



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL  
SIR HARRY SMITH  
BART., G.C.B.



Walker & Goodrich, per. M.

*(Lieut. General Sir) Harry Smith, (Bart.)*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL  
SIR HARRY SMITH

BARONET OF ALIWAL ON THE SUTLEJ  
G.C.B.

EDITED

WITH THE ADDITION OF SOME SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS

BY G. C. MOORE SMITH, M.A.

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Life of Sir Harry Smith here offered to the public consists of an Autobiography covering the period 1787 to 1846 (illustrated by notes and appendices), and some supplementary chapters contributed by myself on the last period of Sir Harry's life (1846-1860). The first volume carries the reader to the year 1829. This, it is interesting to remark, is a true turning point in the life of the great soldier. Till then he had seen warfare only on two continents, Europe and America (the Peninsula, France, the Netherlands, Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Washington, New Orleans); from that date onwards the scene of his active service was Africa and Asia. Till 1829 his responsibility was small; after 1829 he had a large or paramount share in directing the operations in which he was engaged. This difference naturally affects the tone of his narrative in the two periods.

The Autobiography (called by its author "Various Anecdotes and Events of my Life") was begun by Sir Harry Smith, then Lieutenant-Colonel Smith,

at Glasgow in 1824. At that time it was only continued as far as page 15 of the present volume. On 11th August, 1844, when he had won his K.C.B., and was Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's Forces in India, he resumed his task at Simla. He then wrote with such speed that on 15th October he was able to tell his sister that he had carried his narrative to the end of the campaign of Gwalior, that is, to 1844 (vol. ii. p. 132). Finally, on 7th September, 1846, when at Cawnpore in command of a Division, he began to add to what he had previously written an account of the campaign of the Sutlej, which had brought him fresh honours. This narrative was broken off abruptly in the middle of the Battle of Sobraon (vol. ii. p. 192), and was never completed. Accordingly, of Sir Harry Smith's life from February, 1846, to his death on 12th October, 1860, we have no record by his own hand.

The Autobiography had been carefully preserved by Sir Harry's former aide-de-camp and friend, General Sir Edward Alan Holdich, K.C.B., but, as it happened, I was not myself aware of its existence until, owing to the fresh interest awakened in Sir Harry Smith and his wife by the siege of Ladysmith early in 1900, I inquired from members of my family what memorials of my great-uncle were preserved. Sir Edward then put this manuscript and a number of letters and documents at my disposal. It appeared to me and to friends

whom I consulted that the Autobiography was so full of romantic adventure and at the same time of such solid historical value that it ought no longer to remain unpublished, and Mr. John Murray, to whom I submitted a transcription of it, came at once to the same conclusion.

My task as Editor has not been a light one. In Sir Harry's letter to Mrs. Sargant of 15th October, 1844,\* he says of his manuscript, "I have never read a page of it since my scrawling it over at full gallop;" and in a letter of 14th January, 1845, "Harry Lorrequer would make a good story of it. You may ask him if you like, and let me know what he says of it." It is clear from these passages that Sir Harry did not contemplate the publication of his story in the rough form in which he had written it, but imagined that some literary man, such as Charles Lever, might take it in hand, rewrite it with fictitious names, and so fashion out of it a military romance. The chapters † on Afghanistan and Gwalior, already written, were, however, of a serious character which would make them unsuitable for such treatment; and the same was the case with the chapters on the Sikh War, afterwards added. Whether Lever ever saw the manuscript I do not know; at any rate, the author's idea was never carried out.

\* See vol. ii. Appendix iv.

† Sir Harry's original narrative is not broken into chapters.



It is obvious that now that fifty years have passed, some of the reasons which made Sir Harry suggest such a transformation of his story are no longer in force. The actors in the events which he describes having almost all passed away, to suppress names would be meaningless and would deprive the book of the greater part of its interest. And for the sake of literary effect to rewrite Sir Harry's story would be to destroy its great charm, the intimate relation in which it sets us with his fiery and romantic character.

The book here given to the public is not indeed word for word as Sir Harry wrote it. It has often been necessary to break up a long sentence, to invert a construction—sometimes to transpose a paragraph in order to bring it into closer connexion with the events to which it refers. But such changes have only been made when they seemed necessary to bring out more clearly the writer's intention; the *words* are the author's own, even where a specially awkward construction has been smoothed; and it may be broadly said that *nothing* has been added to Sir Harry's narrative or omitted from it. Such slight additions to the text as seemed desirable, for example, names and dates of battles,\* have been included in square brackets. In some cases, to avoid awkward parentheses, sentences of

\* The Peninsular dates are generally borrowed from *A British Rifleman* (Major Simmons' diary).

Sir Harry's own have been relegated from the text to footnotes. Such notes are indicated by the addition of his initials ("H.G.S.").

Sir Harry's handwriting was not of the most legible order, as he admits, and I have had considerable difficulty in identifying some of the persons and places he mentions. Sometimes I have come to the conclusion that his own recollection was at fault, and in this case I have laid my difficulty before the reader.

I have not thought it my duty to normalize the spelling of proper names, such as those of towns in the Peninsula and in India, and the names of Kafir chiefs. Sir Harry himself spells such names in a variety of ways, and I have not thought absolute consistency a matter of importance, while to have re-written Indian names according to the modern official spelling would have been, as it seems to me, to perpetrate an anachronism.

I have, indeed, generally printed "Sutlej," though Sir Harry frequently or generally wrote "Sutledge;" but I have kept in his own narrative his spelling "Ferozeshuhur" (which is, I believe, more correct) for the battle generally called "Ferozeshah." Even Sir Harry's native place (and my own) has two spellings, "Whittlesey" and "Whittlesea." In his narrative I have preserved his usual spelling "Whittlesea," but I have

myself used the other, as I have been taught to do from a boy.

Perhaps it is worth while to mention here that Sir Harry's name was strictly "Henry George Wakelyn Smith," and it appears in this form in official documents. But having been always known in the army as "Harry Smith," after attaining his knighthood he stoutly refused to become "Sir Henry," and insisted on retaining the more familiar name.\* As the year of his birth is constantly given as 1788, it is worth while to state that the Baptismal Register of St. Mary's, Whittlesey, proves him to have been born on 28th June, 1787.

While the documents put into my hands by Sir Edward Holdich enabled me to throw a good deal of additional light on the events recorded in the Autobiography, I thought it a prime duty not to interrupt Sir Harry's own narrative by interpolations. Accordingly I have thrown this illustrative matter into Appendices. In some of these, especially in his letters to his wife of 1835 (vol. ii., Appendix ii.), one sees the writer, perhaps, in still more familiar guise than in the Autobiography.

But I had not merely to illustrate the period of Sir Harry's life covered by his Autobiography; I

\* Sir Harry's ordinary signature was "H. G. Smith." His letters to his wife were commonly signed "Enrique"; to members of his family, "Harry Smith"; to his friend and interpreter for the Kafir language, Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, "Inkosi" ("Chief"). He addressed Mr. Shepstone as "My dear Sumtseu" ("Hunter").

had a further task before me, viz. to construct a narrative of the rest of his life (1846-1860), including his Governorship of the Cape (1847-1852). For the manner in which I have done this, I must crave indulgence. At the best it would have been no easy matter to continue in the third person a story begun by the main actor in the first, and in this case the letters and personal memoranda, which were tolerably abundant for Sir Harry's earlier years, suddenly became very scanty when they were most required. Accordingly, for much of Sir Harry's life I had no more sources to draw on than are accessible to anybody—histories, blue-books, and newspapers. I can only say that in this situation I have done the best I could. My chief difficulty was, of course, in dealing with the time of Sir Harry's command at the Cape. It would have been inconsistent with the scope of the whole book to have attempted a systematic history of the colony or of the operations of the Kafir War. At the same time I could not enable my readers to form an estimate of Sir Harry's conduct at this time without giving them some indication of the circumstances which surrounded him. If I am found by some critics to have subordinated biography too much to history, I can only hope that other critics will console me by finding that I have subordinated history too much to biography.

Amid a certain dearth of materials of a private

kind, I do congratulate myself on having been able to use the packet of letters docketed by Sir Harry, "John Bell's and Charlie Beckwith's Letters." General Beckwith was an earlier General Gordon, and his letters are so interesting in matter and so brilliant in expression that one is tempted to wish to see them printed in full. Perhaps some readers of this book may be able to tell me of other letters by the same remarkable man which have been preserved.

The latter part of this book would have been balder than it is, if it had not been for the help I have received from various friends, known and unknown. I must express my thanks in particular to the Misses Payne of Chester, who lent me letters addressed to their father, Major C. W. Meadows Payne; to Mrs. Thorne of Chippenham, who lent me letters addressed to her father, Major George Simmons; to Mrs. Fasson, daughter of Mr. Justice Menzies of the Cape, and Mr. W. F. Collier of Horrabridge, who gave me their reminiscences; to Colonel L. G. Fawkes, R.A., Stephen A. Aveling, Esq., of Rochester, Major J. F. Anderson of Faringdon, R. Morton Middleton, Esq., of Ealing, Captain C. V. Ibbetson of Preston, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, my aunt Mrs. John A. Smith, Mrs. Farebrother of Oxford, Mr. B. Genn of Ely, Mr. Charles Sayle of Cambridge, Mr. G. J. Turner of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. A. E. Barnes of the Local Government Board,

the Military Secretary of the War Office, and others, for kind assistance of various kinds. I am indebted to my cousins, Mrs. Lambert of 1, Sloane Gardens, S.W., and C. W. Ford, Esq., for permission to reproduce pictures in their possession, and to General Sir Edward Holdich for much aid and interest in my work in addition to the permission to use his diary of the Boomplaats expedition. Lastly, my thanks are due to my brothers and sisters who assisted in transcribing the Autobiography, and in particular to my sister, Miss M. A. Smith, who did most of the work of preparing the Index.

I shall feel that any labour which I have bestowed on the preparation of this book will be richly repaid if through it Harry and Juana Smith cease to be mere names and become living figures, held in honour and affection by the sons and daughters of the Empire which they served.

G. C. MOORE SMITH.

SHEFFIELD,

*September, 1901.*

## DATES OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH'S COMMISSIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

### REGIMENTAL RANK.

Second Lieutenant, 1st Battalion 95th Regiment	...	8 May, 1805
Lieutenant	... ..	15 Aug. 1805
Captain	... ..	28 Feb. 1812
Major, unattached	... ..	29 Dec. 1826
Lieut.-Colonel, unattached	... ..	22 July, 1830
Lieut.-Colonel, 3rd Foot	... ..	13 May, 1842
Lieut.-Colonel, unattached	... ..	25 Aug. 1843
Colonel, 47th Foot	... ..	18 Jan. 1847
Colonel, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade	... ..	16 April, 1847
Colonel, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade	... ..	18 Jan. 1855

### ARMY RANK.

Major	... ..	29 Sept. 1814
Lieut.-Colonel	... ..	18 June, 1815
Colonel	... ..	10 Jan. 1837
Local rank of Major-General in the East Indies	... ..	21 Aug. 1840
Major-General	... ..	9 Nov. 1846
Local rank of Lieut.-General in South Africa	... ..	1847-1852
Lieut.-General	... ..	20 June, 1854

### STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

#### PENINSULAR WAR.

A.D.C. to Colonel T. S. Beckwith	... ..	Oct. 1810
Brigade Major, 2nd Brigade, Light Division under	}	Mar. 1811 to the end of the war, Mar. 1814
Major-General Drummond, Major-General Van-		
deleur, Major-General Skerrett, and Colonel Col-		
borne successively	... ..	1814

#### WASHINGTON EXPEDITION.

D.A.G. to Major-General R. Ross	... ..	1814
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xvi *COMMISSIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.*

NEW ORLEANS EXPEDITION.

A.A.G. to Major-General Sir E. Pakenham	...	1814
Military Secretary to Major-General Sir J. Lambert		1815

WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

Brigade-Major, afterwards A.Q.M.G. to 6th Division (Major-General Sir J. Lambert and Major-General Sir Lowry Cole successively) ... ..	1815
[Returns to his regiment.]	

OCCUPATION OF FRANCE.

Major de Place of Cambray ... ..	1815-1818
[Returns to his regiment.]	

GLASGOW.

Major of Brigade to Major-General Sir T. Reynell (commanding Western District) and Lieut- General Sir T. Bradford (Commander-in-Chief in Scotland) successively ... ..	1819-1825
[Returns to his regiment.]	

NOVA SCOTIA.

A.D.C. to Lieut.-General Sir James Kempt, Governor	1826
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JAMAICA.

D.Q.M.G. under Lieut.-General Sir John Keane, Governor ... ..	1827
--	------

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

D.Q.M.G. under Lieut.-General Sir Lowry Cole, Lieut- General Sir B. D'Urban, Major-General Sir G. T. Napier, Governors, successively ... ..	1828
Chief of the Staff under Sir Benjamin D'Urban in the Kafir War ... ..	1835

INDIA.

A.G. to Her Majesty's Forces, under Lieut.-General Sir Jasper Nicolls and Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Gough, Commanders-in-Chief, successively ...	1840-1845
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SIKH WAR.

In Command of the 1st Division Infantry ... ..	1845-1846
--	-----------



*COMMISSIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.* xvii

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief ... .. 1847-1852

HOME STAFF.

In Command of the Western Military District ... 1853-1854

In Command of the Northern and Midland Military  
Districts ... .. 1854-1859

STEPS IN THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

C.B. for Waterloo ... .. 1815

K.C.B. for Maharajpore ... .. 1844

G.C.B. for Aliwal and Sohraon ... .. 1846

BOOKS USEFUL FOR REFERENCE IN  
CONNEXION WITH SIR HARRY SMITH'S LIFE.

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- SIR WILLIAM F. P. NAPIER: *History of the War in the Peninsula*.  
SIR H. E. MAXWELL: *Life of Wellington*.  
SIR WILLIAM H. COPE: *History of the Rifle Brigade* (1877).  
EDWARD COSTELLO: *Adventures of a Soldier*.  
*A British Rifleman* (Major George Simmons' Diary), edited by  
COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.  
SIR JOHN KINCAID: *Random Shots by a Rifleman*.  
SIR JOHN KINCAID: *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*.  
*Recollections of Rifleman Harris* (1848).  
SURTEES: *Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade* (1833).  
COLONEL JONATHAN LEACH: *Rough Sketches in the Life of an  
Old Soldier* (1831).  
CHARLES DALTON: *The Waterloo Roll Call* (1890).  
GEORGE MCC. THEAL: *History of South Africa*, vol. iv. (1893).  
SIR J. E. ALEXANDER: *Narrative of a Voyage, etc.* (1837). This  
work contains in vol. ii. a history of the Kafir War of 1835, with  
illustrations.  
H. CLOETE: *The Great Boer Trek*.  
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Major-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., etc.* (1846).  
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the Sikh Wars* (1897).  
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A. WILMOT and J. C. CHASE: *Annals of the Colony of the Cape of  
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ALFRED W. COLE: *The Cape and the Kaffirs* (1852).  
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W. A. NEWMAN: *Memoir of John Montagu* (1855).  
*Correspondence of General Sir G. Cathcart* (1856).  
EARL GREY: *The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Admini-  
stration* (1853).  
BLUE-BOOKS: *Cape of Good Hope* (1830-1852).  
M. MEILLE: *Memoir of General Beckwith, C.B.* (1873).

# CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. MONTE VIDEO AND BUENOS AYRES, 1806-7 ...	1
II. WITH SIR JOHN MOORE—BATTLE OF CORUÑA, 1808-9 ... ..	14
III. BACK TO THE PENINSULA UNDER SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, 1809 ... ..	18
IV. CAMPAIGN OF 1810—THE 1ST GERMAN HUSSARS	24
V. CAMPAIGN OF 1810—BATTLE OF THE COA ...	28
VI. CAMPAIGN OF 1811 ... ..	41
VII. CAMPAIGN OF 1812: STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO	55
VIII. CAMPAIGN OF 1812: THE STORMING OF BADAJOS —HARRY SMITH'S MARRIAGE ... ..	61
IX. CAMPAIGN OF 1812: BATTLE OF SALAMANCA— OCCUPATION OF MADRID—RETREAT TO SALA- MANCA ... ..	75
X. CAMPAIGN OF 1812: RETREAT TO THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS—WINTER OF 1812-13 ...	84
XI. CAMPAIGN OF 1813: BATTLE OF VITTORIA ...	93
XII. CAMPAIGN OF 1813: ADVANCE TO VERA ... ..	104
XIII. CAMPAIGN OF 1813: IN THE PYRENEES—GENERAL SKERRETT—COMBAT OF VERA—FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE, AND DEATH OF CADOUX ... ..	113

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIV. CAMPAIGN OF 1813: COLONEL COLBORNE—SECOND COMBAT OF VERA ... ..	129
XV. CAMPAIGN OF 1813: BATTLE OF THE NIVELLE	140
XVI. COMBAT OF THE 10TH DECEMBER—HARRY SMITH'S DREAM AND THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER ...	152
XVII. CAMPAIGN OF 1814: BATTLE OF ORTHEZ— ANECDOTE OF JUANA SMITH ... ..	162
XVIII. CAMPAIGN OF 1814: AT GÉE, NEAR AIRE— BATTLE OF TARBES—BATTLE OF TOULOUSE— END OF THE WAR ... ..	170
XIX. HARRY SMITH PARTS FROM HIS WIFE BEFORE STARTING FOR THE WAR IN AMERICA ...	182
XX. VOYAGE TO BERMUDA — RENDEZVOUS IN THE CHESAPEAKE—BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG AND CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON — HARRY SMITH SENT HOME WITH DISPATCHES ... ..	191
XXI. HARRY SMITH ONCE MORE IN ENGLAND—RE- UNION WITH HIS WIFE IN LONDON—INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE REGENT—DINNER AT LORD BATHURST'S—A JOURNEY TO BATH—HARRY SMITH INTRODUCES HIS WIFE TO HIS FATHER —VISIT TO WHITTLESEY—HE RECEIVES ORDERS TO RETURN TO AMERICA UNDER SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM ... ..	209
XXII. SAILS WITH SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM ON THE EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS — RE- VERSE OF 8TH JANUARY, 1815, AND DEATH OF PAKENHAM—SIR JOHN LAMBERT SUCCEEDS TO THE COMMAND, APPOINTS HARRY SMITH HIS MILITARY SECRETARY, AND WITHDRAWS THE FORCE ... ..	226
XXIII. CAPTURE OF FORT BOWYER—DISEMBARCATION ON ILE DAUPHINE—END OF THE AMERICAN WAR—VISIT TO HAVANA AND RETURN-VOYAGE	

CHAPTER	PAGE
TO ENGLAND—NEWS OF NAPOLEON'S RETURN TO POWER—HARRY SMITH AT HIS HOME AT WHITTLESEY ... ..	248
XXIV. HARRY SMITH AND HIS WIFE START TOGETHER FOR THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN—GHENT— BATTLE OF WATERLOO ... ..	263
XXV. JUANA'S STORY ... ..	281
XXVI. MARCH TO PARIS—HARRY SMITH QUARTER- MASTER - GENERAL OF THE RESERVE—HE BECOMES LIEUT.-COLONEL AND C.B.—THE 6TH DIVISION MOVED FROM NEUILLY TO ST. GERMAIN —THE DUC DE BERRI AS A SPORTSMAN—ON THE REDUCTION OF THE 6TH DIVISION HARRY SMITH REJOINS HIS REGIMENT AS CAPTAIN— MARCH TO CAMBRAY—HE IS MADE MAJOR DE PLACE OF THAT TOWN ... ..	290
XXVII. CAMBRAY, 1816-1818—SPORT AND GAIETY—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—HARRY SMITH RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS FATHER ... ..	301
XXVIII. RETURN TO ENGLAND (1818)—HARRY SMITH RE- JOINS HIS REGIMENT—SHORNCLIFFE—GOSPORT —DISCHARGE OF THE PENINSULAR VETERANS	317
XXIX. GLASGOW (1819-1825)—RADICAL DISTURBANCES —HARRY SMITH ONCE MORE ON THE STAFF AS MAJOR OF BRIGADE—GEORGE IV.'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH—HARRY SMITH REVISITS PARIS— HE REJOINS HIS REGIMENT IN IRELAND ...	324
XXX. 1825-1828: HARRY SMITH ACCOMPANIES HIS REGIMENT TO NOVA SCOTIA—SIR JAMES KEMPT —HARRY SMITH PARTS WITH HIS OLD REGIMENT ON BEING APPOINTED DEPUTY QUARTERMASTER- GENERAL IN JAMAICA—HE HAS TO DEAL WITH AN EPIDEMIC OF YELLOW FEVER AMONG THE TROOPS—APPOINTED DEPUTY QUARTERMASTER- GENERAL AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE ...	338

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXXI. AFTER STAYING THREE WEEKS AT NASSAU, HARRY SMITH AND HIS WIFE SAIL FOR ENG- LAND, AND AFTER A MISERABLE VOYAGE LAND AT LIVERPOOL — HE VISITS LONDON AND WHITTLESEY, AND LEAVES ENGLAND (1829), NOT TO RETURN TILL 1847 ... ..	351
APPENDIX I.—DIARY OF THE EXPEDITION TO MONTE VIDEO, ETC., 1806-7 ... ..	359
APPENDIX II.—SOME FAMILY LETTERS PRESERVED BY HARRY SMITH WITH PARTICULAR CARE ...	368

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. I.



LIEUT.-COLONEL HARRY SMITH ... ..	...	...	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>(From a picture painted in Paris in 1815.)</i>			
SIR HARRY SMITH'S BIRTHPLACE, WHITTLESEY			<i>To face p. 156</i>
<i>(From a photograph by A. Gray, Whittlesey, 1900.)</i>			
JUANA SMITH ... ..	...	...	218
<i>(From a picture painted in Paris in 1815.)</i>			
ST. MARY'S, WHITTLESEY ... ..	...	...	260
<i>(From a photograph by A. Gray, Whittlesey, 1900.)</i>			
JOHN SMITH (SIR HARRY SMITH'S FATHER)			314
<i>(From a picture painted by J. P. Hunter in 1837.)</i>			

*On the Cover.*

## ARMS GRANTED TO SIR HARRY SMITH IN 1846.

They are thus described by Sir Bernard Burke:—

Arms—Argent, on a chevron between two martlets in chief gules, and upon a mount vert in base, an elephant proper, a fleur-de-lis between two lions rampant, of the first: from the centre-chief, pendant by a riband, gules, fimbriated azure, a representation of the Waterloo medal.

Crest—Upon an Eastern crown or, a lion rampant argent, supporting a lance proper; therefrom flowing to the sinister, a pennon gules, charged with two palm-branches, in saltier, or.

The supporters are a soldier of the Rifle Brigade and a soldier of the 52nd Regiment.

## APPENDIX I.

DIARY OF THE EXPEDITION TO MONTE VIDEO, ETC.  
1806-7.

“E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me  
You, sir, have been my study; I have plac'd  
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,  
The father and the king. What weight of duty  
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung,  
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,  
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night :  
But first and ever nearest to my heart  
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct  
Tow'rd such a father, as, were I a father,  
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.  
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd  
To latest time, if ever thought was mine  
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love.”

MALLET.

1806. Nov. [Oct. ?] 9th.—Sailed from Falmouth under convoy of His Majesty's ship *Ardent* (Capt. Donnelly), *Unicorn* frigate, *Daphne*, 20-guns ship, *Pheasant* and *Charwell*, Sloops-of-war, with a fleet of about 25 transports, a store-ship for the Cape of Good Hope, and a merchant ship for the East Indies. The force consists of a Company of Artillery, under Capt. Dixon; three Companies of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Regiment, under Major T. C. Gardner; 17th Light Dragoons, Col. Loyd; 40th Regiment of Foot, Col. Browne; and 87th, Col. Sir Edward Butler; the whole under Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Brigadier-General the Hon. William Lumley, Brigadier of the Horse; Lieut.-Col. Bradford, Deputy Adjutant-General; Lieut.-Col. Bourke, Deputy Quartermaster-General; Captain Blake, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lt. Tylden, Brigade-Major to Sir Samuel; Captain Roach, Brigade-Major to General Lumley; Mr. Baddock,



Deputy Paymaster-General; Mr. Bissett, Deputy Commissary of Accompts; Mr. Redman, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals. A fine breeze until the 12th, when we were becalmed in the Bay of Biscay. Lovely weather.

13th.—A breeze sprung up which increased into a gale. Blew dreadfully hard. Sea ran mountains high. Continued until the 16th, when it gradually died away; a heavy sea still running, with the heavy rolling of the ship, sprang the main piece of our rudder. We made a signal of distress, which was instantly answered by the Commodore, who made a signal to the *Charwell* to come alongside us, which she did, and hailed us. She immediately sent a boat on board with her carpenter. Soon after the *Unicorn* came up with us. She also sent a boat on board, with a lieutenant, midshipman, and carpenter, with everything requisite to repair our rudder, which was soon done. A steady breeze until the 18th, when it again blew hard. The *Daphne* and a Transport with 150 men of the 40th Regiment parted convoy in the night. Still continued to blow until the 23rd, when we were becalmed. Lovely weather. Captain of the ship took an observation for the first time since at sea. Latitude  $47^{\circ} 35'$  North.

24th.—Breeze sprung up. Lat.  $39^{\circ} 37'$ . Breeze freshened. Continued until the 30th. Commodore lost a man overboard. Lovely weather. In the evening observed two large whales close to the ship. They followed us some time and greatly amused us. Lat.  $32^{\circ} 9'$ .

Nov. 1st.—At daybreak discovered land, to our great delight. It proved to be the Canary Isles. In sight of them the whole of the day. The ground appeared mountainous and barren, with an aspect bleak to a degree. Beautiful weather, with a fine breeze which soon carried us into the Trade winds. The flying-fish begin to be innumerable.

Nov. 4th.—Lat.  $23^{\circ}$ . A shark passed close under our stern.

Nov. 5th.—Lat.  $21^{\circ} 40'$ . Fine fresh breeze. The *Harriet* Transport, with the Artillery on board, made a signal of distress, which proved to be from the death of her captain. Flying-fish so numerous, they resemble large flocks of larks. Some of them were by accurate observation seen to fly from 100 to 200 yards and upwards.

Nov. 6th.—Lat.  $18^{\circ} 31'$ . Fine fresh breeze. In the evening an unfortunate flying-fish flew on board us, being close pursued

by an enemy, which measured 8 inches from head to tail, and  $9\frac{1}{2}$  from the extreme of each wing. Tail forked like a mackerel. Cooked him for breakfast the next morning. Every one tasted him.

*Nov. 7th.*—Lat.  $16^{\circ} 53'$ . Thermometer 80 in the shade. Weather very warm. Signal from Commodore for Commanding Officers of Corps. A fine turtle close to the ship. We wished for him on board. To our astonishment, although a considerable distance from land, we were in shoal water the whole of the day, supposed to be a sand-bank, the water by times being quite discoloured. Commodore, not meaning to put into any port, made a signal for the troops and seamen to be put on short allowance of water, two quarts per man, all ranks.

*Nov. 8th.*—Lat.  $15^{\circ} 19'$ . Therm.  $84^{\circ}$ . Scorching hot. Speared some fish at the bow of the ship.

*Nov. 9th.*—Lat.  $15^{\circ} 12'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Fine weather, but no breeze. Caught two venata with bait. They resemble a mackerel as much as possible, except that they are about twice as large. Cooked them. Coarse, hard and bad eating. A flying-fish flew on board and fell into a tub of water.

*Nov. 10th.*—Lat.  $14^{\circ} 34'$ ; long.  $23^{\circ}$ . Therm.  $83^{\circ}$ . *Pheasant*, Sloop-of-war, made sail in search of land, which must be the Cape de Verd Isles. Suppose she made it, as she joined convoy in the evening.

*Nov. 11th.*—Lat.  $12^{\circ} 57'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Venata are innumerable. It is very amusing to see them leap out of the water in pursuit of the poor flying-fish.

*Nov. 12th.*—Lat.  $10^{\circ} 49'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ .

*Nov. 13th.*—At 10 a.m. every appearance of a storm. The clouds put on a terrible aspect. Fortunately it was not violent, going off with torrents of rain. Five minutes before 5 p.m. a waterspout was observed to the westward, which emptied itself in torrents over the bow of the *Pheasant* without intermission, until 5 minutes past 5.

*Nov. 14th.*—Dark cloudy weather. No observations.

*Nov. 15th.*—Lat.  $7^{\circ} 53'$ . Therm.  $83^{\circ}$ . A boat of the *Charwell's* swamped as they were about to hoist it up. All hands overboard, but saved. Went on board the Commodore with returns to the General.

*Nov. 16th.*—Lat.  $6^{\circ} 38'$ . Therm.  $86^{\circ}$ . Sultry close weather,

with storms of thunder and lightning. Stark calm, with tremendous showers, the rain coming down in torrents, not drops.

*Nov. 17th.*—Lat.  $6^{\circ} 17'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Weather less sultry, with heavy showers. A large flight of birds resembling ducks ahead, so close together in the water they resemble a floating island. Loaded rifles and fired at them, but to no purpose.

*Nov. 18th.*—Lat.  $6^{\circ} 1'$ . Therm.  $84^{\circ}$ . No breeze. Tremendous thunderstorm, with torrents of rain.

*Nov. 19th.*—No observation, being cloudy dirty weather. A signal for masters of transports to go on board Commodore. A brig sent home for inattention and not obeying signals. The troops on board her were distributed on board different ships. Wrote letters home in hopes of being able to send them by her, but a breeze springing up prevented our lowering a boat, to my great disappointment.

*Nov. 20th.*—Lat.  $4^{\circ} 44'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Nice breeze but rather ahead. At 6 p.m. the *Pheasant* passed us under all sail. On coming alongside the Commodore she hoisted his ensign, which was immediately returned by him. It is always done when a ship parts convoy. Suppose she is sent forward to Buenos Ayres.

*Nov. 21st.*—Lat.  $3^{\circ} 45'$ ; long.  $26^{\circ} 38'$  West. Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Fine breeze.

*Nov. 22nd.*—Lat.  $3^{\circ} 14'$ . Therm.  $81^{\circ}$ . Squally. Wind changing often and suddenly.

*Nov. 23rd.*—Lat.  $2^{\circ} 30'$ . Therm.  $80^{\circ}$ . Weather cool, considering how near we are to the sun.

*Nov. 24th.*—Lat.  $1^{\circ} 49'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Fine breeze but rather ahead. Evening squally. A strange sail to windward. Proved to be an American.

*Nov. 25th.*—Dark and cloudy. No observation. Plenty of wind.

*Nov. 26th.*—Lat.  $15'$  South; long.  $32^{\circ}$  West. One of the sailors caught an immense large albacore with a spear. Took three men to haul him in. He had a curious prickly fin upon his back, which he could completely hide in a crevice so as not to be perceived, and when hurt would set it up. Sea completely covered with flying-fish. A signal made for our ship to take in tow the *Three Sisters*, a small brig, she being to leeward. Ran down to her and obeyed the signal.

*Nov. 27th.*—Lat.  $1^{\circ} 29'$ ; long.  $32^{\circ}$ . Spearred another large

albacore, which measured 4 feet long and 2 feet 9 inches in circumference.

*Nov. 28th.*—Lat.  $3^{\circ}$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Signal made by Commodore signifying land in sight, bearing south-south-west, upon which he altered his course one point more to the westward. Supposed to be the island Ferando Noronha.

*Nov. 29th.*—Lat.  $4^{\circ} 12'$ . Therm.  $84^{\circ}$ .

*Nov. 30th.*—Lat.  $5^{\circ} 27'$ ; long.  $34^{\circ} 15'$ . Therm.  $81^{\circ}$ . Took in tow the *Osborne*, a large ship with Dragoons on board.

*Dec. 1st.*—Lat.  $6^{\circ} 39'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . At 6 o'clock a.m. a signal made by Commodore signifying land in sight, supposed to be Cape Augustin.

*Dec. 2nd.*—Lat.  $8^{\circ} 20'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Have observed for these two or three days the flying-fish have almost entirely disappeared.

*Dec. 3rd.*—Lat.  $10^{\circ} 3'$ . Therm.  $81^{\circ}$ . The two merchant ships, the *Lincoln* and *Loyalist*, the former bound to the East Indies, the latter store-ship for the Cape of Good Hope, parted convoy. On altering their course every ship hoisted her ensign, which was returned by them by way of farewell. Had a pretty effect.

*Dec. 4th.*—Lat.  $12^{\circ} 42'$ . Therm.  $81^{\circ}$ . Lovely breeze. A signal for masters of transports to caulk and prepare their boats for landing.

*Dec. 5th.*—Lat.  $15^{\circ} 24'$ . Therm.  $80^{\circ}$ . A schooner in sight to the westward bearing down for us. Overhauled by the *Charwell*, and proved to be a Portuguese bound for San Salvador.

*Dec. 6th.*—Fresh breeze. No observation.

*Dec. 7th.*—Lat.  $19^{\circ} 26'$ . Therm.  $82^{\circ}$ . Observed a shark which followed the ship a long time, accompanied with three pilot fish. Threw a bait to him, upon which one of his pilot fish swam to it and tasted, and reported accordingly to its master. Observed the breeze to die away by day and blow by night.

*Dec. 8th.*—Lat.  $20^{\circ} 8'$ . Therm.  $86^{\circ}$ . Dreadfully hot.

*Dec. 9th.*—Lat.  $20^{\circ} 48'$ ; long.  $39^{\circ} 34'$ .

*Dec. 10th.*—Lat.  $22^{\circ} 5'$ ; long.  $40^{\circ} 29'$ .—A signal from Commodore signifying land in sight, supposed at first to be Rio Janeiro, afterwards proved to be Cape Trio, about 40 miles distant from it. Therm.  $85^{\circ}$ . A tremendous thunderstorm, louder than anything I ever heard.

“ Loud thunder from the distant poles ensue,  
Then flashing fires the transient light renew.”

*Dec. 12th.*—Beating all day off Cape Trio, endeavouring to get into port. Wind ahead. At 9 p.m. wind came round. Weathered Cape Trio.

*Dec. 13th.*—Made the bay. On the first appearance of the land it put me in mind of the following lines in Thomson’s *Hymn on the Seasons*:—

“ Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams  
Flame on th’ Atlantic Isles, tis nought to me,  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full,  
And where *He* vital spreads, *there* must be joy.”

Appearance of the land before the entrance of the harbour, mountainous and woody. At 7 p.m. came to an anchor at the mouth of the harbour. The darkness of the night prevented our going in. The hills surrounding illuminated with the most vivid lightning I ever saw, equally beautiful as awful.

*Dec. 14th.*—At 12 weighed anchor. The entrance of the harbour is very grand. On the left hand is an immense rock called the Sugar-loaf, which it correctly resembles. At the foot of it is a strong battery. On the right hand is a pretty little fort, apparently very strong, having three tiers of heavy guns. At a small distance from the mouth of the harbour is a little island with a fort upon it, which gives the bay a pretty and rather romantic appearance. As soon as the Commodore came to an anchor, he fired a salute of 19 guns, which was immediately returned by the different batteries, the echo of which in the surrounding hills was beyond description grand.

General, Staff, and Commodore went on shore to call upon the Viceroy. When in the boat the *Ardent* fired a salute of 15 guns to them. The General obtained permission for the officers and a proportion of men to go on shore.

*Dec. 15th.*—Went on shore, and was highly delighted with the town of Rio Janeiro. It is very large but irregularly built, situated on a spacious and commodious bay. You land nearly opposite the Viceroy’s palace, which stands on the south side of a

large and regular square. You see nothing scarcely but poor slaves carrying immense loads, and friars in their cocked hats going to and from the monasteries. Their carriages resemble in some manner our single-horse chaises, but badly made and drawn by two mules. On the near one rides the charioteer, in a huge cocked hat; the off one is in the shafts. They go astonishingly quick. Saw but few horses, those small and bad. The mules are most beautiful animals, and the inhabitants tell you are much more serviceable than the horses. They are as clean about the legs as our race-horses, and full of spirit. Fowls and ducks plentiful, but rather dear. The oxen and sheep are small and bad. Pigs in abundance. Fruits of all sorts. Pines are larger than ours, but not so fine flavoured; you get them for 6*z*. apiece. Oranges, lemons, limes, sweet and sour, bananas, yams, etc., etc. They make no butter or cheese. They get it from England or America. The *grandees*, when they appear abroad, are carried in a kind of palanquin, which is borne on two negroes' shoulders. Most of these are blue, and adorned with fringes in general of the same colour. They have a velvet pillow, and above the head a kind of tester with curtains. He may either lie down or sit up. (See Guthrie.)

I must think, from what we have seen of the inhabitants, Guthrie speaks too harshly of them. They paid us every attention—nay, so much so that they were troublesome; and were honest in their dealings. The canoes afforded us great amusement. They are rowed by two or three negroes, according to the size of them—not with oars, but a thing resembling a spade. They appear, as they go along, to be digging the water.

I went into one of their monasteries, the chapel of which was very grand. There was also a capital library. The monks were extremely polite, and showed us everything particular. Their service is in Latin. There are four monasteries, and two nunneries filled with poor wretches of girls, who are not allowed to speak to their own fathers. I dined in what they call a cooking-house. The host showed us into a miserable back room looking into the kitchen, where was a black fellow cooking. My stomach was not yet turned. No glass in the window (but that is the case with all the houses, except those of the *grandees*), and the light shining through the pantiles over our heads. We had for dinner first some macaroni soup, half oil, and scraped cheese

to eat with it; afterwards some mutton chops swimming in grease, pork chops in a similar way, a pair of fowls we could scarcely pull to pieces, not an atom of flesh on their bones. There was also a piece of thin beef rolled up with the stuffing in it and roast—a famous dish for a hungry mastiff dog. These being removed, we then had a cold plum-pudding, which was very good. We drank at dinner bad American bottled ale, afterwards some decent port wine. When we called for our bill, we were all amazingly astonished. It came to 4880—*whats*, we could not tell. We afterwards found it was about six dollars. They give you always their bills in that way in some imaginary coin about half a farthing value.

*Dec. 16th.*—Did not go on shore. At 6 p.m. a Portuguese brig came into harbour, laden with poor wretches of slaves just taken from the Guinea coast—the most horrid sight imaginable.

*Dec. 17th.*—Went to see a grand review of the Portuguese troops. They performed pretty well. There was a regular regiment of militia, and a volunteer, with some dragoons and artillery, amounting in all to about 2000 men. After it was over, all the English officers were presented to the Viceroy. Nothing more worth setting down. All of us quite tired of the place, and anxious to get away.

*Dec. 23rd.*—Sailed for Buenos Ayres. Nice breeze.

*Dec. 24th.*—Lat.  $24^{\circ} 47'$ . Out of sight of land. Therm.  $80^{\circ}$ .

*Dec. 25th.*—Lat.  $25^{\circ} 32'$ . Therm.  $76^{\circ}$ . Blows hard, with a heavy sea.

*Dec. 26th.*—Lat.  $26^{\circ} 51'$ .—Heavy swell and no breeze. An immense shoal of porpoises swimming towards the north. In hopes of a fair wind, as they always swim against the wind.

*Dec. 27th.*—Lat.  $27^{\circ} 48'$ . Stark calm. At 4 a.m. a strong breeze sprung up, but quite ahead.

*Dec. 28th.*—Lat.  $27^{\circ} 52'$ .

*Dec. 29th.*—Lat.  $27^{\circ} 29'$ ; long.  $47^{\circ} 9'$ . Went on board the Commodore. A large shoal of porpoises by their swimming portending a fair wind, which soon sprung up.

*Dec. 30th.*—Lat.  $30^{\circ} 21'$ .

*Dec. 31st.*—Lat.  $32^{\circ} 11'$ . Anxious to get along, but the wind against us.

1807. *Jan. 1st.*—Lat.  $32^{\circ} 20'$ ; long.  $51^{\circ} 15'$ .

*Jan. 2nd.*—Lat.  $32^{\circ} 30'$ . Wind against us.

[*Remainder apparently written afterwards.*]

Landed four miles north of Monte Video 16th Jan., had a sharp skirmish with the enemy.

19th.—A regular battle. Licked them confoundedly.

20th.—A very severe action. The enemy's loss very great.

3rd Feb.—Stormed the fortress of Monte Video. A severe conflict. Indeed, our loss, as well as that of the enemy, was very great.

16th Jan., 1807.\*—Sharp skirmishing with enemy.

17th.—Ditto.

18th.—Ditto.

19th.—A regular and victorious battle in the open field.

20th.—They made a sortie; were repulsed with great loss.

From the 20th Jan. to 3rd Feb. constant skirmishes. On the morning of the 3rd Feb. stormed the fortress of Monte Video with severe loss on both sides; but carried it.

7th April, 1807 [7 June?].—Colonel Pack made a sortie from Colonia with 1000 men to meet Colonel Elio, whose force consisted of 1500. Entirely routed him, and took six pieces of cannon.

3rd June [5 July?].—Attacked Buenos Ayres by assault. Was made prisoner, and confined three days and three nights.

Embarked for England, and arrived at Falmouth 5th Nov.

1808.—Embarked at Harwich for Sweden latter end of May [April?]. Sailed soon afterwards. Was two months in Gottenburg harbour, when we sailed for England, and refitted at Portsmouth for Portugal. Landed about 30 miles north of Lisbon latter end of July [August?]. Marched through the south of Portugal into Spain. Had a very hot action with the French between Villa Franca and Calcavellos 3rd Jan., 1809. The loss was nearly equal on both sides. Take it all together, the most severe conflict I ever saw.

Embarked at Corunna in January, and reached England soon after.

Ready to embark again.

\* In this and the following items, the story given above is repeated.



## APPENDIX II.

SOME FAMILY LETTERS PRESERVED BY HARRY SMITH WITH  
PARTICULAR CARE.

*Letter I.* Endorsed—"7<sup>th</sup> May, 1813. From Eleanor on Stona's  
marriage.—H. G. S."

Whittlesea, May 7<sup>th</sup>, 1813.

MY DEAR HENRY,

From the ardent desire which you have long expressed concerning Stona's marriage, it will, I am convinced, give you pleasure to hear that the nuptials are at last solemnized. The ceremony took place on Tuesday, which was the fourth of May. Mr. Coleman was father, and of course led the bride to church. Stona, Kate, Charles, and Anna Maria followed, and my Uncle Ground's John in a handsome livery, and Stona's own servant (who is a particular smart-looking young man) dressed in a drab coat, and a gold band on his hat—all new for the occasion—attended to receive the bridesmaids' parasols at the church door, and remained there in waiting during the ceremony. When concluded, the party returned to breakfast at my Uncle Ground's, where were assembled to meet them a group of relations consisting of about two and twenty. Each of us was presented with a white favour, the ringers and servants also. There were forty favours given away. The bride and bridegroom, accompanied by Catherine, set off at twelve for Cambridge, and from thence they proceeded to London. I assure you they cut a dash. The postboy of course had a favour on his hat, and James, Stona's man, attended them on horseback as far as Ramsey. Unfortunately it was a Newmarket meeting, and Cambridge was so full that they could not get beds, were therefore obliged to proceed another stage that evening. About five the next day they arrived in the

Metropolis, and when they had dined, they dressed for Covent Garden Theatre. Stona repeatedly expressed a great wish that it was possible to meet you in town. Neither the bride nor brides maid would, I can venture to say, have had any objection to that. Never poor fellow I think was in a greater agitation than Stona during the ceremony and two days before. When he was being married he trembled in such a manner that Anna Maria expected no other than he would drop the ring—and he was himself much afraid lest he should have fainted at the altar. . . .

I must not omit to tell you what a very pretty place Stona's house is, and so handsomely furnished that I declare it is enough to make me long to be married. . . .

We are now always changing our Curates ; next week Mr. Cook is going to leave us, and that handsome gentlemanlike man, whom I mentioned to you in my last, Mr. Powis, is to take his place. The young ladies, they say, will become very religious, and many of them attend prayers.

I have, since writing the above, received a letter from you for which I thank you a thousand times. Believe me, I am not offended at the remark you made respecting my age, and the next time I hear from you, I expect the letter addressed to "Mrs. Eleanor Smith." You will, my dear Henry, be six and twenty in June.

My Mother, I am happy to say, is better than when I last wrote, though still rather delicate. My Father goes into quarters on Sunday. Wisbeach, as usual, is to be head-quarters.

Mrs. W——, I fear, has not added much to her happiness by marrying W——, for he is excessively idle, an *epicure*, a *free drinker*, and a *notorious debaucher*. With such a man, can any woman be truly happy? . . .

I hope you will lose no opportunity of writing, for, as I have frequently observed, it is the greatest pleasure I can have in your absence. Would to God we could have you among us. I never wished for you more than I do now. My Mother is quite delighted that you wish to see us.

As you do not say anything about Tom, I conclude he is well. Pray give my love to him, and tell him that Mary Smith\* is a pretty little black girl, and generally allowed to be more interesting than ever her sister was.

\* Afterwards married to Charles Smith.

All your friends, my dear Henry, join in affectionate remembrance to you and Tom; and sincerely wishing you health and happiness, believe me to remain, dearest Henry, your truly affectionate sister,

ELEANOR.

Addressed—

Brigade-Major Smith,  
2nd Light Brigade,  
Light Division,  
Portugal.

Pd. 3/

*Letter II.* Endorsed—"19<sup>th</sup> August, 1813. The last letter my dear Mother ever wrote to me. She died on the 12<sup>th</sup> December, 1813, Sunday.—H. G. Smith."

Whitt<sup>a</sup>, Aug<sup>t</sup> 19, 1813.

MY BELOVED CHILD<sup>N</sup>,

What words shall I find sufficiently expressive to congratulate you upon y<sup>r</sup> great escape from the great perils and dangers you have been exposed to, where so many of y<sup>r</sup> brave countrymen have fallen? But to God alone must the praise be given, who has preserved you both, I hope to be an ornament to y<sup>r</sup> country and a blessing to y<sup>r</sup> friends, and may God Almighty of his infinite mercy still hold his protecting Arm over you both, and may we never lose sight of him, and have always his goodness in our sight as never to neglect our duty for his great mercies towards us at this time and all others.

This, my dear Harry, is an anxious time, and, tho' we have not a Lett<sup>r</sup> from you, by the *Gazette* we know that you are safe.

As for Tom, I think he never intends to write to eith<sup>r</sup> of us again, but I am proud to hear of him from you as being so brave a fell<sup>w</sup>, and hope to have Lett<sup>rs</sup> by the next dispatches. We can make every allowance for not hearing from you at this time, as indeed you must be so much engaged, but pray write whenever you can, and indeed it is one of my greatest comforts.

I have been very ill, so much so that I never expected seeing eith<sup>r</sup> of you again, but with the blessing of God I am a very great deal bett<sup>r</sup>, and with the kindness of y<sup>r</sup> Fath<sup>r</sup> and the attention of y<sup>r</sup> Sis<sup>rs</sup> I look forw<sup>d</sup> with the hopes of seeing my beloved boys once more under their parental roof. . . .

We have been extremely healthy for a length of time that y<sup>r</sup> Fath<sup>r</sup> and Bro<sup>r</sup> make great complaints some time for want of something to do.

Poor R<sup>d</sup> Binfield is no more. He payd the great debt of nature about three weeks ago, after being a very great sufferer. When he was taken to be buried, his Corpse was preceeded by six Girls dressed in white with white turbans, and baskets of flowers in their hands, wh<sup>h</sup> they threwed into the grave as soon as the Corpse was let down. The Pall was supported by six of the scho<sup>rs</sup> in white Hat-bands, and the whole Sch<sup>l</sup> follow<sup>d</sup> in the same way. It altogether was a pretty sight, but rath<sup>r</sup> too romantic, but you know the woman. . . .

Y<sup>r</sup> Sis<sup>r</sup> Sargant is not in very good health, and is gone to Cromer. It is upon the Norfolk coast, and is a very fashionable Bathing-place. The rest of the Family, I am happy to say, are well. As for y<sup>r</sup> dear Fath<sup>r</sup>, I think if you could see him you wou<sup>d</sup> think he had grown fat. We all Unite in Love to you and Tom, with best wishes for y<sup>r</sup> healths and prosperity. Pray write soon, and may God Almighty preserve you both is the fervent prayer of y<sup>r</sup> affec<sup>t</sup> Moth<sup>r</sup>,

E. SMITH.

Eleanor desires me to say she is much oblidged to you for y<sup>r</sup> Lett<sup>r</sup> and will write soon, and Betsy also says that unless Tom will write to her she never will write again.

Addressed—

Brigade-Major Smith, Light Brigade,  
2nd Light Division, Portugal.

Post paid to Falmouth.

*Letter III. Endorsed—"15<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1813. From my Father, saying my Mother was pleased with my Letter after a fight in Spain.—H. G. S."*

Whittlesea, Oct<sup>r</sup> 15<sup>th</sup>, 1813.

MY D<sup>R</sup> HARRY,

Your Mother receiv'd your letter the other day and myself one about a fortnight back, both of which gave us great satisfaction, particularly as you were both in good health and safe. We were in hopes as the French were so much beaten by our

brave fellows, and Soult having had so good a specimen of the superior Abilities of Marshal Wellington (superior they are indeed, for he is certainly the first General in the world), that he would have been glad to have got hived, and not have exposed himself again to the second part of the same tune.

I was very sorry to hear of your Horse's accident, as it must be a great loss, but it was an accident and cou'd not have been prevented. My Horse I bought for you to send into Portugal has turned out very unfortunate. He has had a bad Cough on him for near a year, which continued getting worse, and I was fearful of its terminating in Glanders. Had he been quite well he was worth two hundred. However, I was under the necessity of sending Long Will to Bridge Fair, and selling him for what he would fetch, which was fifteen pounds, leaving me a loser of at least £100, for I was at great expence with him.

I was happy to find Cap<sup>n</sup> Stewart's horse turn'd out so well, but you clapt your seal over the amount and we cou'd not read it. Send me the amount when you write again. As to news I have none, for Eleanor gives you that in all her letters.

I must say I feel hurt at Tho<sup>s</sup> not writing at all. . . . I am very proud to hear so high a character of him as an adjutant. Major Percival came from Portsmouth with Bob Hotchkin to London, and seeing an offic<sup>r</sup> in the coach in 95<sup>th</sup> uniform, he asked him if he knew Capt. Smith, and he asked him which, Henry or Tom. They had a great deal of conversation, and he said he believ'd Tom to be one of the best adjutants in the service. A poor unfortunate Cripple he was. Bob was with Gen. Murray at that noble business. He came Home extremely ill indeed of Dysentery.

I am sorry to tell you poor Mr. Moore \* I think is wearing up fast. He has been severely afflicted with Rheumatism. He is better of Pain, but left so weak and low that he can scarcely ride on horseback. . . .

If any one is coming home that you can trust, I wish you would send me some flower seeds, but I am in great hopes you will bring them yourself.

The Allies seem to be licking the French in Germany well, and I hope will drive them into Peace.

\* Vicar of St. Mary and St. Andrew, Whittlesey, and cousin to Harry Smith's mother.

We one and all unite in Love and affection to self and Tom, praying God to protect you both is the prayer of your affect. Father,

JN<sup>O</sup> SMITH.

Addressed—

Brigade-Major Smith, 95<sup>th</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup>, Rifle Corps,  
Light Division, Light Brigade.

Serving under

Marshal Wellington,  
Spain.

*Letter IV.* Endorsed—"14<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup>, 1813. *My dear Father's Letter announcing my poor Mother's Death.—H. G. S.*"

Whittlesea, Dec<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>, 1813.

We have received, my D<sup>r</sup> Harry, your letter dated Sante Pe, Nov<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>, and it was read by myself, your *D<sup>r</sup> Mother*, Brothers, and Sisters with infinite pleasure in finding you were both unhurt, and with gratitude to the Almighty for the preservation of you both in this and in every other danger you have so often been expos'd to.

But, my *D<sup>r</sup> Boys*, what pain, what affliction is it to me to tell you it is the last letter your poor dear Mother will ever hear or read more from you.

You have been apprised of her ill health by your Sister Elean<sup>r</sup>, and we did not wish to distress your feelings by repeatedly telling you the ill state of her health, for we were in hopes she might have got well again. But alas! her D<sup>r</sup> soul quited this earthly abode on Sunday morning, Dec<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, which her pious, virtuous, good life entitled her to hope for in her blessed Lord and Redeemer. Oh Harry! she prayed constantly for the return and welfare of you both; she suffer'd much in anxiety; she dearly, very dearly lov'd you and adored you, and in her last prayers never lost sight of her dear Boys abroad. She died in her perfect senses even to the last moment. I hope she did not suffer very much in the separation of soul and body. . . . Your poor distrest father, Brothers and sisters all unite in the strongest love and affection for you both. God Bless you.

JN<sup>O</sup> SMITH.

Send a proper direction. Pray write to me on the Receipt of this.

Remember, my D' Boys, that this letter is equally address to you both by your very much afflicted Parent.

Addressed—

Brig<sup>d</sup>-Major Smith,  
Light Brigade,  
Light Division,  
Commanded by Col. Colborne,  
Serving under Marq. Wellington,  
France.

*Letter V.* Endorsed—"19<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup>, 1814, after my poor mother's death, from my sister Eleanor.—H. G. S."

Whittlesea, Feb<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>, 1814.

MY DEAREST HENRY,

I received your melancholy and affectionate letter on the seventeenth, and only waited to answer it until we could purchase a pair of Wild Ducks to send with it to Mr. Angelo, who has very politely offered at any time to forward our letters abroad. Heaven has indeed, my dear Brother, thought proper to lay upon us a most heavy affliction; every day proves to us the severity of our loss and the inestimable value of her who is gone. You have indeed, my poor Henry, lost your best friend. Never parent more truly loved a child than she did you. Never shall I forget her the last time she read a letter from you. When I went in, she raised her languid face from the pillow, and holding up the letter to me, said with a heavenly smile, "I am quite purely [i.e. well] to-day, my love, for I have had such a delightful cordial"—meaning your letter. I have witnessed two deaths and heard of many, but never such a one as our angel mother's. For two months before her death, she was not able to walk upstairs, but was carried up and down every day, and laid upon a sofa in the dining-room. On the 10<sup>th</sup> of December,\* she was so much worse, that we requested her not to leave her bed, but she earnestly begged to be brought downstairs, and as soon as she had recovered a little from the fatigue of being dressed and removed, she told us that

Query, 11th? See preceding letter.

she felt her end approaching, and summoning my grandmama, my aunts, and all her children around her, she took a long and affectionate farewell of every one separately with as much calmness and composure as if she was only going a short journey. With my father she requested to be left alone, and continued talking with him for a considerable time. She lamented greatly that she could not see her other three boys, and wept when she left you her blessing. All the day she spent in dozing, praying, and speaking peace and comfort to her afflicted husband and children. Frequently she held up her hands to look at her poor black nails, and would often request my father and brother to feel her pulse, and begged they would tell her if it did not get lower every time. She mentioned every particular respecting the disposal of her clothes, and gave orders about being laid out and for her funeral, and turning to my father, meekly said, "If not too much expense, I should like a vault." Oh, Henry, what a day was that! To describe our feelings is impossible, but from your own on receiving the intelligence of her death, you may form some idea of ours who witnessed it. It was some consolation to us that she did not die below. She loved to be carried upstairs. My father lay by her side all night, and from her calm and comfortable slumbers was in hopes she would awaken rather better. But when she awoke, she complained of being in a little pain, which did not continue long. In about an hour after, with her hands clasped in prayer, she breathed her last. Who, who beheld such a scene as this could refrain from exclaiming, 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like hers!' The highest respect we can pay to her ever-lamented memory is to aim, my dear Henry, at her perfection, that by a virtuous life here, we may be re-united to her in Heaven. My poor Father is better than he was, but still continues to feel his loss greatly, as do we all. But the conviction of the eternal happiness of her for whom our tears flow blunts the edge of our affliction. Our loss is most assuredly her gain. It is for ourselves that we lament, and selfish indeed should we be to wish for her return. Elizabeth is my father's housekeeper, and Anna Maria and her, by their attention to him, endeavour to assuage the bitterness of his regret. Charles, by his own wish and the request of his dear departed mother, is under the tuition of my Uncle Davie, who performs to the uttermost—nay, I must say, exceeds the extent of his promise, a convincing proof of his



regard for her to whom he made it. Charles neither boards nor sleeps in our house. At least, he does not breakfast or dine with us, but he always comes in at eleven for some refreshment, drinks tea, and sups with us constantly every evening, and on Sunday we have his company all day. He is a very amiable, promising youth, and I cannot speak too highly of my aunt and uncle's kindness to him, nor of his gratitude to them. Sam, by his own choice, is to be a surgeon and apothecary, and by his good talents and attention has gained the approbation of his father and brother. He is a very respectable English scholar, and might have been a good Latin one if Mr. Binfield had taught him properly, but by experience it is proved that, though Mr. B. may understand that language himself, he is incapable of teaching it to others. An opportunity has, however, presented itself for Sam learning Latin in perfection, if he will be but diligent. Mr. Pratt, our new curate, is allowed to be a classical scholar of considerable eminence, and he has promised to instruct Sam. . . . Since my father was in practice, he never had so little business as he has had for these last two years. It is the general remark, that such a healthy time for so long a continuance was never remembered. I was concerned to see your friend Captain Eeles' name in the list of wounded at the late Engagement in Holland. I sincerely hope that the war is nearly at an end, and that we may again meet, though the late melancholy change in our family will render it both a happy and painful meeting. But you must be confident that you have still many friends left, who dearly love you, and believe me, no one better than myself. . . . All your friends, my dear Henry, join in affectionate remembrance to yourself and Tom, and believe me to remain if possible more than ever

Your truly affectionate Sister,

ELEANOR MOORE SMITH.

*Letter VI. Endorsed—"13<sup>th</sup> July, 1815. From my Father after Waterloo, thanking God he had three sons unhurt.—H. G. S."*

Whittlesea, July 13, 1815.

MY D<sup>R</sup> HARRY,

Never did I receive two Letters with such pleasure as your two last since the fight at Waterloo. For three of you to have been engag'd and to come off unhurt, must have been not

the fate of chance, but Providence seem'd to have watch'd over you all and protected you. How grateful we all ought to be to the Almighty. I assure you my Prayers have ever been offered up to the Throne of Grace, praying for the Protection of you all, and a safe return to England. This has been one of the most glorious, and most decisive, Battles that has been fought this War. What a shocking sight to see the *Gazette*, it contain'd full four Columns and a half of kill'd and wounded, and amongst them so many Names I had so often heard spoke of. Poor Major Bringhurst is among the kill'd, an only Son, and his poor father almost broken-hearted.

Poor Mr. Moore is at my house, broken-hearted, and a most distress object in Health. . . .

Poor Sudbury is dead, he has been a poor creature for many Weeks. . . .

Your Mare was put to Cervantes, a Horse of L<sup>d</sup> Fitzwilliam's; she is very well, and lying in my Wash ground with my Mare and foal, I think the handsomest I ever saw. I am sorry to hear Charles' Mare is like to have bad feet; if so, the sooner she is disposed of, the better. Tell Tom and Charles I expected to have heard from them long ago.

Give my Love to your Wife and tell her how much I felt for her, before I heard of your fate, well knowing that she must have been dreadfully alarm'd.

Your blood Mare is worth, Buckle tells me, a great deal of Money. Her Dam is dead, and they have sent to him for her to Newmarket to breed from.

Your sisters have told all the News, therefore I conclude with my Love to your Wife and Brothers join'd with all at home.

I am your affect. father,

J. SMITH.

Write soon.

Addressed—

Major Smith,

95<sup>th</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup> of Rifles,

Serving under the

Duke of Wellington,

France.

*Letter VII.* Endorsed—"31<sup>st</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup>, 1816. *My Father's Letter announcing the death of my good Grandmother, 83 years old.—H. G. Smith, Col.*"

Whittlesea, Dec<sup>r</sup> 31<sup>st</sup>, 1816.

MY D<sup>R</sup> HARRY,

After a very short tho' not painful illness, your poor old Grandmother paid the last debt of nature in the 83<sup>rd</sup> y<sup>r</sup> of her Age. During the whole of the time she lay on her death-bed she retained her senses, and died calm and reposed, a Blessing which God grant we may all do in the same manner as she did, a Pattern of true Piety and Benevolence. The changes in our family have within these last seven y<sup>s</sup> been great, and *one of them* painful and very distressing to me, having lost that Companion whose Conduct endeared her to every one who at all knew her, and, that being the case, how much more so must I have felt her Loss! But these are trials we must all expect to meet with, and let none of us in our *gay moments* forget how soon the case may be our own. . . .

I find the House is to be sold, but times are so bad here now that no one has got any money to purchase, however desirable they may be. I hope if Charles and his Lady shou'd marry, they may become the Purchasers. . . .

Since the Death of poor old Jack, I have lost my Uria Mare, which I was obliged to have shot. I afterwards bought a fine big Horse five y<sup>s</sup> old, one I expected wou'd have proved valuable. After keeping him about ten Weeks he made his exit as rotten as a Hare, so you see I am one of those unfortunate Beings in the Horse way. I must now be satisfied with my little Mare and my good old Gig Horse; when you are tired of your bay Mare, forget not she is a particular favourite of mine. . . .

Remember me most kindly to all my friends, particularly Col. Achmuty, Bell, and my old friend St. John.

Tell Charles we have not written to him as you wou'd be able to tell him every particular. I hope his Mare turns out well and that he is able to hunt her. How are all your Horses? I

hope you have had good hunting ; it has been very wet here, and very heavy riding. I suppose the same with you.

Give my Love to Juana, and tell her the whole of her Brothers and Sisters do also.

I remain,

My D<sup>r</sup> Harry,

Your affect. father,

Addressed—

J<sup>N</sup><sup>o</sup> SMITH.

Lieut.-Col. Smith,

Rifle Brigade,

Town Major,

Post p<sup>d</sup>.

Cambray,

France.

*Letter VIII.* Endorsed—"18<sup>th</sup> March, 1822. *Eleanor as to the Genealogy of my Mother's family.—H. G. S.*"

Whittlesey, March 18<sup>th</sup>, 1822.

MY DEAR HARRY,

. . . You have desired me to collect for you all the information I can of the Moore family, but that is very little. My good grandfather Moore always used to say that he was descended from that great though unfortunate man Sir Thomas Moore, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry the eighth. Alice always says that she is sure we are descendants, the arms are undoubtedly the same. When my poor Mother was very young, my aunt Stona told her that she was descended from no mean family, and to prove it unfurled a genealogical table which reached half over the room, but my Mother was then so young that she never could recollect much about it. She used to say that she remembered seeing a number of Gabriel Moores. This table I am sorry to say was destroyed during the riots in London. At that time my aunt Stona lived in London and lost a great many valuable things. Our great great grandfather was the first

of the Moores who lived in Whittlesey, and he was an Attorney and came out of Buckinghamshire.

. . . I must now say farewell, and with kindest love to yourself and Juana, believe me, dear Harry, to remain your truly affectionate sister,

ELEANOR MOORE SMITH.

Addressed—

Lieut.-Colonel Smith,  
Rifle Brigade,  
Glasgow,  
Scotland.

*Letter IX.* Endorsed—"2<sup>nd</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup>, reporting the death of my poor and venerable Father, 2<sup>nd</sup> Sep. 1843,  $\frac{1}{2}$  before five o'clock in the Morning; rec<sup>d</sup> at Cawnpore 31<sup>st</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup>, 1843.—H. G. S."

Whittlesea, Sep<sup>r</sup> 2, 1843.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

. . . Our beloved father breathed his last this morning at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 5 o'clock. . . .

About three weeks ago Charles perceived an evident alteration in his appearance. He became ill in health that week, and on Wednesday, Aug<sup>st</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>, he took to his bed. His poor mind was in a most distressed state and his terrors extreme. Unable to bear the suspense, Anna Maria and myself set off for Whittlesea, Saturday, Aug<sup>st</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>. Eleanor had come to Charles's from Northampton a few days before, and on the Monday morning as we got to W. on the Sunday Tom arrived. We found our poor father very ill, but certainly not like immediate dissolution, tho' his state was very precarious. We tried to rouse him to recollection and to soothe him, and oh, blessed be the Almighty for the mercy, we so far succeeded as to be convinced that we restored him to happiness and peace. Tho' not able to retain recollection of us for many minutes together, he was ever conscious that his children were about him; he blessed us, recognized us, asked us to pray for him, to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and one day he told us he had *hope*, that God was a God of mercy. He never uttered

indeed two connected sentences, and he rambled incessantly, but the character of his ramblings was altered—bits of hymns, parts of the Psalms, exclamations to the Deity took the place of cries of terror, etc. He was *happy*—our voices reached him and soothed him, and he would reward us with a word or a look of love. He would lie in bed and amuse himself with fancied dressings of himself, talk of driving, etc., entreat to get out of bed, and would sit a few minutes in his chair. On this day week we got him out of bed, when his happiness was beautiful, but oh, the heartrending appearance he made! He was *literally* a skeleton; he had not an ounce of flesh on his whole body, he was a breathing death. He knew us all, smiled on each (the four daughters and Charles), dressed himself in imagination for a walk and a drive, tied his handkerchief on his neck, and when he had fidgetted away the blanket in which he was wrapt, and I put a light chair cushion in his lap, saying, "It is cold, we must pull up the apron of the gig," he smiled and said, "What fun it is!" After a little while he asked to go home; we laid him in bed and thought he was dying. It was, however, but exhaustion, and he rallied again, but he was never more so rational as this.

Oh, Harry, all my desire now was to gain something for you. I tried him, asked him if he recollected you, spoke the name "Harry" in a marked manner, and oh, Harry, you will thank me for this—at length he said, "Harry, yes, God bless him." I had touched the string. Some time after he addressed a set speech (made of broken sentences) to Col. Smith, in which he said he "thanked"—"noble deeds"—"to be praised"—and much more that could not be gathered; but this was enough, his darling son was not forgotten. He spoke much of William, always saying, "William, I am coming," and once he said, "Stop, Stona—I'll go with you." He took decided notice of Anna Maria, but he held all our hands as we sat by him, and would stroke them and take them to his cheek, and even to his lips and kiss them. When he awoke in tears and we spoke to him, it vanished and he became calm; and even when we prayed by his side, if we told him not to interrupt us, he would become quiet, seem to catch some sentences, become soothed and fall asleep. The last three days he became very ill and the pains of death racked him greatly, and it was *very* sad to see his sufferings. He was dying all yesterday and all the night, and oh, what an awful night we passed by his bedside! He

appeared to suffer a good deal from convulsive affection of the muscles, but the strength of his constitution was really wonderful. It was a hard struggle indeed for the victory. After many hours' most laboured breathing, he became gradually lower and lower, and at length with one sigh, one struggle, one effort, he breathed his last at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 5 o'clock this morning, Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup>, having reached the great age of 87. We mean to lay him beside our beloved mother on Wednesday afternoon. . . .

I must close my letter, praying God to bless and comfort you, and grant that hereafter we may all meet in Heaven and there form one happy family again. . . . Kind love to you both from all.

Believe me your fond sister and friend,

J. A. SARGANT.

END OF VOL. I.

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