

comings, I have felt that I had the confidence of those whom I served, a feeling which has lightened many a weight."

It was at Allahabad that Yule, in the intervals of more serious work, put the last touches to his Burma book. The preface of the English edition is dated, "Fortress of Allahabad, Oct. 3, 1857," and contains a passage instinct with the emotions of the time. After recalling the "joyous holiday" on the Irawady, he goes on: "But for ourselves, standing here on the margin of these rivers, which a few weeks ago were red with the blood of our murdered brothers and sisters, and straining the ear to catch the echo of our avenging artillery, it is difficult to turn the mind to what seem dreams of past days of peace and security; and memory itself grows dim in the attempt to repass the gulf which the last few months has interposed between the present and the time to which this narrative refers."⁴²

When he wrote these lines, the first relief had just taken place, and the second defence of Lucknow was beginning. The end of the month saw Sir Colin Campbell's advance to the second—the real—relief of Lucknow. Of Sir Colin, Yule wrote and spoke with warm regard: "Sir Colin was delightful, and when in a good humour and at his best, always reminded me very much, both in manner and talk, of the General (*i.e.* General White, his wife's father). The voice was just the same and the

⁴² Preface to *Narrative of a Mission to the Court of Ava*. Before these words were written, Yule had had the sorrow of losing his elder brother Robert, who had fallen in action before Delhi (19th June, 1857), whilst in command of his regiment, the 9th Lancers. Robert Abercromby Yule (born 1817) was a very noble character and a fine soldier. He had served with distinction in the campaigns in Afghanistan and the Sikh Wars, and was the author of an excellent brief treatise on Cavalry Tactics. He had a ready pencil and a happy turn for graceful verse. In prose his charming little allegorical tale for children, entitled *The White Rhododendron*, is as pure and graceful as the flower whose name it bears. Like both his brothers, he was at once chivalrous and devout, modest, impulsive, and impetuous. No officer was more beloved by his men than Robert Yule, and when some one met them carrying back his covered body from the field and enquired of the sergeant: "Who have you got there?" the reply was: "Colonel Yule, and better have lost half the regiment, sir." It was in the chivalrous effort to extricate some exposed guns that he fell. Some one told afterwards that when asked to go to the rescue, he turned in the saddle, looked back wistfully on his regiment, well knowing the cost of such an enterprise, then gave the order to advance and charge. "No stone marks the spot where Yule went down, but no stone is needed to commemorate his valour" (Archibald Forbes, in *Daily News*, 8th Feb. 1876). At the time of his death Colonel R. A. Yule had been recommended for the C.B. His eldest son, Colonel J. H. Yule, C.B., distinguished himself in several recent campaigns (on the Burma-Chinese frontier, in Tirah, and South Africa).