâkh, which Hodson describes as "a small town of not more than 400 houses, on a projecting promontory of rock stretching out into the valley formed by one of the small feeders of the Indus. For the people, they are Bhôts, and wear tails, and have flat features like the Chinese, and black garments. The women, unlike other Asiatics whom I have seen, go about the streets openly, as in civilised countries; but they are an ugly race, and withal dirty to an absolutely unparalleled extent. They wear no head-dress, but plait their masses of black hair into sundry tails half-way down their backs. Covering the division of the hair from the forehead, back, and down the shoulders, is a narrow leathern strap, universally adorned with rough turquoises and bits of gold or silver." One old Rani on whom Lawrence and Hodson called had her head adorned with a broader strap, on which were sewn 156 large turquoises reckoned to be worth several hundred pounds.

"The climate is delightful; it never rains; the sky is blue to a fault, and snow only falls sparingly

in winter, though the climate is cold, being 10,000 feet (they say) above the sea. In boiling water the thermometer was only 188°. I never felt a more exhilarating air. That one week quite set me up, and I have been better ever since. The Llamas or monks, with their red cardinals' hats and crimson robes, look very imposing and monastic, quite a travesty of the regular clergy, and they blow just such trumpets as Fame does on monuments in country churches. Jolly friars they are, and fat to a man."

After a week spent at Leh they crossed the mountain ridge which separates the two branches of the Indus. Descending the northern or right stream, they reached Iskardo, the capital of Baltistan, or Little Tibet. This place Hodson characterised as "a genuine humbug. In the middle of a fine valley some 6000 feet above the sea, surrounded by sudden-rising perpendicular mountains 6000 feet higher, stands an isolated rock washed by the Indus, some two miles by three-quarters — a little Gibraltar. The valley may be ten miles by three, partially cultivated, and inhabited by some two hundred scattered houses. There's Iskardo. There *was* a fort on the rock, but that is gone, and all, as usual in the East, bespeaks havoc: only Nature is grand here. The people are Mussulmans and not Bhôts, and are more human-looking, but not so well clad."

Hodson was surprised to find Iskardo so much hotter than he had expected. On August 25 the thermometer in his tent rose to 92°—"a thing," he says, "for which I cannot possibly account, as there is snow now on all sides of us."

About the middle of September Hodson parted company with Sir Henry Lawrence in Kashmir, and made his way across the Punjâb to Simla, where he purposed spending a few days with his old friend Mr James Thomason. Sir Henry and he had parted the best of friends; and Sir Henry urged him to use all the influence he could command at Simla, in order to obtain the promise of a brevet majority, whenever he might gain the rank of regimental captain, as well as the immediate reward of a local majority for his services in the late war.

What Sir Henry himself thought of his young companion appears in his letter of August 29 to his brother George: "I have had a nice tour with Hodson, who makes a good travelling companion—energetic, clever, and well-informed. I don't know why you did not take to him at Peshawar. He has his faults,—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, *à la* Boileau, 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 Republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon." [1]

Among other motives for Sir Henry's visit to

[1] Merivale's 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.' The story goes that Boileau of the Bengal Engineers, while awaiting an audience of the Governor-General, amused himself by standing upon his head. In this posture he was still to be seen, dangling his legs in the air, when the great man suddenly entered the room.

Kashmir had been the purchase of shawls and other noteworthy products of Kashmiri handlooms, which would take their place in the Indian department of the Great Exhibition, to be held in the following year in the great glass palace designed by Sir Joseph Paxton. Hodson, of course, threw himself gladly into the congenial business of selecting the daintiest samples of native workmanship. Nor could he resist the temptation to order a pair of shawls on his own account. As the making of these elaborate works of art would take many months, he trusted that he would have the means of paying for them when the bills were sent in.

In due time the precious goods were delivered, but the means of payment were not at once forthcoming. Hodson therefore sent the shawls to England for sale, and the money obtained for them enabled him at last to meet the claims of the Kashmiri merchants. Owing to some miscarriage there had been unforeseen delays in the settlement of this affair; and the merchants complained to Sir Henry Lawrence, who was naturally much annoyed, and no doubt spoke his mind freely to the seeming delinquent. It is quite a mistake, however, to suppose that Sir Henry's wrath on this occasion went beyond a passing outburst over an act of venial indiscretion due to his young friend's sanguine temperament alone. Sir Henry's whole conduct at this period belies the assertion put forward by Hodson's enemies, that he had lost all faith in Hodson's personal integrity. Sir Henry's two most intimate friends, Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Robert Montgomery, both assured the Rev.

George H. Hodson "that they never heard any intimation of the sort, nor did his brother-in-law, the Rev. J. Knox Marshall, with whom to the last he most constantly corresponded in England." Mr Knox Marshall well remembers "the way in which Sir Henry used to write respecting your noble and distinguished brother. Among the many whose character for honour, bravery, and courage those trying times developed, no one stood higher, few so high."[1]

That Hodson's "unscrupulous character came out at every step" of the Kashmir tour must be regarded as a flight of pure fancy on the part of a writer who goes out of his way to asperse the character of a man whose worst failings sprang from no sordid or ignoble source.

In this connection I may refer again to the testimony of his old schoolfellow, Mr Thomas Arnold: "I firmly believe that the charges and imputations which have been heaped upon his memory are for the most part false. When he is accused of peculation, falsification of accounts, misappropriation of funds, &c., I should oppose, unless evidence much more damaging than has yet been brought forward can be produced, an unhesitating negative. I do not believe that Hodson was capable of base or ignoble acts. He had an honest and upright nature."[2] That Hodson was the "soul of honour" has always been the settled conviction of that other schoolfellow, Mr F. A. Foster, with whom he corresponded nearly to the last. Such evidence to early character counts for much when

[1] Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

[2] Passages from a Wandering Life. By Thomas Arnold.

it is borne out by the concurrent testimony of those who knew the same man best in after-years.

"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet,"

is a sound working principle in life as well as art.

To return to Hodson and his Simla experiences in October 1850. In a letter of the 21st, written under Thomason's hospitable roof, he says: "The change to the utter comfort and civilisation of this house was something 'stunning'; and I have not yet become quite reconciled to dressing three times a-day, black hat, and patent-leather boots. I need hardly say, however, that I have very much enjoyed my visit and my 'big talks' with Mr Thomason. He is very grey, and looks older than when I saw him in 1847, but otherwise he is just the same, working magnificently, and doing wonders for his province. Already the North-West Provinces are a century in advance of the Bengal Proper ones. As a governor he has not his equal; and in honesty, high-mindedness, and indefatigable devotion to the public good, he is *facile princeps* of the whole Indian service. Nor is there a household in India to match his; indeed it is about the only 'big-wig' house to which people go with pleasure rather than as a duty. I saw Sir Charles Napier, too, and dined with him last week. He is very kind and pleasant, and I am very sorry on public grounds that he is going away."

On November 4 he writes from Kussowlie: "Mr Thomason will have told you of the power of civility I met with at Simla from the 'big-wigs,' and that even Lord Dalhousie waxed complimentary,

and said that 'Lumsden and Hodson were about the best men he had' (that I write it that shouldn't!), and that he promised to do his best to get me a brevet majority as soon as I became in the course of time a regimental captain. And Sir Charles Napier (the best-abused man of his day) was anxious to get for me the staff appointment of brigade-major to the Punjâb Irregular Force—*i.e.*, of the six newly raised cavalry and infantry regiments for the frontier service. He did not succeed, for the berth had been previously filled up unknown to him; but he *tried to do so*, and that's a compliment from such a man. I hope I need not say that this good deed of his was as spontaneous as a mushroom's birth. . . . Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence have both repeatedly charged me with kindly greetings to you all and to the Archdeacon. I am on a more comfortable footing with Sir Henry now than ever almost, and he is, as you know, most kind when his temper is good."

About this time he was appointed to act as personal assistant to Mr G. Edmonstone, then Commissioner for the Cis-Satlaj States. In spite of this new promotion Hodson "hankered after the Guides as much as ever, and would catch at a good opportunity of returning to them with honour." He had only turned civilian against his own feelings, at the advice of Sir Henry and Mr Thomason. He had refused six months ago to apply for a vacancy in the corps of Guides, because he knew that Lumsden would disapprove of his passing over the heads of senior officers. "*Now*," he writes, "both Sir Henry Lawrence and Mr Thomason are very sorry that I ever left the corps, and that they advised the step.

Things have taken a different turn since then, and it is confessedly the best thing a young soldier can aspire to. I know that my present line is one which leads to more pecuniary advantages; but the other is the finer field, and is far more independent. I shall work away, however, cheerfully in the civil line until I see a good opening in the other, and *then* I fear you will hardly persuade me that sitting at a desk with the thermometer at 98° is better than soldiering—*i.e.*, than *commanding* soldiers made and taught by yourself!"

Returning to Amritsar in the middle of November, Hodson was "up to the neck in work" for about three weeks before joining his new chief at Lahore. Here he found his work both pleasanter and freer from routine than that which he had left behind. At Lahore he employed his leisure "in cramming Hindi for a useless examination in a tongue unknown on this side the Ganges." He was getting "tired of zeal—it is unprofitable. For the future I mean to take mine ease. I see that men who do so get on better than I do, and enjoy themselves much more! So good-bye to enthusiasm and zeal and all that sort of thing. I have hitherto worked hard, it does not pay, and I shall try what taking it coolly will do. Seven fevers, a broken constitution, a bald head, and a character for hard work are all that I have gained, and it is time to try another line."[1]

His temper at this time seems to have been ruffled by the snubbings he had incurred from the authorities—"no one knows why or wherefore."

February 21, 1851, the anniversary of Gujarât,

[1] Letters supplied by Miss Hodson.

was "curiously marked," he writes, "by the announcement that the net balance of receipts over expenditure for the past year for the newly acquired provinces has reached upwards of a million sterling. Lord Dalhousie's star is in the ascendant. His financial measures are apparently all good when tried by the only standard admissible in the nineteenth century—their success."

His arrival at Kussowlie towards the end of March wonderfully refreshed him both in body and mind. "Talk of Indian luxuries! there are but two—cold water and cool air! I get on very comfortably with my new 'chief.' He is a first-rate man, and has a most uncommon appetite for work, of which there is plenty for both of us. We cover a good stretch of country—comprising five British districts and nine sovereign states; and as the whole has been in grievous disorder for many years, and a peculiarly difficult population to deal with, you may imagine that the work is not slight. . . . I was at work a whole day lately over one case, which, after all, involved only a claim to about a quarter of an acre of land! You will give me credit for ingenuity in discovering that the result of some half-dozen quires of written evidence was to prove that *neither* of the contending parties had any right at all!"

Hodson had been staying for a time with Captain Douglas of the 60th Rifles. "There is not a better man or more genuine soldier going. This may appear faint praise, but rightly understood, and conscientiously and boldly worked out, I doubt whether any other profession calls forth the higher qualities of our nature more strongly than does that

of a soldier in times of war and tumults. Certain it is that it requires the highest order of man to be a good general, and in the lower ranks (in this country especially), even with all the frightful drawbacks and evils, I doubt whether the Saxon race is ever so pre-eminent, or its good points so strongly developed, as in the 'European' soldier serving in India, or on service anywhere."

His word-picture of the view which his own house commanded from the top of a ridge some 8000 feet above sea-level deserves quoting here: "In the immediate foreground rises a round-backed ridge, on which stands the former work of my hands, the 'Lawrence Asylum'; while to the westward, and down, down far off in the interminable south, the wide glistening plains of the Punjâb, streaked with the faint ribbon-like lines of the Satlaj and its tributaries, and the wider sea-like expanse of Hindustan, stretch away in unbroken evenness beyond the limits of vision, and almost beyond those of faith and imagination. On the other side you look over a mass of mountains up to the topmost peak of Himalaya. So narrow is the ridge that it seems as though you could toss a pebble from one window into the Satlaj, and from the other into the valley below Simla."

After seven or eight hours' work he spent the rest of his day in the society of the 60th Rifles—"the very nicest and most gentlemanly regiment I ever met with."

In May Hodson's spirits were greatly raised not only by the receipt of letters from home, but also by his advancement to the higher grade of assistants to Commissioners in the Punjâb. Of the letters

from home he writes: "It is very pleasant to receive these warm greetings, and it refreshes me when bothered or overworked, or feverish, or disgusted. I look forward to a visit to England and *home* with a pleasure which nothing but six years of exile can give."

With regard to his new official rank, it appears that Lord Dalhousie had yielded at last to the friendly pressure exerted by Hodson's superiors, especially by Mr Edmonstone, who had "commenced attacking him in my favour before I had been under him four months."

To the Rev. E. Harland he writes on June 11: "The old visions of boyhood have given place to the vehement aspirations of a military career and the interests of a larger ambition. I thirst now not for the calm pleasures of a country life, the charms of society, or a career of ease and comfort, but for the maddening excitement of war, the keen contest of wits involved in dealing with wilder men, and the exercise of power over the many by force of the will of the individual. Nor am I, I hope, insensible to the vast field for good and for usefulness which these vast provinces offer to our energies, and to the high importance of the trust committed to our charge."

In October of the same year he writes to his father: "By the end of next summer I hope to be as strong as I ever hope to be again. That I shall ever again be able to row from Cambridge to Ely in two hours and ten minutes, to run a mile in five minutes, or to walk from Skye (or Kyle Hatren Ferry) to Inverness in thirty hours, is not to be expected, or perhaps desired. But I have every

hope that in the event of another war I may be able to endure fatigue and exposure as freely as in 1848. . . . I have no doubt that matrimony will do me a power of good, and that I shall be not only better, but happier, and more careless than hitherto."

Hodson had just been deeply grieved by the death of Colonel Bradshaw, who had commanded the 60th Rifles in the second Sikh war. "He was the *beau idéal* of an English soldier and gentleman, and would have earned himself a name as a general had he been spared. A finer and nobler spirit there was not in the army. I feel it as a deep personal loss, for he won my esteem and regard in no common degree."

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE AND PROMOTION TO THE COMMAND OF THE GUIDES. 1852–1854.

Towards the close of 1851 Hodson went down to Calcutta eager to meet and welcome his future wife. During his stay in the city of palaces he made the acquaintance and won the friendship of the late Mr Frederick Lushington, then holding a prominent post in the Civil Service of Lower Bengal. A subsequent letter to Miss Hodson gives Mr Lushington's impressions of his new friend's character and appearance:—

"His height struck me as about 5 feet 11 inches, remarkably well made, lithe, and agile; his hair had slightly receded from a high and most intellectual forehead, and was light brown and curly; his eyes were blue, but, far from being soft and gentle, were animated by a peculiarly determined and sometimes even fierce look, which might occasionally change to one of mischievous merriment, for he was keenly susceptible of 'the ridiculous' in whatever shape it manifested itself, but usually his look impressed one at once with that idea of his determination and firmness which have ever characterised his actions; his nose was inclining to the aquiline, and the

curved thin nostrils added a look of defiance in no ways counteracted by the compressed lips, which seemed to denote many an inward struggle between duty and inclination.

"These are my impressions of your brother as I last saw him, and if you add to this an open frank manner that, *bon gré mal gré*, impressed you favourably at first sight with the owner, you will have the charming *ensemble* that presides over my recollections of three as happy weeks as I ever passed."[1]

On the 5th of January 1852 Lieutenant William Hodson was married at the cathedral in Calcutta to Susan, daughter of Captain C. Henry, R.N., and widow of John Mitford, Esq. of Exbury, Hants. They had met for the first time in Guernsey. "She is wonderfully little altered," writes Hodson, "since I saw her in 1844, and being in better health, she looks younger. Sir Lawrence Peel has placed a house at our disposal here, and we are very comfortable indeed and supremely happy."

"In the cold weather of 1851-52," writes Mr Seton-Karr, "I was surprised one morning to receive a letter from Hodson saying that he was on his way to Calcutta to receive Mrs Mitford, the lady whom he was engaged to marry. I was then Under Secretary in Lord Dalhousie's Government, and received Hodson in my house in Camac Street. He brought with him as attendant a faithful Afghan, who, he assured me, had been with Eldred Pottinger and had seen thousands of Persians and, as he averred, Russians to boot, hurled back from the walls of Herat in 1838.

"Hodson's marriage was quite private. No one

[1] MS. letter to Miss Hodson.

was present except myself, the late Sir Frederick Currie, then a member of the Supreme Council, and Sir Lawrence Peel, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. Hodson then returned to his duty in the Punjâb, and we never met again."

Hodson himself was glad to get away as soon as possible from the capital of Bengal. "I hate Calcutta with no common dislike, and hope this will be my last visit to the city of palaces and *uncovered drains*."

After a short but pleasant visit to Mr Thomason at Agra—"we have nothing which kindness could suggest left undone for us"—the newly-wedded pair reached Umballa in the first week of March 1852. Here the call of duty compelled Hodson to separate from his wife, whom he left for the time in the charge of Colonel and Mrs Trevor Wheler. He himself had to make the best of his way to Ludhiâna in order to "try a lot of gentlemen who have devoted their youthful energies to strangling their neighbours by the simple art of *Thuggi*."[1]

Early in April he appears to have joined the camp of Sir William Gomm, the new commander-in-chief at Patiâla. On the 13th he writes to his wife that he had been nearly worked off his feet. The commander-in-chief was to start at 10 A.M. for the hills, while he himself intended to ride on and breakfast with Mr Lewin Bowring at Umballa on his way back to Kussowlie.

On the breaking out of war with Burmah he prepared to rejoin his regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, which had been despatched down the Ganges to Calcutta in order to take part in the war. But the

[1] Letters supplied by Miss Hodson.

Governor-General saw no reason for allowing officers on civil employ to rejoin their regiments in the usual manner, and Hodson was "thus spared what would have been a very fatiguing and expensive trip, with very little hope of seeing any fighting." It was not long, however, before his soldierly instincts and aspirations were to be gratified by his appointment to the post he coveted beyond all others. On September 23 he writes from Kussowlie :—

"Lumsden, my old commandant in the Guides, goes to England next month, and the Governor-General has given me the command which I have coveted so long. It is immense good fortune in every way, both as regards income and distinction. It is accounted the most honourable and arduous command on the frontier, and fills the public eye, as the papers say, more than any other,

"This at the end of seven years' service is a great thing, especially on such a frontier as Peshâwar, at the mouth of the Khaiber Pass. You will agree with me in rejoicing at the opportunities for distinction thus offered to me."

Mr Thomason congratulated Hodson most sincerely on the new career thus opened before him. "I have never ceased to reproach myself for advising you to leave the corps, but now that you have the command, you will be all the better for the dose of civilianism that has been intermediately administered to you."

Meanwhile he had taken his wife up to Simla for change of air and medical advice. "She is now quite well," he writes, "and rejoices in the prospect of Peshâwar almost as much as I do. . . . There is a beautiful hill station near Rawal Pindi, where she

can go and take refuge whenever the weather is hot at Peshâwar. On October 7 he writes from Kussowlie to congratulate his old friend the Rev. F. A. Foster on his promotion to the living of Saxby.

"I know the neighbourhood, my father's brother, who lives at Goole on the Humber, having introduced me in 1833 to the banks of that muddiest of rivers and its Danish associations. Curiously enough, your letter reached me just as I also had attained the great object of my ambition in India, the command of the corps of Guides. The Governor-General gave me this distinguished command in the most flattering manner, in acknowledgment of services during the last war in the Punjâb, although I am unprecedentedly young (in the service!!) for such a command. I obtain the command of 900 men (a battalion of infantry and a squadron and a half of cavalry) with four European officers. To make it a more decided compliment, one of the officers is my senior in the army! and men twice and three times my standing were desirous of the post.

"My good wife," he adds, "and I have been separated for some time, with only an occasional 'lucid interval' for a day or two. I am tied to this hill by my official duties, but it disagreed so much with her that I was obliged to send her to Simla—thirty-five miles off. She is now quite well—thank God for her—and rides her fifteen miles *before breakfast* without fatigue! We hope to set out for Peshâwar (500 miles off, and neither roads nor railroads!!) in a few days."

The military secretary to the Punjâb Board had just been offering to exchange appointments with

him; but "though I should gain, and he would lose £200 a-year, by the 'swop,' I would not listen to him. I prefer the saddle to the desk, the frontier to a respectable, wheel-going, dinner-giving, dressy life at the capital; and ambition to money!"

On the eve of his departure for Peshâwar he received a farewell note from Mr Edmonstone, who would not have him go away without thanking him heartily for the support and assistance he had always given him "in all matters, whether big or little, since you joined me, now twenty months and more ago. I have in my civil and criminal reports for the past year recorded my sense of your services and your official merits; but our connection has been peculiar, and your position has been one which few would have filled either so efficiently or so agreeably to all parties. You have afforded me the greatest aid in the most irksome part of my duty, and have always with the utmost readiness undertaken anything, no matter what, that I asked you to dispose of, and I owe you more on this account than a mere official acknowledgment can repay adequately."

Writing from Peshâwar on October 31 to the wife whom he had left at Simla, he describes the station there as "a beautiful place, and when more houses are built it will be the best station in India."

"My good friend Lumsden," he writes a week later, "has exceeded all I expected in the way he has left affairs, and I have no slight work in organising and arranging the economical details of the regiment: fortunately Turner is a good

hand at business and accounts, and we shall get all things straight, no doubt, in time." On November 8, the day on which Mrs Hodson was to begin her journey from Simla to Jalandhar, her husband was encamped at Haripur, among the mountains of Hazâra, in company with his friend Colonel Mackeson, then Commissioner of Peshâwar. From Pakli on November 14 he writes, "We are lying peacefully here, and not a shot will be fired in this direction."

He had marched off, in fact, at the head of his Guides to establish peace and order among the wild tribes of Hazâra, who only three years before had yielded to the kindly rule of Major James Abbott. The country through which he was marching extends north-eastward of Attock along the left bank of the Indus. "We are now (December 16) in an elevated valley, surrounded by snowy mountains, and mighty cold it is, too, at night. We have come about 125 miles from Peshâwar, and having marched up the hill, are patiently expecting the order to march down again." In his opinion "the storm Colonel Mackeson brewed seems most absurd, and I hope it will soon be over."

In a previous letter from Pakli he had written: "It is utterly useless for us to be here now. I left camp before daylight yesterday, and did not get back to breakfast till 5 P.M. There had been a fight between the natives, and I was sent to see what had happened." In his account of what had happened he spoke of the natives stringing the ears of their victims to show how many they had killed. On the 14th he had written to Mrs Hodson: "You will be at Lahore to-day, and I shall hear of your

impressions of *my good friend indeed*, Sir H. Lawrence, and his Irish lady. I am charmed by the arrival in camp of my good friend Colonel Napier, whom you would like, I am sure. He is to me a most lovable person." Three days later he writes to her again from Pakli, "At last the force has moved off this hateful spot, and moved on towards the enemy, and I have remained behind to assist Colonel Napier in surveying the country."

On the 24th he begs his wife to assure Sir Henry that he is "deeply grateful to him for all he has done for me. I hear he thinks I am not so. I am glad you like Neville Chamberlain; he is an admirable man in all ways. I often wish I was more like him."

The campaign, however, was not to end quite so peacefully as Hodson had expected. On January 3, 1853, he tells his wife that "the last few days have been an incessant exertion and fatigue, and nothing but unwearying toil and great care and skill saved us from great loss, and we have rejoined the camp after this most *successful expedition*, as it has proved." Next day he writes again: "I may say you have no reason to be ashamed of your soldier husband. It was the most difficult and arduous affair I was ever engaged in, and Colonel Napier's ready attention to any suggestion of mine was very gratifying to me."

The enemy, in fact, had not given way without some hard fighting. One engagement, which lasted from sunrise to sunset, gave Hodson a fine opportunity of showing with what skill and coolness he could handle his Guides in mountain warfare under

the most trying conditions. In speaking afterwards of this campaign, Lord Napier declared to the Rev. G. H. Hodson, "Your brother's unfailing fun and spirits, which seemed only raised by what we had to go through, kept us all alive and merry, so that we looked back upon it afterwards as a party of pleasure, and thought we had never enjoyed anything more."

"It was a good thing," writes Hodson on March 13 from Peshâwar, "that I had the opportunity of leading the regiment into action so soon after getting the command, and that the brunt of the whole should have fallen upon us, as it placed the older men and myself once more on our old footing of confidence in one another, and introduced me to the younger hands as their leader when they needed one. . . . I need therefore only add that it was the hardest piece of service, while it lasted, I have seen with the Guides, both as regards the actual fighting, the difficulties of the ground (a rugged mountain 7000 feet high and densely wooded), and the exposure."

In the previous November Hodson and Lumsden had exchanged warm farewell greetings at Peshâwar. Late in the following January Lumsden began his voyage homeward from that city of palaces, which he loved as little as did his former subaltern. On January 23 Lumsden writes to Hodson from aboard the ship Monarch: "Yesterday I had two whole hours with the Governor-General, who is delighted with the work you have been doing in Hazâra, and I congratulate you most sincerely in your commencement as a commandant of Guides. There is no doubt in my mind, from what the Lord said,

but that you will very soon have a considerable increase to the dear old regiment, which I am sure will delight you all. Don't say a word about this till the order is out, as it would rile the little Lord considerably to hear that the report had got abroad. I write to you, as you may like to think over what lads to promote and in what particular description of men you would make the additions. You will probably get your cavalry made up to 400 sabres and the infantry to 600 or 800 rifles. This, of course, is my own speculation, but the increase you may look on as *pucka*.

Hodson's regiment during the campaign consisted of five English officers, including the surgeon, Dr Lyell: "Then I have 300 horse, including native officers, and 550 foot, or 850 men in all, divided into three troops and six companies, the latter armed as riflemen." In order to prevent the danger of secret combinations no two troops or companies contained men of the same race. One company, for instance, was composed of Sikhs, another of Afridis. Pathans, Gurkhas, and Punjâbi Mussulmans, each formed a separate troop or company; in each case, also, the native officers were of a different race from the men.

About this time Hodson had been asked to take civil charge of the wild district of Yuzafzai, on the northern frontier of the Peshâwar valley, which would form the usual headquarters of the Guides. This charge he refused to undertake unless he could have the entire control in all departments of civil work. This he presently obtained, as appears from his letter of June 4: "We are encamped [near Peshâwar] on a lovely spot, on the banks of the

swift and bright river, at the foot of the hills, on the watch for incursions or forays, and to guard the richly cultivated plain of the Peshâwar valley from depredations from the hills. We are ready, of course, to boot and saddle at all hours; our rifles and carbines are loaded, and our swords keen and bright; and woe to the luckless chief who, trusting to his horses, descends upon the plain too near our pickets! Meanwhile I am civil as well as military chief, and the natural taste of the Yuzafzai Pathans for broken heads, murder, and violence, as well as their litigiousness about their lands, keeps me very hard at work from day to day."

It occurs to him that such a life might be better suited to a careless bachelor than to "a husband with such a wife as mine," Mrs Hodson having been ordered to the hills at the beginning of May, and it might be six months before they met again.

In the same letter he describes his manner of life: "A daybreak parade or inspection, a gallop across the plain to some outpost, a plunge in the river, and then an early breakfast, occupy your time until 9 A.M. Then come a couple of corpses, whose owners (late) had their heads broken overnight, and consequent investigations and examinations; next a batch of villagers to say their crops are destroyed by a storm, and no rents forthcoming. Then a scream of woe from a plundered farm on the frontier, and next a grain-dealer to say his camels have been carried off to the hills. Is not this a dainty dish to set before—your brother? Then each of my 900 men considers me bound to listen to any amount of stories he may please to invent or remember of his own private griefs and troubles;

and last, not least, there are four young gentlemen who have each his fancy, and who often give more trouble in transacting business than assistance in doing it. However, I have no right to complain, for I am about—yes, quite—the most fortunate man in the service; and have I not the right to call myself the happiest also, with such a wife and such a home?"

In February of this year, 1853, Sir Henry Lawrence quitted the Punjâb for ever, to the grief of all who had served under him. The time had come, in Dalhousie's opinion, for remodelling the government of his new provinces and placing a single man at its head. Sir Henry, therefore, took up the duties of agent to the Governor-General in Rajputâna, while his younger brother John became Chief Commissioner for the Punjâb. Sir Henry, however, amidst his own personal grievances, did not forget the friends he had left behind him. On the 13th of July he wrote:—

"I hope Mrs Hodson and yourself are alive. Pray inform me of the fact and of your whereabouts, &c., &c.

"By last mail I wrote to Lord Hardinge[1] and asked him to get you brevet rank. You had better write to Sir C. Napier (but don't use my

[1] In the letter to Lord Hardinge Sir Henry said: "The Guide Corps you raised at my request has held its ground as the best irregular corps in India. The present commander is a young fellow, Hodson by name, whom you gave me at Lahore in 1847. He is a first-rate soldier, and as your lordship likes young officers in command, I beg to bring him to your notice for a brevet majority. Sir C. Napier thinks highly of him, and, I believe, held out to him hopes of the rank. Hodson is a most ambitious and most gallant fellow, and very able in all departments."—Merivale's 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.'

name, or it might do you harm) and say that if he moves in your favour, you think Lord Hardinge will agree. If you could get local rank till you are a captain it would be a great matter. Say nothing to any one on the matter."

Mrs Hodson had gone to the hill station of Marri, about 140 miles from Peshâwar. Here in the middle of September Hodson was "enjoying a little holiday from arms and *kutchery* up in the cool with Susie." In the same letter he declares that the whole upper part of the Punjâb is mountainous. "If you draw a line from Peshâwar, through Rawal Pindi, to Simla or Sabâthu, or any place marked on the maps thereabouts, you may assume that all to the north of that line is mountain country. . . . The Peshâwar valley is a wide open plain lying on the banks of the Kabul river, about sixty miles long by forty broad, encircled by mountains, some of them covered with snow for eight or nine months of the year. Yuzafzai is the north-eastern portion of this valley, embraced between the Kabul river and the Indus. Half of Yuzafzai (the 'abode of the children of Joseph') is mountain, but we only hold the level or plain part of it. Nevertheless, a large part of my little province is very hilly. In the north-east corner of Yuzafzai, hanging over the Indus, is a vast lump of a hill called 'Mahabun' (or the 'great forest'), thickly peopled on its slopes, and giving shelter to some 12,000 armed men, the bitterest bigots which even Islam can produce. The hill is about 7800 feet above the level of the sea. This has been identified by the wise men with the Aornos of Arrian, and Alexander is supposed to have crossed the Indus at its foot. . . .

"Poor Colonel Mackeson, the Commissioner at Peshâwar (the chief civil and political officer for the frontier), was stabbed a few days ago by a fanatic while sitting in his verandah reading. The fellow was from Swât, and said he had heard that we were going to invade his country, and that he would try to stop it, and go to heaven as a martyr for the faith. Poor Mackeson is still alive, but in a very precarious state, I fear."

Mackeson lingered only a few days. The death of such a man, said Lord Dalhousie, "would have dimmed a victory." In the summer of 1850 he had succeeded George Lawrence as Commissioner of Peshâwar. The blow which prematurely closed his career opened to his successor, Herbert Edwardes, the road to achievements yet more splendid than any which had marked his brilliant past.

In the same month of September Hodson was saddened by the death of his friend James Thomason, in his fiftieth year, at the moment when one of the highest prizes open to a Company's servant, the governorship of Madras, had come within his grasp. "His death," wrote Hodson on October 15, "is an irreparable loss to his family and friends, but it will be even more felt in his public capacity. He had not been ill, but died from sheer debility and exhaustion produced by overwork and application in the trying season just over. Had he gone to the hills all would have been right. I cannot but think that he sacrificed himself as an example to others. You may imagine how much I have felt the loss of my earliest and best friend in India, to whom I was accustomed to detail all my proceedings, and whom I was wont to consult in every difficulty and doubt."

Of Thomason's public career every one may allow, with Lord Dalhousie, that if even he "had left no other memorial of his public life behind him, his system of general vernacular education, which is all his own, would have sufficed to build up for him a noble and abiding monument of his earthly career."

Not long after Hodson's return to his Guides he heard that his wife was about to become a mother. Riding hard all night from Peshâwar to Rawal Pindi, he was just in time to greet the arrival of the little stranger, and to see that all was well with Mrs Hodson before returning to his post near Peshâwar.

Before the end of November Hodson was once more leading his Guides in a short but brilliant campaign in the hills between Peshâwar and Kohât. The Bori Afridis were threatening to block the passes that lay between the two stations, and it became necessary to teach these persistent raiders that we could beat them on their own ground. On the morning of November 29 a select force of Europeans, Guides, and Gurkhas, was led out by Brigadier Boileau from camp at Adizai to dislodge the enemy from the heights which formed their outer line of defence.[1] Thanks to the quick turning movement carried out by Hodson's infantry, this preliminary task was soon accomplished. From the valley beyond rose a steep wall of rocks and crags, at the foot of which were three Bori villages.

Up these forbidding crags swarmed Hodson's dashing Guides and Turner's sturdy little Gurkhas,

[1] The force comprised a mountain train, 400 of her Majesty's 22nd Foot, 200 of the 20th Native Infantry, 400 of the 66th Gurkha Regiment, and 450 of the Guides.