

post be resigned by the Duke of Wellington, who has, it is generally believed, only for a time succeeded to it by the decease of Lord Hill. Sir George Murray is the second son of Sir W Murray, by the youngest daughter of the Earl of Cromartie, and was born in 1772. He is, therefore ripe both in years and honours—which, numerous as they are, have been hardly earned in full many a 'well fought-on field; for, as he entered the army at an early age, he was engaged throughout the whole of the war which sprang up after the French Revolution, and devastated the Continent for nearly a quarter of a century. He has served or led in the army of England in almost every scene of its most celebrated conflicts,—among the dykes of Holland, on the sands of Egypt, on the sierras of Spain, on the heights of the Pyrenees, and on the soil of France itself, when the invader of nations became in its turn invaded, and when, exhausted by years of strife and bloodshed, it fell overpowered in the unequal contest with many nations united against one.

By the last change in the position of parties he is again in office, as Master General of the Ordnance, the duties of which his military experience enables him to discharge with credit to himself and advantage to the country. The personal appearance of Sir George, though he is 'something touched by time,' is still distinguished by that bearing and carriage which speaks of the soldier as well as of the gentleman. He is above the middle height, and, notwithstanding the wear and tear of his active life, looks much younger than he really is. A stranger, on meeting him, would say, without knowing his profession, that he was a military man, no longer young, but wearing his years well, and likely to enjoy his honours for many yet to come.

Sir George Murray entered the army as an ensign in 1789, his first commission being dated the 12th of March in that year. The French Revolution had then commenced,—but it was not till a few years later, when France had guillotined its King, and declared war with all the monarchies and aristocracies of the world, that England entered into that of which the long duration and stupendous results were so little foreseen by either of the powers engaged in it. In one of the earliest movements of that war, Sir George Murray was engaged—the campaign in Holland in 1793—94. In the disastrous occupation of the same country in 1799 he was also employed, and here he was wounded. When the French Invasion of Egypt called our arms into that part of the world, Sir G. Murray accompanied the force under Abercrombie, and was present in the different actions which called into exercise the tactics of modern Europe on the soil of the Pharaohs, whose pyramids re-echoed the roar of European artillery, while from their summits forty centuries looked down upon the combatants. The ever changing necessities of service recalled him to Europe, and in 1807 he accompanied the expedition to Copenhagen, in which the success that attended the British arms was much more indisputable than the justice of the policy which dictated the operations. After this came that episode in the great history which became so celebrated as to be called a war in itself—the war of the Peninsula. In all the battles that succeeded the despatching of an auxiliary army to the assistance of Spain, Sir G. Murray bore a distinguished part; he shared the disasters and the retreat on Corunna, and the triumph of that memorable battle under the walls of that town, where the English army, like a lion at bay, turned in desperation on its pursuers, and terminated a succession of defeats by a brilliant victory. He was afterwards present in all the sanguinary battles of Spain, which have given that country a renown as a scene of strife, similar to that which caused Flanders to be called the 'old prize fighting ground of Europe,' in the days of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. We need only mention the names of Talavera, Busaco, Vittoria, Fuentes d'Onor, Nivelles, Orthez, the Pyrenees, and they will of themselves speak to the nature of the military career of Sir G. Murray. He was also present at the battle of Toulouse. For these distinguished services he did not go unrewarded,—he was created a G.C.B. in 1816, and for the different Spanish actions in which he was engaged he received a cross and five clasps. From 1818 to 1824 he was Governor of Sandhurst College. Like his great commander the Duke of Wellington, peace left him at leisure to devote himself to the civil service of his country instead of the military. He was Lieutenant General of the Ordnance during the years 1824 and 1825,—and from the latter year till 1828 he was Commander of the Forces in Ireland. On the fall of the Wellington Administration in 1830, he, of course, followed his party, and continued unemployed till 1834, when he was made Master General of the Ordnance, a post which he did not long hold, being succeeded in 1835 by the late Lord Vivian, to whom he was opposed in the field of politics, though they must have often been side by side in the field of battle. For eight years, from 1824 to 1832 he represented the county of Perth in Parliament,—he was also again elected in 1834, but is not at present in the House of Commons.

While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold, And sheds his golden sunshins. To the door The red man slowly drags the enormous bear Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells

Of wolf and congar hang upon the walls, And loud the black-eyed Ind in maidens laugh, That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves, The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit That falls from the grey butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by, and still the woods Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains.

Of winter, till the white man swung the axe Beside thee—signal of a mighty change. Then all around was heard the crash of trees, Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,

The low of ox, the shouts of men who fired The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.

The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green The blackened hill side, ranks of spiky maize Rose like a host embattled, the buck-wheat Whited broad acres, sweetening with its flowers

The August wind. White cottages were seen With rose trees at the windows: barns from which Swelled loud and shrill the cry of Chanticleer:

Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse. And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf

Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank, Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls

Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool,— And children, ruddy cheeked and flax-haired, Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge

From the London Spectator.

LIEUT. EYRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE DISGRACES AT CABUL, AND OF HIS OWN IMPRISONMENT.

[Continued.]

NEGLECT OF THE BRIDGE.

I have already mentioned the new bridge thrown over the river by General Elphinstone: this the enemy, advancing up the bed of the river under cover of the bank, to-day began to demolish. I must do Brigadier Shelton the justice to say that he, seeing the vast importance of the bridge in case of a retreat, (an alternative of which he never lost sight), had strongly urged the erection of a field work for its protection: in fact, there was a small unfinished fort near at hand, which one night's work of the sappers would have rendered fit for the purpose, and a small detachment thrown into it would have perfectly commanded the bridge. But madness was equally apparent in all that was done or left undone—even this simple precaution was neglected, and the result will be seen in the sequel. \* \* \* December 5th.—This day the enemy completed the destruction of our bridge over the river, which they commenced on the 24th ultimo; no precaution having been taken to prevent the evil. Day after day we quietly looked on without an effort to save it—orders being in vain solicited by various officers for preventive measures to be adopted.

DEPRESSION OF THE ARMY.

This sort of despondency proved, unhappily, very infectious. It soon spread its baneful influence among the officers, and was by them communicated to the soldiery. The number of croakers in garrison became perfectly frightful, lugubrious looks and dismal prophecies being encountered everywhere. The severe losses sustained by her Majesty's Forty-fourth, under Captain Swaine, on the 4th instant, had very much discouraged the men of that regiment: and it is a lamentable fact, that some of those European soldiers, who were naturally expected to exhibit to their native brethren in arms an example of endurance and fortitude, were among the first to lose confidence and give vent to feelings of discontent at the duties imposed on them. The evil seed once sprung up, became more and more difficult to eradicate; showing daily more and more how completely demoralizing to the British soldier is the very idea of a retreat.

PANIC COWARDICE.

December 6th.—The garrison of Mahomed Shereef's fort was relieved at an early hour by one company of her Majesty's Forty-fourth, under Lieut. Grey, and one company of Thirty-seventh Native Infantry, under Lieut. Hawtrey; an ample sufficient force for the defence of the place against any sudden onset, but, unhappily, the fears of the old garrison were communicated to the new; and, owing to the representations of Lieut. Hawtrey, the defences were minutely examined by Lieut. Sturt, the garrison engineer, and by him pronounced to be complete. Scarcely, however, had that officer returned to cantonments, ere information was conveyed to the General that the detachment, having been seized with a panic had taken flight over the walls, and abandoned the fort to the enemy. It would appear that a small party of jizailchees, having crept up to the undermined Tower under cover of the trees in the Shah Bugh, had fired upon the garrison through the barricaded breach which I have above described, unfortunately wounding

Lieut. Grey; upon whose departure for medical aid, the Europeans, deprived of their officer, lost what little confidence they had before possessed, and collecting their bedding under the walls, betrayed symptoms of an intention to retreat. The enemy, meanwhile, emboldened by the slackened fire of the defenders, approached momentarily nearer to the walls, and making a sudden rush to the barricade completed the panic of the garrison, who now made their escape over the walls in the greatest consternation, deaf to the indignant remonstrances of their gallant commander, who in vain entreated them not to disgrace themselves and him by such cowardly proceedings. Even the Sepoys, who at first remained stanch, contaminated by the bad example set them by their European brethren, refused to rally; and Lieut. Hawtrey, finding himself deserted by all, was obliged reluctantly to follow, being the last to leave the fort. It is, however, worthy of mention, that two Sepoys of the Thirty-seventh Native Infantry, were left dead in the fort, and two others were wounded, while not a man of the Forty-fourth was touched, excepting one, whose hand suffered from the accidental explosion of a grenade.

The enemy, though at first few in numbers, were not slow to avail themselves of the advantage afforded them by this miserable conduct of our Troops, and their banner was soon planted in triumph on the walls, amidst the exulting shouts of hundreds. Much recrimination took place between the Europeans and the Sepoys engaged in this affair; each declaring the other had been the first to run; and a court of inquiry was assembled to investigate the matter, the result of which, though never entirely divulged, was generally supposed to be favourable to the Sepoys; it being a known fact, that the Europeans had brought off nearly all their bedding safe, whilst the Sepoys had left every thing behind. At all events, a circumstance soon occurred which abundantly testified the impression made on those in command. At this time the bazaar-village was garrisoned by a party of her Majesty's Forty-fourth, who, on observing the flight of the soldiers from Mahomed Shereef's fort, were actually on the point of abandoning their own post, when they were observed and stopped by some officers, of whom one was Lieut. White, the Adjutant of the regiment; but so little dependence could now be placed on their stability, that a guard from the Thirty-seventh Native Infantry was stationed at the entrance of the bazaar, with strict orders to prevent the exit of any European on duty in the place.

THE TREATY PROPOSED BY LORD AUCKLAND'S REPRESENTATIVE.

That the British should evacuate Afghanistan, including Candahar, Ghoznee, Cabul, Jellalabad, and all the other stations absolutely within the limits of the country so called; that they should be permitted to return not only unmolested to India, but that supplies of every description should be afforded them on their road thither, certain men of consequence accompanying them as hostages; that the Amier Dost Mahomed Khan, his family, and every Afghan now in exile for political offences should be allowed to return to their country; that Shah Shoojah and his family should be allowed the option of remaining at Cabul or proceeding with the British troops to Loodiana; in either case receiving from the Afghan Government a pension of one lac of rupees per annum; that means of transport for the conveyance of our baggage, stores, &c., including that required by the Royal Family in case of their adopting the latter alternative should be furnished by the existing Afghan Government; that an amnesty should be granted to all those who had made themselves obnoxious on account of their attachment to Shah Shoojah and his allies the British, that all prisoners should be released; that no British force should be ever again sent into Afghanistan, unless called for by the Afghan Government; between whom and the British nation perpetual friendship should be established on the sure foundation of mutual good offices.

In reviewing Mr Atkinson's work on Afghanistan, we commented on Sir Wm. Macnaghten's recourse to subornation of forgery to accomplish his public objects. The practice of similar bad acts led to his death. After the above Treaty had been agreed to, the Envoy received a private communication from Mahomed Akbar, proposing to betray his associates, to murder one of the chief of them, to retain Shah Shoojah as King, Mahomed to be his Vizier, and our Troops to remain in Cabul till the spring. In despite of his Treaty and of the proverbial trickery of Orientals, Sir William Macnaghten signed his assent to the terms, (excepting the murder,) and fell into a trap laid by the chiefs to test his sincerity. The subsequent seizure of himself and his attendants took place; and he was slain in resisting or struggling—for it does not appear that his murder was premeditated. Two accounts of these occurrences have been furnished to Lieut. Eyre, by Captains Mackenzie and Laurence, who were in personal attendance upon the Envoy throughout. The following is by Captain Mackenzie, who is the more graphic in his personal details.

THE ARTIFICER PERISHING BY HIS OWN ART.

The two latter [Afghans] remained in a different apartment, while Skinner dined with the Envoy. During dinner, Skinner jestingly

remarked, that he felt as if laden with combustibles, being charged with a message from Mahomed Akbar to the Envoy of a most portentous nature.

Even then I remarked that the Envoy's eye glanced eagerly towards Skinner with an expression of hope. In fact, he was like a drowning man catching at straws. Skinner, however, referred him to his Afghan companions; and after dinner the four retired into a room by themselves. My knowledge of what there took place is gained from poor Skinner's own relation, as given during my subsequent captivity with him in Akbar's house.

So ended this fatal conference; the nature and result of which, contrary to his usual custom, Sir Wm. communicated to none of those who on all former occasions were fully in his confidence, viz. Trevor, Lawrence, and myself. It seemed as if he feared that we might insist on the impracticability of the plan, which he must have studiously concealed from himself. All the following morning his manner was distracted and hurried in a way that none of us had ever before witnessed. It seems that Mahomed Akbar had demanded a favourite Arab horse belonging to Captain Grant. To avoid the necessity of parting with the animal, Captain Grant had fixed his price at the exorbitant sum of 5,000 rupees: unwilling to give so large a price, but determined to gratify the Sirdar, Sir Wm. sent me to Captain Grant, to prevail upon him to take a smaller sum, but with orders that, if he were preematory, the 5,000 rupees should be given. I obtained the horse for 3,000 rupees; and Sir William appeared much pleased with the prospect of gratifying Mahomed Akbar by the present.

After breakfast, Trevor, Lawrence, and myself, were summoned to attend the Envoy during his conference with Mahomed Akbar Khan. I found him alone; when, for the first time, he disclosed to me the nature of the transaction he was engaged in. I immediately warned him that it was a plot against him. He replied hastily, 'A plot! let me alone for that; trust me for that!' and I consequently offered no further resistance.

About twelve o'clock, Sir Wm., Trevor, Lawrence, and myself, set forth on our ill-omened expedition. As we approached the Shah Sung gate, Sir William observed, with much vexation, that the troops were not in readiness; protesting at the same time however, that, desperate as the proposed attempt was, it was better that it should be made, and that a thousand deaths were preferable to the life he had lately led.

From 'The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit' by Foz.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

It was pretty late in the autumn of the year, when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked brightly down upon a little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old Town of Salisbury.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges—where a few green twigs yet stood together bravely, resisting to the last the tyranny of nipping winds and early frosts—looked heart and brightened up; the stream, which had been dull and sullen all day long, broke out into a cheerful smile; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs, as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by and spring had come already. The vane upon the tapering spire of the old church glistened from its lofty station in sympathy with the general gladness; and from the ivy-shaded windows such gleams of light shone back upon the glowing sky, that it seemed as if the quiet buildings were the hoarding-place of twenty summers, and all their ruddiness and warmth were stored within.

Even those tokens of the season which emphatically whispered of the coming winter, graced the landscape, and, for the moment, tinged its livelier features with no oppressive air of sadness. The fallen leaves with which the ground was strewn gave forth a pleasant fragrance, and, subduing all harsh sounds of distant feet and wheels, created a repose in gentle unison with the light scattering of seed hither and thither by the distant husbandman, and with the noiseless passage of the plough as it turned up the rich brown earth and wrought a graceful pattern in the stubble-fields. On the motionless branches of some trees, autumn-berries hung like clusters of coral beads, as in those faded orchards where the fruits were jewels; others, stripped of all their garniture, stood, each the centre of its little heap of bright red leaves, watching their slow decay.—Others, again, still wearing theirs, had them all crunched and cracked up, as though they had been burnt; about the stems of some were piled, in ruddy mounds, the apples they had borne that year; while others (hardy ever-greens) showed somewhat stern and gloomy in their vigour, as charged by Nature with the admonition that it is not to her more sensitive and joyous favourites she grants the longest term of life. Still a thwart their darker boughs the sun beams struck out paths of deeper gold, and the red light, mantling in among their swarthy branches, used them as foils to set its brightness off, and aid the lustre of the dying day.

A moment, and its glory was no more.

From Bryant's Fonnain, and other Poems.

PROGRESS OF SETTLEMENT.

I looked again—a hunter's lodge is built, With poles, and boughs, beside thy crystal well,