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SERGEANT EWART CAPTURING THE EAGLE AT WATERLOO (*p.* 62).

(*From a Painting by* W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

BATTLES

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G.A. HENTY,
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

"BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"—the words are like a trumpet-call, summoning up in array before us a hundred familiar forms of great soldiers — Napoleon and Wellington, Grant and Moltke, MacMahon and Garibaldi—great soldiers of all nations — great soldiers long dead, and great soldiers still living. Let us glance for an instant or two, in this introduction, at the individual careers of some of the most famous of them ere we pass on to the pages which shall deal with their exploits, battle by battle, and shall tell in detail of their skill and prowess, and their fortunes of war, their victories and their defeats.

The earliest wars of the present century were the nursery of military reputations, and in them several great soldiers grew on to imperishable fame. Two figures stand out prominently, a head and shoulders above all the rest—Napoleon and Wellington. It is needless to compare or contrast them — Napoleon, the Emperor-General, sole arbiter of the fate of millions; Wellington, the loyal servant of his country, who put duty before mere glory, and whose first thought in his triumphs was the vindication of the national honour and the re-establishment of peace.

Napoleon was all for self; but this very selfishness re-acted on his surroundings, and elicited an unbounded, unquestioning devotion to his person, which was the parent of many heroic deeds. Men suffered themselves to be cut to pieces to win a word of his approval; the wounded raised themselves in their agony to cheer on their comrades; the dying with their last gasp cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Over and above the glamour of his personal ascendancy, and his long-sustained prestige, Napoleon had a still stronger hold upon his followers, in that he held the supreme power in his own hands, the sole and exclusive right to reward or blame. Small wonder, therefore, if the soldiers of the First Empire were among the finest types of their class. No military *régime* has ever brought better men to the front or secured them more rapid advancement. Promotion to the very highest grades was to be had for the earning of it. How fast men rose from the lowest rungs to the top of the ladder will be understood from a few prominent cases. Marshal Ney was the son of an old soldier, and threw up a small appointment to enlist as a private hussar; Massena, the Prince of Essling's father, kept a wine-shop in Nice, and the marshal had begun life as a cabin-boy; Lannes' father was a livery stable-keeper, and Augereau the son of a mason. Junot was a sergeant of artillery at the siege of Toulon, who first attracted Napoleon's attention by his coolness under fire: a round shot kicked up the dust close to where Junot was receiving an order in writing, and the young sergeant, unmoved merely said, "That will do to dry the ink."

Wellington could not have made use of such incentives to valour as Napoleon did,

even if he had had them at his command. But he did not need them. It was with the British rank and file as with their generals: they did their best because it was their duty, and it was there to do. They fought because they were expected to fight, and fought well because they liked it. So it was that throughout the long campaign in Spain the British were almost invariably successful. Wherever they met the enemy, they beat them. Even at Corunna, after a long and disastrous retreat, overmatched by numbers, led for a time by Napoleon himself, Sir John Moore turned on his pursuers, and snatched a difficult victory at the expense of his own life. He was struck down just as the French were repulsed, but his troops, undismayed, continued the action, which ended entirely in our favour, and permitted us to re-embark without loss. Moore's death on the battle-field has been honoured in song; it was a hero's death, and to the last moment he would not surrender his sword, although the hilt had entered the wound. His body had to be buried on the battle-field; and it is greatly to the credit of a chivalrous foe that the French, recognising his merit, raised a monument over his remains.

Wellington's career was one of almost unequalled success. If he was compelled to retreat more than once, it was only to make a newer and a bolder advance. In all his battles he was victorious: thanks to his own great genius and the matchless bravery of his troops. The Peninsular records are full of great deeds done on great battle-fields, in combats, charges, and on the deadly breach; and in this book of ours we shall have pictured to us fully and completely the scenes of these deeds of valour and heroism: but here let us just glance at two or three of Wellington's victories to see what stuff he and his troops were made of. That passage of the Douro, for instance, in 1809, when he crossed in the face of Soult and a veteran army—one of his most brilliant exploits. Do you remember how Colonel Waters, one of his staff-officers, got over alone in a skiff and brought back three barges, and how, when the first boat was ready with its petty complement of twenty-five, he said simply, "Let the men cross"; and how this handful gained a foothold which they never relaxed till their comrades followed in thousands, and the surprised French were driven out of the town?

Talavera was both a general's and a soldiers' battle: the first because Wellington (then only Sir Arthur Wellesley) showed that imperturbable coolness and self-reliance, mixed prescience of danger and promptitude in meeting it, which are the highest qualities of leadership; the second, because it was won mainly by a single regiment, which acted with marvellous precision and courage at the decisive point just in the nick of time. The French in this battle were the assailants: the genius of their soldiers is for onslaught, and their greatest deeds have been in attack. But they were met and repulsed. It was of Talavera that Jomini, the well-known military writer, said it proved that the British infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe. Another instance of its prowess of another kind was shown at Talavera, when Crawfurd's famous Light Brigade of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments came up, determined at all costs to take part in the action. They met crowds of Spanish fugitives, who declared the English army was defeated, its general a prisoner, the French only a few miles off. But still they pressed on undaunted, and "leaving only seventeen stragglers behind," says Napier, "in twenty-six hours crossed the field of battle, a compact body, having during the time marched sixty-two English miles in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight."

At Busaco, again, the French were the assailants: veteran troops led by some of the bravest of French generals; and their numbers gave them the advantage. But the British were strongly posted on a craggy ridge of hills, so strongly that it was thought the French leader, Massena, would not attack. "But if he does, I shall beat him," replied Wellington quietly; and he did. The French fought with signal bravery, but the ascent was toilsome, and they were met by men as brave.

In the retreat before the battle, two affecting incidents occurred which showed the quality of the soldiers Wellington commanded. There was a man in the famous 43rd, named Stewart, only nineteen years of age, but of gigantic strength and stature, whose comrades called him "The Boy." He was deeply chagrined, and at a bridge which he was the last to cross, he turned, and facing the French advancing columns, he was heard to say: "So, this is the end of our boasting! This is our first battle (Talavera), and we retreat. The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said." "Then," says Napier, "striding forward in his giant might, he fell furiously on his nearest

enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them."

The other story tells of a still finer instance of the noble spirit of the British soldier. It was at the passage of the Coa, a month before Busaco, when the 52nd would have been cut off from the bridge but for the gallantry with which McLeod of the 52nd came back rushing at full speed with a couple of companies, which charged "as if a whole army had been at their backs," and repulsed the enemy. One of McLeod's officers was the afterwards famous Sir George Brown, at this time only sixteen, who was leading his men gallantly up a slope, at the top of which were a couple of Frenchmen with muskets levelled at him. A sergeant interposed—M'Quade, himself only twenty-four—and, pulling his officer back with the words, "You are too young, sir, to be killed," offered himself as a target, and fell dead, pierced by both bullets.

SIR JOHN MOORE.
(After the Engraving by C. Turner.)

Three great sieges, ending in the storming and capture of three strong, almost impregnable, fortresses, were among the laurels gained in Spain—laurels tarnished, unhappily, by the shameful excesses of the victorious troops. When the breaches at Ciudad Rodrigo were declared practicable, Wellington's order was simply, "The place must be stormed this evening"; his soldiers' still simpler comment, "We will do it." The forlorn hope raced up to their death, followed by the no less eager body of stormers, and the main breach was carried with a furious shout. At Badajoz, Phillipon, the brave Frenchman, stood at bay to the last, and the "possession of Badajoz had become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation. . . . . Ridge had himself placed a ladder where the wall was low, and climbed it; a second ladder alongside gave access to another officer, Canch; and as soon as these two were on the ramparts the stormers followed, and gained possession." Yet the fight elsewhere continued for hours, and Wellington had to organise a second assault, and the captors of the castle were in some danger, although inside the town. Badajoz was taken, but at tremendous cost. No age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajoz.

In the course of this book we shall hear much more of these triumphs of Wellington: how at Salamanca he caught Marmont in an egregious tactical error, fell upon him in flank, and defeated 40,000 men in forty minutes; how at Vittoria he routed King Joseph, beating him at every point, and capturing everything the French possessed: "all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers"; how, in the Pyrenees, pitted against Soult, Napoleon's ablest lieutenant, he won battle after battle: at Sauroren, at the Bidassoa, at the Nivelle, and finally, invading France, at Orthez and Toulouse. The passage of the Adour was a combined military and naval operation, carried out in the teeth of a fierce February storm. The bridge of boats which the British staff corps formed across the river was a "stupendous undertaking" which ranks amongst the prodigies of war; for the tide rose and fell fourteen feet, and large boats could only be employed. It was at Orthez that Soult, thinking victory secure, put forward all his reserves too rashly. Then Wellington, as he watched him, smote his thigh, and cried exultingly, "At last I have him!" On the spur of the moment he changed his plan of battle, and by a turning movement cut off Soult's line of retreat.

The greatest of all the great achievements of the great duke was, of course, his victory at Waterloo—a battle which will always rank among the most important and decisive that have been fought, because so much depended

upon the issue. The only hope of securing peace to Europe was in beating Napoleon, and it was not easy to do it. There were moments in the brief campaign, both before and during the great battle which finished it, when victory hung in the balance and inclined to the French. At the outset, Napoleon stole a march upon the Allies; he placed his whole force at a point between them, whence he might separate and roll up each in turn. He beat the Prussians

"HE FELL FURIOUSLY ON HIS NEAREST ENEMIES" (*p.* 2).

badly at Ligny, but Ney was checked by our tenacious resistance at Quatre Bras. Still, the British and the Prussians retired divergently, as it is called; and had Napoleon followed up quickly, he might have fought them one by one. But Wellington drew off, retreating—not without danger—upon Waterloo; and Blucher, recovering his communications with us, was able to come up at the close of the great fight, and make victory the more complete.

By degrees new men, imbued with much the same high qualities, replaced the veterans of Spain and Waterloo; but till more than half the century was ended it was the generals who had been trained to war under Wellington who chiefly led the troops to victory and maintained British prestige. Charles Napier in Scinde, Hugh Gough in the Punjaub, Fitzroy-Somerset (Lord Raglan) in the Crimea, Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, in China, the Crimea, and India, had all learnt and practised their profession in the early wars. They were all, however, men advanced in years before they came to a supreme command in the field. The long peace after Waterloo, lasting some thirty years, denied soldiers all chance of active service, and it was not till Sir Charles Napier was sixty years of age that he found himself winning battles on his own account. Sir Hugh Gough was older by five years when he led an army against the Sikhs, and began the difficult conquest of the Punjaub. Lord Raglan was also an aged man when he was selected to command our armies in the Russian war of 1854-5.

Both Napier and Gough had won early laurels in Spain, and both as majors, temporarily in command of their regiments, had helped to win great battles, and paid in their persons for their valour. Napier was with Sir John Moore at Corunna, and at the head of the 50th (the gallant "Half-hundred") had repulsed the French attack at one important point. Then when—to quote another Napier, his brother, and the famous historian of the war—"he was encompassed by enemies and denied quarter, he received five wounds. But he still fought and struggled for life till a French drummer, with a generous heart and indignation, forcibly rescued him from his barbarous assailants." The wounds he received were terrible: he had his leg broken by a bullet, a sabre-cut laid open his head, and he had had a bayonet stab in his back. It was at this battle of Corunna, when the young major (he was only twenty-six at the time) took command, that he found his men of the line wavering under the fierce fire. In order to steady them, he put them through several movements of the manual exercise, ordering them to "Slope arms!" "Carry arms!" and so on, until they recognised his voice and hardened under his hand.

Hugh Gough, like Charles Napier, owed to

the chance absence of his colonel the opportunity of winning early distinction. As a major, of barely thirty, he was in command of his regiment—the gallant 87th, long famous as the Irish Fusiliers—at the battle of Talavera, where he was severely wounded, but so distinguished himself as to earn promotion; he was at the head of the 87th when they made their famous charge at Barrosa, which decided the fate of that hard-fought day; and he was so foremost in the repulse of the French from Tarifa that he received the sword of the French leader when he failed in his assault upon the town.

Lord Raglan had never commanded troops in the field, but he had been the secretary and close confidant of the Iron Duke, his companion in every campaign; as Fitzroy-Somerset, he rode by Wellington's side through the day at Waterloo, and was one of the few survivors of his staff. But he lost his arm by a shot—one of the last fired—just after his chief had run imminent danger, and had been warned to withdraw, but held his ground, saying, "Never mind; let them fire away. The battle's won; my life is of no consequence now." The duke turned to ride off the field, when a stray bullet shattered Lord Fitzroy's arm at the elbow. It was the right arm unfortunately, and it had to be amputated at once; but Wellington retained his services as secretary, and Lord Raglan soon

MARSHAL SOULT.
(From the Portrait by Rouillard.)

learnt to write with his left hand, so as to become a neat, rapid penman.

Colin Campbell was junior in years and rank to the three great soldiers just mentioned, but

MARSHAL NEY.
(From the Painting by F. Gérard.)

he graduated in the stirring school of war when he was but sixteen, and learnt hardihood as a stripling. It was the custom in those days to send boys into the army at an age when many nowadays are still at school. They were brave boys, as their successors of to-day will admit. Let me tell you how young Campbell behaved in his first encounter with the enemy. To be shot at for the first time is a startling experience. Young Campbell, at Vimiera, suffered like many more, but his captain, an old and war-hardened campaigner, seeing his trouble, took him quickly by the hand, and led him out into the front of the regiment, upon which the enemy's guns had just begun to play, and for several anxious minutes walked him up and down under fire. The treatment calmed him completely, and he never knew the want of confidence again. On the contrary, Colin Campbell, just five years later, performed prodigies of valour in leading the forlorn hope at the storming of San Sebastian. He had just forced his way to the summit of the breach, when he fell back, desperately wounded in the hip; but finding he could still move forward, he re-climbed the breach, to be fully disabled by another shot in the thigh. Three months later he lay in hospital, with his wounds but half healed, when he heard that Wellington's army was on the point of invading

France, and he resolved to be one of the party. Escaping from hospital, with an equally ardent comrade, "by dint of crawling and an occasional lift from vehicles proceeding along the road, they made their way to the 5th division in which the 9th were brigaded, and were in action (on the Bidassoa) on the following day."* His desertion from hospital was a breach of discipline, and Campbell would have been sharply dealt with; but in the fight he led his company so gallantly, and was again so badly wounded, that it was impossible to do otherwise than praise his bravery and ignore his bad conduct.

They were giants, these soldiers of the Peninsula, setting an example of courage and endurance to their successors for all time: an example which you may be sure has always, and will always, be followed by British troops of all ranks, from leader to fighting-man. Wellington's veterans never fell away from the traditions in which they had been raised, and which they bequeathed. Sir Charles Napier, at sixty, began his Scinde campaign with a daring operation which ranks with the boldest in war. His march upon the desert fortress of Emaun Ghur, with a few hundred English soldiers carried on camels—a lonely journey of eight days—was a feat, both in its performance and its consequences, which is not outdone by Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, the great American General Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, Drury Lowe's and Herbert Stewart's raid upon Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, when 1,500 horsemen galloped into the old capital of the Caliphs and seized it for the Queen. At that moment Cairo was held by a garrison of 10,000 of Arabi's men.

Again, Napier's victory at Meanee was a triumph over the most tremendous odds, when 2,400 British troops, 500 of whom alone were white, the rest native sepoys, encountered, attacked, and defeated 36,000 Beloochees in the open field. Napier would not stand on the defensive—that might have seemed to imply fear of the result, and injuriously affect the spirit of his native troops—so he resolved to attack, instead of waiting to be attacked. They met in mid-shock—for the Beloochees made a counter-attack; and for three hours the unequal contest went on with a foe as brave and undaunted as ourselves. It was long a hand-to-hand fight, bayonet against sword and spear; but at the critical moment Napier sent all his cavalry against the enemy's right, and broke it. Then the 22nd charged home with tremendous force, and the battle was won. Not the least brilliant feat in this glorious victory was the self-sacrificing devotion of a captain of the 22nd—Tew by name—who gave his life for his duty. Before the fight, Napier had discovered that some 6,000 of the enemy occupied a building surrounded by a high stone wall, through which there was but one egress—a narrow doorway, which could, he thought, be completely blocked by a few determined men. Captain Tew was posted there with his company, and told he must die, if need be, but that he must never give way. He died where he was posted; but with his handful of men he closed the opening throughout the fight, and thus paralysed the action of a large portion of the enemy.

Sir Hugh Gough—afterwards Lord Gough—had long to wait for promotion to the higher ranks, and he was more than sixty when he commenced the campaigning in China which led to the cession of Hong-Kong. Soon afterwards he won the hard-fought battle of Mahrajpoor, in Gwalior, against that warlike and turbulent race the Mahrattas, whose subjugation had cost so much in the earlier days of the century. Gough won Mahrajpoor by a direct attack, marching right up to the enemy's position, and trusting to the British bayonet for success. "Nothing," as he himself wrote in his dispatch, "could withstand the rush of the British soldiers. They drove the enemy from their guns, bayoneting the gunners at their posts." Two officers—Stopford and Codrington—were found lying wounded just under the muzzles of the Mahratta artillery. The same tactics—for Gough was essentially a forward fighter—served him well at Moodkee, the first of the battles in the Sikh war.

The campaign was forced upon us suddenly. Gough was called up to support Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, who, when making a progress through the Punjaub, found the Sikhs on the point of declaring war. The force which Gough collected numbered only 14,000 men, and it had to traverse 150 miles to reach the scene of action. It was a toilsome march, under an Indian sun; water was scarce; the troops reached Moodkee worn-out with privations and fatigue; but when they heard their enemy was in front of them, they went, without resting, straight into the fight. The Sikhs—splendid soldiers, trained by European officers—were more than double our numbers, with a fine cavalry and many guns; but the British infantry, "trusting to that

* Shadwell's "Life of Lord Clyde," p. 33.

never-failing weapon the bayonet," drove the Sikhs out of their positions.

A second battle—a greater trial of strength, demanding higher qualities of fortitude and endurance—was near at hand. Gough moved forward at once, and attacked the Sikh entrenchments at Ferozeshah, Sir Henry Hardinge, who was with him, waiving his rank of Governor-General, and serving under Gough, in command of the left wing. The struggle was terrific: the Sikhs fought with splendid courage, and when night fell the battle was not ended. It was a drawn game so far, and some despondent spirits in the camp suggested retreat—the rash and inglorious course of cutting a road through to Ferozepore. Gough would not agree. "I tell you, my mind is made up. If we must perish, our bones must bleach honourably where we are." Hardinge was no less firm. When an officer told him that Sir Hugh Gough feared it would be a fatal risk to renew the battle, Sir Henry scouted the idea. "Gough knows," he cried, "that a British army must not be foiled; and foiled this army shall not be." The contest, when it re-commenced, was most unequal. Fresh reinforcements reached the enemy, but our troops met them undaunted, and went forward nobly to the attack. In the end, a turning movement of cavalry on both flanks, followed by a fresh infantry charge, decided the day in our favour, and the Sikhs were routed with tremendous loss.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

These victories did not end the war or complete the conquest of the Punjaub. The Sikhs fell back upon the Sutlej, and established an entrenched camp in front of the village of Sobraon: they did not care to meet us again in the open field, but they stood a gallant siege at Sobraon, which had to be stormed like a fortress. A curious feature in this battle was the great charge of cavalry made through the breaches, in which the horsemen cut down the defenders at their guns. Another interesting fight was that at Aliwal, won by Sir Harry Smith as a detached operation, in which the 16th Lancers greatly distinguished themselves. These various victories broke the courage of the Sikhs, but only for a time; and the peace that followed was of short duration.

It was abruptly ended by a deed of treachery such as has not been uncommon in our Eastern Empire: the British resident and another officer were murdered in Mooltan, and it was necessary to resume active operations. But the occasion furnished an opportunity of distinction to a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes, who, without waiting for orders, united his small detachment, posted on the Indus, to that of Colonel Courtrand, and fell upon the Sikhs, forcing them to retreat into Mooltan. Then followed the gathering of forces anew on both sides, and fresh battles, achieving at first but incomplete and unsatisfactory results. The name of Chillianwallah and the misfortune of that day will not be readily forgotten. It was a day of carnage, disaster, and disgrace; for an English cavalry regiment, weakened by previous losses and fearing an ambuscade, gave way to panic and galloped off the field. It may, however, be said, in extenuation of this happily unusual military crime, that an injudicious order given by the brigadier originated the stampede. The consequences in any case were disastrous, and it followed upon the nearly complete massacre of a line regiment—H.M.'s 24th, that which suffered afterwards so terribly at Insandlwana—which, emerging from a swampy jungle, was all but cut to pieces, because it paused to spike guns it had captured from the Sikhs.

A storm of indignation arose in England, and the public discontent was poured out on the

Commander-in-chief. Lord Gough was immediately superseded by Sir Charles Napier, his previous brilliant services being entirely ignored; but before the conqueror of Scinde could reach India, Gough had completely vindicated our arms and his own reputation. Mooltan was carried by storm, and the final decisive victory at Goojerat—at first an artillery duel, in which our guns showed their marvellous superiority—completed the discomfiture of the Sikhs. From that time forth the Punjaub was incorporated in our British Indian Empire. The Queen has no more loyal subjects, no more devoted soldiers in her ranks, than the descendants of our former sturdy foes.

The time was approaching when England was to be once more engaged in European war. Just when the nations hoped they had reached an era of universal peace, the clouds collected quickly, and two traditional foes joined hands to attack Russia. The expeditionary force which left these shores for Turkey in 1854, and which ere long won new victories, but at a terrible outlay of men and material, was one of the finest, as regards physique and fighting power, that England has collected. It was well armed, as the time went, and well commanded. Lord Raglan was at its head, and his lieutenants were mostly Peninsular veterans: Sir George Brown, already mentioned for his gallantry at the Coa; Sir De Lacy Evans, who had fought in Spain and America, and at Waterloo; Sir George Cathcart, who had been on Wellington's staff; Sir Colin Campbell, of whom more directly; and Sir John Burgoyne, a famous engineer officer, who had helped to construct the lines of Torres Vedras, and had served in the great sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Burgos, and San Sebastian. But the army was unprovided with the trains, transport services, and means of supply which are of little less importance than valour in the field; and for the want of them, bravery was as nought, victories were wasted, and men's lives poured out like water.

LORD GOUGH
(After the Painting by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.)

The three principal battles fought in the Crimea by the English were essentially triumphs for the rank and file. At the Alma it was sheer hard slogging, headlong rushes against a strong position, which was carried, in spite of all resistance. The fighting fell mostly to the share of the 1st and 2nd Light Divisions, the Guards, the Highlanders, and the Fusilier and Rifle battalions; and it was done in the famous old formation—the thin red line. At one time the Guards were hard pressed, and they came to Colin Campbell, who commanded the 2nd Brigade, saying the Guards would be destroyed if they did not fall back. "Better that every man of He Majesty's Guards should be dead on the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy," replied Campbell, as he hastened with his Highlanders to their support.

At Balaclava, when "some one had blundered," and the gallant Six Hundred went into the jaws of death, the English light cavalry were all but destroyed, but it won imperishable renown. "Magnificent, but not war," was the French general's comment on the mad charge: an attack by cavalry on guns in position; but the whole of these reckless horsemen went forward with the same spirit that animated their leader, Lord Cardigan, who, rising in his stirrups, cried, "Here goes the last of the Brudenells!" It was a hopeless enterprise, but it was performed; and all the world wondered.

Inkerman, again, was pre-eminently the soldiers'

battle—a hard personal hand-to-hand fight, where the Russians numbered thousands to our hundreds, and it was no less the almost impudent courage of the British than the impossibility to believe that so few could resist so many, except backed up by strong reserves, that prevented the Russians from carrying all before them. The attack was made at daylight, when the mists still lay thick on the ground, and concealed the meagreness of our forces; the Russian hosts came on in dense columns along a narrow front which prevented their opening out, and our men in the proverbial "thin line" could hit the head of the advance with tremendous effect. The onslaught fell first on Pennefather, who had won early fame at Meanee against overwhelming odds; now, with a bare 3,000 men all told, he hurried down, and came to immediate blows against the Russians, nearly 20,000 strong, with powerful artillery. It was so throughout the battle. Attack was met by counter-attack; our handfuls constantly met the shock of great masses, checked them, drove them back, and followed, fighting lustily. The Light Division, under Codrington—1,400 men, no more—was as daring and tenacious. Until half-past seven, for nearly a couple of hours, these two kept the whole of the attackers at bay. Fresh troops then began to come up on both sides; another Russian general's corps, that of Dannenberg—19,000 men—renewed the assault; the Guards and 4th Division came up to stiffen Pennefather. It was at this period that the gallant general made a famous reply to General Cathcart, who had asked where he could give best assistance. "Get in anywhere," cried Pennefather; "there's lots of fighting going on all round."

The final Russian attack was made about 10 a.m., the sharpest and best intentioned of any in the day, but by this time the opponents were more equal in numbers. Bosquet's Frenchmen had come up to support, and we had gained the help of the two celebrated 18-pounder guns under Collingwood Dickson, which 150 artillerymen themselves dragged from the 1st Division camp to the field. This, with two batteries of French Horse Artillery, pushed gallantly forward to the "bare slopes fronting the enemy," had readjusted the balance of artillery fire; and at last the Russians fell back, sullenly, overmastered, but they were followed by no final charge. "When

CHARGE OF CAVALRY THROUGH THE BREACHES AT SOEBAON (*p.* 7).

hopeless of success," the enemy "seemed to melt from the lost field; the English were too few and too exhausted; the French too little confident in the advantage gained to convert the repulse into a rout." The victory at Inkerman was but the prelude to terrible sufferings during the long-protracted siege, but these could be borne with patience, because Inkerman had proved that we were more than a match for the Russians in the open field. Had we not won the battle, the whole of the allied armies, taken in reverse, would have been swept off the plateau in front of Sebastopol right into the sea.

The fortress itself proved a very hard nut to crack, and although frequently assaulted, was never actually taken by force of arms. The winter troubles, the inclement weather, the difficulties of supply which starved the troops and reduced the siege into a mere blockade, forbade attack. On the contrary, the besieged displayed such activity under the intrepid Todleben, that the initiative often passed to them, and by bold sorties they gained ground rather than lost it. Even our incessant bombardments,

causing terrific carnage, did not dismay the defenders, and fresh reinforcements constantly arrived. It was not till June that the first real assault was delivered, and then only through the indomitable determination of the allied generals. The French were especially hampered by the interference of the Emperor Napoleon, who, with no military knowledge, claimed to control and advise from Paris. It was the first occasion on which the telegraph line began to be largely used in campaigning, a practice greatly calculated to paralyse the action of generals in the field. Napoleon was all in favour of leaving the siege to linger on, while field armies cut off the supplies to the fortress; but Pelissier, the French general, was a strong man who held to his own views, and he persisted in attacking Sebastopol.

Early in June the French took the Mamelon, the English "the Quarries," important outworks, and it seemed as if the end was near. But a second assault, delivered within a week or two upon the Malakoff and the Redan, was repulsed with terrible loss; only a detached attack, under the English General Eyre, upon the Cemetery succeeded, and for a time we were actually within the walls. But we could not stay there. Two months more elapsed, chequered by the death of Lord Raglan, who had won the love and respect of all, and by another fierce effort, made upon our communications. The battle of the Tchernaya was fought nearly on the same ground as Balaclava, and was won by the French and the newly-arrived Sardinian troops. Then, finally, on the 8th September, the French stormed the Malakoff again, and this time took it. The English had the more difficult task, because the Redan, which they attacked, was constantly reinforced by the masses driven out of the Malakoff. But our assault had not been planned on a big enough scale; it was not properly supported, although the trenches behind were crammed with reserves, and it failed. That night the Russians, feeling that in the Malakoff they had lost the key of their defence, evacuated the town, but not before they had blown up the forts, and set the whole place on fire. The sight will never be forgotten by those who saw it, as did the writer. The town in flames, great forts crumbling to pieces as though by magic, heavy columns of Russians crossing the bridge under an incessant fire from the allied batteries.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL (AFTERWARDS LORD CLYDE).

Peace with Russia had not long been signed when the British Empire was threatened in a most vulnerable place. For a time it seemed as though we might lose India. The revolt of the native or sepoy army burst out so suddenly—it was marked with such base treachery, disgraced by such cold-blooded atrocities—that the world still shudders at the details. The English were everywhere outnumbered; our hold on India depended greatly on prestige; implicit faith had been placed in these very mutineers. The force of white troops at hand was very small; very soon Upper India was in the hands of the insurgents: only here and there little groups, generally isolated and surrounded, fought with desperate courage against overwhelming odds, almost against hope. No page in our national annals is more glorious than that which enshrines the heroism of those who then saved India. Not only were soldiers brave, but civilians, unused to arms, showed dauntless pluck—frail women performed, too, great deeds in defence of their honour.

Although the whole country was more or less involved in the struggle, the principal interest was centred in the three great cities which were the scene of the fiercest efforts: at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow the conflict was long-sustained. Delhi, the seat of the new Empire, was thronged with mutineers from many neighbouring garrisons. It was held by numbers of disciplined, well-armed troops, with powerful artillery, to the use of which they had been fully trained, and it stood a long siege in which, at first, owing to the weakness of our forces, the besiegers were themselves besieged. But the little army was a band of braves led by heroes. Such men as the Nicholsons and the Chamberlains roused them to superhuman efforts; and when the place was captured, after a three months' siege, it was carried by the assault of four weak columns of barely a thousand each.

Cawnpore was another large station, which fell at once into the power of the miscreant, Nana Sahib, who has earned for himself undying execration as the most cruel and unprincipled of our foes. But the handful of Europeans would not

easily yield; many were only women and children; the fighting men were few; yet they held out in rough entrenchments for nineteen days, standing a siege under the tropical sun of June, and displaying a calm fortitude beyond all praise. Gentle ladies gave their stockings to

SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

make cartridge-cases; they nursed the wounded, fed the troops. One brave woman—a soldier's wife—mounted sentry, sword in hand, over a number of sepoy prisoners. The roll of heroes was well filled at Cawnpore. Such soldiers as Moore (of the 32nd), Jenkins, Mowbray, Thomson; such civilians as Heberden and Moncrieffe, make us proud of our race. Who shall forget the cool courage of Delafosse, who stood over a tumbril of ammunition, the woodwork of which had been set alight by the enemy's fire—stood over it in imminent peril, while he tore off the burning timbers, and stifled the danger with earth? And yet the defenders could not escape their fate. When resistance became hopeless, they capitulated under promise of a safe conduct to Allahabad, and a general massacre followed, from which only two or three of these devoted martyrs escaped.

The story of Lucknow is very similar; it is no less harrowing, but a source of equal pride in our race. The siege of the Residency, into which Sir Henry Lawrence retired with all his force and all their dear ones, was protracted to the utmost limits of endurance. Lawrence himself was struck down by an accidental explosion; but the legacy he left his comrades was the watchword "No surrender!" His dying words were: "Let every man die at his post, but never make terms. God help the women and children!" Lucknow held out till it was relieved by Havelock and Outram in September, only to be again besieged when the relieving force had got within the lines. It was not until November, when Sir Colin Campbell advanced with all the reinforcements that could be got together at Calcutta—bluejackets from the men-of-war, regiments detained on their way to China, a small band of volunteer cavalry recruited in the capital. He had to fight his way in. First, there was the relief of the Alum Bagh, which was held, although the enemy were in an entrenched position before it; then the capture of the Dilkhoosha Palace; then the Martinière Palace, which the enemy occupied with guns in position; after that the Secundra Bagh, where the 92nd and the Sikhs raced up to the breach neck-and-neck. Other buildings were stormed—the Mess House, the Moti Mahal—and from the latter an entrance was effected into the Residency, which at last was relieved.

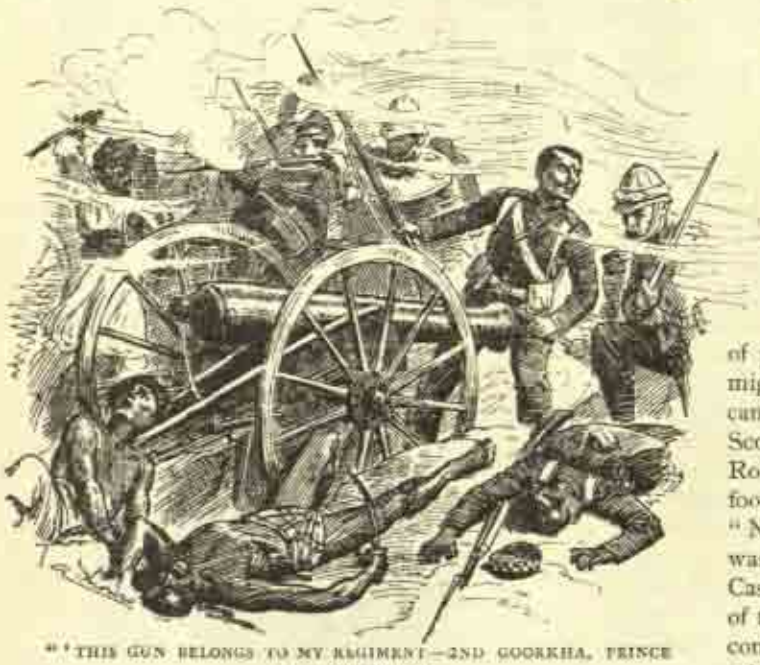
Assuredly there has been no falling off in the spirit of the British soldier, singly or collectively, whatever his rank. Our most recent military annals record episodes as gallant and as creditable to the pluck and manhood of our race as any that have gone before. Every form of courage has been displayed: reckless daring

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

enterprise, calm self-reliant heroism in the most despairing situations. Who shall forget the 24th at Insandlwana, massacred to a man by the countless Zulu hosts? A brave, pitiless, but chivalrous foe, who could pay the following tribute to their fearless demeanour in that

unequal conflict: "Ah, those red soldiers! How few they were, and how they fought! They fell like stones, each man in his place." There is nothing finer, again, in war than the manner in which another British regiment—the 66th (Berkshire)—met death to a man at Maiwand, in Afghanistan. The general reporting it wrote that "history does not afford a grander instance of devotion to Queen and country." The 66th, although outnumbered a hundred to one, received undaunted the furious attacks of the Ghazis or Mohammedan fanatics vowed to slay the infidel, and were gradually slaughtered till only eleven officers and men remained. This small band stood back to back, unconquerable, still facing and keeping the foe at bay, until they were finally shot down from a distance.

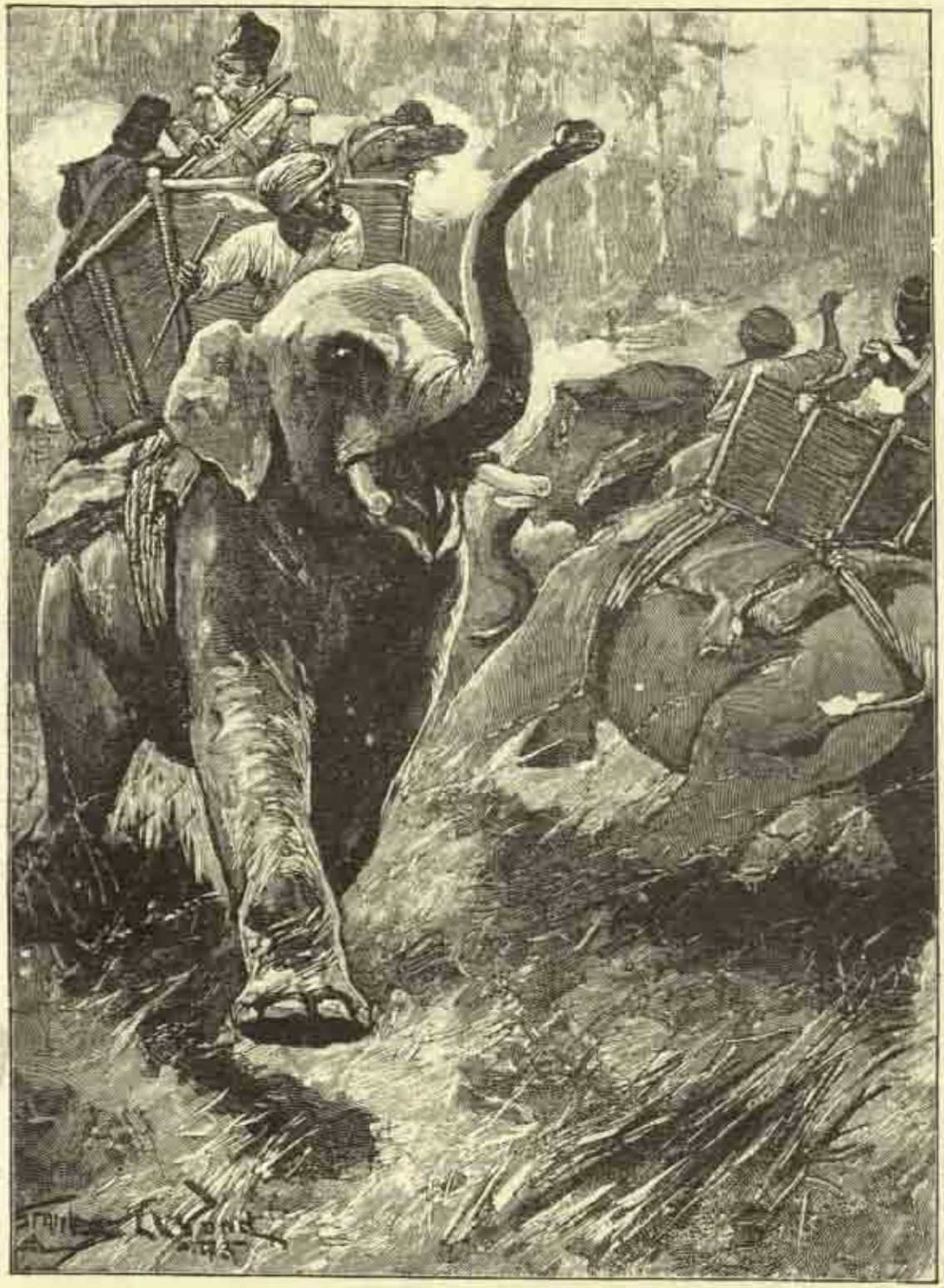
Another famous story is that of Rorke's Drift, when two young subalterns, Chard and Bromhead, holding a river ford which was the only possible line of retreat for Lord Chelmsford's force, were threatened by overwhelming numbers. The Zulus were quite 3,000 strong, and the little English garrison no more than 139, of whom thirty-five were on the sick list. But there was no thought of surrender. A line of trenches was hastily contrived with biscuit-boxes and flour-bags, behind which our men fought gallantly the whole night through. At one time the hospital was a sheet of fire, and the feeble breastwork had been penetrated in more than one place. But the garrison never quailed: their heroic subaltern leaders never despaired, and they had beaten off their assailants when at daylight relief arrived.



"'THIS GUN BELONGS TO MY REGIMENT—2ND GOORKHA, PRINCE OF WALES'S!'"

The only parallel to Rorke's Drift is the gallant defence of Arrah during the Indian Mutiny, when a handful of English civilians defended a detached two-storeyed house for seven days against an army of sepoy mutineers. The collector, Mr. Wake, with fifteen other civilians, fifty Sikh police and one faithful Mohammedan, composed the garrison, and the assailants numbered 3,000, with two field-pieces. They had but little food, a motley lot of arms, unlimited ammunition, and there was not a military man among them. But they held out till they were relieved by a man as gallant as themselves, Major Vincent Eyre, who was ascending the Ganges with a battery of artillery when he heard of the siege. He steamed back at once to Buxar, collected a small force of infantry, 154 bayonets in all, marched fifty miles to Arrah, was met by the enemy, twenty times his strength, but at once attacked them, and put them to flight. The sepoys could not face us in the open, even in such disproportionate numbers.

The spirit shown collectively has, perhaps, been outdone by individuals. Endless instances of personal heroism exhibited singly might be quoted. What British boy can read without a thrill of the little Scotch drummer on the march with Roberts to Cabul, who, weary and footsore, refused to fall out, saying, "Nae, nae, I'll nae fall out till I've washed my hands in the waters of the Caspian"? What of Major White, of the 92nd Highlanders, the present commander-in-chief in India, who cried to his men in the battle of Candahar: "Highlanders! will you take those guns"—which were galling them terribly—"if I give you the lead?" What of the men who followed him to their very mouth? What, especially, of the little Goorkha warrior who went up with his Scotch friends, and who took one of the first of the guns, shouting as he thrust his cap into the muzzle in sign of proprietorship, "This gun belongs to *my* regiment—2nd Goorkha, Prince of Wales's!"



"THE FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS" RUSHED BACK CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST"

"HURRYING TO THE SIDE OF TAITU, HE URGED HIM TO AT ONCE MAKE A SHARP ATTACK."

Napoleon had been assured that everything was ready for the campaign; not a "single button was wanting on a single gaiter" was the boast of his War Minister, General Le Bœuf. Yet, when the first blow was struck, inextricable confusion still reigned within the French army—neither men nor supplies were properly organised; while, from the very first collision, it was clear that the science was all on the German side. Man to man, the French fought as well as their opponents; but they were never manœuvred wisely nor judiciously led.

On the other hand, from the moment war became inevitable, everything worked with clocklike precision. It is said that von Moltke, the famous chief of the Prussians, had only to touch a bell and all went forward. Anyhow, the Prussians and their allies were quickly mobilised, and able to take the field long before the French. The Crown Prince fell upon the French general when still unprepared, won the first battle, and held the advantage from then to the end. It was a strategical advantage; in other words, the general movements of the armies put them in superior strength at decisive points, and this secured success all along the line.

Marshal MacMahon, beaten at Worth, had to retire, and become separated both from Bazaine about Metz and the army of the South. In between, the "Red Prince," with the 1st German army, held Bazaine; and, after a series of fierce conflicts, the famous battles of Vionville, Gravelotte, and Mars La Tour drove him under the walls of the great fortress. MacMahon, frantic to regain communication with Bazaine, made a long detour—a dangerous flank march, as it was called—and found himself "headed off" at Sedan, with the German circling round him, and the neutral territory of Belgium, which he was forbidden to enter, in his rear. The surrender of the French army at Sedan, with the Emperor Napoleon at its head, was a disaster from which France never recovered. It was followed by the surrender of Metz and the whole of Bazaine's army. Within five weeks France had been defeated in eight pitched battles; the bulk of the French regular troops were prisoners of war. France was not yet conquered. While the Germans pressed on to invest Paris—while their armies moved north, south, and west—the new Government which had replaced the fallen Emperor made the most heroic and unheard-of efforts to improvise new levies. To place recruits and mobiots—youths half trained and inexperienced civilians—in the front line against regular troops flushed with victory, seemed hopeless enough. It is to the undying credit of the French nation that it was able to maintain the struggle for so many months longer, and to the sturdy patriotism of such men as Thiers and Gambetta, who never despaired. France fought it out alone; she had no allies, or the result might have been different. There are those who say that the intervention of a couple of English army corps in favour of France would have changed the situation. But it was not our quarrel, and England could not have thrown her weight into the scale, except on the most sentimental and insufficient grounds.

[Photo: Rombard & Lindner, Berlin.

FREDERICK, CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA (AFTERWARDS GERMAN EMPEROR).

Nearly five-and-twenty years have elapsed since this great struggle occurred, and its legacy of hate still rankles unappeased. France is once more as strong as her late foe—stronger, perhaps—and she is still pining to regain her provinces and her prestige. It may be that her rulers and her people are loth to be the first to draw the sword: the cost of unsuccessful war is a dear price in these latter days; and when she fights again, it will be at the most fitting opportunity, when chance and a better cause than last

time may be on her side. But that she will fight some day is nearly certain; and it is this conviction which keeps Europe on tenter-hooks, and converts the whole Continent into a standing camp.

England, happily, has been spared any life and death contest, any war on the gigantic scale of the foregoing. But while her neighbours have been at each other's throats, she has been engaged in numerous "little wars"—wars misnamed little, indeed, for the issues have often been immense and the efforts made most severe. In an empire so extensive as ours, causes of conflict abound, and fighting must be frequent. Since the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, we have had at least half a dozen campaigns. A diplomatic war with China, a war for supremacy in New Zealand, a war for the deliverance of captives in Abyssinia, of retaliation in Ashanti, of self-defence in Zululand, against a too-powerful neighbour, of aggression followed by "scuttle" in Afghanistan, of interference in Egypt, followed by the dire necessities of occupation.

(*Photo: Fradelle & Young, Regent Street.*
SIR GARNET (AFTERWARDS VISCOUNT) WOLSELEY.

In many of these the chief work lay in combating the physical and climatic difficulties. There was not much fighting in the march to Magdala, but it was a stupendous undertaking to convey a British army across the "mountains of Rasselas," to the nearly inaccessible stronghold of King Theodore. When Sir Robert Napier reached his goal, his troops had only four days' rations left, other than meat, and everything had been carried up from the sea on mule- or donkey-back. In Ashanti there was the same urgency as regards supplies, but as no four-legged animals will live on the Gold Coast, the only means of conveyance was on the heads of native men and women. The organisation of transport was one of the greatest, although not the only, difficulty. There was also the climate, which was at times, and in most places, pestilential. There was the absence of all means and appliances, almost of food, and there was the certainty of encountering a brave, if savage, enemy in the field. How well the Ashantis fought was shown by their stubborn stand at Amoaful, and again in front of Coomassie.

The most trying phases of the campaign were those anticipatory to the arrival of the white troops. A small and select band of staff-officers, under the then new and little tried General Sir Garnet Wolseley, were sent out to prepare the way, to make roads and bridges, secure native allies, carriers, and last, not least, to hold their own as best they could against the enemy, who was close at hand and threatening the very existence of the Cape Coast Colony. Within five months the whole of the arrangements were completed; two good black regiments had been organised and drilled under Colonels Evelyn Wood and Baker Russell, Rait's artillery was an effective body, and with these and a few sailors and marines from the fleet, the Ashantis had been driven back to the bush.

A good hard road had been made to the Prah, a rapid river which the engineers—under the indefatigable Colonel Home—had bridged, and when the English regiments arrived they had simply to go in and win. Two sharp engagements checked their progress, but only for a time, and Coomassie fell directly our army arrived before it.

Afghanistan is a country that will be always memorable in British military annals for the vicissitudes that have marked our operations. The earliest war in 1839 was a rapid and brilliant success; within a short year, through the treachery of our Afghan foes, thousands of our countrymen, their wives and children, were slaughtered in the mountain passes, and the

THE "BLACK WATCH" (1740) ROYAL HIGHLANDERS AT BAY AT QUATRE BRAS.

country had to be re-conquered only to be again abandoned. The Afghans were always troublesome neighbours, and again in 1878 the insolence of the Ameer led to a new invasion. It was called a triumphal progress; but there was some hard fighting—some brilliant feats of arms. The capture of the fort of Ali Musjid by Sir Sam Browne's column, the crowning of the Peiwar Kotal, and the opening of the Shuturgardan Pass by General Roberts were successful operations that were followed by the flight of the Ameer, and paved the way to the treaty of Gandamak, by which we placed a new Ameer on the throne and stationed a British resident at his court.

The second invasion of Afghanistan, in the autumn of 1879, was to revenge the base murder of this resident, Sir Louis Cavagnari, in Cabul, and it resulted in important operations. Sir Frederick Roberts, who advanced through the Shuturgardan Pass, direct upon Cabul, reached the capital after fighting the successful battle of Charasia, and was occupied in meting out punishment and strengthening his hold until the winter set in. But with the early snows there came very serious troubles. Nearly the whole of the Afghan tribes had been aroused to a *jehad*, or holy war, and the Ghazis gathered round the flag of a chief named Mohammed Jan to the number of 40,000. It was said that 100,000 might be expected to take up arms. Roberts' whole force, English and native, was barely 5,000, but the former were veteran troops, and the latter made up of Sikhs and Goorkhas, the bravest of our Indian levies. The force now arrayed against us was so threatening that he withdrew entirely within our lines, and there, practically besieged, held the enemy at bay. It was a humiliating change for an invading army, but it was the only safe course to pursue. At last, Mohammed Jan was rash enough to attack Sherpur, and was repulsed with tremendous loss. We had not been strong enough to go out and meet him in the field, but he was much too weak to capture our entrenchments.

Our restored supremacy was not again affected until the chiefs at Ghazni showed signs of turbulence, and a force was detached from Cabul to join hands with one coming from Candahar to punish the offenders. The battle of Ahmed Khel, fought and won by Sir Donald Stewart, was a brilliant victory over a most determined foe. Never in the annals of Afghan warfare had Ghazis shown such indomitable courage. They came right in among our men, fighting hand to hand, pistol and sword against breech-loader and bayonet, selling their lives so dearly that they did great mischief before they were repulsed. A thousand dead Ghazis were counted on the field, and some of them were women.

But this did not end the fighting, nor did success always smile upon our arms. Another Afghan army, advancing from Herat under Ayoub Khan, was met on the Helmund by General Burrows from Candahar, and a deplorable defeat followed. The causes of the already mentioned disaster at Maiwand were bad generalship and imprudence, but the sting of the defeat was somewhat taken out of it by the devotion displayed. Maiwand imperilled Candahar, which was speedily invested by the triumphant Ayoub, and the garrison was in some danger. Two armies were at once set in motion to relieve the place. General Phayre moved up from Quetta; Sir Frederick Roberts was sent from Cabul, to perform the great forced march which has become famous in military history. Cutting himself adrift from his base—an act which is deemed most rash and generally unjustifiable in military science—he started off with 10,000 men, hampered by 8,000 baggage animals to carry food and indispensable supplies, with 8,000 camp followers, to march 300 miles across an enemy's country. His troops were the flower of the Indian army, their temper was the finest; no privations checked, no terrors daunted them; they bore without flinching the wide changes of temperature—between 45 degrees at daybreak and 105 degrees at noon; they were never sure of food, and they knew that certain death awaited them if they lagged behind.

The march from Cabul to Candahar was accomplished in twenty days, making an average of fifteen miles daily march during that time: a splendid feat in pluck and unyielding endurance; and they reached Candahar travel-stained but unwearied, ready to join issue with the enemy directly they met him. Ayoub had raised the siege at the approach of Roberts, but he awaited him in a strong position; and then followed the decisive victory of Candahar, fought under the walls of the city, in which the defeat at Maiwand was fully avenged.

The Zulu war will be remembered with mixed feelings: sorrow for grave and regrettable disasters, pride at great achievements, which in a measure atoned for and avenged them. We entered into the struggle a little too lightly, perhaps, although enough must have been known of our opponents to have exacted respect

for their prowess. The Zulus were a military nation, every able-bodied man was a soldier, trained in the skilful use of his weapons, light of foot, ardent for glory, highly disciplined and drilled. The Zulu generals were admirable tacticians, and their now well-known plan of attack with centre held back and two great horns thrust out on each flank was quite scientific. Cetewayo, the king, a despot who could deal with his braves as he pleased, could send some 50,000 of them into the field, all ready to sacrifice their lives for him.

Lord Chelmsford, when the invasion of Zululand was decided upon, did not command more than 16,000 men, of whom 9,000 were native levies. His plan of operations covered a wide front: his forces marched in five columns, widely apart, from the sea-mouth of the Tugela River to Luneberg and the borders of the Transvaal. The centre, which he led himself, was the first to suffer, and barely escaped annihilation while the general-in-chief was out on a reconnaissance with half his whole force. The enemy he was looking for, some 20,000 Zulus, swooped down upon the other half in an open undefended camp and destroyed it. The massacre of Insandlwana, when a battalion of the 24th Regiment and a number of native troops were cut to pieces, would have been avoided with proper precautions. What even light entrenchments could do to stave off even overwhelming attack was seen the same day at Rorke's Drift.

Retreat after Insandlwana was imperative. At one time it seemed as though the Zulus would pursue, and invade the colony of Natal. Fortunately, our arms were upheld elsewhere. The Tugela, or sea-coast column, under Colonel Pearson, had advanced some way towards Ulundi, and had established itself at Ekowe when the news arrived of Lord Chelmsford's misfortune. After a short debate, it was wisely and bravely resolved to stand firm. Ekowe was roughly fortified and bravely held against thousands of Zulus for more than three months, until it was at last relieved by Lord Chelmsford in person, who on his way up had fought and won the battle of Ghingilovo.

Another column, under Sir Evelyn Wood, the nearest to the two overwhelmed at Insandlwana, had also been hardly pressed. Wood was active, and his attitude firm. At the action called that of the Zlobane Mountain he was for a time surrounded, but in the subsequent fight, when he was attacked in "laager" at Kambula, his force gallantly repulsed quite ten times their number. Two companies of the 80th, with the fifth column, were, however, unfortunate, and one of the detachments sent out to escort waggons coming in with supplies was surprised and destroyed upon the Intombi River. The Zulus had come upon them unawares in the mist—4,000 men to 150—and none of the British escaped alive.

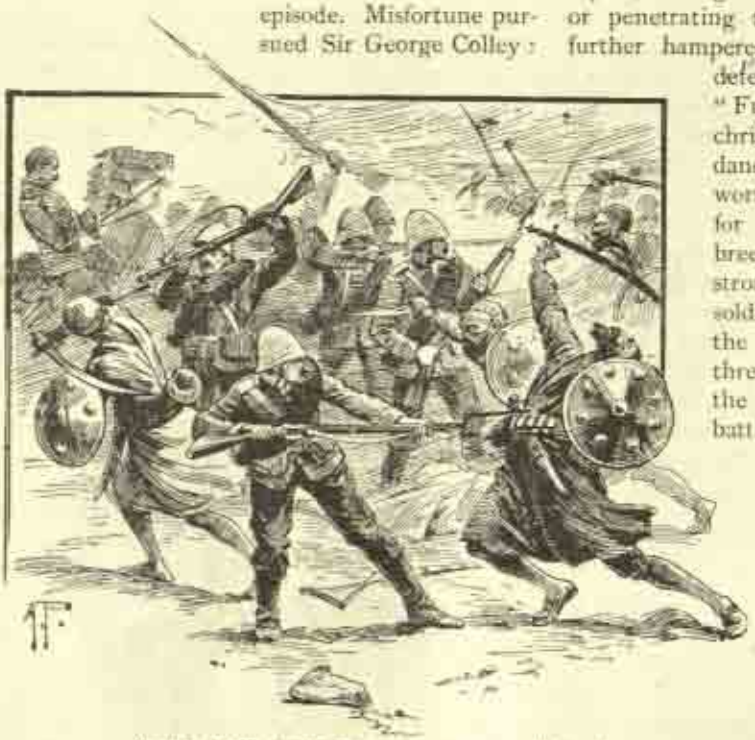
Presently reinforcements began to arrive, and before May the army numbered 22,000 men, of whom 17,000 were Europeans. A new general—the then Sir Garnet Wolseley—was also sent out to supersede Lord Chelmsford; but the latter, utilising his greater means, was able to recover his prestige before the arrival of his successor. Fresh columns were organised; Generals Newdigate and Wood converged upon Ulundi from the north side; General Crealock was to advance from the Tugela (but never got very far); General Marshall, with a cavalry division, joined in with Wood.

GENERAL GRANT.

The battle of Ulundi, when the king's kraal was captured and burned, ended the war. The Zulus by this time had lost much of their spirit; they were "beginning to be frightened," as one of their own chiefs said; and no doubt they now realised that the strength was on our side. Cetewayo was for some time a fugitive after Ulundi, and his pursuit and eventual capture by Colonel Marter and Lord Gifford were not the least exciting episodes of the Zulu war.

This was not to be our last campaign in South Africa. The war with the Boers, which followed, is not a brilliant chapter in our military history. In the Transvaal, as in Zululand, we

began by under valuing our enemy, and time was not allowed to recover our reputation. The fate of the general whose name will always be associated with the Boer war was its saddest episode. Misfortune pursued Sir George Colley:



"THEY CAME RIGHT IN AMONG OUR MEN" (*p.* 18).

he was one of the "unlucky." Opinions differ concerning his latest failure, but there are many who hold that the story of Majuba—of the craggy and, seemingly, inaccessible hill climbed by Colley and his devoted band, only to find death and defeat on the top—ought, with better fortune, to have ranked with Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, or Charles Napier's desert march on Emaum Ghur.

Egypt has been our latest battle-ground. The campaign against Arabi and his insurgent troops may not seem a very glorious achievement, but the Egyptians were well disciplined; they had admirable weapons, and they fought behind strong entrenchments, armed with most powerful artillery.

The cavalry combat at Kassassin, the storming of the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, were very successful feats of arms. Fighting of a much more serious character was in store for us before we were long in Egypt. The Great Nile Expedition, for the relief of the ill-fated hero Gordon, was akin to those to Magdala and Coomassie, but it differed rather in scope and greatly in results. To ascend a mighty river, running down with a steady stream five miles an hour and barred at intervals by cataracts and rapids, was a greater task than scaling mountains or penetrating the bush. The enterprise was further hampered by the opposition of a most determined and courageous foe. "Fuzzy Wuzzy," as our soldiers christened the shock-headed Soudanese warrior, was an opponent worthy of our steel. His contempt for British squares and British breechloaders has been sung in strong language by Kipling, the soldier's poet, and was shown by the recklessness with which he threw himself on the one and faced the other. Of all the brilliant battles fought by British soldiers, they may be most proud of Abu-Klea, Tamai, and El-Teb.

It has been often said in disparagement of our small wars, that they have been mostly waged against savage foes. But this is surely to our soldiers' credit, for they have, in this way, encountered some of the most warlike races in the world, many of impetuous, of reckless fanatical bravery, who accepted none of the recognised canons and conventions of civilised warfare. To kill or be killed was the only watchword of the Afghan Ghazi, the stalwart Zulu, or the irrepressible Soudanese. There was no quarter, no making prisoners, except for subsequent butchery. In these desperate campaigns, our men fought with their lives in their hands. It was truly war to the knife, and called for the highest courage.

Nothing shows this better than the many deeds of heroism recorded in these wars, deeds that earned the most coveted of English military distinctions—the Victoria Cross. A chaplain, Mr. Adams, in the first fight outside Sherpur, bravely extricated a trooper who was under his dead horse in a *mêlée*, and who would certainly have been slain. In the Mutiny, Sir Charles Fraser, now a gallant general, won both the cross and the Humane Society's medal at one and the same time for saving, under a heavy fire, a man who was drowning. In the closing affair of the Zulu war, before Ulundi, Lord William Beresford gallantly picked up a trooper, whose

horse had been shot under him, and carried him off behind him on his own horse. The Zulus were near at hand in great numbers, and the fate of the fallen man would have been sealed. Commandant D'Arcy, of the frontier Light Horse, exhibited the same self-sacrificing courage on this occasion, but his own horse was wounded and fell under the double weight, whereupon D'Arcy mounted his man upon another trooper's horse, and saw them safely off before he rode away.

Well, we have had our glance at the wars of the century—a cursory glance enough, and attracted chiefly by the red coat of the British soldier; let us now turn over the leaves of our book, and pass from battle to battle. We shall "go as we please"—passing from Plevna to Austerlitz, from Bull Run to Gravelotte, just as the spirit moves us, and unfettered by sequence either of date or place. Now we shall follow the fortunes of the Great Napoleon, now of Napoleon "the Little"; now of Wellington, now of Roberts and Wolseley; now of Moltke, Skobeleff, MacMahon, Sherman, Garibaldi. At one moment we shall be listening to the thunder of a broadside from the *Victory*, at the next to the bombardment of Alexandria. We shall pass from the shots and shells of civilised warfare to the assegais and spears of the Zulu, the hatchets of the Maori, the knives of the Soudanese. We shall see all the glories of war, deeds of daring and heroism, acts of noble self-sacrifice and devotion; but we shall see also that reverse side of the picture which should indeed be engraved still deeper on our minds: we shall see that its glories are outweighed by its horrors, its sufferings, its pitifulness.

Saarbrück

The Baptism of Fire

By Archibald Forbes

THE pleasant little frontier town of Saarbrück was a very interesting place at the beginning of the Franco-German war. Within the distance of a mile from the low heights covering Saarbrück towards the west, ran the frontier line dividing France from Germany. The place was being held "on the bounce," for its garrison consisted merely of one battalion of the Hohenzollern infantry regiment and two squadrons of the 7th Rhineland Uhlans. All along this frontier line down in the broad smooth valley between the Saarbrück heights and the loftier and more abrupt Spicheren heights inside of the French border, the hostile piquets and videttes confronted each other.

As one stood in front of the little "Bellevue" public-house on the Reppertsberg, one saw in the plain below among the trees a Prussian piquet of Uhlans and infantry; and on the little knolls further in advance the videttes circling singly, their lance-pennons fluttering in the wind. Several hundred yards further away, by the side of the Forbach road, was the frontier custom-house which the French now used as a piquet house. Outside of it the red-breeched linesmen were to be seen sitting or lounging about in considerable numbers. In their front was the chain of their videttes. All along the frontier line, to the right and left of this point, there ran this arrangement of outposts confronting each other. On the Spicheren upland a French force was gradually gathering until, by the end of July, the whole of Frossard's army corps was massed on the Spicheren, within gunshot distance of the low heights covering Saarbrück.

In those pleasant early days, while as yet there were no graves on the Spicheren Berg and no shattered men lying in the Saarbrück hospitals or littering the platform of the Saarbrück railway station on the blood-stained stretchers, the opposing piquets and videttes formed quite the diversion of the Saarbrück people. After the day's work was over, the labouring folk used regularly to stroll up to the "Bellevue" to watch, as they drank their beer, the dropping fire, fain to see a German marksman proving his skill by hitting a Frenchman. Both sides were very cautious and few casualties occurred. As yet the Saarbrück hospital contained but two wounded Germans, both linesmen of the Hohenzollern regiment. The French were reputed to be in force in Forbach as well as on the Spicheren Berg—as many, it was said, as 15,000 men. Saarbrück, however, was in no trepidation and kept a good face with its little garrison of some 1,200 men all told.

It was on one of the earliest of those early days that the midday *table d'hôte* in the Rheinischer Hof was broken up abruptly by the report that French cannon were being moved forward to the edge of the Spicheren Berg. Immediately the drummers paraded the town, beating to arms. A company of the Hohenzollerns occupied each of the two bridges and a third marched up the hill and took up a position among the trees skirting the exercise-field. A detachment of the Uhlans rode up on to the heights, while the rest stood to their horses in the Central Platz. From the "Bellevue" the French cannon were easily discernible through the field-glass, as they were being drawn forward into position by infantrymen.

Almost immediately came a puff of white smoke from the mouth of one of the guns, and a shell struck on the road close by the little beer-house, bursting as it fell. There was a stampede on the part of the civilians from their beer-mugs in the "Bellevue," and they hurried into cover behind the crest of the height. They were only just in time. Another shell, ricocheting off the road, struck the front of the beer-house, went through the wall as if it had been paper, and burst inside, blowing out the windows and part of the roof.

Four more shots were fired, and then the French withdrew their cannon. Their practice, no doubt experimental, was very good—of the six shells fired, three struck the "Bellevue." Two rooms of it had been blown into one, the bar knocked into little pieces, the furniture wrecked, and a great gap in the floor made by a shell on its way to the cellar to cause a smash-royal among the bottles.

The outposts blazed away at each other until dusk. One of the last shots killed a soldier on patrol—he was the first man killed in the war. The poor fellow was hit full on the forehead, and he must have died instantaneously. His comrades carried in the corpse on a stretcher improvised of their rifles. The drops of blood pit-patted on the road as they carried him past, the moonbeams falling on the pale dead face. Quite a lad he was, with the down hardly grown on his face—likely enough a mother might have been thinking of and praying for her lad, little knowing that he was lying stark and cold, waiting for a grave.

The slow days passed in a strange bewildering calm, unbroken save by the trivial skirmishes occurring in the course of the constant reconnaissances and patrolling parties.

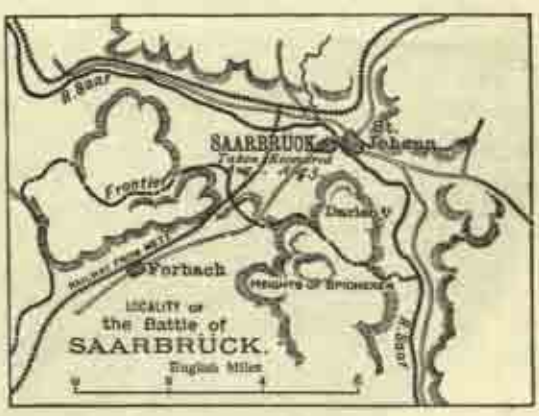
Frossard lay passive on the Spicheren save for the "potato-reconnaissances" his hungry soldiers occasionally made, sending out a screen of skirmishers to the front while the working parties dug potatoes with great industry.

Brave old Major von Pestel of the Lancers, who commanded the handful of men holding Saarbrück, had received an order from Moltke to evacuate a place which was regarded as untenable; but von Pestel pleaded successfully to be left where he was, on the undertaking that he would not compromise his little command, but would fall back as soon as serious danger threatened.

Meanwhile he was never out of the saddle. Every afternoon he would come cantering over the Bellevue height with his cheery greeting and his shout, "Come along, English sir! I go to draw de shoots of de enemy!" The French marksmen expended a considerable quantity of ammunition on the worthy major; but the range was long and they never succeeded in hitting him, although certainly he gave them plenty of chances.

But in spite of Major von Pestel's cordiality, it was rather a tedious time. Men asked each other if it were possible that the French on the Spicheren were not aware of the weakness of the land on the other side of the frontier. The Prussian infantrymen and Uhlans, it was true, were manipulated dexterously and assiduously to make a battalion seem a brigade and a couple of squadrons a powerful cavalry force; yet it was felt that the place was being held only by dint of sheer impudence—for there were no supports as yet nigh at hand—and that the bubble must burst summarily if Frossard should abandon his unaccountable inactivity. Why the soldiers in red breeches lay so long basking lazily in the sun on the Spicheren slopes the men of Saarbrück could not comprehend; but the day must surely be near now, they said one to the other, when the red-breeches would gird up their loins and roll their columns on over the Reppertsberg, the exercise-ground, and the Winterberg, and across the Saar into the Köllerthaler Wald or the Pfalz. In their path—surely they must have known it—there stood but an open town, a couple of bridges partially barricaded with barrels, a single battalion of infantry and two reasonably strong squadrons of Uhlans.

The 1st of August, while the French on the Spicheren Berg were still supine, brought to near Saarbrück what all hoped was the earnest at last of a host, not alone of resistance, but also of invasion. On the afternoon of that day, the 1st and 3rd battalions of the Hohenzollern regiment, with a battery of artillery, reached the vicinity and bivouacked on the edge of the forest at Raschpfuhl, some two miles north-west of the

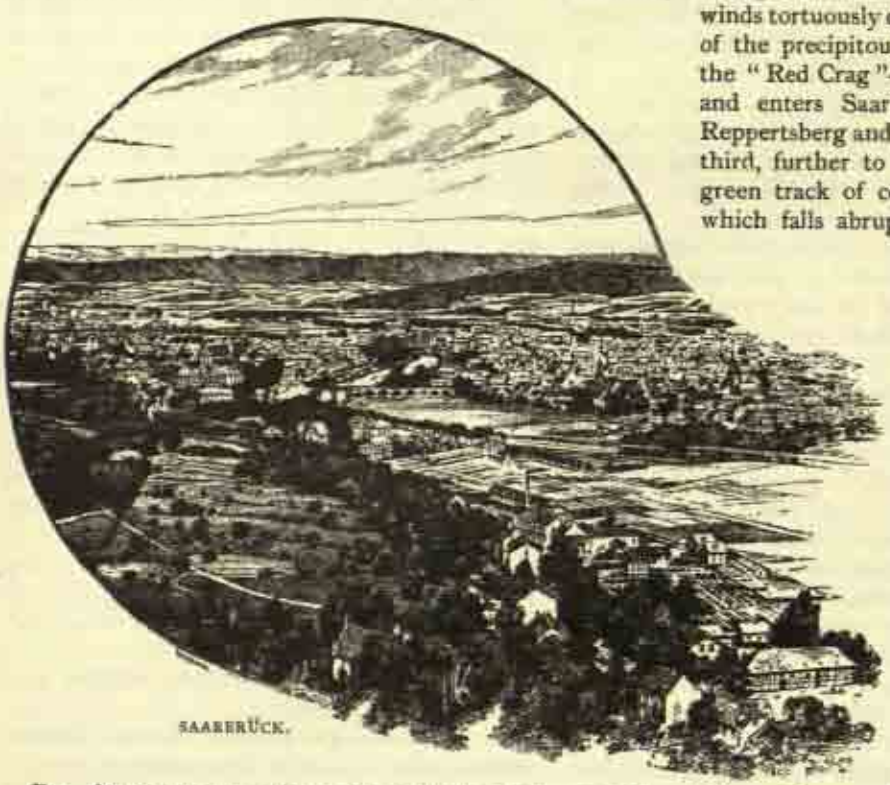


town. General Gneisenau also arrived and assumed the command.

On the morning of the 2nd, when the Hohenzollerns were basking in their sunshiny bivouac, the French Emperor, with his son, was travelling by train from Metz to Forbach. The German videttes down the valley heard the gusts of cheering with which Frossard's soldiers welcomed

the Head of the State and his heir. Ignorant of the cause, some attributed the cheering to the announcement of a French success somewhere; others ascribed it to an extra issue of wine. How were the honest Uhlans to discern that the imperial parent had come to the frontier to make a military promenade wherewithal to throw dust in the eyes of his Parisians, and that "Lulu," as they impertinently styled the heir of the dynasty, accompanied his father that he might receive his "baptism of fire"?

The night had passed in quiet along the frontier, and in the morning it seemed as if the 2nd of August was to be as monotonous as had been the 1st. General Gneisenau and old von Pestel, now a lieutenant-colonel, had made a reconnaissance from the "Bellevue" and had come back to a leisurely breakfast. The soldiers in the barrackyards and in the several posts on the environs of the town, slept and smoked and gossiped, their arms stacked as usual; the officers sat under the trees drinking their Rhine wine, and the whole place seemed oppressed by the drowsiness of a fervently hot day.



SAARBRÜCK.

But the torpor was soon to give place to alert activity. At ten a.m. Saarbrück awoke at the announcement sent in from the outposts that the enemy was at last advancing. The two companies in front of Saarbrück moved at once into the line of defence. The company from St. Johann hurried by at the double to occupy the "Red House." Major von Horn hastened to strengthen the post on the Winterberg, which was most imminently threatened. Captain Gründer occupied the Löwenberg, and moved with Leydecker's company and the rest of his own out to St. Arnual, where his rifle fire and the fire of two guns sent to him from Raschpfuhl gave a warm reception to the enemy debouching from the Stiftswald. As some English spectators hurried up to the "Bellevue" height, there rattled past them at a sharp trot a couple of guns which the general had ordered to be put in position on the Exercise Platz. The battery chief waved his hand cheerily as he galloped to the front.

From the "Bellevue" one looked upon an imposing spectacle. Three roads, crossing the plain from the wooded heights on the French side of the frontier, converge on Saarbrück. One of these is the great post-road from Forbach. Another, starting from the village of Spicheren, winds tortuously down the right flank of the precipitous "Rothe Berg"—the "Red Crag"—crosses the hollow and enters Saarbrück between the Reppertsberg and the Nussberg. The third, further to the east, is a mere green track of considerable breadth, which falls abruptly down into the valley by the poplar-clad slope from the plateau towards St. Arnual.

Down all these three roads were flowing from the upland dense and glittering streams of French troops, the stream on the great road flowing swiftest and fastest. The sunrays flashed on the bright bayonets, and threw up from the green or grey background the red and blue of the uniforms. The troops came on in the true careless, irregular French style, with scarcely a pretence of formation, but with a speed that was remarkable. The moment that the head

of a column reached the valley, it broke into spray. As file after file reached a certain point, it became dissipated ; the nimble linesmen extended further and further to right and left, till by the verge of the plateau, the gunners unlimbering and standing ready by the venomous pieces that presently gave fire from their wicked black mouths. Higher up on the crest were visible

LULU'S DÉBUT.

time that the heads of all three columns were in the valley, an unbroken but loose chain of skirmishers was drawn across the plain several hundred yards in advance.

Then began the steady deployments of company after company, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment ; and almost before one had realised the situation, a long dense line had been ruled along the valley behind the more ragged line of the skirmishers. Squadrons of cavalry streamed down, and forming line at a gallop, rapidly overtook the infantry. Passing through the intervals, they reformed and pushed on to occupy and cover the flanks of the advance.

While all this was going on in the valley, the streams from behind the wood and the hill seemed to flow from a source that never would run dry. It was hardly a break that was caused in it by the two batteries that came down and wheeled off the road on to the other batteries, apparently of larger guns. The peculiarity of the movements described was their perfect quietness and uninterruption. The French tirailleurs had already begun to breast the gentle slope leading up to the positions held by the Germans, when the chassepots began to give tongue ; and then the silence gave place to a steady rattle of musketry fire, through the smoke of which the main advance moved steadily and swiftly forward.

Bataille's division formed the first line ; of it Bastoul's brigade on the right of the main road moved against the Reppertsberg, the Winterberg, and St. Arnual ; Pouget's brigade on the left of the road moved towards the exercise-ground. In the second line were the brigades of Michelet and Valazé ; the remainder of Frossard's corps, the strength of which reached 35,000 men, followed in reserve. An army corps was marching against a couple of battalions.

Despite the disproportion, the Prussian defence

was obstinate. It was only after a brisk combat that the weak detachment were driven from St. Arnual, the Winterberg, and the Reppertsberg. On the latter height a Prussian half-company met the French skirmishers with the bayonet, and then held them for a time at bay by a fire from behind the hedges.

The final withdrawal was conducted slowly, in excellent order. Baron von Rosen held his company to the last on the exercise-ground. His steadfast soldiers, lying down between the trees, waited until Pouget's skirmishers were within 300 yards, and then poured in a fire so heavy that the French assailants were compelled to halt and lie down for a time.

It was just as Rosen had received a peremptory order to retire that the few spectators who waited to accompany that movement witnessed the descent from the Spicheren height of a great *cortège* of mounted officers. The glittering procession rode forward at a slow trot, crossed the intervening level, and then ascended the slope of the Folster height, around which was massed the regiments of Valazé's brigade.

The *cortège* halted on the low crest of the Folster height; and through the telescope one saw the group open out and leave isolated two personages on horseback, one of whom was clearly discerned to be Napoleon III. The boyish figure on the smaller horse, whose gestures were so animated, was presumed to be the young Prince Imperial; and the cheers which rose above the din of the musketry-fire were taken to indicate the congratulations of the soldiers at the Prince's receiving his "baptism of fire"—which, indeed, it has been supposed, was the object of the otherwise pointless demonstration. Not on the Folster Höhe, but nearer to Saarbrück, under the trees of the exercise-ground, is now a stone with a somewhat brusque inscription, which being translated reads:—"Lulu's Début. 2nd August, 1870. Erected by H. H. Baumann, Veteran of 1814-1815."

It was just as Rosen was withdrawing his company from the immediate front of Pouget's advance that a curious and characteristic incident occurred. Among the few civilians who remained on the exercise-ground to the bitter end was a gallant British officer, Wigram Battye of the famous "Guides," who died fighting in Afghanistan in the campaign of 1878. A soldier was shot down close to him, whereupon Battye, who had been rebelling against the retirement, snatched up the dead man's needle-gun and pouch-belt, ran out into the open, dropped on one knee, and opened fire on Pouget's brigade. Pouget's brigade replied with alacrity, and presently Battye was bowled over with a chassepot bullet in the ribs. A German professor and a brother Briton ran out and brought him in, conveyed him later to a village in the rear, plastered successive layers of brown paper over the damaged ribs, and started him off in a waggon to the Kreuznach hospital.

The French did not press upon the orderly Prussian retirement, and, indeed, both of the bridges across the Saar remained in the possession of the Prussians. The firing had almost died out when, soon after noon, the French began to bombard the lower bridge and the railway station from three batteries which they had brought up on to the heights overhanging Saarbrück. One of these was a mitrailleuse, the storm of bullets from which swept the bridge so that nothing could live on it, and an unfortunate burgher, who did not believe in the mitrailleuse, had to alter his views on this subject when the lower part of his person was riddled by the bullets it poured forth. The Prussian artillery about Malstatt tried with four guns to make head against the French batteries, but had to give up the attempt and retire. The final detachment of Prussians remained under the shelter of Hagen's Hotel while the French were shelling the railway station, but ultimately ran the gauntlet and found refuge in the Köllerthal. The casualties of the day were trivial. The Prussians had eight men killed, four officers and seventy-one men wounded. The French loss amounted to six officers and eighty men.

During their short stay in and about Saarbrück the French behaved with great moderation. General Frossard, on the evening of the attack, sent for the Mayor of Saarbrück, and told him that his orders were very strict against marauding, and that if any cases occurred the townspeople were to take the numbers on the caps of the evil-doers, when the fellows would be severely punished. But there was little occasion for complaint: the French soldiers paid their way honestly. They did, to be sure, drink a brewery dry, but the brewer refrained from reporting them. A corporal attempted to kiss pretty Fräulein Sophie—the *dame du comptoir* of the Rhinescher Hof; but a captain caught him in the act, ran him off the premises, and himself kissed the winsome lass. On the morning of the 6th the Prussian troops were back again in Saarbrück: the French had gone back to the Spicheren position on the previous night.

THE STORMING OF THE TAKU FORTS

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

"There's many a victory, surely, decisive and complete,
As meant a sight less fightin' than a hardly fought defeat;
And if people do their duty, every man in his degree,
Why defeat may be more glorious than a victory needs to be."

THESE lines from a modern ballad put very clearly a truth that is too often forgotten. Victories are remembered and commemorated by medals and names inscribed in letters of gold on our regimental colours; but people do not talk about defeats. Yet when brave men fail against desperate odds, the story of their gallant efforts to carry their flag to victory is quite as well worth the telling and the remembering as if the chance of war had given them the coveted prize of success.

So it is that among the battles of the century that should not be forgotten we count the one solitary defeat that English sailors or soldiers ever suffered at the hands of the Chinese—Admiral Hope's failure to force the entrance of the Pei-ho River at the Taku Forts on June 25th, 1859: a failure amply avenged by the gallant storming of the same forts in the following year.

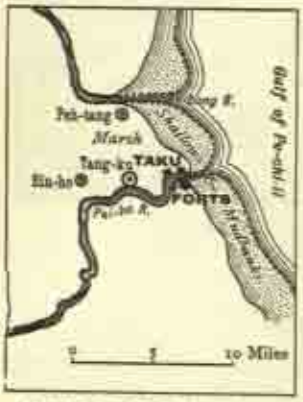
Taku is a town near the mouth of the Pei-ho (*i.e.* the "North River"), which, flowing between low, muddy banks, runs into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Thirty-four miles higher up the river is Tien-tsin, built at the junction of the Pei-ho with the Grand Canal. It is the port of Pekin, and a busy and prosperous place. Pekin, the capital, is some eighty miles still further inland. In the year 1858 the French and English had forced their way to Tien-tsin, passing the forts near Taku at the river mouth with but little difficulty, for the works were badly armed and held by an irresolute garrison which made but a poor defence.

When Tien-tsin was occupied, the Chinese asked for peace, and a treaty was signed there containing, among other stipulations, an agreement that the envoys of England and France were to be received at Pekin within a year, and that the treaty was to be solemnly ratified there. Now the Chinese, as soon as the allies withdrew from Tien-tsin, began to regret having consented to allow the foreign ambassadors to enter their capital, and endeavoured to have it arranged that the treaty should be ratified elsewhere. But England and France insisted on the original agreement being carried out, and when the envoys of the two countries arrived off the mouth of the Pei-ho in June, 1859, and announced their intention of proceeding up the river to Pekin, they were escorted by an English fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Hope.

It was found that not only had the forts at the river mouth, which had so easily been silenced the year before, been put into a state of repair, but that the river was blocked against anything larger than rowing-boats by a series of strong barriers. The admiral was informed that these had been placed on the river to keep out pirates, and it was promised that they should be removed; but so far from keeping this promise, the local mandarins set to work to strengthen the defences of the river. On June 21st, the admiral sent the Chinese commander a letter warning him that if the obstacles were not cleared out of the channel of the Pei-ho by the evening of the 24th, he would remove them by force.

The three days' grace thus given to the Chinese he employed in preparations to make good his warning message. He had several powerful ships in his squadron, but none of these could take a direct part in the coming fight, for the entrance to the Pei-ho is obstructed by a wide stretch of shallows, the depth of water on the bar being only two feet at low water, and

hardly more than eleven at high tide; and this only in a narrow channel scoured out by the river. Thus, for the actual attack on the forts, he had to rely on the gunboats of his fleet, a number of small wooden steamers of light draft built during the Crimean war for service in the shallow waters of the Baltic and Black Seas. The gunboats with which Admiral Hope crossed the bar and anchored below the forts on the 23rd were the following:—



SCENE OF THE OPERATIONS OF 1859 AND 1860.

Plover, *Banterer*, *Forester*, *Haughty*, *Janus*, *Kestrel*, *Lee*, *Opossum*, *Starling*, each of four guns; *Nimrod* and *Cormorant*, each of six guns.

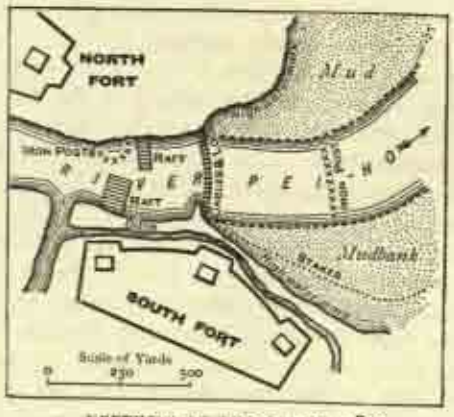
Each had a crew of forty or fifty officers and men, so that the eleven little steamers brought forty-eight guns and 500 men into action. The heavier ships outside the bar were to send in 500 or 600 more men, marines and blue-jackets, in steam launches, boats and junks; this force being intended to be used as a landing party when the fire of the forts had been silenced. No one expected that this would prove a difficult business.

It was true that there was a big fort on the south side, with mud ramparts nearly half a mile long, and heavy towers behind them, and another large fort on the north bank, placed so as to sweep the bend of the river; but on all previous occasions the Chinese gunners had made very bad practice with their guns, and had soon been driven from them by the fire of English ships; and, besides, it was not supposed that there were any large number of guns in position on the forts, for very few embrasures had been cut in the mud walls, so far as anyone could see.

On the evening of the 24th, no answer having been received from the shore, it was announced that the attack would be made next day, and after dark the admiral sent in one of his officers, Captain Willes (now Admiral Sir George Willes, G.C.B.), to examine the obstacles in the river and see what he could do to remove them. Willes was accompanied by three armed boats, provided with explosives. Rowing up quietly under cover of the darkness the boats came first to a row of iron stakes, each topped with a sharp spike and supported on a tripod base, so that they were just in the proper position to pierce the side or bottom of a ship coming up the river at high water.

This first barrier was just opposite the lower end of the South Fort. Passing cautiously between two of the spikes, the daring explorers rowed up the river for a quarter of a mile, when they came to a second barrier, formed by a heavy cable of cocoa fibre and two chain cables stretched across the channel, twelve feet apart, and supported at every thirty feet by a floating boom securely anchored up and down stream. Two of the boats were left to fix a mine under the middle of this floating barrier, while Willes pushed on further into the darkness with the third. Just above the bend of the river he came to a third barrier, formed of two huge rafts, moored so as to leave only a narrow zigzag channel in mid-stream, this passage being still further secured with iron stakes.

Willes got out on one of the rafts and, crawling on hands and knees, examined it carefully, and decided that mere ramming with a gunboat's prow would not be enough to displace it. As he crouched on the raft he could see the Chinese sentries on the river bank, but was, happily, unseen by them. Returning to his boat, he dropped down to the second barrier. The mine was ready, and having lighted its fuse the boats pulled down the stream to the flotilla.



DEFENCES OF THE PEI-HO, 1859.

The explosion revealed their presence to the Chinese, and a couple of harmless cannon shots were fired at them from the South Fort. The plucky little expedition had been a complete success: but before morning the Chinese had

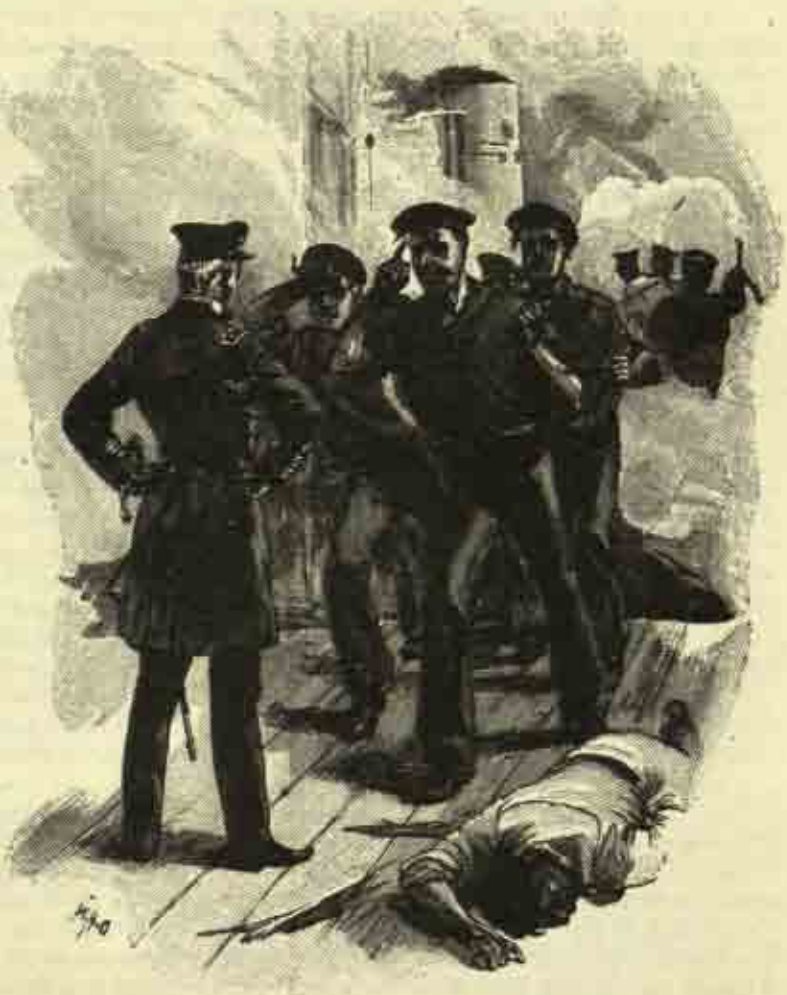
repaired the gap blown by the mine in the floating boom.

Early on Saturday, June 25th, the gunboat flotilla cleared for action. Admiral Hope's orders were that nine of the ships should anchor close to the first barrier and bring their guns to bear on the forts, while the two others broke through the barriers and cleared the way for a further advance. High water was at 11.30 a.m., and it was expected that all would be in position by that time; but the difficulty of working so many ships in a narrow channel, not more than 200 yards wide, with a strong current and with mud banks covered by shallow water on each side, was so great that it was not till after one that the ships had anchored, and even then two of them, the *Banterer* and the *Starling*, were stuck fast on the mud in positions from which it was not easy to get their guns to bear.

All this time the forts had not shown the least sign of life. Their embrasures were closed; a few black flags flew on the upper works, but not a soul was to be seen on the mud ramparts. It was a bright summer day, blazing hot, with a cloudless sky of deep blue overhead, and all round the little flotilla the dark waters of the river came swirling down on the ebb, so that already patches of yellow mud were showing here and there under the rush-covered banks.

The *Plover*, with all steam up and the admiral on board, was close to the first barrier of iron spikes, and the *Opossum*, now commanded by Captain Willes, lay close by her, the special task of this ship being to deal with this first obstacle. At a signal from the admiral the *Opossum* hitched a cable round one of the iron stakes, and, passing it over one of her winches, reversed her engines and tried thus to tear the stake out of the river. But it was so well fixed that it was not until half-past two, after half-an-hour of anxious work, that the obstacle gave way.

The admiral in the *Plover* now steamed through the gap thus formed, followed by the *Opossum*. As the two little ships approached the floating barrier beyond, a flash from the long rampart on the left, the boom of a heavy gun, the whistle of a round shot in the air, warned them that the Chinese meant to resist.



"'WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, YOU RASCALS?'" (*p.* 30).

Along the walls of the forts on either side banners were hoisted on every flag pole, embrasures were opened, guns run out, and from some six hundred yards of the rampart on the left, and from the North Fort out in front, the Chinese artillery, rapidly served and well laid, poured a storm of shot upon the leading ships.

Promptly came the English answer. Admiral

Hope's signal, "Engage the enemy," flew from the masthead of the *Plover*; her four guns opened, three of them on the big fort away to the left, not more than two hundred yards off, the other replying to the North Fort, while the guns of the rest of the flotilla took up the loud chorus.

It was a fight at close quarters, and the English guns were worked by men who knew their business; but the Chinese fire, instead of slackening, seemed to grow heavier every minute. If a gun was silenced, if a shell burst in an embrasure and swept away all within reach of its explosion, another gun was promptly placed in battery, another band of daring gunners took the places of the slain. They fired so steadily and aimed so truly, that to this day many hold that they had trained European artillerymen helping them. The iron storm to which they were exposed began to tell upon the two leading ships. The *Plover* had thirty-one out of her crew of forty killed or wounded in the first half-hour. Her commander, Lieutenant Rason, was literally cut in two by a round shot; the admiral was wounded in the thigh, but refused to leave the deck; and Captain McKenna, who was attached to his staff, was killed at his side. Nine unwounded men only were left on board, but they, with the help of some of their wounded comrades, kept two of the guns in action, though they fought on a deck slippery with blood, and with the bulwarks, boats, and spars of their ship cut to pieces by the Chinese shot.

It was about this time that a boat flying the Stars and Stripes came pulling in from an American cruiser that lay outside the bar. Commodore Tatnall of the United States navy was on board, and he had come to the *Plover*, regardless of the Chinese fire, to offer some help to the English admiral. As a midshipman he had fought against the British in the war of 1812, but, as the old sailor said to Admiral Hope, "blood is thicker than water"; and though, as a neutral, he could not join in the attack, he offered to send in his steam launch and help to convey the wounded out of danger, an offer that was gratefully accepted. When he bade good day to the admiral and went back to his boat, he had to wait a little for his men. They came aft, looking hot and with the black marks of powder on their hands and faces. "What have you been doing, you rascals?" said Tatnall. "Don't you know we're neutrals?" "Beg pardon, sir," said the spokesman of the party, "but they were a bit short-handed with the bow-gun, and we thought it no harm to give them a hand while we were waiting." The incident is remembered in the navy to this day as a good deed done for the Old Country by Brother Jonathan.

At three o'clock Admiral Hope ordered the *Plover*, now almost disabled, to drop down the river to a safer station, and transferred his flag to the *Opossum*, the *Lee* and the *Haughty* steaming up to the place left vacant in the front of the fight. A few minutes more, and a round shot crashed through the *Opossum's* rigging close to the admiral, knocking him down and breaking three of his ribs; but though suffering severely the brave commander made light of his injuries, a bandage was adjusted round his chest, and seated on the deck of the gunboat he still kept the command, and later on even insisted on being lifted into his barge in order to visit and encourage the crews of the *Haughty* and the *Lee*.

"*Opossum*, ahoy!" hailed an officer from the *Haughty*. "Your stern is on fire."

"Can't help it," shouted back her commander. "Can't spare men to put it out. Have only just enough to keep our guns going." But, in her turn, the *Opossum* had to give up the fight for awhile and drop down to the first barrier. The *Lee* and the *Haughty* now bore the brunt of the fight, and suffered severely. Everything that could be smashed on their decks was knocked to pieces, and the *Lee* was hit badly in several places at and below the water-line. Woods, her boatswain, informed her commander, Lieutenant Jones, that unless the shot-holes could be plugged she would sink, as her pumps and donkey engine could not get the water out as fast as it came in. "Well, then, we must sink," said the lieutenant; "you can't get at the worst of the holes from inside, and I'm not going to order a man to go over the side with the tide running down like this, and our propeller going." But Woods replied by promptly volunteering to go over the side and see what he could do. His commander warned him that the screw must be kept going, or the ship would drift out of her place—so, besides the chance of drowning, he would risk being killed by the propeller blades; but Woods, remarking that the chance of being killed was much of a muchness anywhere just then, went over the side, with a line round his waist and a supply of shot-plugs and rags in his hands, and, diving again and again, and more than once sweeping down with the tide under the stern and rising just clear of the wash of the screw, he successfully

plugged several shot-holes. But for all that the ship continued to fill, and before long had to give up her place in the fight and run aground to prevent her sinking.

The *Cormorant* replaced the *Lee*, the admiral, by his own request, being seated in a chair on her deck. He had already once fainted, and the doctors now persuaded him to allow them to send him to the hospital ship on the bar, and Captain Shadwell, the next senior officer, took the command of the attack. At half-past five, when the battle had lasted three hours, the *Kestrel* sank at her anchors. Of the eleven gunboats, six were disabled or put out of action. But the fire of the Chinese batteries was slackening, and at 6.30, after a hurried council of war on board the *Cormorant*, it was resolved to bring in the marines and sailors who had been waiting in boats and junks inside the bar to act as a landing party, and try to carry the South Fort by a bold rush.

It was after seven, and very little daylight was left for the daring attempt, when the boats were towed in by the *Opossum* and the *Toey 'Wan*, a little Chinese steamer. Captain Shadwell took command of the landing party, which was made up of bluejackets under Captain Vansittart, and Commanders Heath and Commerell, R.N. Sixty French sailors, under Commander Tricault, of the French frigate *Duhalya*, the marines under Colonel Lemon, and a party of sappers with scaling-ladders, under Major Forbes, R.E.

As the boats pulled in to the shore, the fire from the North Fort had ceased, and only an occasional shot was fired from the long rampart of the South Fort. The landing place was five hundred yards in front of the right bastion of this fort. The tide had fallen so far that it was not possible to get any nearer, and the column had to make its way across these five hundred yards of mud covered with weeds and cut up with ditches and pools, the ground being so soft in places that the men sank to their waists in it. And as the first boat's crew landed on this mud bank, suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, the whole front of the South Fort burst into flame.

The silence of its guns was only a clever *ruse*, to lure the British to a closer attack. Now every gun opened fire again, while the Chinese, regardless of the covering fire from the gunboats, crowded on to the crest of the rampart, and opened fire with small arms upon the landing party. As they struggled onwards to the river bank round shot and grape, balls from swivels and muskets, rockets, and even arrows, fell among them in showers. Captain Shadwell was one of the first to be wounded; Vansittart fell, with one leg shattered by a ball; dead and wounded men lay on all sides, and the wounded had to be carried back to the boats to save them from being smothered in the mud.

Three broad ditches lay between the landing place and the fort. Not 150 men reached the second of these, and only fifty the third, which lay just below the rampart. Several of this gallant band were officers—Tricault, the Frenchman, Commerell and Heath, Parke and Hawkey of the Marines, and Major Forbes of the Engineers. Their cartridges were nearly all wet and useless, and they had only one scaling-ladder. It was reared against the rampart, and ten men were climbing up it, when a volley from above killed three and wounded five of them, and then the ladder was thrown down and broken. There was no help for it but to retire.

It was now dark, but the Chinese burnt flaring blue lights and sent up rockets and fireballs, and by their light fired on their retiring enemies. Sixty-eight men were killed and nearly 300 wounded, in the advance and retreat of the landing party. Several of the boats had been sunk, and many of the men had to wait up to their waists, and even their necks, in water, on the river's brink, till they could be taken off.

It was 1 a.m. before Commanders Heath and Commerell, the two last of the party, reembarked. Then the gunboats slipped down to the bar, a party being sent in next day to blow up or burn those of the grounded ships that could not be got off.

So ended the disastrous battle on the Pei-ho. Next year an allied force of British and French troops, under General Sir Hope Grant and General de Montauban, taught the Chinese that, notwithstanding their victory over Admiral Hope's little gunboats, they were in no position to cope with the great Powers of the West. While the allied fleets watched the entrance of the river, 11,000 British and Indian troops and between 6,000 and 7,000 Frenchmen were landed at Peh-tang, some eight miles north of Taku. A wide expanse of marshes separated Peh-tang from the forts which were to be the first object of the allied operations; but these obstacles were turned by a march inland, in which the allies defeated the Chinese field-army at Sin-ho, on August 12th, and coming down the north bank of the Pei-ho, seized the walled town of Tang-ku, three miles above the forts, on the 14th.

These forts were four in number. There were, first, the North and South Forts, which Admiral Hope had attacked the year before, and a little higher up the river there were two others, known as the small North Fort and the small South Fort. They stood on opposite banks of the river, and were both alike—square structures enclosed by embattled walls of sun-dried mud, a few heavier guns being placed on a high platform in the centre, and the whole being surrounded with a double ditch, full of water, too deep to ford. Between the inner ditch and the rampart were broad belts of sharpened bamboo spikes, about fifteen feet wide. The swampy nature of the country rendered the approach to the forts difficult for artillery.

At first there was a difference of opinion between the two generals as to how the forts were to be attacked. It was agreed that as they were built to protect the river mouth, and their strongest fronts were toward the sea, they should be assailed from the land side; but General de Montauban wanted to cross the river, and take the great South Fort first of all. Sir Hope Grant, however, insisted that a much better plan would be to begin with the small North Fort, and predicted confidently that if it were taken all the other forts would be quickly surrendered, as each of them in turn could bring its fire to bear upon those still in the hands of the Chinese. Happily, this plan was adopted, though the French general was so dissatisfied with it that he only sent a few hundred men to help in the attack of the fort, and came to look on himself, without even wearing his sword, as if he wished to disclaim all part in the business.

The swamps so narrowed the available ground in front of the small North Fort that the attacking force was limited to 2,500 English and some 400 French. On the evening of the 20th of August, forty-four guns and three 8-inch mortars had been placed in battery before the fort.

At five a.m. on the 21st they began the bombardment, which was to prepare the way for the storming party. The English fire soon began to silence the Chinese guns, and about an hour after the bombardment began, a shell from the mortar battery penetrated into one of the magazines of the fort. It blew up with a deafening explosion, and so dense was the cloud of smoke that settled down upon the scene of the disaster, so utterly silent was every Chinese gun in the work, that at first it seemed as if the fort had ceased to exist, but as the smoke cleared the Chinese bravely reopened fire.

Down at the mouth of the river, Admiral Hope's ships were once more engaging the two outer forts; but this was done merely to keep their garrisons well occupied, and to prevent them sending help to the smaller fort. Here, too, fortune helped the British, and one of Hope's shells blew up a magazine in the South Fort, doing a fearful amount of damage to its defenders.

Soon after six o'clock the storming column was ordered to advance against the small North Fort, the English force being mainly composed of the 44th and 67th regiments. In front of the column a party of marines carried a pontoon-bridge for crossing the ditches; but as they approached the walls they were met with such a heavy fire of musketry that the attempt to bring up the pontoons was abandoned. Fifteen of the men carrying them fell under a single volley.

The French had adopted a simpler plan. They had bamboo ladders, which were carried for them by Chinese coolies. Heedless of the fire of their own countrymen, the coolies laid the ladders across the ditches, and, standing up to their necks in water, supported them while the Frenchmen scrambled across. "These poor coolies behaved gallantly," wrote Sir Hope Grant in his journal, "and though some of them were shot down, they never flinched in the least." The fact is, that a Chinaman does not seem to know what the fear of death is; and while these men were exposing their lives for a few pence, their countrymen on the ramparts were just as recklessly standing up on the very crest of the wall in order to get a better shot at the stormers.

The English crossed the ditches, partly by swimming and struggling through the muddy water, partly by the French ladders, partly over a drawbridge which Major Anson of the Staff very gallantly brought into use by crossing the ditch almost alone, and cutting through with his sword the ropes that held it up.

The stormers were now crowded together between the inner ditch and the rampart. The Chinese could no longer fire on them with their muskets, but they dropped cannon shot, big stones, explosive grenades, jars of lime, and stifling stink-pots on to their heads. The scaling ladders were replaced against the rampart, but the Chinese caught them and pulled them into the fort, or threw them down, spearing and shooting all who mounted them.

Men and officers tried to scramble in where the bombardment had broken down the embrasures for the guns. One brave Frenchman

"ROGERS GOT IN, HELPED UP BY LIEUTENANT LENON" (A 30)

reached the top of the wall, fired his rifle at the Chinese, took another which was handed up to him and fired it, and then fell speared through the face.

Another, pickaxe in hand tried to break down the top of the wall. He was shot dead, but as he fell Lieutenant Burslem, of the 67th, seized his pick and went on with the work.

He and his comrade—Lieutenant Rogers, of the same regiment (now Major-General Rogers, V.C.)—climbed into an embrasure, only to be thrown out; but Rogers got in through another, helped up by Lieutenant Lenon, who made a stepping-place for him by driving the point of his sword well into the mud wall, and holding up the hilt. Rogers helped up Lenon and the others near at hand, and at the same time Fauchard, a drummer of the French storming party, got in close by.

Behind him came the standard-bearer of his regiment (the 102nd of the Line), and as the Chinese gave way there was a race between the Frenchman and young Lieutenant Chaplin (now Major-General Chaplin, V.C.), who carried the colours of the 67th, to see who would first get a standard fixed on the top of the fort. Chaplin, though he was wounded in three places, won this gallant race, and planted the British flag on the high central battery of the fort.

"The poor Chinese now had a sad time of it," writes Sir Hope Grant. "They had fought desperately, and with great bravery, few of them apparently having attempted to escape. Indeed, they could hardly have effected their retreat by the other side of the fort. The wall was very high, and the ground below bristled with innumerable sharp bamboo stakes. Then intervened a broad deep ditch, another row of stakes, and finally another ditch. The only regular exit—the gate—was barred by ourselves. Numbers were killed, and I saw three poor wretches impaled upon the stakes, and yet a considerable number succeeded in getting off. The fort presented a terrible appearance of devastation, and was filled with the dead and dying. The explosion of the magazine had ruined a large portion of the interior. Many of the guns were dismounted, and the parapets battered to pieces."

The Chinese lost 400 men out of a garrison of 500. The English loss was 21 killed and 184 wounded. The loss would have been heavier if the Chinese had had better cartridges. Thus, for instance, Sir Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), who led the advance of the storming column, was hit in five places by bullets, but none of them had force enough to do more than inflict a bruise.

The capture of the remaining forts was an easy matter. The smaller South Fort, only 400 yards from the North Fort, and commanded by its guns, was at once abandoned by the Chinese, and white flags were hoisted on the two larger forts; but on the great North Fort being summoned to surrender the garrison sent back a refusal. The guns of the captured fort were turned on it; other guns were brought up from the English batteries, and the attack was about to be begun by a bombardment, when General Collineau, of the French army, noticing that there was no one on the rampart nearest him, marched forward rapidly with 600 men, sent a lot of them in through a big embrasure, opened a gate, and took the fort without firing a shot. About 2,000 prisoners were taken here, and, to their great delight, they were simply disarmed and told to go home. They evidently expected to be massacred. In the fort were some of the guns taken from the ships lost in the fight of June 25th, 1859.

In the afternoon the fort on the south bank was summoned to surrender, and, after some parleyings, Hang-Foo, the officer in command, agreed to hand it over next day. Early on the 22nd Sir Robert Napier took possession of the southern forts, in which he found no less than 600 guns, large and small.

The same day Admiral Hope's gunboats steamed up the river, and cleared away the barriers below which the fierce fight of the year before had raged so long, and thus the defeat on the Pei-ho was avenged and the way to Tien-tsin and Pekin was open.

A few weeks later, the armies of England and France marched in triumph into the imperial city.

THE night of the 26th of May, 1860, came down on the city of Palermo, on the plains around it and on the hills which close it in beyond, amid anxious uncertainty everywhere. Everyone was asking, "Where is Garibaldi?"

The city itself was held in a state of siege by its king, Francis II. of Naples. The sympathies of the great mass of the inhabitants were known to be with the Thousand men of Garibaldi and the Sicilian insurgents who had joined him in his march from the western coast to the hills above Palermo.

No one was allowed to leave the city, or to walk through the streets by day in company with others, or by night without a lighted torch or lantern.

Soldiers were picketed at the corners of the unlighted streets; companies of soldiers guarded each of the city gates which had not been walled up; and two lines of military outposts surrounded the whole city without.

On the plain to the west and north of the city 20,000 soldiers of the king were in camp; 4,000 more had for some days been pushing back the insurgents in the hills. Their general imagined it was Garibaldi who was retreating before them. No military man could understand how a thousand foot-soldiers, aided only by a few thousand ill-armed and untrained recruits, could give the slip to the pursuing columns of regular troops, and surprise the entrance to a city guarded at every point by battalions of trained men and commanded by the artillery of the forts and the warships in the bay.

Even now the descent of the Thousand into Palermo does not become plain until we go over carefully the condition of the city on that fateful night, the situation of the various bodies of troops that were guarding it, and the movements down the mountain side of Garibaldi and his men.

I.—IN PALERMO.

The Bourbons had now ruled over Naples, with the whole southern part of Italy and the island of Sicily, for 125 years.

Ferdinand II., who was dead but a single year, had been peculiarly unfortunate through the whole of his long reign. During its first years, after 1830, the secret societies of *carbonari* conspiring against him multiplied everywhere in Sicily. The cholera year of 1837 reduced the pride of Palermo; but in 1848, when France again gave the signal of revolution, the city rebelled and held out for a year and four months. For four weeks King Ferdinand had the city bombarded from his fort in the harbour. This did not help to make the citizens love him the more when he finally conquered, and his name was handed down as "King Bomba."

In 1859, his young and inexperienced son, Francis, found things in the worst possible condition.

In the north, Italians had united under the King of Sardinia against the Austrians and the petty princes who had so long divided up their country. With the help of France, the war was soon over. The Austrians were driven out of Lombardy; the Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany expelled their reigning houses; and a good part of the States of the Church was taken from the Pope.

All these, with Sardinia, now made up the one kingdom of Italy, with Victor Emanuel as constitutional monarch.

It was a long step forward toward the realisation of what had hitherto been but a dream—a united Italy. And Garibaldi had been the one hero of its making.

In Sicily a secret committee had been formed, under the name of the *Buono publico* (common weal), to collect subscriptions among the nobles

and property-holders for the purchase of arms and other munitions of war. It was in constant correspondence with the revolutionary committee existing at Genoa, of which Garibaldi was the soul. King Victor Emanuel was bound not to give open aid to any revolt against his cousin, the King of Naples, with whom he was supposed to be at peace. But it was known that his Government would put no hindrance in the way. Everyone knew also that no revolution would break out in Southern Italy except in the name of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi.

The counsellors of Francis II. had but one remedy for this evil state of things—the remedy of King Bomba and all the Bourbons before him. The city of Palermo was strongly garrisoned by troops from the mainland—Neapolitans or Swiss and Austrian mercenaries. Then fuller powers than ever were given to Maniscalco, the director of police, and his spies were placed everywhere. At Santa Flavia, eleven miles from Palermo by the sea, an armed insurrection suddenly broke out. It was crushed at once; but it was made the pretext for throwing several notable citizens into prison. Next Maniscalco was grievously

"THE PICCIOTTI PICKED OFF THEIR MEN" (*p.* 38).

wounded at the door of the cathedral, and, in spite of all the efforts of the police, the would-be assassin escaped with the help of the people. A reign of terror was now begun, especially against the nobles and the rich. In every house searches were made by Maniscalco's *sbirri*, or detectives, for guns and swords and bayonets. It was felt that, among the 200,000 inhabitants of Palermo, only the soldiers, the host of Government employés, and the countless members of the secret police were loyal to the king.

At last the Committee of Sicilian Liberties, as it was henceforth called, decided that the time had come to summon the citizens to revolt. Rizzo, a master mechanic of means, organised the movement. The rendezvous was given for the night between the 3rd and 4th of April, at the Franciscan convent of La Gancia, in the heart of the city. Rizzo's house was next door, and the arms which had been gathered were secreted in an unused well of his courtyard. A communication had been broken through the wall of the convent church. The friars were in the secret and in full sympathy with the conspirators. There was but one exception. He carried the news of what was going on to Maniscalco.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when the betrayal was made. General Salzano, who was in command at Palermo, was notified at once, and the convent was soon surrounded by troops. Rizzo and twenty-seven of his companions were already inside waiting for the coming of the others. Day broke, and no one had arrived. Looking out through the shutters, the little band saw the soldiers under arms, and understood that they had been betrayed. They resolved to sell their lives dearly, and Rizzo opened fire from the windows.

The troops brought their cannon to bear on the great door of the convent. Two shots were enough to batter it down, and the soldiers charged with their bayonets. They were met by the father superior, and ran him through on the spot. The insurgents held them back for a time, firing from the shelter of the friars' cells along the narrow corridors. Another friar was killed, and four more were wounded. Then Rizzo with his band made a last effort to escape in a determined sally through the courtyard, by the great door which the cannon had burst open. The troops were beaten back, but Rizzo fell with his leg broken by a bullet above the knee. The

soldiers discharged their guns at him where he lay, inflicting lingering but mortal wounds. A dozen of his companions were taken prisoners with him; the others made good their escape.

The citizens, without arms and without a leader, kept to the shelter of their houses. The soldiers shot at anyone showing himself at a window. All who were connected with the conspiracy fled from the town into the fastnesses of the hills. The insurrection was again over in Palermo.

The *picciotti*—young men from fifteen to twenty-five years of age—had long been ready to join in the uprising. In the large town of Carini, ten miles to the west of Palermo, the impatience was so great that they anticipated the signal to be given at La Gancia. On the 3rd of April the tri-coloured flag of United Italy was unfurled, and barricades were thrown up across the mountain roads. Misilmeri, a few miles to the east of the city, next took up the cry. With the two priests at their head, the insurgents drove out the Neapolitan garrison of four soldiers, eight mounted gendarmes, and eight of Maniscalco's *sbirri*. On the 11th of the month the *picciotti* swept down on a body of troops and forced them back to the bridge over the Oreto, almost within gunshot of the city. Soon all the villages along the coast and in the surrounding country were in full insurrection. The city began suffering from this blockade on the side of the land. All its provisions had to be brought in the king's vessels from Naples.

PALERMO HARBOUR.

(From a Drawing by J. W. McWhirter A.R.A.)

At Naples the news of the revolt led to the taking of extreme measures. The vessels of the royal marine, along with merchant ships appropriated by the Government for the occasion, were despatched to Palermo. All were filled with soldiers and munitions of war. In a few days there were 13,000 of the king's troops in and around the city, to face the insurrection.

In spite of the vigilance of the police, a newspaper from northern Italy had been smuggled into Palermo, making known to the inhabitants

that the committee at Genoa was organising an expedition to come to the aid of the Sicilian patriots. On the 10th of April a secret messenger, Rosolino Pilo, who had been under proscription in his native land for ten years, succeeded in landing safely at Messina. He made his way from village to village by night. In the morning the sign of his presence was found written on the walls—

"*Viene Garibaldi! Viva Vittorio Emanuele!*"

Soon, in Palermo itself, the very children cried after the *sbirri* as they passed—"Garibaldi is coming!"

Word was passed around that, on a certain day, all whose sympathies were with the revolution should walk in the fashionable promenade of the Via Maqueda—the broad, straight street that divides the city in two halfway up from the sea. Even the greatest ladies came on foot; there was no room for the splendid equipages for which Palermo has always been noted. No one was armed. All kept an ominous silence.

Maniscalco was at his wits' end. He sent a band of soldiers and *sbirri* along the promenade to cry from time to time, "*Viva Francesco Secondo!*" There was no response from the crowd. Then the *sbirri* surrounded a group of the citizens and ordered them to repeat the cry, "*Viva Francesco Secondo!*" After a moment of deep silence one of the group, tossing his hat in the air, shouted, "*Viva Vittorio Emanuele!*" The soldiers bayoneted him on the spot, and then discharged their guns into the crowd. Two men were killed, and there were thirty women and children among the wounded. The mounted gendarmes charged on their horses, and swept the streets clear. But the next morning Maniscalco could read in huge red letters on every dead wall of the city, "*Garibaldi viene!*"—"Garibaldi is coming!"

II.—WITH THE KING'S ARMY.

The regular troops were now kept constantly on the alert, and daily and nightly drawn by new alarms from the city toward the mountains. It was useless for them to give chase to the *picciotti* in their retreat along the winding goat-paths of the hills. In return, they brought their artillery against houses sheltering the helpless women and children of the insurgent villages.

It was on the 9th of May that the demonstration of the Via Maqueda took place, followed by the bloody police outrage on the people and the threatening prophecy written by night upon the walls. On the 13th word passed through the city that the prophecy was fulfilled.

"Garibaldi has landed at Marsala!"

It was on the 11th of May that Garibaldi and his expedition of a thousand men succeeded in entering the island. Two English ships stood between him and the royal cruisers, which gave chase, until men and arms were all safely on shore. The two Genoese merchant vessels that had brought the expedition were abandoned to capture, and the march began across the island. Nothing was left to the adventurous Thousand—old revolutionists and young university students from northern Italy, Hungarian officers of 1848, and French and Polish sympathisers with all that invoked the name of liberty—but to take Palermo or die.

The next day they were at Salemi, where, on the 14th, Garibaldi proclaimed himself Dictator of the island in the name of King Victor Emanuel. The guerilla bands and the *picciotti* began coming in from every quarter.

On the 15th the Thousand came face to face with the royal troops, which had taken strong positions along the hills overlooking the road at Calatafimi, fifty miles from Palermo. The only pitched battle of the campaign took place here. The *picciotti*, with all their goodwill, showed that they would be of little use in open warfare. They could not endure the fire of regular soldiers, and still less execute the charges necessary for capturing the positions of the enemy. But the Thousand of Garibaldi were a host in themselves. The Genoese Carabineers were accustomed to his methods of fighting. Even the university students had been trained and hardened to practise his maxim, "Lose no time with artillery, but use your bayonets!"

General Landi and his thousands of regular soldiers were driven back, and the next day they beat a disorderly retreat as far as Palermo. The *picciotti*, from the shelter of every rock and clump of bushes, picked off their men by the way. The soldiers, in turn, sacked and pillaged the villages of Partanico and Borghetto. The Neapolitan officers complained bitterly that their mercenaries preferred pillage to fighting. Garibaldi, ever seeking to draw all Italians to himself, praised the bravery of the Neapolitans while congratulating his own army on its victory. It had cost him dear. There were eighteen of the Thousand among the killed, and 128 were wounded.

After a day of rest, Garibaldi marched forward, and on the 18th he was already on the

mountains in sight of Palermo. There his men bivouacked in the rain. On the 20th he advanced his outposts to within a mile of Monreale, whence the high road leads directly down to Palermo, not five miles away. He now decided not to try to force an entrance into the city from the side of Monreale. He could not hope to make his way across the plain and past the headquarters of the royal army, even by night, without sacrificing half his men. He chose instead a movement that, perhaps, no other military man of the age would have attempted. Garibaldi himself said ever after that it could have been executed only in Sicily, under the circumstances of the time. To its success it was essential that the enemy, lying below in sight of his own camp fires, should have no knowledge of what was going on until all was over. The *picciotti* may not have been able to take their part in regular battle; but there were no traitors among them, nor in the mountain villages through which the expedition was to pass.

The evening of the 21st fell dark and rainy. With nightfall the Thousand set out on a toilsome march by unfrequented paths over three mountain tops to Parco. Garibaldi wished to move round from the west to the south of Palermo, nearer to the sea. Their few pieces of cannon were dismounted and carried on the backs of the men. At three in the morning the little army was at its destination, wet, and worn out with fatigue, but without a man or gun or precious cartridge missing. The *picciotti* had kept the camp fires blazing above Monreale. General Lanza, who had just been appointed the king's *alter ego* in Sicily, was not to learn of the stolen march for many hours to come.

The day was passed in taking up positions along the zigzag mountain road leading up to Piana dei Greci, six miles further back from Palermo. Only then, after a night and a day of toil, the men bivouacked around their works.

At daydawn of the 23rd Garibaldi and Türr—the Hungarian, who was his other self in the expedition—climbed a summit whence they could command a view of Palermo and the plains around. The mayor of Parco had just provided the dreaded leader and his companion with sorely-needed trousers. They looked down on a gallant display of arms. With the exception of the necessary garrison for the forts and a few posts in the city, the royal troops were all in camp on the plains to the west and north of the city or by the headquarters of the general in the great place before the royal palace. Garibaldi's practised eye estimated their number at 15,000 men, and new reinforcements were arriving. To oppose them in serious conflict he could count on not 800 valid men.

Even as they looked, a body of troops, 3,000 to 4,000 strong, began its march on Monreale. When they reached the hills their movements were impeded by the ceaseless fire of the *picciotti* sheltered behind the positions left by the Thousand. The firing continued during the day and into the night.

When the morning of the 24th came, Garibaldi could see that General Lanza, with thousands of men at his disposal, was carrying out a plan of attack skilfully designed to envelop and sweep away his little army. Beyond Monreale the corps which had marched out yesterday was rapidly advancing toward Piana to surround his left. From below another strong body of troops was marching directly on Parco. Türr was at once sent to save their few pieces of artillery, and, with the help of the Carabineers and *picciotti*, to guard the left. Garibaldi began hurrying on the march to Piana. Türr's men were soon attacked by three times their number, and the *picciotti* fled in dismay. The Carabineers succeeded in escaping amid the hills, while Türr, with two companies, held the enemy with his cannon.

At half-past two in the afternoon the whole army arrived safely in Piana. In the evening General Garibaldi held a council of war with his colonels, Türr, Sirtori, and Orsini, and with Signor Crispi, a long-exiled Sicilian lawyer whom he had made his Secretary of State. He proposed his final plan, which was to deceive again and divide the forces of the enemy. It was put in operation on the spot.

Orsini, with the artillery and baggage and fifty men for escort, began an ostentatious retreat along the road leading to Corleone, many miles further in the interior. For one half-mile the general and the bulk of the army followed after. The royal outposts on the left hastened to bring the information to General Lanza, who was commanding in person, and he at once sent his whole body of troops in cautious pursuit. In the dense wood of Cianeto, Garibaldi and his men left Orsini to draw the enemy further and further away, while they turned into a path that led to Marineo.

The night was clear, and Türr and Garibaldi, as they marched side by side, looked to the star of the Great Bear, which the latter had connected with his destiny from a child. "General,"

said the Hungarian, "it smiles on you. We shall enter Palermo."

At midnight the little army bivouacked in the forest. At four o'clock they were again on foot, and at seven they were at Marineo, where they passed the day. With the night they took up again their secret march, and at ten they reached Misilmeri. La Masa was there with a few thousand *picciotti*, and there were a few members of the Committee of Sicilian Liberties. These were told to notify their friends in the city that the attack would be made on the morning of the 27th. Türr sent word to Colonel Ebers, his compatriot and correspondent of the London *Times* in Palermo, to come out and share in the adventure.

"'GENERAL, IT SMILES ON YOU.'"

The day of the 26th was employed in making ready. Garibaldi passed the *picciotti* in review at their camp of Gibilrossa. Then he ascended Monte Griffone to study the city and plain beneath. The royal guards along this south-east side of the city were almost within hearing of a trumpet blast from his mouth. They did not dream that he was nigh.

III.—THE DESCENT OF THE THOUSAND.

The sun set on the evening of the 26th in a mass of red vapours, portending the heat of the night. The army of Garibaldi was already forming on the table land of Gibilrossa, in the order which they were to follow in their attack on the Porta di Termini of Palermo.

First came the leaders, with Captain Misori at their head, and three men from each company of the Thousand under the command of Colonel Tukery. They were in all thirty-two men. Immediately behind them was the first corps of the *picciotti*. The first battalion of the Thousand followed, under the command of Bixio, who was afterwards a famous general. Garibaldi came next, with Türr and the remainder of his Staff, followed by the second battalion under Carini. Last of all was the second corps of *picciotti* and the Commissariat. In all they were 750 trained and veteran soldiers—all that was available of the original 1,065—with two or three thousand *picciotti*, preparing to face 18,000 regular troops of the King of Naples.

It was essential to the success of their enterprise that the alarm should not be given in Palermo until as late as possible. Even if they had wished to follow it, there was no direct road to the city. With as much order as might be, they clambered down the sides of a ravine which led to the valley opening on the highway. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at this point. Tukery halted his men to see if order was being kept in the rear. The *picciotti* had completely disappeared. A false alarm on the mountain-side had sent them flying. Two hours were needed to re-form the line, when it was found that their numbers were now reduced to 1,300 men. With all these delays, at half-past one in the morning they were still three miles from the city.

They marched forward in close columns until they came up with the Neapolitan outposts. It was now half-past three, and still dark. The soldiers fired three gun-shots and retreated to their guard-house. This was enough to disperse two-thirds of the *picciotti* who remained.

The thirty-two men composing the vanguard of Garibaldi now dashed forward to the bridge over the Oreto. This Ponte dell' Ammiraglio,

by a strange coincidence, was the scene of the first combat of Robert Guiscard, the Norman, with the Saracen lords of Palermo, nearly 800 years before, and of Metellus with the Carthaginians 1,200 years before that. It was now defended by some 400 men. The soldiers of Garibaldi first attacked them by a running fire from behind the trees along the road, and then entered on a hand-to-hand fight. A single captain, Piva, was able to bring down four Neapolitans with six shots from his revolver. Misori hastened back to summon Bixio. The first battalion charged, followed by Türr at the head of the second. The bayonets now came into play, and the Thousand had won their first position.

The alarm was now thoroughly given. While the defenders of the bridge were fleeing to the right, a strong column of the royal troops advanced on the left. Türr sent thirty men to stop their advance, and the rest of the Thousand charged past with fixed bayonets.

The Neapolitans now fell back on the street leading to the gate of Sant' Antonino, at the end of the Via Maqueda. This road was lined with the houses of a small suburb, and cut across the street of Termini, by which Garibaldi's men hoped to enter the town. The old gate of Termini had been torn down by King Bomba, and the street leading to the bridge widened to facilitate the movement of his troops. It now served the purpose of those who were trying to overthrow the rule of his son. The Neapolitan commander had already placed two cannons in the Via Sant' Antonino, and at every moment their shots swept across the path of Garibaldi. Even his veterans held back for a moment. A carabineer seated himself in a chair in full line of the firing, to persuade the *picciotti* to go on.

Garibaldi now came up, just as his faithful Tukery fell mortally wounded. As if animated by his death, one of the leaders seized the banner of United Italy, and bore it unharmed through the enemy's fire. He was followed by five others, and, little by little, the whole line passed under the eyes of their general. He alone was on horseback, and the most exposed, as he urged his men forward.

Two hundred men were soon scattered through the different streets of the city, nearest to the gate; and their leaders penetrated to the old market, which had been the place of the revolution in 1848. Garibaldi soon arrived in the midst of the fire which the royal troops were keeping up on the rear of the little column. The members of the Committee of Palermo were waiting to receive him. He at once gave orders to make barricades behind, and thus entrenched himself in the midst of his enemies.

THE COAST OF PALERMO, LOOKING TOWARDS TERMINI.

The people in the houses remained deaf to his first appeal; but by dint of calling they were at length induced to appear at the windows, where the sight of their deliverers gave them courage. Mattresses were flung from every window, and soon piled up over the barricades most exposed to the royal artillery. Then a few of the inhabitants began showing themselves in the streets. They had but one answer to give to the invitation to join with the invaders: "We have no arms." But they lent themselves bravely to the tearing up of paving-stones for the barricades, and the soldiers of Garibaldi found places of vantage in their houses.

With a part of his men Garibaldi now made his way to the centre of the city, where the Via Maqueda is crossed at right angles by the long Via Toledo (now the Corso Vittore Emanuele), leading from the port through the whole length of the city to the Royal Palace. The number of his men was greatly exaggerated in the imaginations of his opponents, and he easily drove back the royal troops close to their general's headquarters at the Palace. The Bourbon Government had just been paving this street with large flags. These were now torn up and built into barricades, while waggons and obstructions of every kind were thrown across the neighbouring streets.

At this moment the bombardment of the city began from the Fort of Castellamare, in the bay, and from the Royal Palace. The war-ships with their great guns swept all the streets within line of their fire. Three days were next taken up with the constant advancing and retreating of the now infuriated soldiers of the king, aided by the steady downpour of shot and shell on the quarters where the men of Garibaldi — the Italians, as they were now called, even by their enemies—had entrenched themselves. But the crumbling of walls only aided to the making of new barricades, and impeded all the movements of the regular troops. As the royal mercenaries abandoned their positions, they set fire to the buildings they had left. The convent of the White Benedictines was burned, with fifty of the prisoners who had been confined in it. All Palermo worked actively with Garibaldi and his men, in a fury of rage against the royal army. Soon there remained to the latter only the two forts of the harbour, the Royal Palace, and the post at the Flora below the Porta di Termini, by the bay. Even these could no longer communicate with each other nor receive provisions.

Garibaldi had now conquered once more. On the fourth day the king's general asked for an armistice—to bury his dead. It was prolonged, and at last the king ordered that the troops should evacuate the city, provided that the garrison in the forts might depart with the honours of war. To save the lives of the prisoners still confined, this was granted. On the 20th of June the last Neapolitan soldier had left Palermo. Two days later the Thousand of Garibaldi were on the way to deliver Messina, the last hold of the Bourbons in Sicily.

The Red Man's Last Victory: The Fight of the Little Big Horn.

By Angus Evan Abbott.

THE Red man has fought his last great fight. The long and bloody struggle waged between the White man and the Red for the possession of the North American continent has ended, and ended for all time: the weaker has gone to the wall. From the day in 1609 when Samuel de Champlain and his hardy followers burst upon the Iroquois at Ticonderoga, and, armed with sticks that spoke with fire and spat out unseen death he put these hitherto invincible warriors to flight, to the day when the United States were preparing to celebrate with unheard-of splendour the centennial of their independence, a ceaseless state of war existed between the children of the forest and prairie and the pale-faced usurpers. Every year had its tragedy, every mile its white gravestone in history. And as a fit ending to these centuries of conflict and bloodshed came the crimson tragedy of the blotting-out of Custer and his cavalrymen in the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone. Many notable tragedies, dramatic in execution as appalling in effect, marked the long years, but none struck home to the hearts of the American people with such searching directness and force as the finale to the Indian tragedy, in which Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux, and General Custer, one of America's most dashing cavalry leaders, played the leading *rôles*.

Surely never were such Aborigines as the North American Indian! Surely never in the history of the world did the White man encounter so nearly his match as when he first plunged into the forests of the New World. A mere handful in numbers were these Red men at the best, and yet it can hardly be said that they were ever subdued. In turn they met and fought the Spaniard, then in all his glory, the Frenchman, the Englishman—long and savage wars these—and when Spaniard, Frenchman, and Englishman as such disappeared and the American took their place, the Indian fought him more fiercely than ever. When one thinks of the White man's countless numbers and the weapons which his ingenuity and handicraft supplied, the marvel is that the Indian has not long since disappeared from the face of the earth. But given their numbers and weapons and all, it has been estimated that in the wars which the White man waged against the Indians they lost more than ten killed to the Redskin's one. Yet notwithstanding the skill, the craftiness, the sensible recognition of existing facts, the clever stratagem and resistless ferocity which characterises the Indian nature, the level-headed way in which he set about his wars, to kill and not be killed his motto: notwithstanding all this, the prophecy of the great orator Red Jacket has come true. He said, "When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the White man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

The feud which began on the Atlantic coast hundreds of years before, was destined to end in the far North-West, away up in a corner of the United States then almost wholly unknown to the White man, an angle of territory bounded on the west by the Rockies, and on the north by what formerly was known as Rupert's Land—British territory. The immediate cause of the trouble which led up to the massacre of Custer and his battalion was one which had often before provoked active hostilities. It was the refusal of sundry bands of Indians to settle down on the reservations placed at the disposal of the Indians by the United States Government. The Indians resented the attempt to confine them to restricted districts. The Red man of the prairie had been, from time immemorial, a notorious nomad. On his lean, shaggy, ungainly pony, his bow and quiver slung across his back, his buckskin breeches and shirt fringed with horsehair

"UNTIL ONE DAY A GRIZZLY TRAPPER PEERED OUT OF THE BUSHES."

and painted in gaudy colours, his long, greasy black hair stuck full of the feathers of the turkey, hawk and eagle, he had for centuries roamed the vast prairie at will: now fighting his hereditary foe, and again camping for weeks at a time on the trail of the mighty herds of buffalo in their wanderings over the boundless prairie. For ages the chafings of restriction were unknown to him, until freedom had become almost as necessary to the savage of the plains as the air itself. This he enjoyed, until one day the advance guard of civilisation, a grizzly trapper, dressed in leather, and carrying a flintlock under his arm, peered out of the bushes and saw in astonishment the great rolling prairie, the home of the buffalo and the Sioux. The hardy pioneer soon followed, restless, and ever pressing westward; and one day, the Sioux, sitting astride his barebacked pony, saw in amazement the long train of white-topped waggons—the prairie schooner—drawn by oxen, trailing westward through the tall grass, and realised that his ancient fastness had been invaded. Immediately there began massacres on the one hand and retaliation on the other. The Sioux, the Bedouins of the prairie, were gradually driven back and back in the process. They strained fiercely at the bonds, but were unable to break them.

During the winter of 1875-6 the authorities at Washington, after every peaceable means had been tried in vain, found it necessary to sanction the use of force to compel certain refractory bands of Indians to cease their wanderings and outrage, to place themselves under the control of the Indian officials, and to settle on the reservations set aside for their use. These recalcitrant savages were Sioux, than whom there were none more warlike and cruel, and in their raids they wandered over an area of something like 100,000 square miles in the then territories of Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. There were a number of these bands of "Hostiles," each having a chief of its own; but as dissatisfaction spread among them, all gradually centred around two great chiefs, "Sitting Bull" and "Crazy Horse." "Sitting Bull," at the time hostilities commenced, was with his band in the vicinity of the Little Missouri River in Dakota, and "Crazy Horse" and band were camped on the banks of the Powder River in Wyoming. The region was a wilderness: rugged, mountainous, and deeply scarred by rapid streams and small rivers, and, as has been told, totally unknown to the United States soldiers. As guides to this unfamiliar region and to scout by the way, the command took with it Ree Indians under "Bloody Knife" Chief, and Crows, led by Chief "Half-Yellow Face." These Indians did the scouting well, but the Rees took the earliest opportunity afforded them to slip away when fighting began.

The first move made against these Sioux was on March 1st, 1876. General Sheridan, a distinguished leader in the American Civil War, was given the direction of the campaign, with

"AND THE SIOUX SAW IN AMAZEMENT THE LONG TRAIN OF WHITE-TOPPED WAGGONS."

headquarters at Chicago. General Terry held the active command of the troops in the disaffected country. Subordinate to Terry were Generals Custer and Crook, at the head of mounted columns. Terry ordered these leaders to move out against the "Hostiles," specifying the route each was to take. Crook marched on March 1st, and on March 17th encountered "Crazy Horse" and his braves, and the command was so severely handled in the engagement that Crook fell back to his base. Custer had been unable to make a simultaneous advance with Crook, owing to the weather being so bad that it was found impossible to venture into the region of heavy snows and swollen rivers.

The defeat of Crook made a long war inevitable. General Sheridan reinforced the troops in the disaffected region, and remodelled his plan of campaign. The troops were formed into three columns instead of two; and as soon as the weather moderated, so as to admit of favourable progress, all set out to trap the Indians. The three columns were commanded respectively by Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon. Custer

"THE WARRIORS DANCED THE WAR-DANCE."

The news of Crook's defeat spread like wildfire among the Indian agencies. Couriers sped from the camps of "Crazy Horse" and "Sitting Bull." To every Indian encampment in that part of the States one or more messengers came, and squatting on the hardened earth of some smoky Tepee, to the listening braves told of the killing of the Paleface and the triumph of the Red, and before he had finished his tale, wigwams were struck and loaded to the patient ponies, the squaws strapped their papooses to their backs, and the warriors, with faces painted in ghastly and fantastical streaks, danced the war-dance, snatched up their rifles, and mounting their ponies, set out to take part in reaping the harvest of scalps.

would have led in place of Terry, had it not been that just before the setting out of the expedition he fell from the good graces of President Grant. Indeed, so displeased was Grant with Custer, that he sent definite instructions that Custer was not to be allowed to accompany the expedition; and it was only after a personal appeal to Grant by Custer, and the intercession of Sheridan, that the famous cavalry leader was allowed to take his place at the head of his regiment and march away, never to return.

George Armstrong Custer's career, from the day he graduated at the United States Military Academy to the day of his death, fifteen years after, was one of meteoric brilliancy. A native

of New Rumley, Ohio, he graduated at West Point on the very outbreak of the Civil War. From West Point he went direct to Washington, and on the day of his arrival at the capital he was entrusted by General Scott with despatches for General McDowell, then on his way with the army of the Potomac to fight the first general battle of the Civil War—Bull Run.

Custer arrived in the nick of time, was assigned to duty as lieutenant of the 5th Cavalry, and took his place in the company just in time to take part in the fight that followed. In his first battles he attracted the attention of his superior officers by his daring and dash and his brilliancy in handling men; and in 1862 his many exploits effected his promotion to the captaincy of the company.

teetotaller, and abstainer from the use of tobacco. Such was the soldier who took his place in command of the 7th United States Cavalry and rode away to the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone.

On May 17th the column marched from Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri River, and proceeding by easy stages, crossed the Little Missouri River on May 31st, and camped on the banks of the Powder, a tributary of the Yellowstone. The 7th Cavalry was divided into two columns, commanded by Major Reno and Captain Benteen. As the Indian country had now been reached, on June 10th General Terry sent Major Reno with his command (six troops) to scout up the Powder, and General Custer, with the left wing of the 7th, marched to the

PLAN OF THE BATTLEFIELD; SHOWING ROUTES TAKEN BY THE TWO DIVISIONS AND THE SPOT WHERE CUSTER FELL.

Immediately afterwards, by a clever ruse, he surprised the Southerners and captured the first colours taken by the army of the Potomac from the South in the war.

Continuing as he had begun, in each successive engagement he did some notable deed which brought him again and again to the attention of his superior officers, and in 1865 he had risen to the position of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was given command of the Michigan brigades.

He participated in all but one of the battles of the army of the Potomac, and was in a position to say with truth to his men: "You have never lost a gun, never lost a colour, and never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you." He was a man of close upon six feet in height, lithe, active, handsome, a staunch

mouth of the Tongue and there awaited Reno's return. The major reached Custer's camp on the 19th, and reported plenty of Indian "signs" leading up the banks of the Rosebud. The whole command set out at once for that stream and pitched tents at its mouth on June 21st, and made ready for immediate active operations. At a consultation between Generals Terry, Gibbon and Custer, it was arranged that the 7th United States Cavalry, commanded in person by General Custer, should set out on the trail Major Reno had discovered, overtake the Indians, corner them, and bring about a fight. This they did.

With truly Anglo-Saxon superiority the generals wofully under-estimated the fighting strength of the foe. General Custer, with his 700 cavalrymen, believed he would be able to cope with more savages than he was likely to have the good fortune to meet, and his brother generals were under the same impression. They found out their mistake when too late.

"Sitting Bull," chief of a band of Uncpapa Sioux Indians, was at this time forty-two years old. A great, squatty, hulking, low-browed savage, of forbidding looks and enormous strength, and in height as near as might be to five feet eight inches. He had the reputation among his own followers, as well as the warriors of other bands, of being a Medicine-man of mark, a dealer in omens, a conjurer of demons, a weaver of magic, a foreteller of dire events, and a familiar of departed spirits. Outside of his magic he was known as a coward, but this defect they overlooked in the belief that his soothsayings fully compensated for the deficiency in his personal valour. Their faith in his incantations was unbounded. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, "Sitting Bull" divided his energies between getting as far from the scene of strife as his fat legs would carry him, and performing fanatical rites to the confounding of the White man. The actual leaders in the fight were "Crazy Horse," "Gall," and "Crow King"; and in a lesser degree, "Low Dog," "Big Road," "Hump," "Spotted Eagle," and "Little Horse," all chiefs of bands and men of ability and unflinching personal courage. These superintended the movements of the "Hostiles," and by their personal feats of daring encouraged their followers, while "Sitting Bull" looked after the Fates and took the *kudos* of the game.

At noon on June 22nd Custer and his men set out for the wilderness. Warnings and omens do not seem to have been confined to the wigwam of the Red man, for on the fatal march to the Little Big Horn there were many that foretold disaster to the expedition.

Captain Godfrey, who marched with the columns, in his written account of the calamitous affair, mentions many incidents which were taken to point to disaster. He tells, for instance, that on the evening of the first day of their march Custer sent for his officers.

After a "talk," Lieutenant Wallace said to Godfrey, as they walked away from the general's tent, "Godfrey, I believe General Custer is going to be killed." Asked his reasons for this belief, he simply answered: "I have never heard Custer speak in that way before."

A little later in the evening Captain Godfrey came upon a camp-fire, around which sat "Bloody Knife," "Half-Yellow-Face," and the interpreter Bouyer. The half-breed asked the captain if he had ever fought against the Sioux. Answered in the affirmative, the interpreter gazed into the fire for a few moments before saying emphatically, "I can tell you we are going to have a —— big fight."

Then again an ominous thing happened. The general's headquarters-flag was blown down and fell to the rear, and in being replanted again fell to the rear.

These and many other eerie happenings seem to have sent a thrill of foreboding through the whole command as it went on its way to the unexplored valley of the Little Big Horn. In their tents, when night had fallen and the fires were out—for on this march no fire burned and nothing was done likely to attract the eye of any Indian who might happen to be roaming about in the vicinity—the men sat in the dark and told stories of scalpings and burnings at the stake. Even the Red scouts caught the prevailing current of premonition, and hastened to their Medicine-man to be anointed as a charm against the cruelty of the dreaded Sioux.

During the march up the Rosebud, Indian "signs" were met with at every turn. Camping place after camping-place was found. The grass had been closely cropped by herds of ponies; the ashes of a hundred camp-fires lay grey on the bare ground. On June 24th the column passed a great camping-place, the gaunt frame of a huge sundance-lodge still standing, and against one of the posts the scalp of a White man fluttered in the wind.

Soon after this the Crow scouts, who had been working energetically, returned to the camp and reported to Custer that although they had come across no Sioux, still, from indications discovered, they felt sure that the command was in the neighbourhood of an encampment. That night the column was divided into two, so as to raise as little dust as possible, and made a forced march; and on the morning of June 25th Custer, in a personal reconnoitre, discovered the foe of which he was in search. Although he found himself unable to locate the actual village, he saw great herds of ponies, saw the smoke curling up in the air of morning, and heard the barking of the dogs, denoting the presence of a village behind a hill that lay in front of him. It had been Custer's intention to remain quietly where his command rested until night fell, when he would advance his forces, and in the grey of morning sweep down upon the Sioux. But this plan miscarried. Word reached the leader that a Sioux Indian had discovered the presence of the United States troops and had galloped off

to warn his tribe. Custer resolved to attack at once.

The command set out for "Sitting Bull's" village shortly before noon. It was divided into three battalions—Major Reno commanding the advance, General Custer following with the second, and Captain Benteen the third, the pack train being under the charge of Lieutenant Mathey. Custer's battalion consisted of Troops "C," commanded by the general's brother, T. W. Custer; "I," Captain Keogh; "F," Captain Yates; "E," Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis; "L," Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden; with Lieutenant Cook adjutant, and Dr. G. E. Lord medical officer.

The whole command marched down a valley for some distance and then separated, intending to strike the village at different points. Custer's battalion took to the right to cross the hills and ride down upon the encampment, and Major Reno branched off to the left and forded the Little Big Horn—a stream that gives the battle its name—at the mouth of a stream now called Benteen's Creek. As they were separating, Custer sent an order to Reno to "move forward at as rapid gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterwards, and the whole outfit would support him."

After separation the only word received from Custer was an order signed by the adjutant, and addressed to Captain Benteen, which read: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring Packs;" and a postscript, "Bring Packs." About the time this message must have been despatched, those with Reno beheld the general and his men on top of a hill two miles or more away, looking down upon the village, and saw Custer take off his hat and wave it in the air, as if either beckoning the other battalions to his assistance or cheering his men.

The battalion disappeared over the brow of the hill, and after that no word or sign ever came from Custer or anyone of his whole command. Not a man of the hundreds that followed the general in the charge lived to tell the tale. The battalion was simply wiped out of existence. In after years, some of the Indians who took part in the massacre, laying aside their inbred taciturnity, consented to show a few United States officers over the field and explain what had happened and how it had happened; but beyond these meagre reports, and the position in which the bodies of the soldiers were found after the Indians had finished with their rejoicings and the mutilations of the dead, nothing is known of Custer's last charge. But those acquainted with Custer and with Indian fighting are able to picture the scene.

When Custer reached the top of the hill, instead of a village of some 800 or 1,000 warriors, he saw beneath him a veritable city of wigwams spread out in the valley. The smoke from the fires clouded the sky, great herds of ponies cropped the grass as far as the eye could see, thousands of painted Sioux, armed, and astride their shaggy ponies, galloped in circles, working themselves into a frenzy of fury to fight the White man. Medicine-men danced and yelled their incantations, and squaws busily struck the tents and hurried their papooses and swarms of dusky children out of harm's way. When this scene of angry life met his gaze, General Custer, old Indian fighter that he was, must have recognised that he was in for what seemed likely to be his last fight. But the mistake had been made. The time had passed for new plans of battle. He could not turn his back on the warriors to join his battalion with the others, for already the painted bucks were circling round him and firing into his ranks, and already, in all probability, he heard the crack of rifles to his left, telling him that the Indians were upon Reno. Hemmed in, retreat out of the question, and trusting that his other battalions would hurry to his support, he called to his men, and together they plunged into the shrieking, shouting, seething mass of painted and befeathered Red men—and died.

Reno acted differently. Whether or no he carried caution to an unjustifiable length is a question that has been fiercely discussed, at least some of the officers who were with him being his greatest denouncers. So bitter were the charges made against him that a Government inquiry was instituted, and, it is only right to say, it exonerated him from blame.

Reno's battalion struck the Indians shortly after crossing the Little Big Horn, and the Ree scouts at once made for the rear to be out of danger. When the Sioux Indians appeared in considerable force on his front, instead of charging the village as Custer had ordered, Reno dismounted his troops to fight on foot, and taking advantage of timber he remained stationary for some long time in almost absolute security. Later he ordered a retreat to the Bluffs, and while executing this order, and in the preceding skirmishes, Lieutenants McIntosh and Hodgson, Dr. De Wolf, and twenty-nine men and scouts were killed.

Soon after reaching the Bluffs Captain Benteen's battalion joined Reno, placing the latter in command of a larger force than Custer had with him; but notwithstanding this, no active measures were adopted, the two battalions standing nerveless and inactive, listening to heavy firing and much ominous noise in the direction of the village, where Custer was engaged in his death-struggle. True, an advance was made to a hill—the hill from which earlier in the day Custer had been seen to wave his hat. From the top of this elevation could be seen a great commotion in the valley, much riding and shouting and firing; but still Reno and his men were not near enough to the spot to make out what it was all about. The officers with field-glasses tried their best to find out where Custer and his battalion were, but, of course, this was impossible, for by this time every man, with Custer, had been slain.

"THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SEETHING MASS OF PAINTED AND BEFEATHERED RED MEN" (*p.* 48).

Chief "Gall" afterwards said that the news of the two columns of troops advancing against the village struck consternation to the heart of the Indians, but when Reno was seen to dismount and remain stationary, they were glad, for it allowed the whole Indian force to be hurled against Custer. Him out of the way, they concentrated against Reno. When

this latter movement took place Reno retreated again to the Bluffs, where close to the river he picked upon a strong position and successfully withstood all the afternoon a heavy fire. Darkness came down, and the troops spent an anxious night intrenching themselves, and wondering what had happened to their companions with Custer, but knowing nothing except that the general must have been defeated.

Lying under the stars, surrounded by the "Hostiles," they passed a night of restlessness and alarm. The sky was aglare with light from the bonfires; the silence of the night pierced by many strange cries of exultation and hate, by shots, and the monotonous beating of the tom-tom for the scalp-dance. At times a nervous man would spring from his bivouac on the earth to shout that he heard the march of approaching relief, and bugles rang out a welcome that was only answered by the echoes from the hills.

When morning dawned the Sioux opened fire, and the day which followed was one of fevered sorties and galling waiting. On the stronghold that day Reno's men lost eighteen killed and had fifty-two wounded, and they spent a second anxious night. But on the morning of June 27th General Terry raised the siege and rode into camp. Terry, in his journey, had come across more than a hundred dead, and that an awful tragedy had been enacted he knew. But he did not know the full extent of the slaughter. On the 28th the army marched to the battlefield of the Little Big Horn. Scattered on the slope of the hill they found 212 dead. General Custer, his brother—Captain T. W. Custer—Captains Keogh and Yates, Lieutenants Cook, Crittenden, Reily, Calhoun, Smith, and other officers of their men were found, each scalped and mutilated except Custer himself. He lay apparently as he had fallen, the Indians refraining from wreaking vengeance on the leader, who was well known to "Sitting Bull" and others of the chiefs. The bodies of Lieutenants Porter, Harrington, and Sturgis, and Dr. Lord, were never found.

The killed of the entire command was 265, and the slaying of Custer and his men was the crimson spot of the first Centennial Year of the United States.

It is also rendered memorable as being the last great victory the Red man achieved over the White in the fight for the American continent. For as though frightened at the thoroughness of their victory, and fearing as harsh a retribution, the followers of "Sitting Bull" afterwards flitted from place to place, refusing to join issues with the armies sent to catch them, and gradually melted away, breaking up into small bands, or returning to the agencies from which they had surreptitiously marched but a few weeks before. The great armies which, immediately the news of Custer's massacre reached Washington, were sent to trap the Indians, marched up and down the Bad Lands; but in all their marching and countermarchings were never able to find an Indian to fight.

THE great Imperial Eagle of France had been caught and caged at Elba, and after close on twenty-five years of storm and tumult, Europe was at peace.

The armies which had driven the Eagle out of France had marched home again, robbing the Eagle's nest of many ill-gotten trophies and leaving in his place a horde of vultures who claimed the nest as theirs.

As is the manner of vultures, there was much gorging: Louis XVIII., the man "who had learned nothing, and *forgotten* nothing," brought back in his train a host of hungry folk, princes of the blood royal, dukes, and noble dames; and France soon found that it would be made to suffer for its Revolution and its Republic, and that the victories of its Emperor were like to cost it dear. Royalists filled the high places in Church and State. Shameless rapacity and mean reprisals were seen on every side; and in the army the most scandalous injustices were unblushingly practised.

People began to look with regret towards the Mediterranean isle where the Eagle plumed his ruffled feathers moodily.

There were mysterious nods and glances, and allusions to a certain flower which a certain "little corporal" was known to have loved.

"He will return again with the violet," they said in whispers.

Ladies affected violet-coloured silks, and rings of the same hue became fashionable, bearing the motto "It will re-appear in Spring."

Nor were they wrong, for on the 1st March, 1815, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon the Great, with a hundred dismounted Lancers of the Guard, some veteran Grenadiers and a few officers, landed in the Gulf of San Juan, and began that triumphal progress which ended at WATERLOO.

His advance is curiously recorded in the papers of the day: I quote from the *Monsieur*:—

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris."

"Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not set his foot inside the walls of Paris."

"To-morrow Napoleon will be at our gates!"

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His Imperial Majesty Napoleon entered Paris yesterday, surrounded by his loyal subjects."

At midnight on the 19th March, Louis the Gross got into his carriage by torchlight, and was driven off to Lille; the Comte d'Artois and the Court followed an hour later, and the good citizens found when they rose next morning, two notices fastened to the railings of the Place Carrousel—

"Palace to let, well furnished, except the kitchen utensils, which have been carried away by the late proprietor."

And the other—

"A large fat hog to be sold for one Napoleon."

At eight o'clock that evening the Emperor was carried up the grand staircase of the Tuileries on the shoulders of his officers, and from that moment until the 12th June the master-mind was wrestling with a task vast enough to have discouraged twenty brains!

Out of chaos he produced order; a new Government was formed, a new army created;

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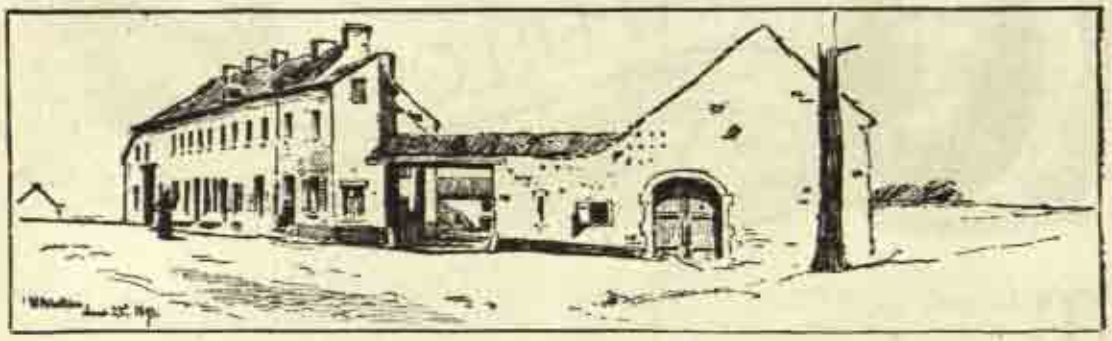
five days after his entry the Allied Sovereigns declared him an outlaw; on the 1st June he distributed Eagles to his troops, and took an oath of allegiance to the new Constitution. But Europe had meanwhile flown to arms, and

bivouac fires were suddenly seen glowing redly in the darkness beyond Charleroi, no one knew exactly where he was.

* * * * *

Brussels swarmed with fashionable folk, and



THE FARM OF QUATRE BRAS.

300,000 Austrians were to enter France by Switzerland and the Rhine; 200,000 Russians were marching on Alsace; Prussia had 236,000, half of whom were ready for action, so that, including our English 80,000, the Netherland contingent and the minor States of Germany, he had to face the onslaught of more than 1,000,000 men, with only 214,000 at his immediate command. England and Prussia were the first to arrive; it would be July before the others could reach the frontier, so, Napoleon, leaving armies of observation at various points, marched against Belgium, hoping to defeat Wellington and Blücher in time to turn about and face the storm clouds gathering in the east.

* * * * *

It was the month of June, and the weather was intensely warm. An army under Wellington, some 100,000 strong, including British, King's German Legion, Hanoverian, Brunswick, Dutch, Belgian, and Nassau troops, was distributed in cantonments from the Scheldt to the Charleroi *chaussée*.

It was a heterogeneous force, hastily got together, and a large proportion of it by no means to be depended upon.

Of the British regiments, many were formed of weak second and third battalions which had never been under fire, and nearly 800 militiamen fought in the ranks of the 3rd Guards and 42nd Highlanders, those in the Guards actually wearing their Surrey jackets.

Blücher's force, seasoned veterans for the most part, lay in four separate corps on the frontier south of Brussels, and so masterly were Napoleon's movements, that until the lights of his

the families of officers who were with the army.

The Duchess of Richmond gave a ball on the night of the 15th June, the list of invited guests being curious, and not a little melancholy. Among the two hundred odd names we read those of Wellington, Uxbridge, and Hussey Vivian; two Ponsonbys, one of whom was to die three days later; Hay, the handsome lad who had won a sweepstake at Grammont the Tuesday before, and whose young life ebbed out on the Friday at Quatre Bras; Cameron, of Fassifern, who also fell there; Dick of the 42nd, killed at Sobraon in '46; and *aide-de-camp* Cathcart, who lived till Inkerman, where a ball and three bayonet thrusts closed his strange career. These and many others of more or less note danced in the long, low-roofed, barn-like room which His Grace of Richmond had hired for the occasion from his neighbour, Van Asch, the coachbuilder.

About midnight Wellington, having already learned that the outposts had been engaged, went to the ball, where he found the Prince of Orange. Now, the Prince of Orange, who seemed fated to cause the useless sacrifice of valuable life, ought to have been at his post at Binche, and thither the duke promptly sent him, after first inquiring if there were any news.

"No, nothing, but that the French have crossed the Sambre, and had a brush with the Prussians!" Müffling had previously brought the intelligence, which should have arrived much sooner, the duke afterwards saying to Napier: "I cannot tell the world that Blücher picked the fattest man in his army to ride with an express

to me, and that he took thirty hours to go thirty miles."

Far from being surprised (as some writers have it), the duke's orders were despatched *before* he went to that now historic entertainment, and the dancing continued long after he and his officers had left.

At four o'clock Pack's Highlanders, in kilt and feather bonnet, swung across the Place Royale and passed through the Namur Gate—the rising sun glinting on their accoutrements, their bagpipes waking the sleeping streets. "Come to me and I will give you flesh," was the weird pibroch of the Black Watch, and many

PICTON'S DIVISION OFF TO THE FRONT.

At two o'clock, while it was yet dark, strange sounds were heard under the trees—the shuffling of men's feet, the ringing of musket-butts on the ground, short words of command, and the running ripple of the roll-call along the ranks.

People opened their windows and looked out; carriages returning from the ball drew up and waited: it was Picton's Division off to the front.

a Highland laddie heard it that morning for the last time.

Some of the officers marched in silk stockings and dancing-pumps. Lingering too long at the ball, they had not had time—or perhaps, as the night was warm, they had not troubled—to change them; and there were not a few who never found time again.

Out in the early morning along the great highway they went, past lonely farms and clustering

villages, through the grey-green gloom of the beech woods of Soigne to Mont St. Jean, where they halted for breakfast, and where about eight the duke passed them with his staff, leaving strict orders to keep the road clear; and at noon the troops were on the march again for Quatre Bras, which was the fiery prelude to the greatest battle fought in modern times.

The heat was so intense that one man of the 95th Rifles went mad, and fell dead in the road; but the others pushed on, and were soon afterwards under fire.

If you take a map of Belgium, placing your finger on Brussels, and pass it down the great road running south, you will find, some twelve miles from the capital, the village of Mont St. Jean; a little beyond which place a cross-road from Wavre intersects the *chaussée*, and at that point move your finger at right angles, right and left, for a mile or so each way, and you have, roughly, the English position on the 18th June.

Continuing again, still southward, you will pass La Belle Alliance and Genappe, and nine miles from the cross-roads before Mont St. Jean is Quatre Bras.

Rolling ridges of waving grain, some woods in all their summer beauty, a gabled farmhouse, and a few cottages where four ways meet—that is one's impression of Quatre Bras, which Ney had orders to take, and drive out Perponcher's Dutch Belgians posted there; but we arrived to their assistance, corps after corps, at intervals, and forming up in line and square, repulsed the Cuirassiers and Lancers who charged through the tall rye.

The crops were so high that the gallant French cavalry had to resort to a curious device in singling out our regiments. A horseman would dash forward, find out the position, plant a lance in the ground, and disappear; then, in a few moments, guided by the fluttering pennon, his comrades would burst upon us—invisible until within a few horse-lengths.

Waterloo has put Quatre Bras into the shade, but few conflicts have been more brilliant.

Our 69th—thanks to Orange, who interfered with its formation just as the 8th Cuirassiers came through the corn—lost its only colour, taken by Trooper Lami, although Volunteer Clarke received twenty-three wounds and lost the use of an arm in its defence.

The 69th's other colour had been captured at Bergen-op-Zoom, and was hung in the Invalides.

By four o'clock the 44th had upwards of 16 officers and 200 men killed and wounded.

A grey-headed French lancer drove his point into Ensign Christie's left eye, down through his face, piercing his tongue and entering the jaw; but in that shocking condition he still stuck manfully to the colour-pole, until, finding himself overpowered, he threw the colour down and lay upon it, and some privates of the regiment closing round the Frenchman, lifted him out of his saddle on their bayonet points!

The 92nd Highlanders—the old Gordons of Peninsular fame—were the last of Picton's men to reach the field, and were formed up in line.

"Ninety-second, don't fire till I tell you!" cried Wellington, as a mass of Cuirassiers charged them in his presence; and the word was not given until the dashing horsemen were within twenty yards.

A little later, the duke said again: "Now, 92nd, you must charge these two columns of infantry"; and charge they did, over a ditch, driving the French before them, but their beloved colonel, Cameron, received a death-wound from the upper windows of a house.

His horse turned and bolted with him, back along the road, until he came to his master's groom holding a second mount, when, stopping suddenly, the dying man was pitched on his head on to the stone causeway. But he had been terribly avenged; for the kilted Highlandmen burst into the house with a roar and put every soul inside to the bayonet.

"Where is the rest of the regiment?" asked Picton in the evening. Alas! upwards of half the "gay Gordons" had perished in the fray.

Through the broiling heat of that summer day our infantry stood firm, growing stronger as regiment after regiment arrived, and fresh batteries unlimbered in the trampled corn, until at night Ney fell back, leaving us in possession; our cavalry came up, jaded by their long marches; and we bivouacked on the battlefield, cooking our suppers in the cuirasses of the slain.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Napoleon had beaten Blücher a few miles away at Ligny, but had neglected, in most un-Napoleonic fashion, to follow up his advantage, and the wily old hussar—he was over seventy-three—slipped off in the dark and retreated on Wavre.

When Wellington learned this next morning, he said to Captain Bowles: "Old Blücher has had a —— good licking, and has gone back to

Wavre. As he has gone back, we must go too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help that." So back we went, along the Brussels road, our cavalry covering the retreat until we reached the stronger position before Mont St. Jean, where we halted and faced about, and glued ourselves on the ridge across the causeway in such a manner that all the magnificent chivalry of France could never move us.

During the retreat from Quatre Bras on the 17th, all went well until the middle of the day. The wounded had been collected; the columns filed off along the road; one of the regiments even found time to halt and flog a marauder: when, the enemy's cavalry pressing our rear-guard too closely, some Horse Artillery guns opened fire, and the discharge seemed to burst the heavy rainclouds.

It poured down in torrents; roads were turned into watercourses, the fields and hollows became swamps; we had a smart brush with some Lancers at Genappe, where our 7th Hussars and 1st Life Guards charged several times; the 10th Hussars had also occasion to dismount some men and line a hedgerow with their carbines; but the main feature of the retreat was a weary tramp in a deluge of rain. The cavalry had their cloaks, it is true, but the greatcoats of the foot-soldiers had been sent back to England. Soaked to the skin, we arrived at the ridge above La Haye Sainte, and prepared to pass the night without covering of any kind. The French advanced almost up to us, and Captain Mercer was giving them a few rounds from his 9-pounders when a man in a shabby old drab overcoat and rusty round hat strolled towards him and began a conversation. Mercer, who thought him one of the numerous *amateurs* with whom Brussels was swarming, answered curtly enough, and the stranger went away.

That shabby man was General Picton, who fell next day on the very spot where he received this unmerited snubbing. He fought at Quatre Bras in plain clothes, having joined the army hurriedly in advance of his baggage, and there is good reason to believe that he wore the same dress at Waterloo.

Now commenced preparations for a dismal bivouac. The French fell back and did not disturb us again, they too suffering from the drenching rain, which beat with a melancholy hissing on the cornfields, the clover, the potato patches and ploughed land which formed both positions.

Some of our officers found shelter in neighbouring cottages; Lord Uxbridge, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey, crept into a piggery and sipped tea with Waymouth of the 2nd Life Guards; but most of them cowered with their men round wretched fires which here and there were coaxed into burning.

One of Mercer's lieutenants had an umbrella, which had caused much merriment during the march, but he and his captain found it a haven of refuge under the lee of a hedge that night.

The cavalry stood to their horses, cloaked, with one flap over the saddle; some few were lucky enough to get a bundle of straw or pea-sticks to sit down upon, and all looked anxiously for the dawn—fated to prove the last to thousands of them. With morning the rain gradually declined to a drizzle, which finally ceased; fires sprang up, arms were cleaned, and a buzz of voices rose along the line as tall Lifeguardsmen went down behind La Haye Sainte to dig potatoes, where, a few hours later, they were charging knee to knee, and every one made shift to get what he could—with most it was only a hard biscuit—and to dry himself, which was a still more difficult matter.

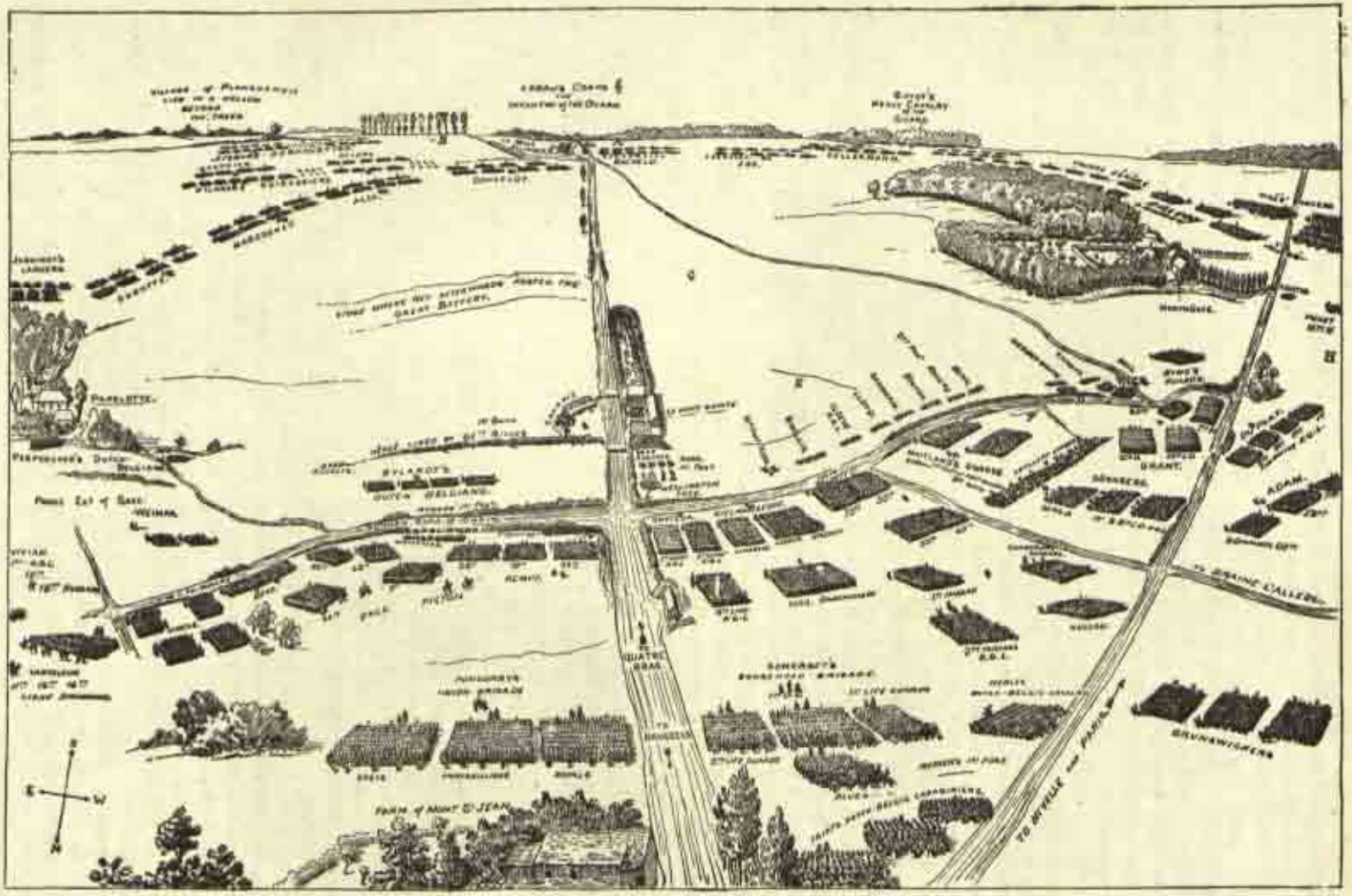
Wet to the skin, splashed from head to foot in mud and mire, cold, shivering, unshaven (the foundation laid of acute rheumatism, to which a pension of *five pence* a day, in some cases ten pence, was applied by a grateful country, to its indelible disgrace), such was the condition of those brave hearts who were about to make the name of "Waterloo-man" a household word for all the ages.

* * * * *

The Brussels road runs across a shallow valley, three-quarters of a mile in width, all green and golden with the ripening grain, dipping sharply into it by the white-walled, blue-roofed farmstead of La Haye Sainte, and rising gently out again at the cabaret of La Belle Alliance on its way to the frontier beyond Charleroi.

The valley is bounded by two ridges: on the northern one along the cross road which runs nearly the whole length of the position, our army was posted in the form of a thin crescent; on the southern ridge and the slopes leading down into the valley the French forces were afterwards distributed, also, to some extent, in crescent shape.

These crescents had their tips advanced towards each other, and enclosed in the oval thus formed were two important strongholds—La Haye Sainte, in advance of our left centre,

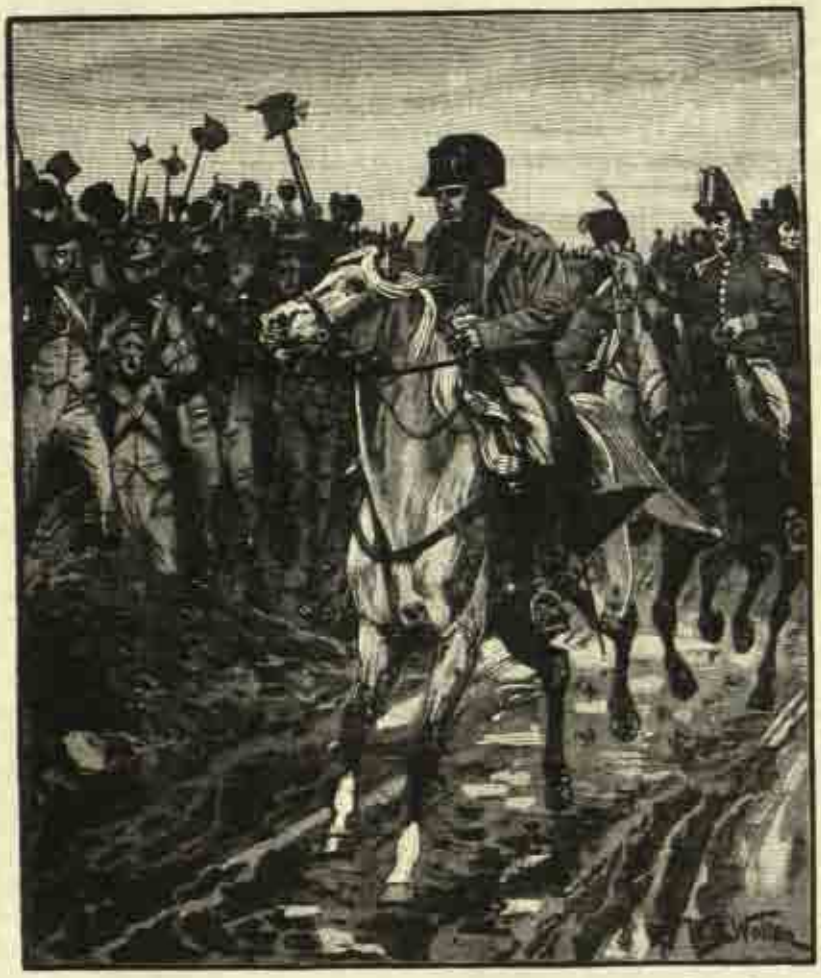


D. H. Parry, inv.] THE FIELD OF WATERLOO ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1815. [*R. Simkin, del.*

A and B, Napoleon's first and second positions; C, Napoleon's last position, from which he saw the defeat of the Imperial Guard; D, Wellington's position when the battle began; E, where Wellington stood when he ordered the whole line to advance; F, Mercer's post when he repulsed three charges of the Guard; G, post of 27th Regiment when Lambert's Brigade came into the front line; H, only the 23rd Regiment, of Mitchell's Brigade, is shown, behind Byng, the others are out of plan at H, except company of 51st keeping the *abattis*. The spectator is supposed to be behind Moot St. Jean farm, a little to the left, and raised above the field.

and the château of Hougoumont, some distance in front of our right wing; while away to the extreme left, the white buildings of Papelotte partly concealed Ter La Haye farm and the red-tiled hamlet of Smohain, the end of our line in that direction.

The cross-road which I have mentioned as lying along our position, and which was the



"A SHOUT OF 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR!' ROLLED ALONG THE FIELD" (*p.* 58).

celebrated "sunken road of Ohain," runs in some places between banks, at others on the level; it is paved down its centre, like most Belgian roads, with irregular stones, terrible to traverse for any distance, and it undulates gently, as the ridge rises and falls, until it joins the Nivelle *chaussée* beyond Hougoumont. Hougoumont, surrounded by a quadrangle of tall trees, lies in a hollow in front of our ridge, perhaps halfway between it and the enemy's line. A Flemish château with a garden laid out in the French style, and a smaller garden full of currant bushes; barns and quaint outbuildings clustering round the château, a brick wall about the height of a tall man, built on lower courses of grey stone, enclosing the garden, and at the east end of it a large open orchard; from the north-west corner, an avenue of ancient poplars winding into the Nivelle road with an *abattis* of tree trunks there, held by a company of the 51st Light Infantry; between the south wall and the French, a beech wood, through which one could see the corn-clad slopes beyond: and that was Hougoumont on the day of the battle.

The beech wood has been cut down, the apple-trees are sparse and scanty now, the château was burned by the French shells, and the garden is a grassy paddock; but the rest

remains, loopholed and pockmarked with balls, a monument to the gallantry of two brave nations. The light companies of the Foot Guards occupied it on the 17th, and all night long they were busy, boring walls, barricading the gateways and erecting platforms from which to pour their fire.

On the high ground behind Hougoumont on our side the 2nd Brigade of British Guards was posted, having Maitland's Guards on its left; beyond Maitland was Alten's Infantry and Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, flanked in their turn by the gallant King's German Legion, in the pay of England, whose left rested on the Brussels *chaussée*, behind La Haye Sainte. On the other side of the *chaussée* was Kempt, then Pack's Highlanders, the Royal Scots, and 44th Regiment, some more Hanoverians, under Best, the 5th Hanoverians of Vincke, Vandeleur's Light Dragoons, and Vivian's Hussar Brigade.

The 2nd Rifles of the German Legion held La Haye Sainte, three companies of our 95th occupying a knoll and sandpit on the other side of the road, and Papelotte was garrisoned by Dutch Belgians, who behaved with the greatest gallantry.

Along the front of this, our first fighting line, the artillery was posted at intervals, and sufficient justice has not been done to the brave gunners, the duke always being unfairly severe on that arm of the service. Our heavy cavalry stood, in hollows behind the line, right and left of the great road in front of the farm of Mont St. Jean, already full of the Quatre Bras wounded. Other troops were in reserve out of sight of the enemy, behind our ridge, ready to advance and fill up any gaps, and we had a strong force in and about Braine l'Alleud, two miles to our right, in case the French should try to turn us there.

Crops, as at Quatre Bras, covered the valley and ridges, and the whole plain undulated in every direction. The battlefield to-day is full of surprises. Sudden dips occur where the land seems flat from a little distance; tongues of ground and barley-covered hillocks rise unexpectedly as you approach them; and it is possible to lose sight of the entire field by a few yards of walking in some directions; so that, flat as Belgium is generally considered, it is not astonishing that the survivors of Waterloo could only speak to events in their own immediate vicinity.

* * * * *

Between nine and ten there was loud cheering, as the Duke of Wellington rode along the line with his Staff. He wore a blue frock coat, white cravat, and buckskin breeches, with tasselled Hessian boots; a short blue cloak with a white lining, and a low cocked hat with the British black cockade, and three smaller ones for Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. He was mounted on his favourite chestnut, Copenhagen, a grandson of Eclipse, and carried a long field-telescope drawn out for use.

At nine o'clock there was a movement on the opposite side of the valley; columns debouched into the fields right and left of the *chaussée*, and took up their positions as orderly as if upon parade; glittering files of armoured Cuirassiers trotted through the corn, and formed behind the infantry, lance-pennons fluttered on each flank, and by half-past ten 61,000 French soldiers were drawn up in battle array, their right opposite Papelotte, their centre at La Belle Alliance, their left wing somewhat beyond Hougoumont.

The two greatest living commanders were about to measure swords for the first and only time; and as Napoleon galloped along his line, the music of the French bands was distinctly heard; helmets and weapons were brandished in the air, and a shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rolled across the field.

Blue-coated infantry formed their first ranks, with batteries of brass cannon dotted here and there; behind stood the heavy cavalry with more guns, supported, on their right, by the gay light horse of the Guard, on the left by the heavy cavalry of the Imperial cohort, and in rear of the centre about the farm of Rossomme, stood the invincible infantry of the Guard, the most renowned body of warriors in Europe.

* * * * *

Napoleon was unwell.

At two in the morning he had been reconnoitring, and his horses were ordered for seven; at ten he still sat in an upper room in an attitude of bodily and mental suffering.

A little later he came down the steep ladder, and as his page, Gudin, was helping him into the saddle he lifted the Imperial elbow too suddenly, and Napoleon pitched over on the offside, nearly coming to the ground.

"*Allez*," he hissed, "*à tous les diables!*" and away he started in a great rage.

The page stood watching the *cortége* with tearful eyes, but when it had gone some hundred yards the ranks of the Staff opened, and Napoleon came riding back alone.

With one hand placed tenderly on the lad's shoulder he said, very softly; "My child, when you assist a man of my girth to mount, it is necessary to proceed more carefully." Yet it was of this man that Wellington could say, in after years, "The fellow was no gentleman"!

The page became a general, and fell in a sortie from Paris during the Franco-Prussian war.

* * * * *

There was a lull before the storm, and the duke went to have a final look at Hougoumont, where, in addition to the Guards, he had posted, in the woods and grounds, some Nassauers, Hanoverians, and Luneberg riflemen.

These foreigners were dissatisfied at their position, and as Wellington rode away *several bullets came whistling after him!* "How can they expect me to win a battle with troops like those?" was his only comment.

About half-past eleven came the FIRST ATTACK!

One booming cannon echoed dully in the misty Sabbath morning, and, a cloud of dark-blue skirmishers ran forward against Hougoumont, firing briskly into the wood.

Puffs of white smoke issued from the trees; here and there a blue-coat turned a somersault and lay still; but the cloud increased, and a loud rattle of musketry was kept up on both sides, which lasted, with short intervals, the whole day.

Our men fell back upon the buildings through the open beech-trees, and in twenty minutes the French supporting columns were pouring up the hill towards the château grounds.

Cleeve's German battery opened on them, and his first shot killed *seventeen* men, the guns checking the advance and sending the column, broken and bleeding, down the ridge again.

Our batteries on the right now began; the French artillery replied; Kellermann's horse batteries joined in, and the infernal concert was in full blast.

SIR THOMAS PICTON.
(From the Painting by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.)

The green Lunebergers and the yellow knapsacks of the Hanoverians came helter-skelter back across the orchard, but the Foot Guards went forward at a run and drove the enemy off.

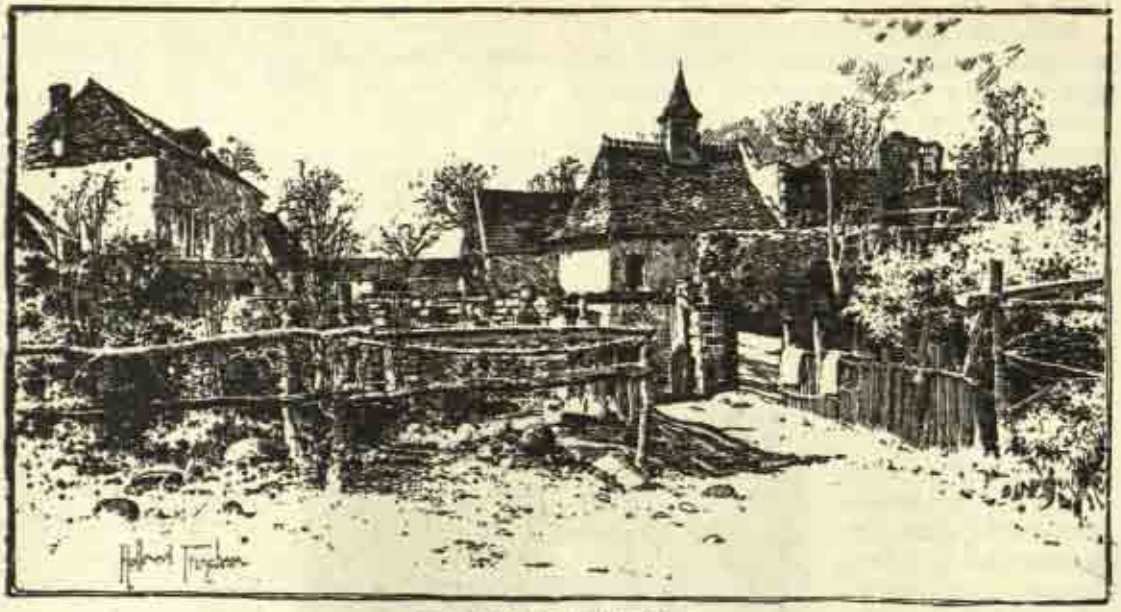
Bull's howitzers sent a shower of 5½-inch shells over the château into the wood, and as often as the death-dealing globes fell crashing through the branches, so often did the enemy retire in confusion, until Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, who was in command at Hougoumont, brought up Foy's Division to help the attack.

Bravely led by their officers, the tall shakoes and square white coat-facings of the line regiments, the dark-blue and black gaiters of the light infantry, pressed through the wood until they reached a stiff quickset hedge, separated by a thin strip of apple orchard from the long south wall, over which peeped the head-gear of our Guardsmen, and in the confusion of smoke and skirmish the bright-red brickwork was mistaken for a line of British—you can see to-day where the French balls crumbled that barrier. But soon discovering their error, the brave fellows struggled through the hedge and rushed forward.

A line of loopholes perforated the wall about three feet from the ground, crossed bayonets protruded viciously from the openings, and a hail of bullets poured forth with such ghastly effect that in half-an-hour there were *fifteen hundred* of God's creatures dead and dying on the green grass in the orchard, and still the others came on.

Some got as far as the loopholes, and seized the bayonets; others struck with their gunbutts at the men, who, on platforms behind the wall, fired down over the top, piling up the dead in dreadful heaps—privates and officers, conscripts and veterans.

From time to time our Foot Guards charged



THE FARM OF HOUGOUMONT.

over the large orchard at the east end of the enclosed garden, and also at the south-west angle of the farm buildings, where a haystack helped to cover them until the French burned it; and this repulse and attack went on, time and again, until the evening, the enemy gaining no advantage but the beechwood for all their desperate valour.

The rest of our line had remained passive listeners to the firing, except for a little skirmishing here and there, but a hurricane was brewing and about to burst against our left and centre.

* * * * *

La Haye Sainte was a farm, lying like Hougoumont in a hollow; it was on the Brussels road, and was built with barn and stabling round three sides of an oblong yard, the fourth side being a high white wall, with a gate and a piggery alongside the roadway.

Towards the French position stretched a long orchard, a small garden lay behind the house, and a large double door opened from the yard into the fields on the Hougoumont side, half of which door had been burned for bivouac fires the night previous. The 2nd Rifles of the German Legion, dressed like our own in green with slate-coloured pantaloons, held the post, and held it like the heroes of old, three companies in the orchard, two in the building, and one in the garden, Major Baring, who had two horses shot under him, being in command.

The post was not as strong as Hougoumont, all the pioneers having been sent to fortify the latter place, and the "Green Germans" had a very insufficient supply of ammunition; Wellington afterwards admitting that he had neglected to make the most of the position there.

At 1·30 p.m. Marshal Ney had gathered seventy-four guns, mostly 12-pounders, on a ridge very near to La Haye Sainte on the French *right* of the road, and this was known as the "Great Battery."

Behind the guns the whole of D'Erlon's Corps, together with Bachelu's Division, was massed in columns for the attack twenty regiments, Bachelu being in reserve. Ney sent to the Emperor to tell him all was ready, and with an appalling cannonade on our left and centre, they commenced the SECOND ATTACK.

When the smoke which hung about the guns had drifted slowly away across the slopes we could see four massive columns, led by the brave Ney, pouring steadily forward straight for our ridge.

The firing became general as we opened on the advance; men had to shout to be audible to their neighbours; long lanes were ploughed through Picton's Division, and the balls went tearing through our cavalry in reserve, many of them striking the hospital farm, and some even travelling into the village beyond.

Bylandt's Dutch Belgians, posted in front of the cross-road, forgot their gallantry at Quatre

Bras, and bolted, almost running over the Grenadiers of our 28th, who were restrained with difficulty from firing into them. One ball cut a tall tree into half at the hedgerow above the sandpit, bringing the feathery top down and

taking place about two o'clock, and lasting for more than an hour.

Durutte took Papelotte, but was driven out again; Alix and Marcognet breasted the rise, and gained the ridge under a murderous discharge;

"SOME GOT AS FAR AS THE LOOPHOLES AND SEIZED THE BAYONETS" (*p.* 59).

half-smothering two doctors of the 95th, who had stationed themselves beneath it.

Nearly 24,000 men advanced, with loud cries and the hoarse rolling of drums, in four masses: Durutte against Papelotte, Alix and Marcognet in front of Kempt and Pack, Donzelot upon the devoted Rifles in La Haye Sainte, the shock

the smell of trampled corn mingling with the powder smoke as the Great Battery ceased firing lest it should kill its comrades, and with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" the two columns hurled themselves against the steel barrier of bayonets on the hedge-lined bank above them.

Hand to hand, no quarter asked or given, veteran and conscript came on yelling like mad, Picton's Division meeting them in line.

Some of Marcognet's fellows crossed the Wavre road and blazed into the 92nd; but our men advanced, after a withering volley, and, jumping into the cross-road, went at them with a will. Cameron Highlanders, 32nd and 28th, Scots Royals, and Black Watch, Gordons and 44th, with colours waving and courage high, over the causeway they rushed, into the wheat and barley.

"Charge, charge! Hurrah!" cried Picton, his little black eyes sparkling, his florid complexion redder with excitement—a ball struck his right temple, he fell dead from his horse, and his men passed over him driving the foe down hill.

A mounted French officer had his horse shot, and getting to his feet seized the regimental colour of the 32nd, which was nearly new. Belcher, who carried it, grasped the silk and the Frenchman groped for his sabre hilt, but Colour-sergeant Switzer thrust a pike at his breast. "Save the brave fellow!" was the cry, but it came too late; a private, named Lacy, fired point blank into him, and he fell lifeless.

Ney stood in the road beyond La Haye Sainte watching Donzelot's attack on the farm, where the "Green Germans" were forced, after a struggle, out of the long orchard into the buildings, and simultaneously a mass of Cuirassiers tore past the Hougoumont side and rode at the ridge.

Our Household Cavalry and Ponsonby's Heavies had walked on foot to the height overlooking the struggle; the trumpets rang out "Mount," and swinging into their saddles they swooped down into the thick of it. With a clatter across the causeway, and the muffled thunder of hoofs on the ground beyond it, the scarlet-coated Life Guards, wearing no armour then, and mounted on black horses, dashed past the Wellington tree into the potato field, with the Blues and King's Dragoon Guards, swinging, slashing, stirrup to stirrup, to meet Kellermann's troopers and Ordoner's Cuirassiers. There was the snort of eager horses, the creaking of leather, the clash of sword on steel cuirass, the yell of passion and the scream of agony; a seething mass of fighting-men and steeds, glinting and gleaming, swaying this way and that way, but always onward, jostling down the hill.

The 1st Lifes got jammed in the road beyond the farm with a body of Cuirassiers, on the spot where Ney had just before been standing, voltigeurs firing into them, on friend and foe alike!

Their Colonel, Ferrier, led eleven charges, although badly wounded by sabre and lance.

The King's Dragoons jumped their horses over a barrier of trees which our Rifles had built across the causeway and went thundering along that way, while the Blues were reaping a harvest of glory in another direction, and the 2nd Life Guards charged to the left for a great distance beyond the sandpit alongside the farm, where Corporal Shaw met his fate after slaying *nine* of the enemy single-handed.

After the battle men remembered this mighty swordsman, and told in solemn voices his deeds of derring-do. One cuirassier sat, out of the *mêlée*, coolly loading his carbine and picking off our troopers, and it is believed he gave Shaw his mortal hurt.

A survivor narrated how, exhausted at night-fall, he had lain down on a dung-heap, when Shaw crawled beside him, bleeding from many wounds. In the morning the life-guardsman was still there, his head resting on his arm as if asleep, but it was the sleep which knows no waking.

Ponsonby's Union Brigade was meanwhile making its immortal onslaught, more towards Papelotte, the ground they went over being billowy, and the troops before them infantry of the line.

The Royals gave a ringing cheer; "Scotland for ever!" was the war-cry of the Greys; and the Inniskillings went in with an Irish howl.

As they passed the 92nd, many of the Highlanders caught hold of their stirrup-leathers and charged down with them; the very ground seemed trembling under the iron hoofs; Marcognet and Alix were broken and trampled, and in three minutes more than 2,000 prisoners were wending their disconsolate way to the rear.

"Those beautiful grey horses!" said Napoleon, as he watched the charge.

Did he see that struggle round the Eagle of his 45th, I wonder—that famous "Battle for the Standard" which Ansdell has painted so well?

What says Sergeant Ewart, the hero of the incident? "It was in the charge I took the Eagle from the enemy. He and I had a hard contest for it. He made a thrust at my groin; I parried it off, and cut him down through the head. After this a lancer came at me; I threw the lance off by my right side, and cut him through the chin and upwards through the teeth. Next a foot-soldier fired at me, and then charged me with his bayonet, which I also had the good luck to parry, and then I cut him

down through the head. Thus ended the contest."

Captain Clarke and Corporal Styles, of the Royals, took an Eagle from the 105th between them—a glorious gilded thing, embroidered with the names of Jéna, Eylau, Eckmühl, Essling, and Wagram—the gallant captain losing the tip of his nose in the struggle.

A man of the Inniskillings named Penfold claimed to have taken that colour; but his story is vague, and I incline to think that a blue silk camp-colour of the 105th, now at Abbotsford, was the one that Penfold seized and afterwards lost in the fray.

Sir William Ponsonby led the charge on a restive bay hack, and was killed; while some of the Greys got as far as the Great Battery, disabling many of the guns, and getting slain in the end.

Part of the 28th lost its head, and charged with the brigade; Lieutenant Deares of that regiment being taken prisoner, stripped of his clothes, rejoining at night in nothing but shirt and trousers.

Tathwell, of the Blues, tore off a colour, but his horse was shot and he lost it; and the greater part of the two brigades rode along the battery until heavy bodies of Cuirassiers and Lancers came to drive them back.

Vandeleur charged to their relief with his Light Dragoons—the 12th with bright yellow lancer facings, the 16th with scarlet, the buff 11th remaining in reserve.

"Squadrons, right half-wheel! Charge!" and the sabres of our light horsemen were soon busy in the valley below. The ground was very soft, for a month after the battle some of the holes made by horses' feet were measured, and found to be *eighteen* inches deep, and in speaking of artillery movements it must be remembered that the guns were at times up to the axle in clay.

The heavy cavalry regained our position; but so much had they suffered that, later in the day, when they were drawn up in line to show a bold front, there were only fifty of them; Somerset, who led the "Households," losing his hat, and wearing the helmet of a life-guardsman, with its red and blue worsted crest, until nightfall.

The attack had failed, and there was a long pause, broken only by the firing at Hougoumont and some feeble attempts on La Haye Sainte; but it was now the turn of our troops in the centre, from the *chaussée* to the back of the chateau; and a terrible time they had!

A renewal of the cannonade—a forming of our regiments into squares and oblongs—and then the grandest cavalry affair in history, as *forty* squadrons of Cuirassiers and Dragoons crossed from the French right in beautiful order, wheeled up until they almost filled the space from Hougoumont to La Haye Sainte, and, about four o'clock, put spurs to their horses and began the THIRD ATTACK!

A forest of sword-blades, an undulating sea of helmets, a roar of mighty shouting as they came through the yet untrampled grain.

Wave after wave, far as the eye could scan, now glinting with thousands of bright points as the sullen sun shone for a moment upon them, now grey and sombre as the clouds closed together again. Nearer! nearer! nearer! Men clutched their muskets tighter and breathed hard; gunners rammed home and hastened to re-load before the smoke had drifted from the cannon.

Suddenly they left their guns, and ran to the infantry for protection as the sea burst upon us, and our ridge became alive with furious horsemen, surging and foaming round and round the squares. There were many who thought that all was over, but the little clumps of scarlet fringed with steel were impenetrable.

In vain the moustached troopers cut desperately at the bayonets; in vain they rode up and fired their pistols into the faces of our lads. For three-quarters of an hour they expended their strength in a hopeless task; and when our fresh cavalry from Dörnberg's and Grant's Brigades charged them, they went down the slope again, leaving the ground dotted with dead and dying.

A moment's respite to re-form in the hollows below, and back they came once more, in the face of a fearful fire from our artillery, whose guns were double-shotted—some loaded with scattering grape and canister. Lanes, sickening to behold, were torn through the squadrons; but Milhaud's men were not to be daunted, and the same strange scene was repeated many times.

A small body of Cuirassiers that had surrendered was being escorted to the rear by a weak party of the 7th Hussars, when they made a bold dash for liberty along the Nivelle road, stampeding, *ventre à terre*, until they reached the *abattis* at the end of the Hougoumont avenue.

Here they met Ross's company of the 51st, who killed eight men and twelve horses, the rest—about sixty—surrendering again.

One artilleryman was seen under his gun, dodging a French trooper, who tried to reach him with his long sword.

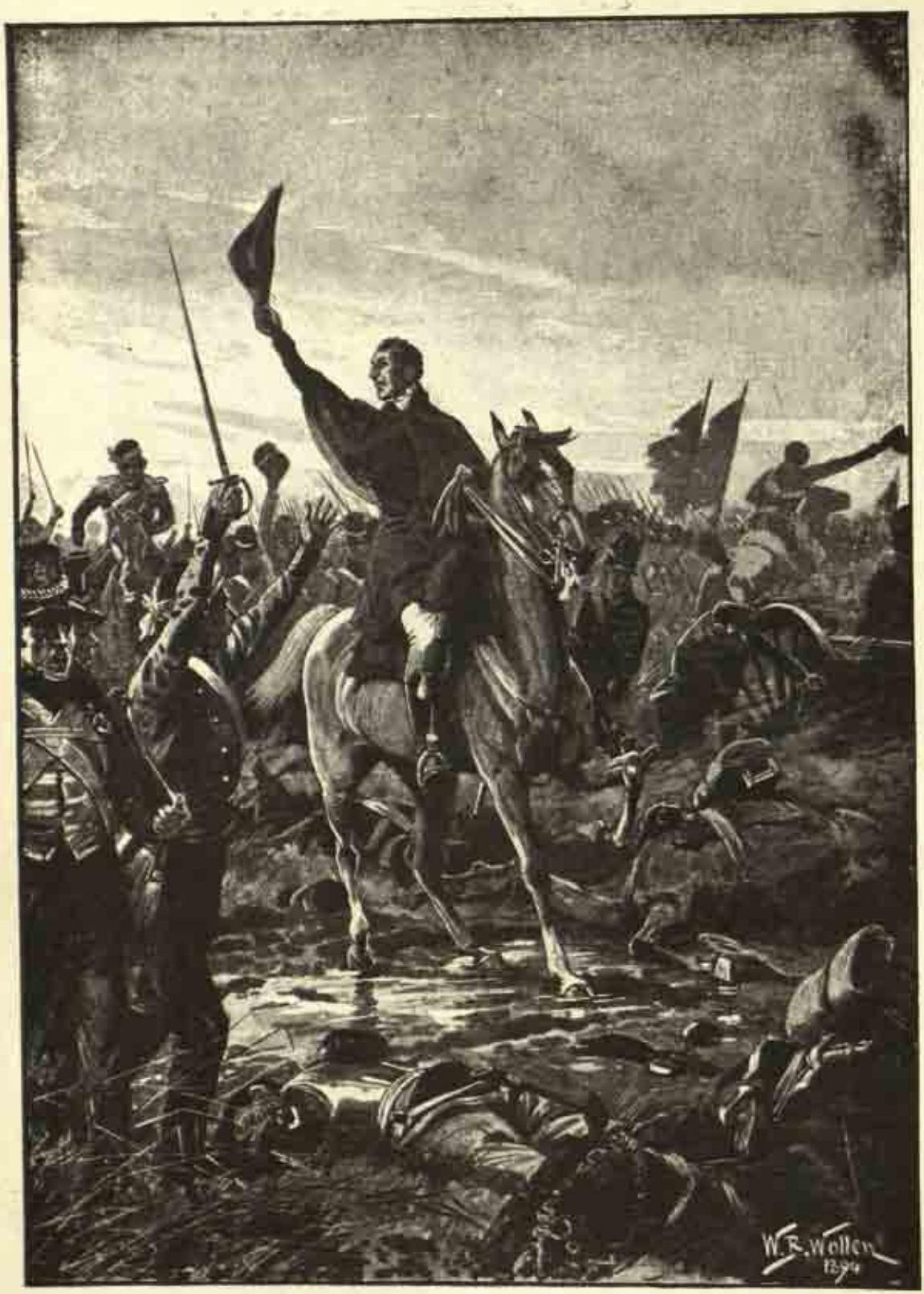
After some moments the cuirassier's horse was shot, and the gunner, sallying out, hit him over the head with his rammer, and packed him off to the rear with a parting kick.

The ridge was once more cleared, and was constant firing still at Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, when the trumpets sounded again, and with *seventy-seven* squadrons, including the cavalry of the Guard, France returned to the charge. Every arm of the mounted service was represented in this attack, the beauty and brilliancy of the uniforms baffling description. Carabiniers, white-coated, with brass cuirasses and red-crested helmets; Lancers, Dragoons, and Chasseurs in green, with facings of every hue; the Red Lancers of the Guard, clad in scarlet from head to heel, and Napoleon's own favourite *Chasseurs-à-cheval*, with hussar caps and red pelisses, richly braided with orange lace; tall bearskinned Horse Grenadiers, with white facings to their blue coats; the Cuirassiers, dark and sombre looking; the high felt shakoes of the Hussars—it was as though a flower garden in all its summer dress were moving at a slow trot upon us, heralded by the thunder of hell from the batteries behind it.

DEFENCE OF LA HAYE SAINTE BY THE GERMAN LEGION (*p.* 66).

Mercer's battery brought into the front line. The whole field was now littered with corpses and accoutrements. Gaily-dressed trumpeters, and officers on whose breasts hung crosses of the Legion of Honour, lay bleeding in the barley among hundreds of dead and wounded horses. Here a lancer in green and light blue, there a heap of cuirassiers of the 1st Regiment, mown down by grape shot; yonder a *chasseur-à-cheval*, propped against his charger, while swords and cuirasses were almost as numerous as the stalks of corn.

All the slope was torn and trampled; flies were busy in the now loathsome hollows; there



"THE DUKE GIVES THE MAGIC WORD, 'THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!'" (p. 70)

When the thunder stopped, which it always did as the leading files reached the crest of the ridge, our men could hear in the momentary intervals of their own firing the jingling of bits and scabbards, and the heavy breathing of the horses. Mounted skirmishers came close to the batteries and commenced firing at the gunners, who were literally dripping with perspiration from the exertions they made. One fellow took several pot-shots at Captain Mercer, who was coolly walking his horse backwards and forwards along a bank to set an example to his men. He missed each time, and grinned grimly as he reloaded, but as the head of the squadrons closed up the skirmishers vanished and were succeeded by the rush which threatened death to every soul on the plateau. Wellington's orders were to retire into the squares and leave the batteries, but Mercer's men stuck to their guns, repulsing three charges of the Horse Grenadiers, and dealing such slaughter that the position of "G Troop" was known next day by the enormous heap of slain lying before it, visible from a considerable distance.

"A GALLANT ARTILLERY DRIVER RUSHED HIS HORSES TO THE WALL" (*p.* 66).

The carnage on the slope was shocking—the oldest soldiers had seen nothing like it: men and horses lay piled one on another, five and six in a heap, every fresh discharge adding to the ghastly pyramid. The 1st Cuirassiers numbered 300 of the Legion of Honour in its ranks—it lost 117, including two lieutenants and the brave Captain Poinsot, page to the Emperor in 1807, wounded at Moscow and Brienne. One officer, finding the fire from a particular gun playing havoc with his men, rode straight at it and was blown to atoms.

The horses during the battle suffered cruelly, and some of the details are heartrending: the charger of a very stout officer with the Duke's staff, probably Müffling, was seen to rear for some time without the rider being able to bring it down—its front legs had been both shot off. Another trooper's horse was seen next morning sitting on its tail, its hind legs gone; and one poor beast ran for sympathy to six guns in succession, and was driven off from each with exclamations of horror until it reached "G Troop," where they mercifully killed it: the whole of its face below the great brown pleading eyes had been carried away by a round shot!

After a repulse and a re-attack, the remnant of the seventy-seven squadrons reeled back to their own lines: the cavalry of France, magnificent, irresistible, brave as lions, and nobly led, had shattered itself without result, and *the third great attempt had failed!*

* * * *

All the afternoon there had been great doings at Hougoumont. About one o'clock Colonel Hepburn had relieved Saltoun in the large orchard with a battalion of the 3rd—now the Scots Guards—and the combat on that side became a long succession of advances with the bayonet to the front hedge and retirings into a green dry ditch, which is known to us as the "friendly hollow-way." When our men fell back, a terrific fire from the short east wall would stagger the foe, and the Scots, having formed again, would scramble out of the hollow and clear the orchard of all but the dead.

Along the terrible south wall a staff-officer, who had been through all the Peninsula battles, afterwards said that the slain lay thicker than he had ever seen them elsewhere.

The château and barns were now burning furiously, fired by Haxo's howitzers at Napoleon's orders, and many of our wounded perished in the flames; some officers' horses tore out of the barn, galloped madly round the yard, and rushed into the fire again to be destroyed.

Twice the enemy got in: once by a little door in the west wall, through which they never got out alive; and the second time, when our

Guardsmen had sallied out into the lane to drive off a body of infantry, about fifty French entered on their heels through the north gate. Then, by main strength of arm, Colonel Macdonell, Sergeant Graham, and three or four more, shut and barred the wooden gate in the faces of the others, and those inside were all shot down.

A brave fellow climbed on to the beam that crossed the gateway; but Graham fired, and he dropped with a scream on to the heads of his comrades outside the wall.

The fire stopped at the door of the château chapel, which was full of wounded, and a wooden figure of our Saviour had the feet nibbled by the flames, at which the superstitious marvel greatly to this day.

Columns of smoke hung over everything. A gallant artillery driver rushed his horses to the wall, and flung a barrel of welcome cartridges over into the yard. At the corner, before the gardener's house, Baron de Cubières lay wounded under his horse; afterwards, when Governor of Ancona, he expressed himself very grateful that we had not fired on him!

Crawford of the 3rd Guards was killed in the kitchen garden, Blackman of the Coldstreams died in the orchard; but the attack and repulse grew gradually weaker, as both sides tired of the hideous slaughter.

Meanwhile, a serious trouble which had been menacing the Emperor on his right flank for some time at last grew terribly imminent.

The Prussians were coming in spite of Grouchy, who had been sent in their pursuit.

They should have arrived about one o'clock; but, thanks to the bad roads, a fire in the town of Wavre, which had to be extinguished before the ammunition-waggons could be got through, and some hesitation on the part of Gneisenau, Blücher's Chief of Staff, who doubted Wellington's good faith, it was *half-past four* when part of Bülow's corps came out of the woods at St. Lambert and confirmed Napoleon's previously awakened fears.

In the hazy weather they thought it was Grouchy, and a false report was afterwards sent through the French army to cheer the wearied men; but the Emperor and Soult knew otherwise, and the line of battle was weakened by a strong force being detached to meet the new arrivals.

There was no time to be lost; drums rolled and trumpets sounded again, and the last remnants of the cavalry had not regained their position when the Fourth Grand Attack began with a fury that even exceeded the others.

While fresh bodies of horse and foot advanced up the ridge, a most determined rush was made on La Haye Sainte. Baring had been reinforced, it is true; but, although he sent time after time for more ammunition, not a single cartridge was forthcoming!

A feeble excuse has been made that there were no means of getting it into the building; but a large door and several windows faced our line at the back of the house then, as now. They may still be seen by the visitor to Waterloo.

A horde of French infantry flung themselves on the buildings, setting the barn on fire, and besieging the broken gateway.

While the brave Germans filled their camp-kettles from the pond and extinguished the flames, others, with their bayonets only, kept the door leading into the field. Seventeen corpses they piled up there in a few minutes, one gallant fellow defending a breach with a brick torn from the wall! The individual acts of heroism on authentic record would fill many pages: but, without ammunition, they were at a fearful disadvantage.

The voltigeurs climbed on to the roof of the stable, and shot them down at their ease: the half barn-door is preserved to the present day, with eighty bullet-holes in it! Alten sent the brave Christian Ompteda to their aid, if practicable, with the 5th Battalion. He pointed to an overwhelming force; but the irrepressible Orange repeated Alten's suggestion in a tone that brooked no delay, and Ompteda went down with his 5th Battalion, and they died, almost to a man!

Baring dismounted to pick up his cap, knocked off by a shot; four balls had lodged in the cloak rolled on his saddle-bow, and a fifth then pierced the saddle itself, while the Scotch Lieutenant Græme, sitting on the rafters of the piggery, in which a calf was lowing, raised his shako to cheer his men, and his right hand was taken off at the wrist. He was only eighteen.

It was hopeless. "If I receive no cartridges," said Baring in his last appeal, "I not only must, but *will* abandon the post!" And very soon those neglected heroes retreated slowly through the house and out through the garden beyond, the French, bursting into the yard, chasing the remnant round and round and bayoneting them on the dungheaps.

A roar of cheering rang above the battle.

At last they were victorious, and the French had taken La Haye Sainte.

Without a moment's hesitation their conquest was turned to the best possible advantage. Smart red-braided Horse Artillery galloped down the causeway, dragging their guns to the knoll above the sandpit, from which our 95th had been driven, and, unlimbering, opened fire at *sixty yards range* on to our line.

Skirmishers filled the hedgerows and the farm buildings. The Great Battery renewed its work of death, and in a few moments there was a serious gap in the centre of our position.

Lambert's brigade had been brought up before this, and suffered terribly.

The 27th, which had lain down and slept soundly behind Mont St. Jean until after three o'clock, lost 478 out of 698 in its new quarters; and the 40th thirteen officers and 180 rank and file, one round shot taking off the head of Captain Fisher and killing twenty-five men.

Ompteda's brigade mustered a mere handful, Kielmansegge was almost destroyed, Halkett had two weak squares, one of his regiments being very shaky indeed, and, altogether, things were unpleasant when the Duke came up with reinforcements to patch our front as best he could.

Far off on our right Chassé's Dutch Belgians had arrived, shouting and singing, from Braine l'Alleud, *very drunk*, narrowly escaping a volley from us, as they wore the French uniform; and at this time, by reason of the bolting of Hake's Cumberland Hussars and some of our supports, with the enormous losses from the six hours of carnage, the British affairs were in bad case.

Halkett's 30th and 73rd in square had been charged no less than eleven times: the Duke pointed to a scarlet mass in front through the smoke, and inquired what regiment it was. It was the dead and wounded of those two corps, huddled together where they had fallen.

The green-faced 73rd was at one time commanded by Lieutenant Stewart, all the other officers having been killed or wounded; and at half-past seven the colours of both regiments were sent to the rear.

The 2nd Line Battalion of the German Legion went into action with 300 men, but mustered only six officers and thirty-six privates after the battle; but Blucher was now nearing the French right rear with nearly 52,000 troops and 104 guns, and the Emperor was obliged to send General Duhesme with eight battalions of the young Guard down into the straggling village of Planchenoit to help to check them.

He had been at La Belle Alliance all day, and Prussian shot were now falling about him.

Marshal Ney sent for more infantry to renew the attack. "Où voulez vous que j'en prenne: voulez vous que j'en fasse?" was the Emperor's impatient reply—"Where can I get them: do you wish me to make them?"

The long June day was drawing into evening, and shadows began to lengthen across the fields. Wellington, who had always been seen where the fire was hottest, rode with a calm, inscrutable face, followed by a sadly diminished staff, his eagle eye taking note of the strength and weakness of our line.

The Hussars had been moved in rear of the centre; and Adams' Brigade took position immediately behind the ridge. In front of the clover field where the 52nd stood in square, a pretty little tortoiseshell kitten, which had been frightened out of Hougoumont by the firing, lay dead—a strange feature in the scene of destruction.

The men were growing accustomed to the hideous sights and sounds around them, and became impatient at the inactivity which doomed them to endure without reprisal. Suddenly the brass guns blazed forth once more upon us; the *pas de charge* was rolling from a thousand drums; a serried line was seen advancing along our entire front, and, led by the Emperor himself, on his grey charger Marie, his famous *redingote gris* open and showing the well-known dark-green chasseur coat, the Grenadiers of the Guard marched in solid columns into the valley.

Two winding serpents of determined men; ten battalions in tall black bearskins, white facings and dark-blue pantaloons—that was their dress at Waterloo—with Friant and Morand, Petit, whom Napoleon had kissed at Fontainebleau, Poret de Morvan, and old Cambronne. The *élite* of the French army, the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Old and Middle Guard, marching sternly to victory or death. Marcognet, Alix, and Donzelot, with their remnants, against our reeling left; Reille, Foy, and Jérôme renewing on Hougoumont—cavalry in the gaps and spaces—a simultaneous, mighty LAST ATTACK!

The yet unbroken Imperial Guard set their faces towards the spot where Maitland's, Adams' and Byng's red-coats looked to their priming and closed their ranks: had Napoleon hurled them against the cross road behind La Haye Sainte, the story of Waterloo had been written differently.

He missed his chance; he threw away his

final hope. The greatest of his many mistakes was committed, and, handing over the leadership to Ney, he remained on a hillock above the farm, and watched the downfall of France and the death-blow of his empire! For the last time in this world their Emperor addressed them, pointing towards the heights with a gesture all could understand.

"*Déployez les aigles. En avant! Vive l'Empereur!*" and with a great shout they quickened their pace, passing proudly, unheeding, over the bodies of those comrades who had gone before.

Red tongues of flame burst from the smoke of our guns; whiz came the fiery rockets, darting into their ranks, scorching, blinding, and burning in their course; humming shells dropped among them with terrible destruction; but the Old Guard pressed on, and began to mount the ridge.

LA HAYE SAINTE.

Ney's horse fell—the *fifth* killed under him that day, and the "bravest of the brave," went forward on foot. Alas, would that it had been to death!

Our Guards were lying down to avoid the hurricane from the French artillery. A shell dropped in one of the squares, and Colonel Colquitt, picking it up, fizzing and fuming, walked to the edge and flung it outside to burst harmlessly. Another officer, mortally wounded, said faintly:

"I should like to see the colours of the regiment again before I quit them for ever": they were brought and waved round his body, and with a smile, he was carried away, to die.

It was men like those that the oncoming columns had to face, and batteries as famous as those of Bull and Bolton, of Norman Ramsay, Whinyates, and Webber Smith, with guns double shotted and served as on parade; no need to sight so carefully, for the moving target is a wide one, and they hit it every time!

Now the skirmishers run out, shouting and firing as before, and when they have said their say, they fall back leaving all clear for the others; but the columns seem to get no nearer, though they are marching steadily; front rank after front rank is blown to shreds—*that is why they appear stationary!*

The gunners have done their work; the guns recoil, and are left there: it is the turn of the infantry now, and the time has come for that historic signal, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" which in reality was never said.

But whatever the word was, they *do* "up," and they *do* "at 'em"; and again it is bayonet to bayonet, and man to man.

One Welsh giant, named Hughes, six feet seven inches in height, is seen to knock over a dozen of the Old Guard single handed; the red-coats and the blue-coats mingle for a moment and the blue-coats melt away.

The second column, a little behind the other, is in good order: it has suffered less from the cannonade, and is full of fire and fury; but so also are our 52nd lads, who advance down the slope with three tremendous cheers.

Colborne is leading, and when they get abreast of the column he cries—

"Halt! Mark time!"

The men touch in to their left, and regain their dressing; Colborne's horse is shot, and he comes forward wiping his mouth with a white handkerchief, still wearing Ensign Leeke's blue boat-cloak.

"Right shoulders forward!"

The regiment swings round, and, four deep, faces the column's flank two hundred yards away.

"Forward, 52nd—charge!" and the Foot

THE UNION BRIGADE CAPTURING THE FRENCH GUNS AT WATERLOO.

(From the Picture by W. B. Wollen, R.I.)

Guards, who are back on the ridge again, behold a noble spectacle.

The crash is terrific; the Imperial phalanx is taken in flank. The contest is fierce, but it is soon over.

Brave Michel, in response to our officers, replies with glorious *esprit de corps*, "The Guard dies, and never surrenders!" his words instantly fulfilled, as he falls lifeless, sword in hand, while Cambronne, grown old in the service (to whom these words have been falsely attributed), gives up his weapon to William Halkett.

Halkett's horse is shot, and Cambronne hastens away, but his captor is too quick for him, and seizing his gold aiguillette, hands him to a sergeant to be taken care of.

On presses the 52nd, driving the broken Guard before it: it is a sight probably never repeated in history—one regiment traversing the field alone, in sight of the army; sending the foe like sheep into the hollow; dispersing and pushing them relentlessly back, until they turn and fly, and other corps make haste to join in that glorious progress.

There is a movement along the ridge as the setting sun shines out in a burst of sinking splendour, and the Duke, with cocked hat raised above his head, gives the magic word, "The whole line will advance!" and then spurs down after the 52nd.

On the rising ground near La Haye Sainte, Napoleon sits on horseback, close to a small battalion which has formed square.

Jérôme, his brother, bleeding and exhausted, is with him, with honest old Drouot in his artillery uniform, in the pocket of which is a well-worn Bible; Soult and Gourgaud, Bertrand and brave young La Bédoyère are there, too: but the English Hussars are coming on at a fast trot.

All day long the waves of valour have been rolling northward, and breaking against an iron-bound shore; now the tide has turned, and rushes madly south again.

Nothing but confusion meets the eye: everywhere the French are in full retreat—solitary men, groups of three and four, ruined regiments, and the skeletons of squadrons.

Jérôme rides close to his brother, and says in a meaning tone—

"It were well for all who bear the name of Bonaparte to perish here!"

Napoleon orders some guns to open on the Hussars, and one shot hits Lord Uxbridge on the right knee as, mounted on a troop horse belonging to a sergeant-major of the 23rd Light Dragoons, he is leading the pursuit.

"Here we must die on the field of battle," exclaims the Emperor, preparing to head the weak column; but Soult seizes his bridle, saying, "They will not kill you: you will be taken prisoner"; and, held up in the saddle by two faithful officers, for he is worn out, Napoleon is galloped away in the gathering darkness.

* * * * * *

On the left of the Brussels road some Prussian guns had come up and fired *on our men*.

They were the sole representatives of Blücher's force present before Mont St. Jean until *after* the retreat had begun; and they had been far better absent, as their pounding was cruelly felt by Mercer's battery and several of our regiments.

They were induced, after some time, to change the direction of their range, and then all went well. The 52nd still pursued its march, halting for a moment near La Haye Sainte to face and charge some rallying squares, where a Belgian soldier was seen killing a wounded Frenchman, and was run through by an officer of the regiment.

Leeke, who carried the King's colour, found a foot and a half of the pole wet with blood; Holman, the brother of the blind traveller, had three musket balls through his sword blade, and wore it for many years; Colborne and Major Rowan, being both dismounted, jumped on to two horses attached to an abandoned gun, calling to their men to cut the harness; but the advance continuing, they had to dismount with a hearty laugh and march on again on foot.

It was getting dark, and our Hussars were clearing the field in splendid style, the 10th, whose sabres were soon red as their scarlet cuffs, engaging with some strong remnants of the Old Guard and losing two officers.

Major Murray, of the dashing 18th, met a gun going at full speed, and leaped his charger over the traces, between the leaders and wheelers, while his men proceeded to cut the gunners down.

Colquhoun Grant, who had lost five horses and was then mounted on a magnificent chestnut, sent the gallant remains of his brigade at the retreating foe; and until it was impossible any longer to pick one's way among the vast heaps of dead, disabled cannon, and miserable wounded—in short, the absolute wreck of an army—our light cavalry went wheeling and

slashing right and left, hurrying on the veteran, the conscript, the artillery driver and the officer alike, all the French accounts doing justice to these light horsemen. It is only in private letters, hardly in the official documents, that England can learn the heroism of her Hussars at Waterloo.

Meanwhile the 52nd had crossed to the left of the road and scattered a column debouching from Planchenoit, behind the buildings of La Belle Alliance, in front of which a mass of guns had been left to their fate. The regiment passed on, and on its return found them marked with the numbers of other corps that had succeeded them.

All the causeway was crammed with flying troops: a terrible struggle for liberty took place, in which discipline gave way to terror. General officer and baggage waggon fled side by side; rifles and accoutrements were thrown away that their owners might hurry faster. The fields, the by-lanes, the woods, were all filled with fugitives—even the Emperor had to turn aside in order to get past.

Marshal Ney was one of the last to go. He had joined the army on the 15th, without money, without horses, almost without a uniform. He was to be found everywhere on that dreadful 18th, planting batteries, heading charges, rallying, raging, facing death at every stride, and when it was over he tottered exhausted away on foot, leaning on the shoulder of a compassionate corporal.

Now the Prussians have arrived in force. Planchenoit, its churchyard and crooked street, its orchards and barnyards, are full of French and Prussian slain.

The young Guard fought well, but they were outnumbered, and Blücher rides into the *chaussée* at La Belle Alliance.

A Uhlan band plays "God Save the King," and farther along the road they meet the Duke returning on his way in the dark to write his despatches announcing the victory.

The two soldiers embrace, and sit talking for ten minutes while the stream goes hurrying by. Then the fiery old German follows up the retreat with a fury that is incredible.

At Genappe the Silesians have taken the Emperor's baggage; Gneisenau mounts a drummer on one of the cream-coloured carriage horses, and away they go into the darkness after the fugitives, driving them from seven bivouacs, slaying, hacking, giving no rest, until the land is strewn for leagues with dead men, fallen under the Prussian steel.

Merciless it may seem to us, looking back with fourscore years between us and that moonlit night; but such was the vitality of the French that the most drastic steps were necessary to prevent their army mustering again.

* * * * * *

What can I say of the battle-field, after the pursuit had rolled away, and it was left to the searcher and the plunderer?

If I could re-create one tithe of the horror those slopes and roads revealed you would sicken and turn away in disgust.

Prussian, Belgian, *and* British, there were, out on the plain that night, bent on no errand of mercy; stragglers and camp-followers creeping from group to group, tearing the rings from the fingers, and the teeth from the jaws!

Many a life was foully taken that tender nursing might have saved; but there were some groups who sought for a lost comrade or a favourite officer, and women there were, with woman's gentle sympathy, soothing and tending as only they can soothe.

The bulk of the British force had gone to bivouac beyond and about Rosomme, which was behind the French position; but some detached portions remained where they had fought, too weary to advance with the others.

Mercer was one of these, and creeping under the cover of a waggon, worn out with slaughter, he slept—waking to find a dead man stark and stiff beneath him! His men came to him in the morning, and asked permission to bury one of their comrades.

"Why him in particular?" asked the captain, for many a bearskin-crested helmet was empty in "G Troop."

Then they showed him the horror of it.

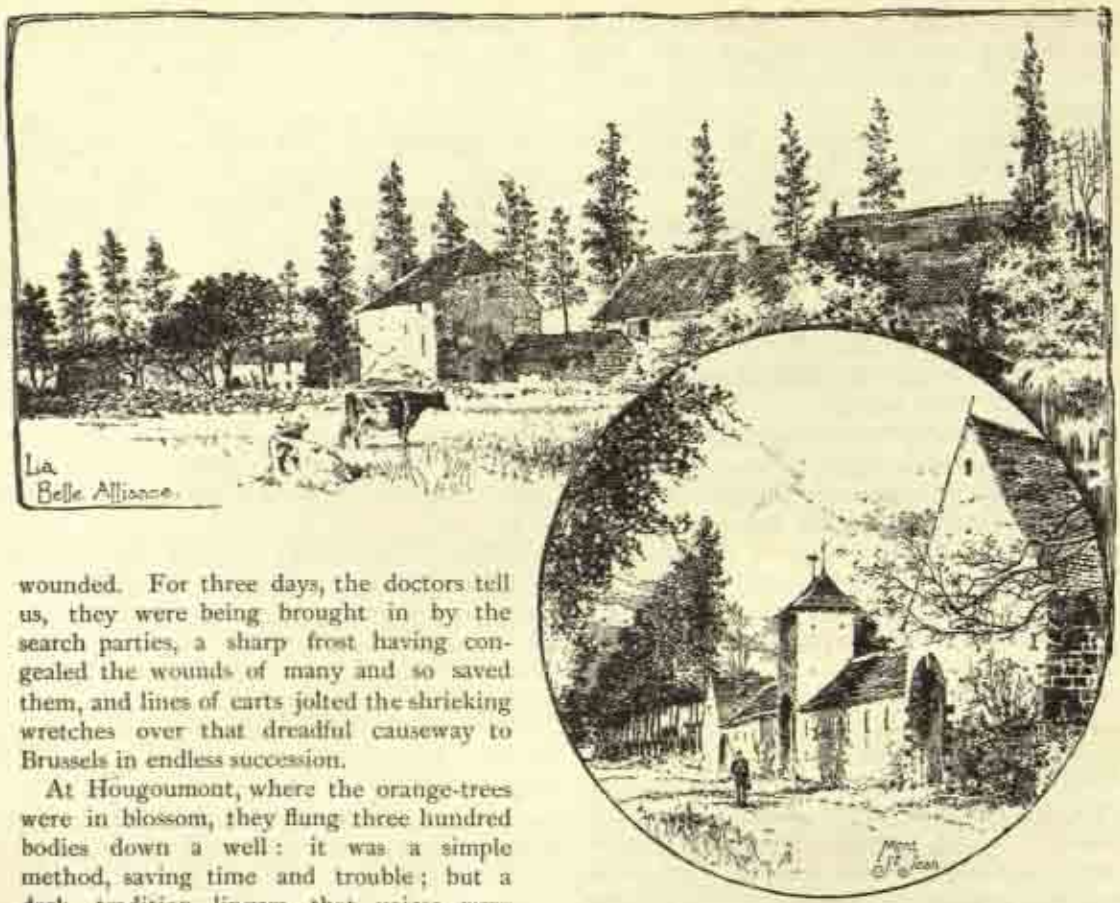
The whole of the man's head had been carried away, leaving the fleshy mask of what had been a face, from which the eyes were still staring wildly.

"We have not slept a wink, sir," they said. "Those eyes have haunted us all night!"

With daybreak men stood aghast at the spectacle of that battle-ground.

The losses have never been satisfactorily reckoned; but I have seen it stated, curiously, that of the red-coats 9,999 were actually killed there. The French loss for the four days' campaign has been counted as 50,000; and you can tell off the survivors of both armies to-day, perhaps, on the fingers of *one* hand.

Every house in the neighbourhood was full of



wounded. For three days, the doctors tell us, they were being brought in by the search parties, a sharp frost having congealed the wounds of many and so saved them, and lines of carts jolted the shrieking wretches over that dreadful causeway to Brussels in endless succession.

At Hougoumont, where the orange-trees were in blossom, they flung three hundred bodies down a well: it was a simple method, saving time and trouble; but a dark tradition lingers that voices were heard afterwards, faintly imploring, from the cavernous depths.

Wild strawberries hung their red clusters, and the little, blue forget-me-not peeped in the woods; birds of prey came croaking on the wing; and within twenty-four hours ten thousand horses had been flayed by the Flemish peasants, many of whom made fortunes by plunder!

Men gathered jewelled decorations and crosses by handfuls: it was impossible to take three strides without treading on a sword, a broken musket, a carbine, or a corpse!

Near La Haye Sainte they found a pretty French girl in hussar uniform, and the farm itself was encrusted with blood; tufts of hair adhered to the doorways, the yard presenting a sight never to be forgotten. A pole to which a scrap of torn silk clung was picked up under the body of Ensign Nettles: it was the King's colour.

The remains of three French brothers named Angelet were among the slain, and the history of one was most romantic. Wounded in some of the Napoleonic wars, where he had lost a leg, he was taunted by a lady with the fact that he could only talk of what he *had* done for France—that he could *do* no more. The brave fellow seized his crutches, limped after the army, and met his fate at Waterloo.

Picton's body—wounded at Quatre Bras, though none but his valet knew it—was taken to England, and by a strange coincidence was laid, at the Fountain Inn, Canterbury, on the very table at which he had dined, a fortnight before, on his way to join the army.

Byng of the Guards said to Sir John Colborne in Paris: "How do your fellows like our getting the credit of what you did at Waterloo? I could not advance because our ammunition was all done."

The Foot Guards got their bearskins as a well-merited reward, only the Grenadier companies wearing them during the battle. The 52nd, for their great share in the closing scene, received—*nothing!* and the Duke, when

approached on the subject of that glaring injustice, said, "Oh, I know nothing of the services of particular regiments. There was glory enough for all!"

* * * * *

They are nearly all gathered to the "land o' the leal" now. The last of Hougoumont's defenders—Von Trovich of the Nassauers—died in 1882; Albemarle, who fought with the 14th Foot, passed away quite recently; while the Guards turned out to bury a veteran not long since who paraded for the last time in Caterham workhouse! In 1894 John Stacey, aged *ninety-six*, of the German Legion, *walked* from Yorkshire to London to see if his *tenpence a day* might not be increased.

For thirty years you could mark, by the deeper colour of the corn, where they had buried the dead in greatest numbers: they still find buttons in the plough-land after rain, with bullets cut in half against our sword-blades, and sometimes bones! Ten thousand people, on an average, visit the field each year; and, though the land lies dozing under its wealth of crops, and the lark trills his requiem where the guns once thundered, and the herdboy's song rises in place of "Vive l'Empereur!"—never will the nations forget that fearful Sunday or the names of WELLINGTON and WATERLOO.

MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

(After Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

NOT since the "Völkerschlacht," or Armageddon of the nations at Leipzig, in 1813, when the allies overthrew the hosts of Napoleon, had Europe witnessed such a stupendous conflict as was fought near Königgrätz, on the Upper Elbe, in Bohemia, on the 3rd July, 1866. This battle was called of Königgrätz by the Prussians, of Sadowa by the Austrians; and, as a matter of topographical fact, the latter was the more correct title, just as the field of Waterloo is known as Mont Saint Jean to the French, and Belle Alliance to the Prussians—in both cases with more justice. At Leipzig about 430,000 men had mingled in fight, while at Königgrätz, as we shall call it in compliment to our ancient and honoured allies the Prussians, the total number of combatants was about 435,000, or close on half a million of men.

What had called these armed hosts into the field? Briefly put, it was the question which was to be the leading Power among the German-speaking peoples—Austria or Prussia. For centuries the former had asserted this position of proud pre-eminence, but there came a time when this claim of the Hapsburgs was no longer allowed by the great and growing monarchy of the Hohenzollerns. Austria wanted to have everything in Germany done after her particular way of thinking, and Prussia began to find it quite incompatible with her honour and her self-respect to be thus lorded over by a State which in many respects she deemed to be her inferior in point of light and leading. Thus it came to pass that these two rival Powers began to lead a very cat-and-dog life at the council-board of the Germanic Confederation of States; and Bismarck, who was the rising statesman of his time, prophesied that this condition of things could go on no longer, and that the only remedy for this eternal quarrelling between the two was a policy of "blood and iron" on the part of Prussia.

Once, however, they seemed to have suddenly become the best of friends. This was when they joined their forces, in 1864, to snatch Schleswig-Holstein, or the Elbe Duchies, as they were called, from the rule of the Danes. Bismarck was the great champion of "Germany for the Germans," and he thought it scandalous and unreasonable that a foreign people like the Danes should continue to domineer over the Teutons in the Elbe Duchies. Prussia and Austria, therefore, at his far-seeing instigation, combined to oust the Danes from the Duchies, and this they finally did after storming the Danish redoubts at Düppel.

But the worst of it was that the conquerors could not agree as to their spoil. Prussia wanted to do one thing with the Duchies, and Austria another. It is a common enough thing for thieves to fall out over the distribution of their booty, and this was precisely what the rival German Powers did with regard to Schleswig-Holstein. Bismarck, the long-headed statesman that he was, clearly foresaw that they must and would do so, and this was the very thing he wanted. He wished to have a good pretext for going to war with Austria, in order that this Power might be altogether excluded from the German family of nations, and that Prussia, taking her place, might inaugurate a new and better era for the Teutonic peoples. Austria had fallen into the trap which he had laid for her, and she had no choice but to fight. Each, of course, claimed to be the injured party, and the old game of the wolf and the lamb was played over again to the amusement of all Europe. Some of the other German States sided with Austria, and some with Prussia, but

the former were soon defeated and disarmed, and then Prussia was free to direct her whole strength against the Austrians.

It was known that the latter were collecting all their strength in Bohemia, and King William, who had General von Moltke, the greatest soldier of his time, for his Chief of the Staff, or principal counsellor in affairs of war, resolved to make a dash into this province before its Austrian defenders knew where they were, and smite them, as David did the Philistines, hip and thigh. Accordingly, he divided the forces of his kingdom into three main armies, each composed of several Army Corps. The command of the First, or centre, Army, numbering about 93,000, was entrusted to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles, called by his soldiers the "Red Prince," from the scarlet uniform of the Zieten Hussars which he generally wore; the Second, or left-hand Army, totalling 100,000 men, was given to the King's high-souled and chivalrous son, the Crown Prince, Queen Victoria's son-in-law; while the Third, or right-hand host, called of the Elbe, fell to General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, who fought throughout the campaign with a courage worthy of "Hereward, the last of the English." But these three huge armies did not invade Bohemia in one overwhelming mass. Moltke, the great "battle-thinker," the "Silent One in Seven Languages," as his friends fondly called him, knew a trick worth two of that. His maxim was, "march separately, strike combined"; and yet it behoved him to keep the Austrians in perfect ignorance of where he meant to strike. The Crown Prince, on the left, started with his army from Silesia; the Red Prince set out from Lusatia, while Herwarth's point of departure was Thuringia.

Did Moltke himself also take the field? No, not at once; for it meanwhile sufficed this great military chess-player, this mathematical planner of victory, to sit quietly among his maps and papers at the offices of the Grand General Staff in Berlin, with his hand on the telegraph wire, and direct the movements of the three armies of invasion. Take the following description that was penned by an English witness of the crossing of the frontier by the army of the Red Prince:—"It was here" (at a toll-house gate) "that Prince Frederick Charles took his stand to watch his troops march over the border. He had hardly arrived there before he gave the necessary orders, and in a few moments the Uhlans, or Lancers, who formed the advance guard of the regiments, were over the frontier. Then followed the infantry. As the leading ranks of each battalion arrived at the first point on the road from which they caught sight of the Austrian colours that showed the frontier, they raised a cheer, which was quickly caught up by those in the rear, and repeated again and again till, when the men came up to the toll-house and saw their soldier-prince standing on the border line, it swelled into a rapturous roar of delight, which only ceased to be replaced by a martial song that was caught up by each battalion as it poured into Bohemia. The chief himself stood calm and collected; but he gazed proudly on the passing sections, and never did an army cross an enemy's frontier better equipped, better cared for, or with a higher courage than that which marched out of Saxony that day."

Over the picturesque hills of Saxony, over the Giant Mountains into the fertile plains of Bohemia, swiftly sped the three superbly-organised armies like huge and shining serpents; and ever nearer did they converge on the point which, with mathematical accuracy, had been selected as the place where they would have to coil and deliver their fatal sting of fire. Hard did the Austrians try to block the path of the triune hosts and crush them in detail; but the terribly destructive needle-gun, with the forceful lance of the lunging Uhlan and the circling sabre of the ponderous Cuirassier, ever cleared the way, and a series of preliminary triumphs marked the progress of the three armies towards junction and final victory. By the 29th the Red Prince had reached Gitschin, the objective point of the invasion, while his cousin the Crown Prince lay at Königinhof, on the left, a long day's march distant. Meanwhile the Austrians had all retired under the shelter of the guns of Königgrätz, a strongly fortressed town on the left bank of the Upper Elbe, there to take their final stand, with their backs, as 'twere, to the wall.

The Austrians were commanded by Feldzeugmeister Benedek, and their army had been reinforced by the troops of the King of Saxony, who had sided with the foes of Prussia in the impending conflict, and were sure to give a good account of themselves. An equally stubborn resistance was to be expected from the Hungarian subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who were second to none in all his polyglot dominions in respect of that ancient valour and other chivalrous qualities which had caused this gallant people to be called the "English of the East." Finer horsemen than the Hungarians existed in no army in all the world; and in this

campaign, as in every other in which they had ever been engaged, the Austrians were particularly strong in cavalry. But, on the other hand, the Prussians were known to be armed with the lately-invented breech-loading needle-gun, while the Austrians still clung to the older-fashioned muzzle-loader, and professed to make light of their opponents' new-fangled rifle. They were thought. It appears that we have over 15,000 prisoners, while the loss on the Austrian side is still greater in dead and wounded, being no less than 20,000. Two of the Army Corps are utterly scattered, and some of the regiments are wiped out to the last man. I have, indeed, up till now seen more Austrian prisoners than Prussian soldiers."

"MAJOR VON UNGAR CAME SPURRING IN WITH A GREAT PIECE OF NEWS" (p. 77)

soon to be shown convincingly which was the better weapon.

It was not till June 30th that King William and his paladins, Moltke, Bismarck, and von Roon, left Berlin by rail for the seat of war. They had scorned to witness the preliminary heats, so to speak, and only wanted to be present at the grand final. On July 2nd, after reaching Gitschin, which was near the headquarters of the Red Prince, Bismarck wrote to his wife: "Just arrived from Sichrow. The field of battle there is still covered with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories (so far) are greater than we

On the night of the same day (2nd July), King William, now in his seventieth year, had retired to rest in a little room of the "Golden Lion," which overlooks the market-place of Gitschin—a quaint little old town nestling among the hills of Northern Bohemia, on the southern side of the Giant Mountains. Wearied out with the fatigues of the day, he had hardly closed his eyes in sleep when he was unceremoniously woke up. His Majesty opened his eyes, and found Moltke standing by his bedside, the bearer of most important news, which General Voigts-Rhetz had just brought in from the Red

Prince, whose headquarters were some six miles further to the east, at the château of Kamenitz on the Koniggratz road. Voigts-Rhetz had first of all carried his momentous news to Moltke, who lodged on the opposite side of the square, and who was the real ruler of Prussia's battles, now and after in the French war. The King did nothing without consulting Moltke, nor did his Majesty ever issue an order that was not based on the well-thought-out advice of his Chief of the Staff.

The message of the Red Prince was of the very highest importance, for it upset all the resolutions which had previously been taken at the Prussian headquarters. Early in the day the exact whereabouts of the Austrians was unknown. It was *supposed* that they were on the left, or eastern, side of the Elbe, furthest from the Prussians, with their right and left flanks resting on two strong fortresses—Josephstadt and Königgrätz, respectively—a position which it would have been terribly difficult, if not impossible, for their adversaries to assail; so that, pending the discovery of their real whereabouts, it had been resolved to let the Prussian troops rest on the 3rd, as they had been wearied out by their incredible feats of marching and fighting. Presently, however, "from information received," this resolution was revoked and replaced by another which deprived the fagged-out Prussians of the prospect of their much-needed day's rest; and a bold and rapid rider—Lieutenant von Norman—was despatched across country to the Crown Prince at Königinhof to ensure his co-operation with the Red Prince in a particular manner on the morrow.

But von Norman had barely started on his long and perilous ride when, lo and behold! another officer, Major von Ungar, came spurring in to the quarters of the Red Prince with a great piece of news. Attended by only a few dragoons, this officer had gone out scouting in the direction of Königgrätz, and discovered that the bulk of the Austrian army was without doubt on the right, or Prussian, side of the Elbe, holding a strong position on the further bank of the Bistritz brook, which ran very nearly parallel with the Elbe at a distance from it of some four miles. The position was strong, but not half so much so as the dreaded one beyond the Elbe, and the hearts of the Prussians jumped for joy. It seemed to them as if God had already delivered the Austrians into their hands, as Cromwell avowed of the Scots when they left their high ground at Dunbar and descended to meet his Ironsides on the plain. After gleaning this priceless

KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

intelligence, von Norman had to ride for his life. A squadron of Austrian cavalry made a dash to catch him, but he rode like an English fox-hunter, and only left behind him, as a souvenir of his audacious visit to the enemy's lines, a part of his tunic which had been carried away by an Austrian lance-thrust.

This, then, was the news which Voigts-Rhetz had brought to Moltke and the King at Gitschin, and then the situation underwent an immediate and final change. It was resolved to assail the Austrian position early on the morrow with the whole force of the united Prussian armies, and another message to this effect, cancelling all previous ones, as a codicil does a will, was at

midnight despatched to the Crown Prince on one hand and Herwarth on the other, informing them of the altered state of things, and desiring them on the morrow to assail the flanks of the Austrians as fast and furiously as ever they could; while the Red Prince would apply his battering-rams to their elevated and strongly entrenched centre. This urgent message was entrusted to Colonel von Finckenstein, who, after a very dark and dangerous ride of twenty miles, reached the Crown Prince's quarters about four o'clock on the morning of the 3rd July.

That fateful morning was a very wet and raw one, pretty similar to that which, after a rainy night, had dawned upon the English at Waterloo. Long before midnight the troops had all been in motion to the front. The moon occasionally blinked out, but was mostly hidden behind clouds, and then could be distinctly seen the decaying bivouac fires in the places which had been occupied by the troops along the road from Gitschin to Sadowa and Königgrätz. These fires looked like large will-o'-the-wisps as their flames flickered about in the wind and stretched for many a mile, for the bivouacs of so large a force as that of the Red Prince's army of nearly 100,000 men spread over a wide extent of country. With the first signs of dawn a drizzling rain came on, which lasted until late in the afternoon. The wind increased and blew coldly upon the soldiers, and they were short of both sleep and food, while frequent gusts bore down the water-laden corn on both sides of the ground along the way.

Moltke and his staff had left Gitschin by four o'clock, driving to Horitz, where, mounting their horses, they rode on to Dub and joined Prince Frederick Charles. For this was the centre point of assembly. "A few short words," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "passed from the Commander of the First Army to his Chief of the Staff; a few *aides-de-camp*, mounting silently, rode away; and, as it were, by the utterance of a magician's spell, one hundred thousand armed Prussian warriors, springing into sight as if from the bowels of the earth, swept over the southern edge of the Milowitz ravine towards the hill of Dub."

About eight o'clock, King William, with Bismarck and others of his great men, arrived upon the scene. Behind the King, besides his staff, were his royal guests, with their numerous retinues of adjutants and equerries, grooms and horses, in number equal unto about a couple of squadrons—making a fine mark for the shells of the Austrians. Before mounting his good mare "Fenella"—thenceforth to be called "Sadowa"—the King had got into his great-coat and put on goloshes over his boots. A wrong pair of spurs had been brought from Gitschin and would not fit. A groom whipped his off, and strapped them on over the royal goloshes; and thus equipped, with a field-glass slung round his neck by a long strap, the King rode away to view the course of the terrific fight, being everywhere received with tremendous cheering by his enthusiastic troops. For it touched their hearts to see so hoary a king come forth at the head of his "*Volk in Waffen*," or people in arms, to do strenuous battle with the alien. No *roi fainéant*, or stay-at-home monarch he, but one of the good old sort, like our own royal Edwards and Harries, under whose personal leadership the French were "beaten, bobbed, and thumped" at Crécy and at Agincourt.

It had been thought incredible by the Prussian

leaders that the Austrians should have waived the advantages of a position behind the Elbe, and come forward several miles on its hither bank so as to meet their adversaries on the terms of the latter. But a closer inspection of their line of battle showed that it had been singularly well chosen. Along their front ran the boggy Bistritz brook, its banks dotted with farmsteads, villages, and clumps of wood, forming fine cover for infantry; while beyond this the ground rose in gentle undulations till it finally assumed the appearance of a commanding swell or ridge, from which Benedek's batteries could pour down death and destruction on the advancing Prussians over the heads of his own infantry when engaging the helmeted wielders of the needle-gun. From the top of the slight elevation whereon stands the village of Dub the ground slopes gently down to the Bistritz, which the road crosses at the village of Sadowa, a mile and a quarter from Dub. From Sadowa the ground again rises beyond the Bistritz to the little village of Chlum (mark that village!), conspicuous by its church-tower crowning the gentle hill, a mile and a half beyond Sadowa—a beautiful bit of country not unlike some parts of England with its hill and dale, clustering cottages, peeping châteaux, hedgerows, groves, and waving grain-fields. Profiting to the full by the defensive advantages of this terraced terrain, the Austrians had seamed it with entrenched batteries, and palisaded their approaches with felled trees and intertwisted branches, making of the whole a natural fortress formidable to their assailants.

GENERAL BENEDEK.

But nothing could daunt the hearts of the Prussians. They had goc to beat Benedek and his 220,000 men, and the sooner the better. The Red Prince was afraid that, after all, Benedek might seek to retire behind the Elbe, and this had to be prevented at all costs and hazards. The Prince might not be able to beat him off-hand, but he could at least fasten on Benedek like a bulldog and hold him fast there till the arrival of the Crown Prince, when the bull could be altogether felled and laid upon its back. Bang, therefore, went the Prussian batteries, and presently the whole sinuous line of battle, extending about five miles from Cistowes (opposite Chlum) on the Prussian left, to Nechanitz on the right, began to be wrapped in wreathed cannon smoke. The Austrians returned shot for shot, and neither side either gained or lost ground. In the centre the Prussians pushed battery after battery into action, and kept up a tremendous fire on the Austrian guns; but these returned it with interest, knowing the ground well, and every shell fell true, heaping the ground with dead and wounded men and horses.

While this furious cannonade was going on, columns of Prussian infantry were moved down towards the Bistritz, with intent to storm the line of villages—Sadowa, Dohalitz, and Dohalicka—on the further side. Shortly before their preparations were complete, the village of Benatek, on the Austrian right, caught fire, and the 7th Prussian Division made a dash to secure it; yet the Austrians were not driven out by the flames, and here, for the first time in the battle, it came to desperate hand-to-hand fighting. But the

bloody *mêlée* here was nothing to what was now mixing up the combatants in the wood of Sadowa, and converting it into a perfect slaughter-house and hell upon earth. Boldly the Prussians advanced upon this village and its wood, plying the rapid needle-gun with awful effect upon the wood's defenders. But nothing could have exceeded the splendid courage with which the Austrian battalions clung to their cover, and their volleys, supplemented as they were by a truly infernal fire from the batteries behind and above, seemed to mow down whole ranks of their assailants. But neither bullets nor shells could decide the fierce struggle; the bayonet had to be called in to do this. And now ensued most horrible scenes of carnage, which ended, however, before eleven o'clock, in the capture by the Prussians of the aforesaid villages. And no wonder that the Austrians chose to call the tremendous battle after the village and wood where they had made so glorious but ineffectual a stand.

Moltke himself afterwards related that, while he was watching the progress of events in front of Sadowa wood some roe-deer, startled from their leafy glades by the infernal pother around them, came bounding out and past him; and also how, when he and his suite rode forward a little way along the Lissa road to reconnoitre the Austrian position, he encountered an ownerless ox plodding along, serenely indifferent to the shells that were bursting all around it. Opposite the Sadowa wood on the Lissa heights, the Austrians had planted a most formidable entrenched line of guns, and Moltke afterwards told how he succeeded in getting the King to counter-order a command to storm these entrenched batteries from the front, which could only have ended in the bloodiest of disasters to their assailants.

"THE PRUSSIANS PUSHED BATTERY AFTER BATTERY INTO ACTION" (*p.* 79).

About this time Bismarck, seeing how little headway the Prussians were making, began to be rather apprehensive as to the general result, fearing even that, if the Crown Prince came not up soon, they might, after all, be beaten. But one little incident gave him fresh hope. Taking

out his cigar-case he offered a weed to Moltke, who deliberately chose the best of the lot. "Oh," thought Bismarck to himself, "if Moltke is calm enough to do that, we need have no fear after all."

The coming of the Crown Prince, with his additional hundred thousand men, had been as anxiously looked for as the arrival of Blücher on the field of Waterloo, and in truth the two situations were closely alike. Suddenly Bismarck, who had been looking intently in the Crown Prince's direction, lowered his glass and pointed to certain lines in the far distance, but these the others pronounced to be furrows. "No," said Bismarck, looking again, "the spaces are not equal: they are advancing lines." And so they were; and by eleven o'clock the smoke of some Austrian batteries furnished a convincing proof that their fire was directed, not against the Red Prince's, but "Unser Fritz's" army; and the words "The Crown Prince is coming!" passed from lip to lip. But, some time before his advance had thus been signalised, Moltke made answer to the King, who had been questioning him as to the prospects of the fight, "To-day your Majesty will win, not only the battle, but also the campaign."

"The Prussian reserves," wrote a correspondent with the Austrians, "were once more called upon; and from half-past twelve till nearly one o'clock there was an artillery fire from centre to left for six miles or more, which could not well have been exceeded by any action of which history makes mention. The battle was assuming a more awful and tremendous aspect, and the faint rays of sunshine which shot at intervals through the lifting clouds only gave the scene a greater terror." About this time, also, "Benedek and his staff passed through the 6th Corps, which was in reserve. As the green plumes were seen rapidly advancing, the bands broke forth into the National Anthem, and the men cheered their commander with no uncertain note. Faces broke into broad smiles; Jager

"BOLDLY THE PRUSSIANS ADVANCED UPON THIS VILLAGE AND ITS WOOD" (*p.* 80).

hats were thrown into the air; all seemed joyous in the anticipation of an approaching triumph. Benedek, however, waved to them to cease shouting, saying, in his peculiar tone of voice, 'Not now, my children: wait till to-morrow.'" And it was wise advice; for by this time Benedek had begun to suspect that he and his men would soon all have a very different song to sing.

The storm and stress of battle were now beginning to tell heavily on the Austrians. They were, it is true, still holding their own, or something like it, on the line of the Bistritz; but what is that which suddenly attracts the attention of Benedek and his staff behind the village of Chlum? They gallop away thither to inquire into the cause of all this new turmoil, and are greeted with a destructive volley from the needle-guns of "Unser Fritz," who had by this time, after a forced march of frightful difficulty across the sodden country from Königinhof, come upon the scene with his Guards, and not only turned the flank, but positively fastened on the rear of the Austrian fighting line, at which he was now hammering away with might and main. But his path, so far, had been encumbered with corpses and mutilated bodies in sickening masses. "Around us," he wrote in his Diary, "lay or hobbled about so many of the well-known figures of the Potsdam and Berlin garrisons. A shocking appearance was presented by those who were using their rifles as crutches, or were being led up the heights by some other unwounded comrades. The most horrid spectacle, however, was that of an Austrian battery, of which all the men and horses had been shot down. . . . It is a shocking thing to ride over a battle-field, and it is impossible to describe the hideous mutilations which present themselves. War is really something frightful, and those who create it with a stroke of the pen, sitting at a green-baize table, little dream of what horrors they are conjuring up. . . . In Rosberitz, where the fight must have been frightfully bitter, to judge from the masses of dead and wounded, I found my kinsman, Prince Antony of Hohenzollern, who had been shot in the leg by three balls," and died of his wounds soon after.

With the turning of the Austrian right by the Crown Prince, the battle was virtually won. On the extreme left, Herwarth had played similar havoc with the Saxons, in spite of the heroic desperation with which they fought; and by four o'clock the Prussian line of attack resembled a huge semi-circle hemming in the masses of battered and broken Austrian troops. Half an hour later the latter, perceiving that victory had at last been snatched from their grasp, began to give way all along their line; and then, with drums beating and colours flying, the Red Prince's men, with one accord, rose from their positions and began a general advance. Perceiving his opportunity, the King now gallantly placed himself at the head of the whole cavalry reserve of the First Army, which "charged and completely overthrew," to quote his Majesty's own words, a similar mass of Austrian horsemen.

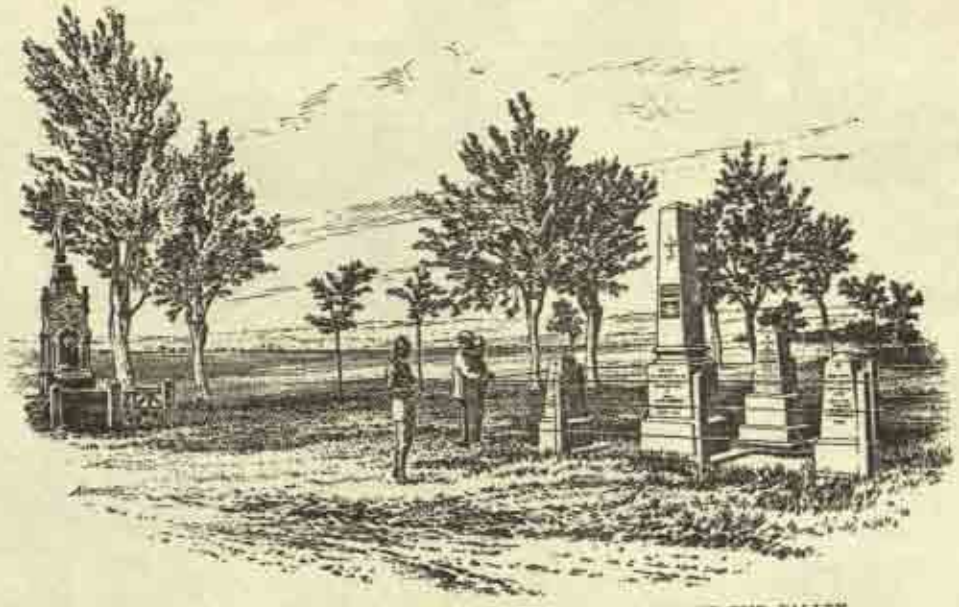
The nature of the ground had hitherto prevented the cavalry of either army from acting in masses, but the country was more open on the line of retreat to Königgrätz, and it now became the scene of several splendid lance and sabre conflicts. As the squadrons of the 3rd Prussian Dragoons were rushing forward to charge some Austrian battalions near the village of Wiester, an Austrian Cuirassier brigade, led by an Englishman of the name of Beales, charged them in flank. They drove the Prussians back, and, smiting them heavily with their ponderous swords, nearly destroyed the dragoons; but Hohenlohe's Prussian Uhlans, seeing their comrades worsted, charged with their lances couched against the Austrian flanks, and compelled them to retire. Pressed by the Lancers they fell back, fighting hard, but then the scarlet Zieten Hussars charged them in turn in the rear. A fierce combat ensued, and the gallant Beales himself was borne wounded to the ground.

But all would not avail. The Austrians were in full flight towards the fortress of Königgrätz, pursued by cavalry, volleyed at by infantry, and exposed to ever-increasing showers of shell-fire. Yet from some positions of advantage they continued to retaliate in kind; and it was while standing watching the pursuit that King William and his suite became exposed to a terrific counter-fire of shells. Bismarck, who was still with him, ventured to chide his Majesty for thus exposing his precious person so unnecessarily. "Does your Majesty, then, think they are swallows?" asked Bismarck, on the King affecting to make light of the whizzing of shells and bullets. "No one," wrote Bismarck to his wife, "would have ventured to speak to the King as I did, when a whole mass of ten troopers and fifteen horses of a Cuirassier regiment lay wallowing in their blood close to us, and the shells whizzed in unpleasant proximity to the King, who remained just as quiet and composed as if he had been on the parade-ground at Berlin." In spite of all remonstrances the King

would not budge, so, edging up on his dark chestnut behind the King's mare, Bismarck gave her a good sly kick with the point of his boot, and made her bound forward with her royal rider out of the zone of fire.

On coming up with the troops of the Crown Prince, the King had been nearly swallowed up by them for sheer joy. At sight of the venerable monarch, who had been exposing his person throughout the bloody fray like the most dutiful of his soldiers, battalion after battalion—some the mere shadows of their former selves—burst into frenzied cheering and rushed forward, officers and men, to kiss the hand, the boot, the stirrup of their beloved leader. But presently a scene more touching still was presented to the victorious Prussian troops, when the heroic Crown Prince rode up and met his father. "I reported to the King," wrote the Crown Prince, "the presence of my army on the battle-field, and kissed his hand, on which he embraced me. Neither of us could speak for a time. He was the first to find words, and then he said he was pleased that I had been successful, and had proved my capacity for command, handing me at the same time the order '*Pour le mérite*' (highest of Prussian war decorations) for my previous victories." Earlier in the day "Unser Fritz" had met his cousin the Red Prince. "We waved our caps to one another from afar, and then fell into one another's arms amid the cheering of the troops of my extreme right and his extreme left wing. . . . . Two years ago I embraced him as victor at Düppel; to-day we were both victors: for, after the stubborn stand made by his troops, I had come to decide the day with my army."

The battle had been won, but at what a terrible cost! Even the victors shuddered at the sight of the multitudes of bodies which heaped the bloody field. By superior arms, superior numbers, and superior strategy, Prussia, at the cost of 10,000 of her bravest sons, had won a crowning victory over her Austrian rival, who lost 40,000 men (including 18,000 prisoners), 11 standards, and 174 guns. "I have lost all," exclaimed the defeated Benedek, "except, alas! my life!" The highest proportion of the Prussian loss of 10,000 had fallen on Franzecky's Division, whereof 2,000, out of 15,000, had bitten the Bohemian dust. But "*Franzecky vor!*" ("Franzecky to the front!") will always live in the Prussian soldier's song as a memory of the ever-ready leader who bore the brunt of the awful struggle on the line of the Bistritz.



GRAVE-STONES ERECTED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN.

That same night the King slept at Horitz—not upon a bed, but on his carriage cushions spread out on a sofa. Bismarck's couch was at first formed by a wisp of straw under the open colonnade of the same townlet, though afterwards he was invited to share the wretched room of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

Moltke rode back to Gitschin, a distance of about twenty miles from the battle-field, where a cup of weak tea was all the refreshment that could be got for him; and then, in a fever of fatigue, he threw himself down to sleep in his clothes, as he had to be up betimes and return

"THE CROWN PRINCE RODE UP AND MET HIS FATHER" (*p.* 83).

to Horitz to procure the King's sanction for his further plans.

It was he, the "Great Silent One," who had won the greatest and most momentous battle of modern times.

It had taken Frederick the Great seven long years to humble the pride of Austria; it took William the Victorious, with Moltke as his "battle-thinker," but seven short days to achieve the same result. The Prussian soldier preferred to call the battle which he had just helped to win, Königgrätz, because this name sounded to his ears as but a pun on the words "*Dem König geräth's*" ("The King will win"). But the King had only won by acting on the sage advice of his all-calculating Moltke, whose motto was "*Erst wägen, dann wagen*"—that is, "First weigh, then away!"

THAT war whereby the power of Spain was broken in South America, is known as the South American War of Independence. On the one side was the imperial power of Spain fighting for supremacy; on the other side were her colonists—creoles, American natives of Spanish blood—fighting for freedom.

The first pitched battle was fought in Mexico near Aculco, in 1810; the last, on the plain of Ayacucho, in Peru, on December 9th, 1824.

Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador had already thrown off the Spanish yoke when General Bolivar, towards the end of 1823, arrived with his victorious army in Peru. He was hailed as "The Deliverer," and addressed the National Congress at Lima in these words:—

"The soldiers who have come from the Plate, the Maule, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco as the deliverers of Peru will not return to their native country till they are covered with laurels, till they can pass under triumphal arches, nor till they can carry off as trophies the standards of Castille. They will conquer and leave Peru free, or they will die. This I promise."

These words spoken, it remained to make them actualities; and how this was done will form our story.

In June of the following year Bolivar took the field with 10,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. His cantonments were at Truxillo, and from there he began to move southwards to meet the enemy. The Spanish troops comprised 3,500 at Cuzco under the Viceroy of Peru, Laserna; 6,500 at Arequipa and Jauja under Canterac, and 1,000 away in the remote south under General Valdez, who was soon to be recalled to assist his companions in arms. The Spanish force nearest to Bolivar was thus General Canterac's. This force was remarkably efficient and in the highest state of discipline. Its equipments were superior and complete; its artillery and cavalry particularly well appointed; and, what was not always the case with the liberating army, the troops were paid with the greatest regularity—a strong conducive to good discipline and order.

On August 2nd Bolivar reviewed his army on the tableland between Rancas and Pasco, a little north of Reyes, situated at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and amid a scene as majestic as may be found in the world. On the west rose the Andes, while on the east, and stretching away to the Brazils were the sublime ramifications of the Cordilleras. Surrounded by natural displays of such magnitude, Bolivar's army, composed of veterans who had fought in the Peninsular War, seen the conflagration of Moscow and the capitulation of Paris—as well as purely South American troops—looked a mere handful. Still it was enthusiastic, and the hills rang with "Vivas" at the termination of the General's stirring address that was read simultaneously to each corps.

"Soldiers," so ran the address, "you are about to finish the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to men—that of saving an entire world from slavery.

"Soldiers! the enemies you have to overthrow boast of fourteen years of triumphs; they are, therefore, worthy to measure their swords with ours, which have glittered in a thousand combats.

"Soldiers! Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Even liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it? No! No! No! You are invincible."

Meanwhile, Canterac, having united his forces at Jauja, was marching northwards to meet

Bolivar. Between the two there lay a lake, and the patriot army marched south on the west side of this lake, while the Spanish army marched north on the east side. The result of this was to delay for four months the general engagement that was expected. Instead of the armies meeting face to face on the line of their march, only detachments entered into action on the plain of Junin, which lies to the south of the lake. It was purely a cavalry engagement, this—not a shot was fired; the lance and sabre alone were used. As it was, the Royalists were worsted, losing nineteen officers, 345 rank and file, and eighty prisoners. The Patriots lost only three officers and forty-two rank and file, with a few wounded. Canterac now fell back upon Cuzco, which he reached with less than 5,000 men, his ranks thinned mostly by heavy desertions. The Patriot army continued to advance towards Cuzco, falling in, however, with no enemy. In October, Bolivar, expecting no further engagements that year, left the army and set out for Lima to hasten forward reinforcements that were expected from Colombia. He gave instructions to his second in command, General Sucre, to go into cantonments at Andahuaylas and Abancay, and, as the rainy season was about to commence, to cease active hostilities for the time being.

Bolivar had not been gone three days, when General Sucre began to question in his own mind the wisdom of his superior officer's instructions; so he called a council-of-war, at which, besides himself, were Generals La Mar, Lara, and Miller—the last, a distinguished British soldier. At this council-of-war it was agreed that if they did as Bolivar had commanded, and lay idle in their tents, the Spanish forces, recruited and united at Cuzco, would come upon them and annihilate them. The position was a delicate one, for obedience to a superior officer is a soldier's first duty. Still, there was Valdez marching from the south to join Canterac and Laserna at Cuzco, and it was proposed to endeavour to intercept Valdez. Operations were thus entered upon in the face of Bolivar's strict orders to the contrary, and these operations had the effect of drawing the enemy out of his stronghold.

Now followed two months of the most extraordinary manœuvring that ever preceded a battle. The Royalists, under the Viceroy Laserna, began to move in a westerly direction from Cuzco, and the Patriots to fall back. Twice the Patriot army offered battle, and twice it was refused. The Royalists, sure of success, sought to get behind the Patriots, thus cutting off their retreat and so annihilating them. At length, after several brushes—of which the most serious occurred in the Valley of Corpaguayco, where, besides losing their spare horses and some mules, the Patriots had 200 men killed, as against a death-roll of thirty on the other side—a position was reached which seemed to satisfy the requirements of both parties for the final grip. That position was on the plain of Ayacucho; and it is here that Bolivar's address to the soldiers should have been delivered rather than on the eve of the affair of Junin: for it was here that the blow was struck that made the power of

Spain in South America reel and totter to its fall.

The plain of Ayacucho is situated at an altitude of 11,000 feet above sea-level, in the Peruvian department of Ayacucho. It is square-shaped and about two or three miles in circuit. On its north and south sides it is flanked by deep and rugged ravines. On the west it descends gradually for a couple of leagues to what was then the high road to Lima, and which runs along the base of a lofty mountain range which rises like a wall. On this side was stationed the Patriot army, its retreat by this road cut off by detachments sent by the Spanish Viceroy to destroy the bridges and render the defiles impassable. On the east side the plain was terminated by the abrupt ridge of Condorkanki, and a little below the summit of this ridge the Royalist army bivouacked during the night preceding the fight. It was on the

afternoon of the 8th of December that the respective armies reached these positions.

The eve of battle is worth describing. After the men on each side had been refreshed, and about two hours before sunset, a Spanish battalion of light infantry filed down into the plain and extended itself at the foot of the hill. A light infantry battalion of the Patriot army went forth to meet it. The opposing battalions, arrayed in extended files, engaged in skirmishing and performed evolutions to the sound of the bugle. The steadiness and behaviour of the men on each side were admired by the officers, and both parties agreed now and then to intervals of rest. During these intervals officers from the opposing sides approached one another and engaged in conversation. In the Patriot army was a Spaniard, Lieutenant-Colonel Tur, whose marriage to a beautiful woman of Lima had made him espouse the native cause. In the other army was his brother, Brigadier-General Tur, who sent a message to the former, saying how he regretted to see him, a Spaniard, in the ranks of rebels, and bearing arms against his king and country. "Yet," the message continued, "you may rely upon my protection when the coming battle will have placed you at the mercy of the Loyalists." The other brother was disposed to resent this message as an insult; still, they drew near to each other and ultimately embraced in view of both armies. When the shadows began to deepen across the plain, the different battalions retired to their quarters to waken to more serious work in the morning.

To waken, we have said. It is doubtful, however, if a single eye on Ayacucho were closed in slumber that night. All knew that they were about to engage in battle; none knew what the result might be, and whether this might not be his last night on earth. Both sides were wearied with the terrible marches and countermarches, over mountains, down rocky defiles, and with the harassing watchfulness that had been continuously maintained. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officers of the Royalist army had kept their troops together. To prevent them from deserting, the different corps had habitually bivouacked in column, surrounded by sentinels, and outside of these again had been placed a circle of officers on constant duty. No soldier was allowed to pass the sentinels, who had strict orders to shoot down any one attempting to do so. Even detachments were not sent out for cattle and provisions, in case they should refuse to return; so the Royalists had been obliged to eat the flesh of horses, mules, and asses. These galling restraints the soldiers knew could be ended in only one way, and that was by a decisive engagement with the enemy. So eager were they thus rendered for the fray that they had begun to murmur against their leaders, and were loudly accusing them of cowardice in avoiding a conflict with the foe.

On the other side, the Patriots, too, were sick of manœuvring. They had been subject to constant harassing attacks from hostile Indians, who hurled stones down the mountain sides into their ranks while on the march, attacked detached parties, even made prisoners, whom they cruelly ill-treated. Again, their provisions were nigh exhausted, and so scarce had their horses become that many of the cavalry soldiers were mounted on mules. These matters, instead of improving, were with the progress of time only becoming worse. All, then, were anxious to have a termination put to the weary round of monotonous marching, with increasing exposure to dangers that from their continual presence had ceased to be exciting. Men so placed are not likely to sleep during the night preceding the day of battle. Besides, the distance between the two armies measured only a mile, and Sucre, fearing that the Royalists might descend from their heights to surprise them in the dark, kept his corps in close column ready for the attack. He also sent forward the bands of two battalions with a company to the foot of the ridge. These continued to play during the night while a sharp fire was kept up upon the Royalist outposts, the idea being to make believe that the Patriots were under arms waiting to join in fight. In this way a lieutenant-colonel and three men were killed in the Spanish camp by chance bullets, so near were the opposing armies.

Under Sucre were 5,780 men, and these were arranged on the plain in the following order:—

Bogota, Caracas, Voltigeros, and Pinchincha regiments, under General Cordova, on the right.

Hussars of Junin, Granaderos of Colombia, Hussars of Colombia, Granaderos of Buenos Ayres regiments, cavalry, under General Miller, in the centre.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Legions regiments, under General La Mar, on the left.

Bargas, Vencedores, Rifles regiments, under General Lara, in reserve.

Artillery: one 4-pounder in front, under Commandant La Fuente.

The Royalist army numbered 9,310, and was commanded by the Viceroy, Laserna. It was posted on Condorkanki—a division under General Valdez on the north side of the height or extreme right of the Royalists; next to him, and still on the Royalist right, a division of infantry under General Monet, in the centre cavalry, and on the left a division of infantry with seven pieces of artillery under General Villalobos. At dawn of day, an unperceived movement took place in the Royalist camp. The division under General Valdez, comprising four field-pieces, four battalions, and two squadrons of hussars, stole away to the north.

It was a chilly morning while the men were buckling on their armour, saddling their horses, examining their bayonets, and putting in order their various accoutrements. Amongst the things that the Colombia cavalryman had to do on mounting was the fixing of his bridle reins above his knees. By this means he guided his charger, and so had his hands left free to wield his heavy lance—a strong, tough sapling from twelve to fourteen feet long. The Patriot cavalry, let it be mentioned, were the finest horsemen in the world, drawn from the *gauchos* of the pampas, the *guasos* of Chili, and the *llaneros* of Colombia—all accustomed to ride from childhood.

"'THERE LIES MY LAST HORSE!"'
(p. 90.)

Well, while such little details as we have mentioned were in progress, and the mounting sun had tempered the chilly air, the men on both sides were observed rubbing their hands and in other trifling ways showing the satisfaction which the nearness of the onset gave them.

At nine o'clock the first move forward began.

"THE ROUTED SPANIARDS CLAMBERED UP THE RUGGED SIDES" (p. 90).

Then the division of infantry on the Royalist left under General Villalobos commenced to wind down the rugged side of Condorkanki. Laserna, the Viceroy, on foot, placed himself at the head of the descending files, and, obliquing to the left, led them into the plain. The other division of Royalist infantry, under General Monet, came down direct, while between these two divisions similarly descended the cavalry, the men leading their horses. As the different files reached the plain they silently formed into column. Meanwhile, General Sucre, of the Patriot army, rode along his line, and to each corps individually, in forcible words, recalled the achievements of the past. This done, he took up a position in the centre, and to his whole army in a loud voice, said: "Soldiers! Remember that upon the efforts of this day depends the fate of South America."

Then began the forward movement of the Patriots, the division of infantry under General Cordova and two regiments of cavalry being ordered to advance. Cordova, in front of his division, now formed into four parallel columns with cavalry in the intervals, having gone a few steps, dismounted, and plunging his sword into his charger, exclaimed:

"There lies my last horse! I have no means of escape, and we must fight it out together."

This display of spirit on the part of their leader roused the men to such enthusiasm that they became irresistible. They thought of the enemy, not as something to be feared, but only as something to be vanquished. The consequence was that, having discharged their muskets, and Cordova's shout of "Onward, with the step of conquerors!" ringing in their ears, they pressed forward and crossed bayonets with the foe. For four minutes, which contained the work of hours, the two contending forces struggled, the mass swaying now this way and now that, so that it was impossible to tell which would give way. At an opportune moment the Colombian cavalry charged at full gallop, and with both hands free wielding their tough lances with such force that their onset proved irresistible, and the Royalists lost ground. The vigour of the Patriots was only increased by this advantage, which they followed up with such effect that the Royalists were hopelessly driven back with terrible slaughter. Colonel Silva, who led the cavalry charge, had fallen, covered with wounds. Wounded now, too, and taken prisoner, was Laserna, the Viceroy himself—representative of the proud monarch of Spain. The routed Spaniards clambered up the rugged sides of Condorkanki, and the chasing Patriots deploying, fired upon the fugitives, whose lifeless bodies rolled down the height till stayed by jutting crags or bushes.

While the crags and bushes of Condorkanki are being thus bathed in Spanish blood, quite a different fortune is attending the Patriot arms on their left. As already mentioned, General Valdez, with four field-pieces, four battalions and two squadrons of cavalry, had stolen at dawn of day, unperceived by the Patriots, away northwards from the Spanish camp. The object of that manœuvre now became apparent. He had made a *detour* of several miles, and while the contest we have just witnessed was still in the balance, suddenly opened a heavy fire from his four field-pieces and a battalion in extended files upon the Patriot left. This obliged two battalions of General La Mar's division, posted on the left, to fall back, and its retreat was not prevented by the battalion Bargas from General Lara's division, which had been kept in reserve, sent to support it. Two of Valdez's battalions had now crossed the ravine into the plain, and pressed at the double-quick upon the retiring Patriots. At this juncture General Miller, who held a portion of the Patriot cavalry in reserve, led the Hussars of Junin against the Spaniards, and drove them back across the ravine. This brilliant charge conducted by Miller saved the battle. La Mar's division was thereby enabled to rally, and came to Miller's support. The Patriots in this part of the field, animated by Cordova's success against the Viceroy and the shouts of victory that were echoed back from Condorkanki, proved an easy match for Valdez's now somewhat scattered forces, and the Spanish general, so famous for his marches and tactical skill, soon found his division broken, his artillery taken, his cavalry flying in disorder, and his infantry dispersed. The day was now lost and won in little more than an hour, and the vanquished Royalists flying in all directions.

Among the Hussars of Junin so effectively led by Miller at the critical moment, were twenty-five who, owing to the scarcity of horses, had no better steeds than baggage-mules. This was simply for display and to lead the enemy to think their cavalry numbered more than their horsemen actually did. These Hussars on mules were ordered to remain in the rear and not to take part in Miller's charge. But they answered: "No; we will conquer or die with our comrades." And their bravery was soon

rewarded, for after the charge they were able to substitute good Spanish horses, whose riders had fallen, for their less nimble mules. Six weeks previously, when on a reconnoitring expedition towards Cuzco, General Miller had been surprised at a place called Chuquibamba, and his horse, which was the finest in the army, and which he had ridden at Junin, with an orderly, fell into the enemy's hands. This horse was now seen amongst Valdez's retreating troops. Its rider was immediately singled out for pursuit, cut down, and the horse restored to its old master. Another object of interest to the pursuing Patriots were the silver helmets of the Spanish Hussars. The landscape gleamed with these helmets wherever bodies of cavalry moved. These became so attractive to the enemy that many threw them off to stop the pursuit, and the gleam was quickly removed, the Patriots snatching them off and stowing them away in their valises.

At one o'clock on the day of the battle the divisions of the Patriot army, under Generals La Mar and Lara, reached the summit of Condorkanki. Here General Canterac was stationed, but before sunset he sued for terms of peace, and an hour later rode to General Sucre's tent, where the terms were agreed to. By these terms Canterac, as supreme commander in Peru, agreed to surrender to the liberating army the whole of the territory possessed by Spain as far as the Desaguadero. So in effect ended the War of Independence, and so was extinguished the power of Spain across the seas.

The losses on that day, on the side of the vanquished, were 1,400 killed and 700 wounded. Amongst the captured, besides the Viceroy and generals, were 16 colonels, 68 lieutenant-colonels, 484 officers, and 3,200 rank and file. The victors won at a cost of 370 killed and 609 wounded. The battle of Ayacucho was regarded as the most brilliant ever fought in South America. The discipline of the troops, seasoned with years of fighting, was considered such as would have been creditable to the best European armies, while they were led by the ablest officers on both sides. Bravery was conspicuous on every hand, the victory being not a matter of chance, but of determination, fire, and valour.

Besides General Miller, who played so important a part in this action, other countrymen of ours were that day engaged fighting for the cause of Independence. Among them were Major-General Francis B. O'Connor, brother of Fergus O'Connor; Major-General James Whittle, Colonel William Ferguson, Lieutenant Martin, who was killed, Major-General Arthur Sand, Captain George Brown, wounded, Captain Henry Wyman, wounded, and Captain Miller Hallowes. These were chiefly officers in the Colombian battalion of Rifles, which was originally composed entirely of British subjects. During the long course of the war these had died or been killed, and the regiment was recruited from Colombian Indians, the officers, however, being still British. This regiment was the foremost in the fight amongst the troops that routed the divisions of Monet and Villalobos at the base of the Heights of Condorkanki.

LIMA.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT PATTERSON, sixty-nine years old, ripe with experience gained in at least two wars, but burdened it may be with more of the indecision and fears of old age than is the usual lot of man—seeing before him, in fact, bogey numbers of enemies—marched his army one day this way and the next day that; and frittering away the time, at length, instead of fighting, he allowed General Johnston and 9,000 Confederate soldiers to slip quietly away from him. The result was the result to be expected. General Johnston by a rapid march reached General Beauregard's lines in time to turn the tide of battle in favour of the South, and the first decisive struggle of the American Civil War was scored to the credit of the Confederates.

Four o'clock on the morning of April 12th, 1861, the Civil War began. At that hour a shell fired from a battery on shore struck Fort Sumter, a tiny fort built on a mudbank in the very centre of Charleston harbour; and this shot opened hostilities that were destined to last for years. The next day, Saturday, the news reached Washington that Fort Sumter, in possession of a United States garrison, had been bombarded by Southern militia acting under instructions from the Governor of South Carolina. President Abraham Lincoln realised at once that the time for pacific negotiations had passed and the time for the employment of force had come. On Sunday he drew up his first proclamation relating to the war. It called for 75,000 militia to assemble under arms to "repossess the forts, places, and properties which have been seized from the Union." In the two days which followed the issue of this call more than double the number of men asked for had volunteered for service. Every Free State in the Union responded with citizens eager to uphold the integrity of the Union. On the other hand, every Slave State insultingly refused her quota of the men required.

But ready and numberless as were the volunteers from the North, the resources of the States in the way of arms and ammunition, officers, and organisation, were utterly inadequate for the crisis. Although by many it had long been feared that the differences between the North and South were being accentuated to a dangerous degree, yet when the worst fears were realised and the actual outbreak of rebellion came, it took the country, as a country, completely by surprise. More than this, it caught those in authority unprepared. So it was that between the firing on Fort Sumter and the first great battle—Bull Run—three months elapsed. Those three months were spent in arming the volunteers—for the United States, then as now, had no standing army to speak of—in organising commissariat and other departments, transporting troops to various centres, and arranging the thousand and one details which, unless carefully attended to, would render the bravest army helpless.

But during the months of April, May, and June the absence of any organised body of opponents in the field allowed much telling work to be done by small parties of Southern soldiers. Unfortunately for the North, Washington, the capital of the Union, was to all intents and purposes within the sphere of Southern influence—on the one side the State of Virginia, among the first States to refuse troops to Abraham Lincoln, and on the other, Maryland, riotous and to all appearances likely to cast in her lot with the rebel States. Federal soldiers on their way to guard the capital were shot and trampled to death in the streets of Baltimore, Maryland, but a few miles north from Washington. On the same day the railway bridges of lines running

northward were destroyed, thus completely cutting Washington off from the North. To complete the dangerous position of the capital, a force of Confederate soldiers seized Harper's Ferry—the Harper's Ferry of John Brown notoriety—then a famous national arsenal, and there established a Southern camp. Next the important navy yard at Gosport, after the officers in charge had attempted to destroy it by fire, was captured by Southerners; and a number of other important points bearing on the capital city falling into the hands of the Confederates, Washington was surrounded. The battle of Bull Run was brought on by the North with the intention of relieving the capital of the Union by dispersing the enemies that surrounded it.

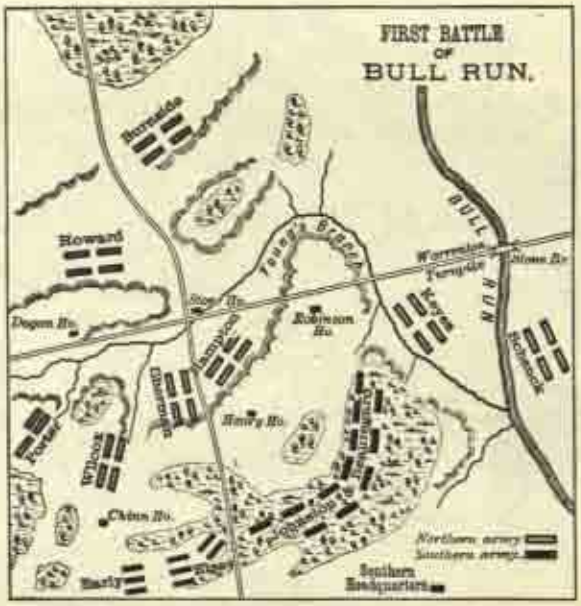
"THEY WOULD NOT KEEP IN RANK, ORDER AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASED" (*p.* 95).

Bull Run, the stream that gave its name to the battle, is a sluggish, uneven waterway running in a south-easterly direction, and at the point where the engagement took place some five-and-thirty miles from Washington. Its banks are steep and at some places rocky, with heights, densely wooded, on its western shore, and the stream itself deep and sullen, yet at points fordable. A short distance south of Bull Run is Manassas Junction—a railway junction—and here General Beauregard had his headquarters.

Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, born in 1818, was a native of Louisiana, and passed through the United States Military Academy at West Point. Strangely enough, one of his class-mates at the Academy was the Federal general McDowell, who at this battle of Bull Run commanded the Northern forces. Beauregard had served through the Mexican campaign with distinction, taking part in the siege operations at Vera Cruz, and at Mexico he was twice wounded. To him fell the distinction of being chosen to open the war for the South, and it was he who bombarded and finally captured Fort Sumter.

General Beauregard had assembled a strong force of Confederates at this point with the evident intention of marching upon Washington, but before he was ready to move on the capital, a large army of Northerners managed to reach the city, and Beauregard found his plans defeated. Consequently, he entrenched himself securely and

waited for the time to arrive when, sufficient troops furnished him, he could carry out his plan to capture the capital. The position for encampment had been carefully chosen. Along the western bank of Bull Run, from Manassas Junction to a stone bridge some eight miles up stream, the Southern forces were posted, each ford strongly guarded, the rocky banks and the deep water forming a natural breastwork, and the dense woods a natural stockade. Across Bull Run, a few miles towards Washington, is the village of Centreville, and here the advance guards, or more properly, a scouting party, was stationed to give news of any movement that might be made by the North; and, central and convenient, the headquarters at Manassas commanded the whole.



POSITION OF THE FORCES AT NOON.

Woods, stream, and rolling country made General Beauregard's position a peculiarly strong one. In fact, as General McDowell, the commander of the forces of the North, soon found, the position was well-nigh invulnerable. To attack the Confederates in front, fording Bull Run, scaling the high bank and charging into a wood, was out of the question. Moreover, to strengthen Beauregard's hands, General J. E. Johnston, a soldier of energy and experience, was stationed at Winchester, to which town he had retreated from Harper's Ferry when he found himself confronted by General Patterson. General Patterson's orders from Washington were to retake Harper's Ferry from General Johnston. But the Southern general, fully convinced that Harper's Ferry was of no strategical importance, and more of a trap than anything else, fell back at Patterson's approach, and entrenched himself at Winchester. To the Federals the great danger lay in the risk of Johnston by a forced march joining Beauregard, and opposing a united force to McDowell. To prevent this, General Patterson's second orders were to hold Johnston in Winchester. Patterson had plenty of men for the purpose, but failed to do what was expected of him. When the crucial moment arrived, Johnston arrived with it and ruined McDowell's chance of victory.

McDowell marched from Washington. It had originally been General Scott's intention to give the command of the Federal forces to Robert E. Lee; but that officer, destined to become the most famous general of the South, resigned his position, and journeying south, took charge of the raising of Confederate soldiers. McDowell, however, was an officer in every way competent to worthily represent the North.

A civil war makes strange opponents. Men hitherto the closest friends, found themselves divided, friends still, but facing one another on the field of battle, and fighting to the death for what each considered the right. This curious division affected officers and men alike. In fact, a large majority of the officers who, at the outbreak of hostilities found themselves in charge of the newly-enlisted regiments, had been educated together at West Point, and together received their baptism of fire and learned what real war meant under the sweltering sun of Mexico. General Irvin McDowell, as has been told, stood side by side with General Beauregard at West Point, and side by side with him on the battle-fields of Mexico. For some years he acted as assistant-instructor in infantry tactics in the Military Academy, and when war broke out he was relieved of his duties in the Adjutant-General's Department at Washington, and placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, now on its way to Bull Run.

When he set out from Washington he carried with him full instructions and the confidence of all concerned. Never was a battle more carefully

fully planned. Every move likely to take place had been canvassed and discussed, President Lincoln and General Scott giving their personal consideration and assistance to McDowell. When the latter marched away at the head of his 30,000 men, it was thought that he had nothing to do but to act quickly and victory must rest with him. General Sherman afterwards said that Bull Run was one of the best planned and one of the worst fought battles of the Civil War.

On July 16th McDowell issued his orders to march. J. G. Nicolay, who was private secretary to Lincoln, gives this as the organisation of McDowell's army :—

"First Division, commanded by Tyler : an aggregate of 9,936 men, divided into four brigades, respectively under Keyes, Schenck, Sherman, and Richardson.

"Second Division, commanded by Hunter : an aggregate of 2,648 men, divided into two brigades, under Porter and Burnside.

"Third division, commanded by Heintzelman : an aggregate of 9,777 men, divided into three brigades, under Franklin, Wilcox, and Howard.

"Fourth Division, commanded by Runyon : an aggregate of 5,752 men ; no brigade commanders.

"Fifth Division, commanded by Miles : an aggregate of 6,207 men, divided into two brigades, under Blenker and Davies."

From these figures, it will be seen that McDowell marched with more than 34,000 men. But as Runyon's division was left to guard communications, and as some days before the fight a number of the volunteers were mustered out, their three months' time having expired, defections left the Federal general in command of something like 28,000 men to meet an equal or larger number of Confederates, entrenched, as we have seen, in a strong position, and fully prepared for a stubborn fight.

When the news flashed across the length and breadth of the great continent that at last a Northern army was to attack the South, the question on everybody's lips was "How will the American fight ?" McDowell, in his army of 30,000, had but 800 regulars—the rest were volunteers who had never been trained to war. Raw, inexperienced, undisciplined, gathered from the four corners of the continent : rugged bushmen from the backwoods of Michigan, rough and restless men, hunters born and bred every one, marching side by side with workers from the Pennsylvania mines and New York factory hands ; carters from Philadelphia and Chicago, farmers from Ohio and Illinois, clerks from Buffalo and Boston, all untried and untrained, having volunteered for what the most of them looked upon as a jaunt and picnic in the South, with, maybe, a little shooting by the way—all trudged merrily along under the sweltering July sun, joking and playing pranks as they turned their faces to the South, and paying but small heed to their officers' attempts to keep them in order. McDowell, writing of this march to Bull Run, tells many strange things. He says that the advance was rendered tediously slow by the "fooling" of the men on the march. "They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or to get water ; they would not keep in rank, order as much as you pleased ; when they came where water was fresh, they would pour the old water out of their canteens, and fill them with fresh water. They were not used to denying themselves much ; they were not used to journeys on foot." Before the long war was ended the troops became very used indeed to denying themselves much, and to weary journeys on foot.

On Thursday, July 18th, Tyler, commanding the first division, moved warily on Centreville, only to find that the Confederates stationed there showed no disposition to fight, but that they fell rapidly back towards Bull Run. This being so, on towards Bull Run Tyler continued his march, his orders being to carefully observe roads, positions, and lay of the land, but under no circumstances to engage in battle. He was to scout, to gather information for future use. But Tyler's enthusiasm got the better of his discretion, and, it is feared, caused him to forget his orders. He had seen the Confederates retreat before him from Centreville, as though fearing to fight, and then a temptation was thrown in his way in the shape of a favourable position for a battery from which a few shells could be dropped on the enemy. He planted a battery, and fired on a Confederate battery still on the Centreville side of Bull Run. The Southerners retired to Blackburn's Ford, and Tyler threw forward skirmishers against the Confederate skirmishers, and these getting into a hot exchange, Tyler was soon forced to bring forward a brigade, and then a second; and almost before he knew what was happening he found his battery and his men in a trap. Before he managed to bring away his battery and withdraw his men, he lost close upon a hundred killed, and his soldiers retired in confusion, the

officers chagrined over the first serious check of the war.

But disastrous as was this the first skirmish of Bull Run to the Northern cause, it on the other hand exposed to General McDowell the position of the Confederates, and showed to him the hopelessness of an attack in front. McDowell's first plan of battle, perfected at Washington, was to make a vigorous attack on Beauregard's front, and when this action raged, to cross Bull Run lower down, and while the Confederates were concerned about the safety of their van to fall unexpectedly upon Beauregard's right and turn it. A personal reconnaissance, made at the moment of Tyler's unfortunate experiment, proved to McDowell that this plan could not be carried out. The ground on Beauregard's right was totally unsuited to the job. High hills, densely wooded and strongly held, rendered the scheme clearly unfeasible. Some other plan must be devised. He rode to Centreville with all speed, and there Tyler and his officers reported rifle-pits and strong barricades, natural and artificial, in front of every ford, the one bridge spanning the stream strongly guarded and prepared for blowing up if need be, and not the slightest chance of his untrained soldiers carrying the position. These reports convinced McDowell that only a demonstration must be made in front, and his whole energies applied to reaching the southern side of Bull Run, and fighting the battle across fields instead of across deep water. Richardson's brigade was ordered forward to continue the menace at Blackburn's Ford, and the engineers were sent up stream to survey Bull Run for a ford. But a ford they were unable to find until Saturday, and the battle of Bull Run could not be fought before Sunday, July 21st. A fatal delay this proved to be. News of Tyler's engagement at Blackburn's Ford on the Thursday reached Johnston at Winchester, and that energetic officer, seeing that a general action must soon take place, slipped away from the aged General Patterson, and by a forced march through Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge, he took train at Piedmont and marched most of his men into Beauregard's camp on Saturday evening. One of his companies, indeed, did not arrive until Sunday afternoon, when by falling upon the Federals' right, it gave the first intimation to McDowell that Johnston had given Patterson the slip.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

A close, hot night preceded the eventful day. A mist, such as is so often seen on sultry nights in America, hung over the valley of Bull Run, blurring everything into a grey, indistinguishable mass, notwithstanding that the moon shone brightly. Shortly after midnight the Northern army bestirred itself to begin the work that lay before it. Tyler's orders were to get away early from Centreville and to commence a hot attack on the stone bridge, as if it were McDowell's intent to force his way across the stream at that point. As soon as Tyler and his men cleared the camp at Centreville, Hunter and Heintzelman were to march rapidly to the ford which the engineers had located, cross, and at the topmost speed consistent with a good formation advance upon Beauregard's left, fall upon the rear of the defenders of the stone bridge and clear them away, and so allow Tyler to cross and join forces. McDowell hoped in this way not only to disorganise the Confederate arrangements, but also to prevent any chance of Johnston from Winchester joining Beauregard. He had no idea that Johnston had already effected the juncture. The Northern men, new to war, turned but drowsily from their sleep. It was night, and, unused to the necessity of quick and silent action, the men delayed and refused to be hurried. Consequently,

before Tyler had got his men out of the way of Hunter, the hour for moving had long since passed. Tyler intended to attack the stone bridge at four in the morning. It was not until six that he fired his first gun. Hunter and Heintzeiman were proportionately delayed.

Johnston's wits had been sharpened to a wonderful degree by his border experiences. He suffered desperate wounds at Cerro Gordo, and again at Chapultepec, was particularly active at Vera Cruz and in half-a-dozen battles in Mexico, and at the very outbreak of the Civil War captured

"TIME AFTER TIME THE ATTEMPT TO SCALE THE HEIGHT WAS MADE" (*p.* 99)

Strange to tell, it was Johnston's intention to attack McDowell that very morning. This General Joseph Eggleston Johnston—Beauregard's superior in rank, and an officer of energy, foresight, and initiative, fifty-four years old—besides having served through the war with Mexico, had seen much fighting with the Red Indians in many parts of America; and, as never were trickier fighters alive than the Red men, Harper's Ferry. In withdrawing his forces from Winchester to Bull Run—successfully outwitting General Patterson—he gave early proof of his skill in handling large bodies of men and readiness in rising to the occasion. He and Beauregard had planned on Saturday night to bring about a battle before it would be possible for General Patterson from Harper's Ferry to join with McDowell, which, Johnston felt

convinced, Patterson would hasten to do when he found that the Confederates had marched away from him. Johnston had already given the orders for an attack on McDowell, when the guns thundered out from the stone bridge. Instantly General Johnston countermanded the order to advance. As McDowell had begun the attack, it were better to fight the battle with all the advantages Bull Run gave to the South. He awaited developments.

Colonel Evans held the stone bridge for the Confederates. He had with him, behind the timber *abattis*, a regiment and a half and four guns; and when Tyler opened fire it seemed to him that a determined attempt would be made to force his position, and he prepared to hold it at all hazards. But after the fighting had lasted a short time, it occurred to Evans that the attack was conducted with nothing like the vigour he would have expected under the circumstances, and he cast about him for an explanation. An explanation was not long in coming. Scouts hurrying from the wood to his left told him that a large force of men had forded Bull Run some miles above the stone bridge and were marching to fall upon his rear. Without a moment's hesitation, and waiting for no orders, Evans, leaving four companies with two guns to hold the bridge, posted the remainder of his men in as favourable a position to resist attack as he could come upon in the limited time at his disposal. When Hunter emerged from the wood, at ten o'clock in the morning, he found that his advance had been made known, and that there was now no chance of taking the Confederates by surprise.

First began an artillery duel. The sound of guns on his side of Bull Run told Johnston that the Federals had crossed the stream and had attacked his left. He hurried General Bee with four regiments and two companies to the support of Evans, already sorely pressed. Next Heintzelman, having now safely crossed the stream, came at the double-quick with a regiment to the assistance of Hunter, and joining forces, bore down upon the Southern lines. The front of battle at once changed from Bull Run stream to what had been the Confederates' left.

And now began the battle proper. The men who, a few hours before had refused discipline and disregarded orders from whatever quarter given, at last, within shot of the enemy, faced the situation seriously and fought well. With now the advantage of position and numbers, the men from the North drove the Southerners steadily down the hill, the Confederates fighting every inch of the way with that fiery courage that distinguished them all through the war. Every fence, house, and wood, every hillock, every stone on the way, every hollow and every ditch, was made a standing-place by the South, and tenaciously held to as long as mortal could endure the hail of bullets and crash of cannon-ball. But the Federals fought splendidly, and carried position after position with the courage and dash of veterans. McDowell, coming upon the scene of action at this point, hurried word to Tyler to press his attack upon the stone bridge. This Tyler did not do, but instead, fording Bull Run a short distance above the bridge, came upon the rear of the defenders and swept them away from their stronghold. Then, marching towards the sound of the fighting, he safely joined his commander-in-chief. At noon McDowell had the satisfaction of knowing that not a hitch had taken place in his plans. The bridge had been cleared, the Confederates' left turned, and his men had driven the enemy down the hill-side, over a creek, across the valley, and up into a wood. The morning's work was all the North could desire. Everything pointed to a Northern victory, full and complete.

Johnston and Beauregard now found a difficult task before them. Their men, numbers of them thinking all lost, were hurrying to the rear in dire confusion, throwing away their arms and accoutrements as they ran. Many companies were entirely disorganised, and others cut to pieces in the fight. But the two Southern generals, riding to the front, personally supervised the re-formation of the lines. On top of the hills up which the Confederates had been forced was a large plateau, thickly wooded, and on this plateau the generals checked the retreat, and swung their disorganised regiments into line. Early's Brigade formed the left flank, and faced Wilcox and Porter, Elzey's fronted Sherman, and Hampton lay nearest to Bull Run. The Confederate position for the renewal of the fight was clearly a strong one. Down in the valley lay the Federals. To reach the Southerners, they must charge up a hill and into a dense wood. This proved altogether too difficult a task. Sherman said afterwards that had McDowell ignored the partially defeated and strongly entrenched army of the South, and, instead of attempting to carry the plateau, marched around the hill and captured the enemy's headquarters, Manassas Junction, the Southerners would have been defeated by the very act. But

probably neither McDowell nor Sherman thought of this at the time. The order was to further rout the apparently routed, and the Federals dashed themselves to pieces in the attempt. When Johnston and Beauregard got their men ready, the latter took personal command, and Johnston—superior in rank—hastened to headquarters to superintend the whole.

The battle of the afternoon was a battle of hopeless confusion. No two on the Federal side could afterwards agree as to what had taken place. The want of cohesion, of discipline; the rawness of the troops, the ignorance and lack of executive ability on the part of the officers, added to the disadvantageous position, soon brought the army of the North into a state of helpless chaos. The Confederates, strongly situated, lay quietly in the wood firing grimly down the hill. When the Northerners were first ordered to charge, they did so with determination; but scarcely had they advanced a few hundred feet than they came under an appalling fire, volley after volley sweeping down the steep incline. Time after time the attempt to scale the height was made; and the right did at one time gain a footing, but to no purpose. It was a hopeless task from the first.

GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

In the woods on top of the plateau lay Thomas Jonathan Jackson and his men. Jackson was of English descent, and having been left an orphan at seven, he grew to manhood on a rough farm in Western Virginia, joined the army, fought in Mexico, and after teaching school was with Johnston at Harper's Ferry. Jackson's brigade was the first to get into position and check the advance of the Federals, the panic-stricken Southerners rallying upon his line. During the crisis, General Bee, rallying his men, shouted: "See; there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally on the Virginians." Immediately afterwards General Bee was shot dead; but the nickname "Stonewall" stuck to Jackson, and became probably the most familiar nickname of the war.

To the Confederate left stood Henry House. Built on a knoll, it commanded the whole field of action, and here McDowell deemed it important to plant a battery. To this ground two batteries were sent, and Ellsworth's Zouaves ordered to support them. In making their way to the position the officers of the Zouaves mistook an Alabama regiment for a Northern one, and did not find out their mistake until they had exposed their men to a fire that wiped the regiment out of existence. Another and another regiment was sent to the support of the battery, and the battle raged its wildest around the knoll at Henry House. Keyes, on the right, after a successful charge was driven back, Sherman in the centre charged again and again up the hill, each charge only resulting in a heavier loss, and the batteries at Henry House were taken and retaken time and time again. As the afternoon grew older, confusion gradually settled on the Northern lines. Companies beaten back from the brow of the hill got mixed with companies charging up the hill; men lost their officers and officers their companies, until after a few hours' fighting all was confusion, and the Northern army, victorious as it seemed a little earlier in the day, degenerated into a mob of struggling men, into which the South continued to pour a merciless fire.

Just when the army had been reduced to this pitiable state of confusion, a body of close upon two thousand fresh men came hurrying across the fields to take part in the conflict. They were the last arrivals from Winchester, Johnston's men, who hearing the roar of battle stopped their train at the nearest point to the scene of action, and running as fast as legs could carry poured a volley into the Federals' right. This

proved to be the last straw. Raising the cry: "Here's Johnston from the valley!" the army of the North broke and fled panic-stricken across Bull Run, along the turnpike to Centreville and on to Washington, to let the President and the people of the North know that an appalling disaster had befallen the Federal cause. General McDowell tried his utmost to stay the flight, but to no purpose. It was every man for himself, and never was rout more complete.

When the sum of battle came to be reckoned, it was found that the North had 481 men killed, 1,011 men wounded, and 1,461 taken prisoners; while the Southern loss was 387 killed and 1,582 wounded.

Public opinion held General McDowell responsible for the crushing defeat, and as a consequence he was superseded in his command by General McClellan; and although a capable and honourable officer, he played no great part in the subsequent events of the war. The first battle of Bull Run brought the seriousness of the situation vividly to the minds of the people of the North, and showed how fatally the position had been underestimated by everyone from President to peasant

"THE ARMY OF THE NORTH BROKE AND FLED PANIC-STRICKEN."

THE JULY BATTLES BEFORE PLEVNA

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

IN the early days of July, 1877, the soldiers of the Tzar were jubilant. So early as April Russian army-corps after army-corps had come tramping across the Pruth into Roumania, and in May the Danubian Principalities swarmed with sturdy Russian soldiers along the left bank of the great river, from Galatz on the east to Kalafat on the west. They gazed eagerly across the brown water of the Danube to the precipitous Bulgarian bank on the further side, but had to wait impatiently until the falling of the river gave them the opportunity for which they craved so ardently. At length, however, they had effected the crossing of the Danube from Simnitza to Sistova and from Braila to Matchin, and the whole Russian army was now on Turkish soil. By the middle of the month Gourko was beyond the Balkans on that adventurous raid of his which spread panic from Hankioj to Constantinople. "Hey for Adrianople!" was the hilarious and confident shout, as army-corps after army-corps started on the enterprise which seemed so ridiculously easy. Princes and staff-officers betted with each other in hundreds of dingy paper-roubles as to the day on which they would dine in Stamboul.

The route which the main advance over the Balkans was to take was by Tirnova and the Shipka Pass, and thence on Adrianople through the rose-gardens of Kazanlik and down the beautiful valley of the Tundja. Two corps had been sent to the left to protect the advance from the Turks holding the Bulgarian quadrilateral. Old Krüdener, the chief of the 9th Corps, had been sent off to the right, with the airy order to storm the fortress of Nicopolis and then to march to the Balkans without delay, leaving as he passed detachments in Plevna and Loftcha for the protection of the right wing, and to cross the great range into Roumelia by the Trajan Pass. "Grandfather" Krüdener, grimmest and toughest of warriors, began handsomely. He so smothered with shell-fire the obsolete and crumbling fortress of Nicopolis, that after two days' endurance of the Russian cannonade the garrison capitulated. It was quick work, and there were not wanting hints that he had backed his shell-fire by a bribe to the pasha in command. Anyhow, Krüdener scored, when on the 17th there surrendered to him 7,000 men, including the pasha—the cost of the triumph 1,300 Russians killed and wounded, and the trophies of it, among other things, six flags and 110 guns.

FIRST BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 20TH.

Next day the Grand Duke Nicolas telegraphed to Krüdener to "occupy Plevna as promptly as possible." That smart old warrior had anticipated this order by pushing out towards Plevna, which is about twenty miles south-east of Nicopolis, an infantry regiment and the brigade of Caucasian Cossacks, and on the same day moved out General Schilder-Schuldner with an infantry brigade. In all this there was no apprehension in regard to Plevna; the order and movements just mentioned were simply in the line of fulfilment of the original instructions that Krüdener should hasten to cross the Balkans by the Trajan Pass.

But no Russian troops were to enter Plevna for six long months to come. Osman Pasha, whose fame was soon to ring through Europe, was on the march down the Bulgarian bank of the Danube from Widdin, with an army of 40,000 of the best troops in Turkey. Learning that the Russians had already crossed the Danube, he had turned inland, reached Plevna on the 17th, and, recognising the strategical and defensive characteristics of the place and its immediate surroundings, settled himself there, and promptly set about throwing up a line of

entrenchments along the northern ridge from the village of Bukova eastward to the site of the subsequently famous Grivitza redoubt.

In utter ignorance that Plevna was already in Osman's occupation, Schilder-Schuldner advanced in its direction without the commonest precautions. He made no reconnaissances, for he had no cavalry with his main body; and the result of this stupid neglect was that, as he was unconcernedly crossing the Verbitza heights, he was suddenly halted by Turkish artillery fire from the Grivitza ridge. He had already sent the Kostroma regiment eastward to Zgalevitza, and the Caucasian brigade to Tutchenitza, actually south-east of Plevna. The disposal of his little force by Schilder-Schuldner for the night of the 19th July was a lively instance of an almost comic inability how to make war. His troops — 6,500 men all told, with forty-six guns — were distributed over a distance of seventeen miles. Osman Pasha must have smiled as he posted his 40,000 men and ninety guns in the shelter-trenches and battery-emplacements with which his northern and eastern front was already garnished. Schilder-Schuldner scouted the suggestion that he should wait for reinforcements. No! He had his orders to attack on the morning of the 20th; he had always obeyed orders, and he meant to do so now!

PLEVNA: THE POSITION OF THE RUSSIANS.

Accordingly, at daybreak of that morning, he moved forward from Riben, three batteries in the centre, a regiment on either flank. After an hour's cannonade, the troops moved forward and assailed the Grivitza heights. The western extremity of the trenches was carried after a desperate struggle, in which both sides freely used the bayonet. The Vologda regiment, with part of the Archangel regiment on its left, notwithstanding a withering fire from the Turkish shelter-trenches, was able to continue the advance; and, after repelling a succession of attacks made by Turkish battalions, the Vologdas and Archangels fought their way to the northern outskirts of Plevna, where, at seven o'clock, they were brought to a halt by a very hot fire from behind the hedges and ditches on the edge of the town. They nevertheless hung on here for some hours, fighting hard and losing heavily, until about eleven o'clock they received the order to withdraw.

The Kostroma regiment, coming from Zgalevitza, advanced from the south-east on the Grivitza position, where the subsequently famous redoubt had as yet scarcely been traced, and after a short cannonade delivered its assault in columns of companies. Over and over again the successive tiers of trenches were taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet and with cruel slaughter. A moment's hesitation in front of the last and strongest line of defence ended in the breaking up of the regiment into small columns of attack. The lines of those columns were strewn with dead and wounded, and all the superior officers went down. There was, therefore, no one who could order a retreat, and the troops charged forward under the command of a simple lieutenant, and finally carried the last Turkish entrenchment. They then chased the Turks right up to the edge of the town, where the latter found prepared positions in the gardens and houses of the eastern suburb, whence a cross-fire of artillery caused terrible losses in the Kostroma ranks. These losses, the exhaustion of ammunition, and the lack of reserves compelled its reluctant retreat, which was followed by heavy swarms of Turkish skirmishers and by volley after volley of artillery.

The Russian troops had been engaged to the last man for hours, and were worn out with their exertions. A general retreat was, therefore, wisely ordered at about noon; but in effecting it heavy losses were sustained by the sallies made by the

Turks, who, however, did not pursue beyond their trenches. The Russians left on the field all their dead and most of their wounded, as well as two guns, twenty ammunition waggons, and all the baggage of the Kostroma regiment. Their losses were close on 3,000 men; nearly two-thirds of the officers and over one-third of the men were *hors de combat*. There are no data from which to estimate the Turkish loss. The Russians reckoned it about 4,000; the Swiss writer Le Compte calls it "about 200"—a wide discrepancy indeed. The Russian army was furious against Schilder-Schuldner, and there was a great clamour for a court-martial; but he was not even called upon to resign, and he blundered cheerfully along to the very end of the campaign. There is no need to point out his faults and errors. Without having learned anything about the strength or position of the enemy, and with no reserves, he sent his troops blindly to the assault in two lines which had no communication with each other, and against an enemy more than four times their own strength. He had the doubtful and dangerous virtue of acting on his orders to their very letter. True, that is one way of avoiding responsibility.

GRAND DUKE NICOLAS.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 30TH.

The Grand Duke Nicolas, commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in Bulgaria, was an obstinate and narrow-minded man. He would not believe that the Turks were in force in Plevna, notwithstanding the crushing defeat which Schilder-Schuldner had received on July 20th. He would not take the trouble to come down from Tirnova to the Plevna front, contenting himself with ordering Krüdener to make a renewed attack on Plevna with his own corps (the 9th), strengthened by the addition of an infantry and a cavalry brigade from the 11th corps, under the command of Lieutenant-General Prince Schahofskoy, and of the 30th division (4th corps), which had just crossed the Danube. Krüdener had reconnoitred the Plevna position with great care; and on account of its natural strength and the force of the enemy, which he estimated at not less than 50,000 men, he did not at all fancy the task laid upon him. He had even ventured to remonstrate against the risk of failure which he apprehended; but he received a peremptory and even angry order from the Grand Duke to obey orders without delay, and not bother the headquarters with any more querulous croaking. Krüdener now became furious; he had the full belief that with 30,000 men in the open field against 50,000 in a strong fortified position, he was bound to be beaten disastrously, a belief which the event justified — but he was resolved to put in his last man, and as regarded himself he would rather prefer that he did not come out of the business alive. Throughout the Russian camp there was little of that excitement of anticipation which had been manifest on the evening before the crossing of the Danube. The Russian officer, subject of a despot though he is, has a habit of speaking his mind; and on the eve of this battle the ears of the Grand Duke Nicolas would have tingled had he heard the comments made upon him. Meanwhile the Turks were working with the utmost diligence upon their fortifications, confident that they would be again attacked in the course of a few days. By the 30th, the day of the battle, the Grivitza redoubt and four redoubts of the "middle group" east of Plevna were in condition for defence.

Krüdener was in chief command of the assailing forces. His orders for the 30th were that the troops of his own corps, forming the right wing, should advance to the attack of the Grivitza redoubt and the adjacent positions on the northern heights, the 31st division to lead the 5th to follow in support; and that the left wing under Schahofskoy, consisting of two infantry brigades, should occupy the Radischevo ridge to the south-east of Plevna, and assail the redoubts of the "middle group"

on the lower swell, due east of the town. Krüdener's whole army was a little over 30,000 men, consisting of 30 battalions, 30 squadrons, and 176 guns; of which 24 battalions, 110 guns, and 10 squadrons belonged to his own (the right) wing, 11 battalions, 54 guns, and 8 squadrons constituted Schahofskoy's (the left) wing, and 1 battalion, 12 guns, and 12 squadrons was Skobeleff's detached command on the extreme left. The main fault of the dispositions was that Krüdener and Schahofskoy were practically independent of each other, so that the two attacks were far apart and with no connecting link; but the gravest evil was the weakness of the assailing force. The key of the Turkish position was the Grivitza redoubt.

"THE GENERAL HAD RISEN, AND WAS STANDING AGAINST A TREE." (*p.* 106).

Schahofskoy's advance from Poradim began at 6 a.m. As the infantry went swinging past their general, they cheered vigorously, and seemed ready for anything. After a two-hours' march the head of the column reached the upland in front of Pelischat, whence the whole Plevna region lay before it. The headquarter stood temporarily halted near the apex of a great horse-shoe, closed in at the heel by a wooded valley running north and south, in the centre of which lay the town of Plevna, its white minarets, on which the sun was shining, visible above the encircling trees. On the long ridge forming the northern section of the horse-shoe were discernible the tents of the Turkish camps, and on its nearer shoulder lay the Grivitza redoubt, of which later the world was to hear so much. Now it did not seem very formidable—merely a rough parallelogram—all of defence visible being a bank of earth with a ditch at its outer foot, a few guns here and there, and a good many Turks inside the work. To his left front, as Schahofskoy looked toward Plevna, he saw the long ridge of Radischevo, forming the southern edge of the horse-shoe, and the valley behind it into which his advance troops were already moving.

Some of the gay young officers of Schahofskoy's staff would have it that slow old Krüdener had not yet got out of bed. But the old warrior was wide awake and well to the front. About 9 a.m. the Turkish guns opened fire on him from the Grivitza redoubt. Answering smoke rose to the eastward, and the cannon thunder came booming down on the wind.

"THEN THERE FOLLOWED A HEADLONG RUSH" (p. 107).

Krüdener's guns were in action, playing fiercely on the Grivitza redoubt. The artillery duel between the Turks and Krüdener lasted until after two p.m. Then the Russian infantry were sent forward to the attack. The brave Penza regiment led the way. Its first battalion carried the first line of trenches, a thousand yards north-east of the redoubt; the second line was carried by the second battalion, and the two battalions drove the Turks at the bayonet point across the intervening ravine, when three companies made a rush for the redoubt and actually reached the parapet, where, however, all perished. In a few minutes, so fierce was the Turkish fire, the three Penza battalions lost thirty officers and 1,006 men—half their officers and more than one-third of the men. Officers of the two regiments in reserve, looking through their telescopes, swore that they saw the blood of the Penzas flowing in streams down the outer face of the parapet of the Turkish redoubt. The Kosloff regiment followed the Penzas up to the second line, and a few men of it did reach the redoubt, but only to meet their death. Then the supports, consisting of the 17th and 18th regiments, made their effort, only to fail; the bitter and steadfast rifle from the redoubt struck them down by ranks. The left column, the Tamboff and Galitz regiments, tried to storm the southern face of the redoubt, but only filled with their dead bodies the outlying trenches. At sundown the stubborn Krüdener gave orders for a final general assault. It was made with such desperation that a general officer was killed within a few paces of the redoubt; but the attack utterly failed with terrible slaughter. Then Krüdener gave the order to retire; but so maddened were the troops that the fighting lasted all night, and the withdrawal was not completed till after daybreak of the 31st. In fine, the attack of the right wing had been an utter and bloody failure.

On the left wing, about ten a.m., Schahofskoy sent twenty-eight guns up on to the crest of the Radischevo ridge, which promptly opened fire on the Turkish positions of the "middle group," whence a fire was as promptly returned. The infantry moved forward into the valley in rear and into the glades about the village of Radischevo, about which were falling many Turkish shells which had flown over the ridge crowned by the Russian artillery. It was strange to witness the peasant villagers standing in scared groups in front of their cottages, shuddering as the shells crashed into the place, while the children were playing about the dust heaps without any sense of their danger. A couple of correspondents, leaving their horses in the village, went up to the storm-swept crest where the Russian batteries were in action, and lay down between two guns to watch the scene. From their point of vantage they looked right down into the Turkish positions. Several guns in an earthwork (Redoubt No. 1) about a hamlet or farmhouse, which seemed the most advanced of the Turkish works on the central elevation, were vigorously replying to the Russian fire. On its right were three more redoubts reaching backward to the edge of the valley in which the roofs and spires of Plevna sparkled in the sunshine from out the cincture of verdure. The place seemed so near that a short ride might bring one there to a sorely needed breakfast; but thousands of men were to die and many months were to elapse before Plevna should be accessible to others than Turks. As the watchers lay by the guns men were falling fast around them; for the elevated position was greatly exposed and the Turkish practice was most uncomfortably true.

Two o'clock came. Schahofskoy rode up the slope from the village to see for himself from the crest how things were going. As he reached the sky line the Turks marked the mounted group, and a volley of shell-fire was directed upon it. Schahofskoy promptly rolled out of the saddle and crept forward to where the two correspondents were squatting. His eyes were blazing and his face was flushed, as he swore most vigorously in the colloquial Russian of the common soldier. He looked at his watch; it was a few minutes past two. Krüdener seemed, after all these long hours, to be making no headway. Schahofskoy in his impatience threw his orders to the wind and determined to act independently. He turned to his Chief of Staff and shouted, "Bring up the 125th and 126th regiments at once! Quick!" These were his own two regiments which had accompanied him from the foot of the Balkans. General Tchekoff, the brigade commander, came up the slope at a canter and told the Prince the two regiments were following close. They came up with swift swinging stride and deployed just before reaching the crest, breaking to pass through the intervals between the guns. The General had risen, and was standing against a tree saluting his soldiers as they streamed past him. His guns recommenced firing as soon as the infantrymen were descending the further slope, and continued their fire while the regiments were crossing the intervening

hollow to the assault of the Turkish positions. The Turkish shells crashed through the ranks as the regiments pressed forward; men were already down in numbers, but the long, undulating line pushed through the undergrowth of the descent and then tramped steadily over the stubble-fields below. No skirmishing line was thrown out in advance. The fighting line retained its formation for a time till, what with eagerness and what with men falling, it broke into a ragged spray of humanity and surged on swiftly, but with no close cohesion. It was a rush of vehement fighting-men on which the spectators looked down with eyes intent—a helter-skelter of men impelled by a burning ardour to get forward and come to close quarters with the enemy calmly firing upon them from behind the shelter of his earthworks. The Turkish position was neared; and now men held their breath. The crackle of the musketry fire rose in a sharp continuous peal. The clamour of the cheering of the fighting-men came back on the wind, making the blood tingle with excitement. The wounded were beginning to withdraw, limping and groaning; the dead and the more severely wounded lay where they fell among the stubbles and amidst the maize. The living wave of fighting-men was pouring over them ever on and on. Suddenly the disconnected men were drawing together, the officers signalling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. Then there followed a headlong rush, led by a brave colonel. The Turks in the shelter trench held their ground, firing steadily and with terrible effect into the advancing assailants. The colonel staggered a few paces and then fell—he was a dead man.

His men, bayonets at the charge, rushed to avenge their gallant dead leader. They were over the shelter trench and over the parapet, and then down in among the Turks like an avalanche. The first redoubt was thus taken; but the Turks had got away ten guns; leaving only two in Russian hands. The captured redoubt was No. 1, which had fallen to the 126th regiment, the right regiment of Schahofskoy's first line. His left regiment, the 125th, was advancing simultaneously on Redoubt No. 8, about midway between No. 1 and Plevna, but No. 8 was much the stronger, an isolated mamelon with batteries on the rearward slope. Schahofskoy sent forward to No. 1 two batteries and two battalions, and a third battalion to strengthen his left flank, and then he ordered both his front line regiments to converge on redoubt No. 8 and to carry it, no matter at what cost. One could see through the glass Turkish officers on horseback standing behind its parapet and watching the oncoming Russian forces. Presently two rode away at a gallop and immediately returned with a swarm of men on foot, who clapped tackle on the guns in the redoubt and withdrew them all before the Russians took it. The capture at the last was curiously sudden. All of a moment along the lip of the Turkish parapet there was a final spurt of white smoke, through which were visible dimly swarms of dark-coated men scrambling over the ditch and up the outer slope of the work. On the crest of the parapet itself there was a short but sharp struggle. Then through the telescope was seen a crowd of men in lighter blue in apparent full flight across the great stretch of vineyard behind the redoubt.

The Russians, then, at about half-past five of this bloody afternoon, had possessed themselves of two of the Turkish redoubts, but their tenure was very precarious. The Turks had not fled far from the second redoubt, about the northern and western faces of which they hung obstinately, while their cannon from further rearward dropped shell after shell into it with extraordinary precision. Schahofskoy sent forward eight guns to an intermediate knoll, to cover the troops in the redoubt and cope with the Turkish artillery fire which was punishing them so severely; but about six o'clock the Turks pressed forward a strong body of infantry to its recapture. The defence was stubborn, but the Moslems were not to be denied; and in spite of the stubborn Russian resistance, they reoccupied the redoubt half an hour later. In the course of the original advance on it, part of the troops of Schahofskoy's left had penetrated by a ravine up to near the south-eastern verge of Plevna. From the first, this body was very hard pressed by fresh Turkish reserves issuing from the town. The Russians, bent on entering the place, charged again and again till they could charge no more for sheer fatigue; and then the stubborn, gallant fellows stood leaderless—for nearly all the officers were down—sternly waiting death there for want of leaders to march them back. To their help Schahofskoy sent in succession the two battalions which were his last reserve; but all that these could do was to maintain a front with cruel losses, until the darkness would permit of a retirement to the Radischevo ridge. The ammunition had failed, for the carts had been left far in the rear; and all hope died out of the most sanguine as the sun sank in lurid

glory behind the blood-stained and smoke-mantled field.

Then the Turks struck without stint. They had the upper hand now, and were clearly determined to show that they knew how to make the most of it. Through the dusk they advanced in swarms into their original first positions, and recaptured their two guns which the Russians had taken in their first assault, but which they had found no opportunity to withdraw. Turkish shells now again began to whistle and yell over the Radischevo ridge, and to crash into the village behind, by this time crammed with wounded men. The streams of wounded were incessant. The badly-wounded lay where they fell, and were butchered ruthlessly by the Turkish irregulars, who swarmed over the battle-field and slaughtered indiscriminately. The moon rose on their bloodthirsty deviltry; and in the hot, still night-air one could hear—and shuddered in the hearing—the shrieks of pain, the futile entreaties for mercy, and the yells of cruel, fanatical triumph.

The Russian defeat was complete. The remains of the army came sullenly back, companies that had gone down hundreds strong returning by tens and twenties. For three hours there had been a steady current of wounded men up from out of the battle to the reverse slope of the Radischevo ridge, to which Schahofskoy still held on grimly. All round, the air was heavy with the moaning of the wounded who had cast themselves down by the fountain at the foot of the slope, craving with a pitiful longing for a few drops of the scanty water. In this awful hour Schahofskoy's attitude was admirable: now that the day was lost beyond remedy, he was cool and collected. To protect his wounded, and rally what remained of his force, he was determined to hold the ridge to the last extremity. He ordered his bugle to sound the "Assembly." They gathered to the sound, singly and by twos and threes, many bleeding from flesh-wounds, yet willing still to fight on. But it appeared scarcely a company that came together; it seemed as if the rest of the army was quite

"THEY GATHERED TO THE SOUND."

dispersed. Schahofskoy was loth to fall back, for he still hoped that belated troops would come back out of the valley of the shadow of death down below him; but he was disappointed. Meanwhile, as the ambulance work was going on apace, and the wounded withdrawn into the comparative safety of the village in the valley behind, the Turks continued to pour on the ridge a heavy fire of shells and bullets. At length, near midnight, Schahofskoy and his staff quitted the front, now protected, after a fashion, by a cordon of cavalry. As the forlorn *cortège* rode slowly away in the moonlight, an aide-de-camp remarked in an undertone to his neighbour: "We are following a general who has lost his army going in search of an army which has lost its general, who now, to make the day's loss complete, has lost his way." It was a miserable business.

But it was in a measure retrieved by the conduct of Skobeleff. His orders were to prevent any reinforcement from Loftcha from entering Plevna, and in general to cover the extreme left flank of Schahofskoy. For this wide range of duty he had at his disposal one infantry battalion, twelve squadrons of Caucasian Cossacks, and twelve 4-pounder horse-guns. His first undertaking was to make a reconnaissance on Plevna from the south-west, till he looked down on the place from a height within three hundred yards of it. When Schahofskoy began his cannonade on the redoubts, Skobeleff opened fire on the town, and drew upon himself a large body of Osman's forces. When attacked in strength he, of course, had to withdraw to his main force at Krishin; but he discovered that, from a hill two miles south of Plevna the Turks could enfilade Schahofskoy's line, and take his advance in reverse. To hinder the enemy from occupying this point he resolved to attack energetically; and he was able, by dint of skill and dexterity, to keep up an active fight throughout the day and on until after nightfall, and also to remove all his wounded. After dark, he made good his retreat to Krishin, and reassembled there what remained of his little command. He had not spared it, for fifty per cent. was *hors de combat*. But he had gained his object in keeping the Turks away from the Green Hill, from which, had they occupied it, they would have cut Schahofskoy's force to pieces.

The Russian losses were 169 officers and 7,136 men, out of a total of 30,000 engaged. Of this number, 2,400 were killed and left on the field. One of Schahofskoy's regiments (the 126th) had 725 killed and over 1,200 wounded—a total loss of about 75 per cent. of its strength. Over their respective responsibility, Krüdener and Schahofskoy quarrelled bitterly. Schahofskoy complained that Krüdener had not supported him. Krüdener retorted that Schahofskoy had disobeyed his orders in assaulting without permission. But the real responsibility for the defeat rested on the shoulders of the Grand Duke Nicolas, who had given peremptory orders from a distance to attack a position of which he knew nothing, and in the teeth of a remonstrance on the part of a commanding-officer who had carefully studied the subject.

ENVIRONS OF PLEVNA.

a, Plevna; *b*, Plevna Redoubt; *c*, Grivitza Village; *d*, Grivitza Redoubt; *e*, Radisheva Ridge; *f*, Balkan Mountains in distance.

THE SHANGANI PATROL

BY E. F. KNIGHT

"THEY were men of men, and their fathers were men before them," were the words of old Umjan, the chief induna of the Imbezu Impi—Lobengula's Royal Regiment—as he described the gallant stand of that handful of men under Major Allan Wilson which was cut to pieces by the Matabele, hard by the Shangani river, on December 4th, 1893. Umjan, a full-blooded Zulu warrior, who, as a stripling, had taken part in the conquest of Matabeleland with Moselekatse's raiding horde, led the force that slaughtered Major Wilson's party, and the terms of keen admiration which he employed when speaking of those brave men but represented the feeling of his whole people. That day's fight produced a deep impression throughout the country. Till then the Matabele were inclined to despise the white men, and considered them weak and timorous. True, the Matabele had been vanquished; but they argued that they had not been routed in fair fight, but by the aid of witchcraft—by the deadly fire of those invincible Maxims, which spirits had manufactured for the white men; they boasted that without Maxims the white men would never have had the heart to face the valorous *amajakas* of Lobengula. But they were undeceived by the brave doings of December 4th, which cannot rightly be called a day of disaster—valuable though were the lives we lost—when it is remembered how glorious was that gallant stand, how far-reaching were its results. That engagement brought the war to a sudden conclusion, and obviated further bloodshed. It inspired the Matabele with a profound respect and regard for their conquerors, which our previous victories alone would not have given them. Without that sacrifice it would have been long before we had brought about a true peace. Our vanquished foes would have regarded any clemency on our part as a sign of cowardice; the young *amajakas* would have bragged at their periodic beer-drinkings, and organised risings against the white men. But having suffered so severely from that stubborn resistance to the death of a handful of white men unprovided with Maxims, they realised the hopelessness of again trying conclusions with the Chartered Company's forces; they were terrified at their own victory, and, as I myself experienced, it was possible, immediately after the Shangani fight, for a white man to travel alone and unarmed with safety throughout the greater portion of Matabeleland. The death of Wilson and his men brought a complete peace to the land, so they did not fall in vain. The story of the Shangani will be told in many a kraal; and the prestige these Britons won for their countrymen will go far to check the ardour of turbulent tribes and to preserve the peace of Africa.

Not one man of Wilson's party survived to tell the tale of that hopeless but fierce stand of the thirty-four against thousands; but various native rumours reached us. I was at Inyati when Dawson, some three months after the fight, returned from his mission to the Shangani: he gave me the full details he had gathered from Matabele who had taken part in the fight; and later on old Umjan himself came in, and told us all that had taken place, extolling the bravery of the white men with a simple but most impressive eloquence. It is his narrative I purpose to repeat here.

It will be well first to recall the events that led up to the despatch of Wilson's patrol. Lobengula's impis had been broken in two decisive battles; Buluwayo had been occupied by the Company's troops; a considerable proportion of the disheartened Matabele, having been offered by Dr. Jameson easy terms of peace, and, realising that they would be treated with generosity, were quite ready to "come in," but dared not so long as the King was still holding out with a large force of his followers. It was therefore

essential that the King should be captured or be induced to submit, in order to effect the pacification of the country and avoid further bloodshed. Lobengula, in reply to Dr. Jameson's messages inviting him to surrender and guaranteeing his safety, had at first promised to "come in," but had subsequently either altered his intention, or had been constrained by his warlike following. Spies brought in information that he was retreating to the north with a considerable force consisting of the remnants of his broken impis, with the object either of organising a stand further on, or of crossing the Zambesi to establish another military despotism beyond the great river.

Dr. Jameson accordingly sent a force, under Major P. W. Forbes, in pursuit of the King; but this column failed to come up with the fugitive, for, having exhausted its supplies, it was compelled to retire on Inyati, a mission station forty miles to the north-east of Buluwayo. It was afterwards ascertained that Lobengula was only three miles away when his pursuers turned back.

Reinforcements with food and ammunition were then sent to Shiloh, another mission station between Buluwayo and Inyati, and from this place Major Forbes set out afresh with 300 men, on November 25th, to overtake the King. There had been very heavy rains, and the roadless wilderness through which they had to go was little better than a morass, almost impassable for waggons. They had made but little progress by November 29th, and Major Forbes, finding that his horses and oxen were becoming exhausted and realising that the King would never be caught unless the column travelled faster, sent all his waggons and a considerable portion of his force back to Inyati, only retaining 160 men, mounted on the best of the horses, of whom sixty were troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police, the remainder volunteers of the Salisbury, Victoria, and Tuli columns. He took with him two Maxims, and horses carrying ten days' rations for each man. This little force then pushed on rapidly, despite the heavy rains and the fever that prevails at that season in the lowlands. They were on a hot scent, and knew that the King could not be far ahead of them. Each day they came to his recently abandoned camps, and found frequent signs of his retreat. They thrust their way through the thick bush and across the swamps, following the spoor of the King's three waggons, occasionally capturing stragglers from his force or some of his cattle. The Matabele hovered round, watching them all the while; but no attack was made upon them, though the scouts had narrow escapes.

At last, on the 3rd of December, they came to a valley near the banks of the Shangani and found a *scherm* (enclosure of bushes) which had evidently been vacated but a very short time before, for the fires were still burning within it. A chief's son, who was captured at this place, confessed that the King had slept there on the previous night, and was not far off. This was good news, and all hoped that they would be rewarded for the privations they had undergone by the speedy capture of Lobengula. But it was now five o'clock in the evening, and darkness would soon make it impossible for the column to proceed; so Major Forbes, having selected a strong position in which to laagar for the night, decided to send Major Allan Wilson with a party of about twenty men, to recomoitre. Among those who volunteered to go on this patrol were several officers and some of the leading settlers in Mashonaland: it consisted, indeed, of the very pick of frontier manhood. Major Wilson's instructions were to follow the King's spoor and ascertain his whereabouts, and to return to the laagar before dark. It was Major Forbes's intention to remain where he was until dawn, and then to make a final dash for the King. Supplies were now running short, and unless Lobengula was captured on the morrow the chase would have to be abandoned, and the column would have to return to Inyati. Shortly after the patrol had set out, a native prisoner gave Major Forbes reliable information to the effect that an impi of about 3,000 Matabele was then hemming in his force, so extra precautions were taken to guard the laagar against surprise during the night, which was an exceedingly dark one.

Early in the night, two of Major Wilson's party rode in with a message for the commanding officer. They reported that the patrol had crossed the Shangani, and that Major Wilson, having ascertained that the King, accompanied by but few of his followers, was only a short distance ahead of him, had thought it best not to return that night, but would bivouac where he was, close on the King's heels.

Before midnight three more men came in from Major Wilson. They corroborated the report that the King had sent his impi to surround the column and prevent its crossing the river. They said that the patrol had found a native to guide them, had followed the King's spoor for some distance, and passed several

scherms full of women, children, and cattle. Then they fell in with some of the King's men, who offered no resistance, possibly imagining that this was the advance guard of the whole column, and that the dreaded Maxims were close behind. An officer, who was acting as interpreter, shouted to the natives that the white men would not injure them, but wanted to talk to the King. Just as it was getting dark, they approached some *scherms*, in one of which, the guide told them, was the King himself. A number of armed Matabele came out with threatening action ready to protect the waggons, and were surrounding the patrol. A heavy rain-storm now rendered the obscurity intense, so Major Wilson was compelled to retire, and took up his position for the night in the bush half a mile away.

Major Forbes, hemmed in as he was by the enemy's impi, would have been guilty of extreme rashness had he ventured to take his whole force and his Maxims across a difficult river and through dense bush on a dark night, when the Matabele could have easily rushed the column with their assegais and annihilated it; but he at once despatched Captain Borrow to Major Wilson with a reinforcement of twenty men, while he explained in a letter that he would cross the river at daylight with the column to join him.

At dawn, the column under Major Forbes prepared to advance, and, while doing so, heavy firing was heard across the river, showing that Wilson's party was already in action with the enemy. Major Forbes followed the King's spoor towards the Shangani drift, and no sooner had the column reached the high river bank than a heavy fire was opened on it by the enemy concealed in the surrounding bush. The troopers were quickly formed up, the Maxims were got into action, and a smart skirmish ensued, in the course of which the white force lost sixteen horses, and had five men wounded. At last the enemy's fire was silenced, and Major Forbes was able to retire along the river bank and take up a better position where bush afforded cover.

In every way luck seemed to be against the white men on this fatal day; for it was now observed that the Shangani, which had been easily fordable on the previous day, had, as is

MR. RILEY. UMJAN. MR. DAWSON.

(The waggon is the one in which Messrs Dawson and Riley returned from the Shangani with the King's wives as described.)

the way of African rivers, suddenly swollen by the morning to a broad, deep, and rushing flood, across which it would be impossible to take a body of armed men, to say nothing of the Maxims. Heavy storms had been raging on the distant hills, and all the rivers were up, so that the main column and the patrol were cut off from one another.

But while the action I have described was taking place, three men had succeeded with some difficulty in swimming the Shangani. These were three troopers from Wilson's party. They rode up to the column with haggard faces that plainly told of disaster, and one of them —Burnham, the American scout—came up to

At dawn, Major Wilson decided to make a rush on the King's waggons. The whole force galloped up to within a few yards of the *scherm*, and then halted, while the interpreter shouted out to the King to come out and speak with the white men. The reply was a heavy fire from the King's *scherm* and from the bush on either side. The fire was returned by our men; but, finding that the enemy were surrounding him, Major Wilson retreated for about half a mile, and took up a position on one of the gigantic ant-heaps which are frequent in this part of Africa. Here the action was carried on for some time, the Matabele fire being very wild and producing little effect; but as the enemy

"THEY FOUGHT ON GRIMLY." (*p.* 118).

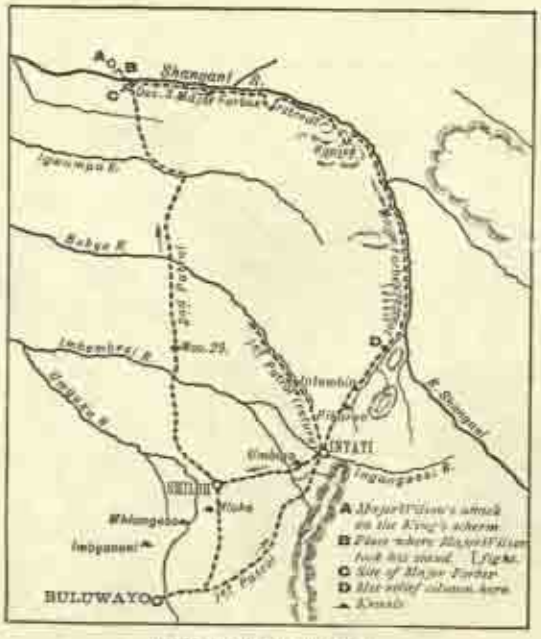
Major Forbes, and said with breathless emotion: "I think I may say that we are the sole survivors of that fight."

Then he told his story. Captain Borrow and the reinforcement had reached Major Wilson's camp on the previous night, without falling in with the enemy.

were again surrounding him, under cover of the dense bush, Major Wilson ordered his men to remount, and the party commenced their retreat towards the river, retracing their way along the spoor of the King's waggons.

Major Wilson then asked Burnham to make an attempt to reach the column and inform

Major Forbes of the position of affairs. Burnham took with him two of the best-mounted troopers, and the three galloped off. They had not ridden far before they came upon a large body of Matabele, which was evidently marching to cut off Major Wilson's retreat. The three troopers rode for their lives through the storm of bullets that was directed upon them, and contrived to escape uninjured to the river-bank. As they rode, they heard a heavy firing behind them, which told them that the body of the enemy they had just passed had attacked Wilson's party. Burnham said that the patrol must have been completely surrounded by several thousands of Matabele warriors, and that it was impossible that a single trooper could escape; for the patrol, as he explained, could only retreat slowly, if at all—it could not cut its way through the Matebele: several of the horses had been killed, so that some horses had to carry two men; most of the horses were worn out, and there would be wounded men also to carry off. True, the best-mounted men might have galloped through and saved their lives; but a *sauve qui peut* is an expedient not resorted to in African warfare by white men, and still less so by men of the stamp of Wilson and his companions: they would certainly have stood by each other to the end.



THE SHANGANI PATROL.

On reaching the river at the point they had crossed it on the previous day, Burnham and his two companions found it in flood, and had to follow the bank for a considerable distance before they came to a place where they could swim across.

There was now nothing left to Major Forbes but to save the remnant of his force, and retreat on Inyati and Buluwayo. The river was still up, and might remain so for days. It was absolutely impossible to transport Maxims across it, and to have sent men over the river without Maxims would have been to condemn them to certain slaughter. Major Forbes remained where he was for one day, in the hope of hearing some news of Wilson's party; but none came. He then commenced his retreat along the left bank of the Shangani river, having first despatched two troopers to find their way to Buluwayo and ask Dr. Jameson to send reinforcements, food, and ammunition to meet him.

The hazardous retreat to Inyati occupied eleven days. The column suffered great privations, and was perpetually harassed by the Matabele, who hovered round it, creeping along through the bush on either side of the line of march, watching for an opportunity to rush the white men, but having a due respect for the Maxims. They occasionally opened a hot fire on the troopers and their horses, they attempted surprises, and were not repulsed without further loss to the already weakened column. In these skirmishes, the enemy succeeded in shooting a number of the horses, while many other horses died, or became so feeble that they had to be abandoned on the way: in all, about 130 horses were lost. The wounded men rode, but the troopers who were not ill and Major Forbes himself were now without mounts, and had to march over such rough ground that their boots soon wore out, and many of the men were walking in their wallets. At last there were no horses left sufficiently strong to carry the Maxims, so the gun-carriages were abandoned, and the Maxims were carried by men on foot. All baggage also was thrown away, the men retaining but a blanket each.

The men were worn out by the hard marching and constant anxiety, but displayed an admirable spirit. All supplies had run out, and they lived on the tough flesh of their exhausted horses. On one occasion they captured some of Lobengula's cattle; but the enemy then fell on the

column, and, during the progress of a smart skirmish, recovered the cattle and drove them all off again.

At last, when they were within a day's march of Inyati, the troopers met the relief column that had been sent from Buluwayo with a good supply of food: they had now done with their privations and alarms, and reached Buluwayo without further difficulties.

At the end of January another patrol of 180 troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police, under Colonel Gould Adams, with two Maxims, set out for the scene of the Shangani disaster, with the object of recovering the remains of Major Wilson's party and the abandoned gun-carriages. It was also the aim of this expedition to follow up the Matabele *amajakas*—who were still holding out in force on the Shangani, and were preventing others from coming in—and to bring the King to terms if possible. This patrol, which I accompanied, did not get farther than Inyati. Very heavy rains made it impossible to push beyond that point for some weeks, and then, as the rainy season had set in in earnest, and the men, bivouacking night after night on the muddy ground, would have suffered much from the lowland fever, the Imperial authorities countermanded the patrol.

Dr. Jameson was still very anxious to enter into communication with Lobengula, whose whereabouts was unknown. There could be no secured peace until he had come to terms. Several natives whom the Administrator had sent with messages to the King failed to reach him; they came back and confessed that when they had fallen in with raiding parties of young warriors from the King's force they had been afraid to go further, lest they should be put to death as spies of the white men.

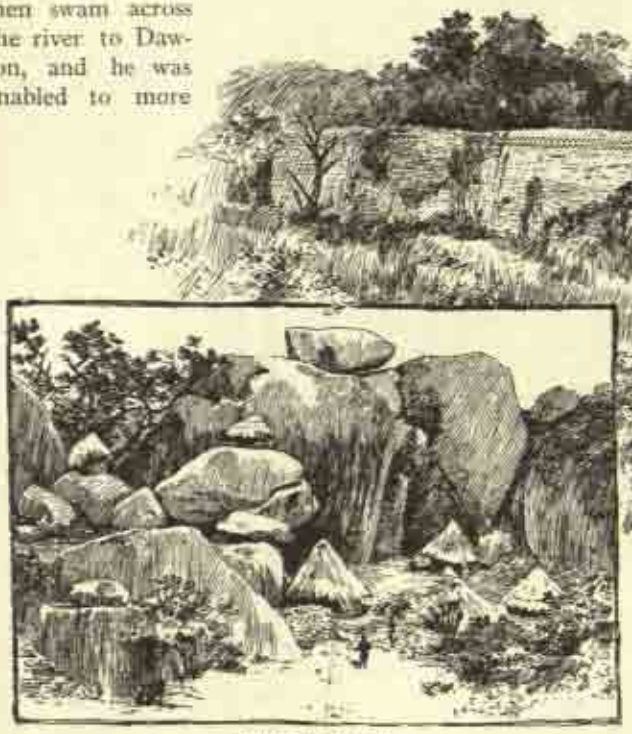
As native messengers, not unnaturally, shirked the duty, it became apparent that Lobengula could only be approached by some white man who happened to be a *persona grata* to the King, and who was willing to undertake the perilous adventure. Mr. James Dawson—a Scotchman, who had for some years been residing in Buluwayo as a trader, respected by both white and black, a man possessed of the tact so necessary to one negotiating with suspicious savages, and whose relations with the King had always been most friendly—now pluckily volunteered to go to the King himself and deliver Dr. Jameson's message. He accordingly set out with a Scotch cart on February the 4th, 1894, accompanied by one other brave white man, Mr. Patrick Riley, also an old resident in Matabeleland and a friend of Lobengula's.

We waited anxiously until March the 7th, on which day Messrs. Dawson and Riley, having successfully accomplished the objects of their hazardous mission, returned to Inyati. As it came in there were signs to show that the party had had a very rough journey. The Scotch cart, dilapidated, its tent-cover torn by the thorny bush, was slowly drawn towards the camp by weary oxen; while the natives, who had set out from here thirty-two days before, active, well-nourished, and cheerful, now painfully crawled along with a miserable air, lean, haggard, their wasted limbs aching with the fever of the pestilential region they had traversed.

Mr. Dawson told me the story of his journey. The heaviest rains of the season fell while he and his companions were away, and their progress was very slow. Four days after their departure they came to an uninhabited country, where they travelled with difficulty among rocky *kopjies* or across deep morasses, often having to cut a way through the dense bush. Here wild beasts abounded, and each night numbers of lions roared around their camp. On reaching the banks of the Shangani they fell in with small parties of Matabele, who had decided to "come in," and were on their way to Buluwayo. From these Dawson first learnt that the King was dead, and that his message would, therefore, have to be delivered to the chief indunas. On February 13th the mission arrived at the Shangani drift, and there found a number of natives suffering terribly from disease and lack of proper food: they had no grain of any sort, and had been subsisting on flesh alone. They were all anxious to "come in," but had been afraid to do so, thinking that the white men would kill them in revenge for the cutting off of Major Wilson's party. They were delighted to see Dawson and to hear his reassuring promises.

On the further side of the river was stationed a large force of Matabele, the *amajakas* of the Royal Regiment and others. These young warriors, suspecting that the two white men were the scouts of some patrol that was advancing to attack them, at first made hostile demonstrations; and it was, possibly, fortunate for Dawson and Riley that the Shangani was full at the time and quite impassable. The river did not subside until February 22nd; but in the meanwhile Dawson and the indunas of the regiments opposite communicated with each other by shouting across the swollen stream. Dawson thus succeeded

in delivering his message of peace, allayed the apprehension of the Matabele, and established friendly relations with them. On the 22nd some men swam across the river to Dawson, and he was enabled to more fully explain to them the treatment they would receive if they "came in."



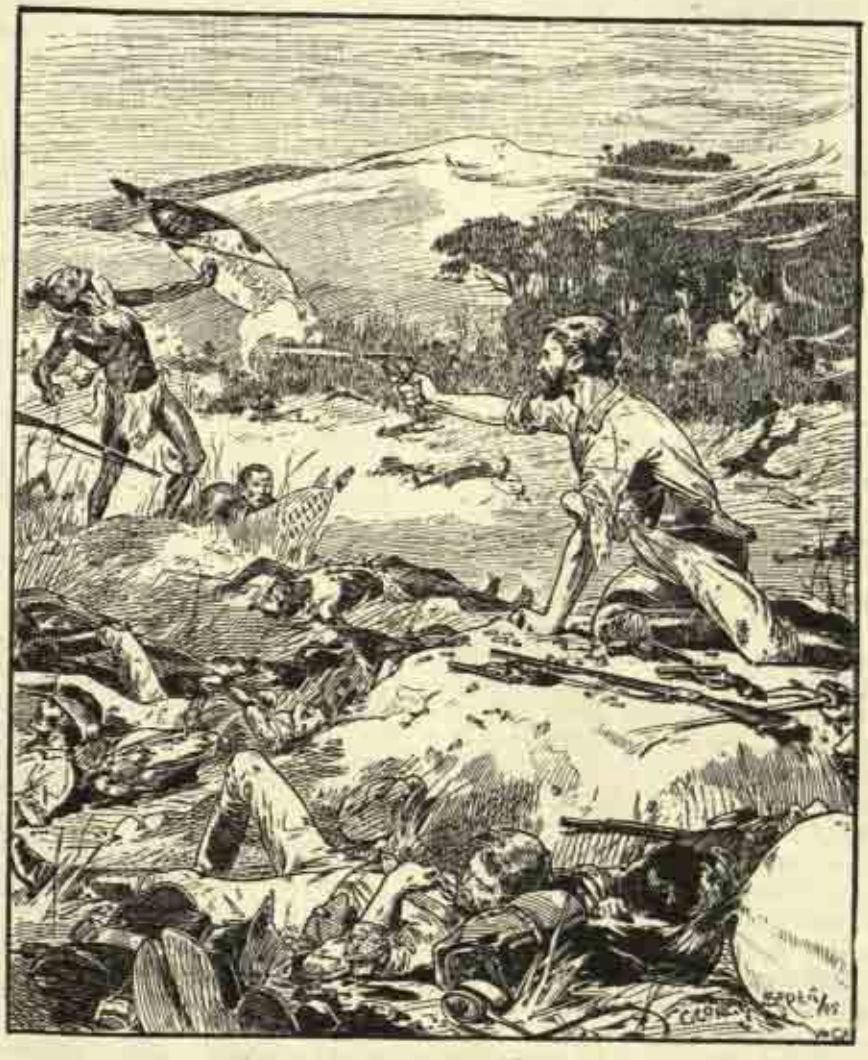
ZIMBABWE KRAAL.

ZIMBABWE TEMPLE.

On February 23rd the two white men crossed the river. This district must be excessively pestilential, for out of the thousands of Matabele whom Dawson found on the further bank of the Shangani, there was scarcely a man who was not down with fever, while numbers had perished. Their condition was most pitiable: many looked more like skeletons than men. Dawson found that even the young *amajakas*, weakened and dispirited by the sufferings they had undergone, had no heart for further fighting, but were anxious to "come in." Dawson succeeded in convincing them that the white men, far from wishing to kill those who had fought in the war, respected these men most, and would treat them honourably. Umjan, who conducted the negotiations, was rejoiced to hear this, and said he knew the white indunas meant the Matabele well, for had they not sent to them as envoys the old friends of their people, Dawson and Riley, whom they trusted, and not strangers? So all agreed to go in and lay down their arms. The object of the mission was thus effected, and the rapid pacification of the country was insured.

Dawson found at this deadly spot not only Umjan, the old commander-in-chief, but several others of the leading indunas. He learnt that a number of people of note had died of disease or had committed suicide, and on Lobengula's death several of his wives had hung themselves. Umjan told Dawson the story of the King's decease and obsequies. Lobengula was suffering from fever and smallpox, but his heart was broken because the *amajakas* of his own—his favourite regiment, the Imbezu—had deserted him after the last fight: he contemplated suicide. Buzungwan, the head dance-doctor, or master of the ceremonies at the great festival of the first fruits, was the only man of note with the dying King. Umjan was sent for, but arrived too late to see Lobengula alive. "It is now time for your work—to bury the King," said Buzungwan to him, pointing to the corpse. Umjan performed this honourable duty according to the traditional custom. He carried the body to a hollow under a precipice, and placed it on a stone so that it sat upright with the face turned towards the rising sun. He put upon it the richest royal raiment and ornaments, and placed the King's war assegais in the dead hands. After piercing the body with an assegai, Umjan built a chamber of stones around it, with one great flat stone at the top, and then went away leaving Lobengula, the Calf of the Great Elephant, sitting in state, just as he was wont to do when alive.

All the people now prepared to leave the deadly banks of the Shangani and "come in." Numbers were too weak to travel, so Dawson promised that food and medicine should be sent to them without delay. Some of the indunas accompanied him back to Inyati to represent the others. I was present when they were brought before Dr. Jameson. The Administrator explained to them that there would be no more king, and the white men would govern the country, but the indunas who behaved well would still rule their people, occupied before the war. He assured them that the white men bore no grudge against those of the Matabele who had taken up arms against them and killed their soldiers. White men knew they must lose some of their number when they went to war. The man he respected most in the whole country was old Umjan, who had fought hardest against us, and had stood by his King to the very end. Dr. Jameson then asked the indunas if they had anything to say. They replied that, having no other road to go, they had



"HE SOLD HIS LIFE DEARLY" (*p.* 119)

being answerable to the white magistrates; and there must be no more killing or witchcraft. He promised them full protection, and told them to return to the cultivation of the lands they had come to lay down their heads before the great white chief, who could kill them or not. They were pleased with the treatment they had received at the hands of the white man. "And

now we can sleep," they concluded by saying—the usual Zulu method of expressing relief from anxiety. Often when men came in to surrender at Buluwayo, and Dr. Jameson asked them what they wanted, they would reply: "We have come to learn it we may sleep."

When Dawson and Riley were on the Shangani, the natives took them to the spot where Wilson's party had fallen—about four miles from the river-bank. They found the bones of the thirty-four troopers lying close together where the men had stood at bay and died fighting. Dawson buried these remains temporarily under

LOBENGULA.
(From a sketch from life by Mr. A. E. Maund.)

a mopani tree, on which he cut the simple inscription: "To brave men." He described the trees and bushes all round this spot as being cut about by what must have been a tremendous fire. It is estimated that the thirty-four white men killed ten times their number of the enemy, at least, on that day before they were slaughtered.

The fine old warrior, Umjan, whom I met at Buluwayo when he "came in" to surrender to the Administrator, gave a graphic and clear account of all that occurred. Umjan said that the King was not with his waggons when Major Wilson's party attacked them: he had fled the day before with several of his indunas. Umjan had been sent by Lobengula on December 2nd with a strong impi to fall on Forbes' column in the dense bush. Finding the column encamped in the open near the river, Umjan had to alter his plans. He left a portion of his force to lie in ambush on either side of the drift, and returned with the remainder to guard the King.

On the night of the 3rd, Umjan returned to the King's waggons and learnt that the King had gone, and he was informed that Major Wilson's patrol was encamped not far off in the bush. Umjan decided to do nothing that night, and await dawn. Wilson's party was thus caught in a trap: behind it was the force ambushed at the drift, which had allowed the white men to ride by; in front was the force with Umjan.

In the morning Major Wilson attacked the waggons, and was repulsed in the manner described by Burnham. Umjan said that the white men retreated towards the river for about three miles, fighting gallantly all the while; and it was then that their further retreat was cut off by the other Matabele force which had crossed the river in the night, and which, hearing the heavy firing, had left the drift and was hurrying along the King's spoor to take part in the fight.

Umjan and those with him saw Burnham and the other two troopers ride off just before the white men were completely hemmed in by overwhelming numbers. The Matabele did not understand that these three men had been despatched to obtain reinforcements, and marvelled that those others of the white men who had horses did not also "take refuge in flight instead of fighting by the side of their comrades until all were dead together." We have only the Matabele account of what took place subsequent to the riding off of Burnham. Umjan said that the white men made several desperate attempts to break through the encircling swarms of Matabele, who were continually being reinforced by fresh arrivals.

At last, having lost several horses and having some men wounded, the troopers determined to sell their lives dearly. They formed into a close ring and, under cover of their fallen horses, opened a deadly fire on the Matabele whenever a rush was attempted. Umjan spoke with keen enthusiasm of the grand standing at bay of his white foemen. As they repelled each fresh attack with rifles and revolvers, and added to the heaps of Matabele dead that surrounded them, the troopers, said Umjan, "cheered and jeered at us as cowards, challenging us to come nearer." The Matabele perpetually raised their guttural war-cry, "*Shee! shee!*" while, from under cover of the bush, they poured a constant fire into the thick of the white men. There was no crying for quarter on the part of the latter. They fought on grimly: when a man was wounded he laid down and continued to fire, or, if he was unable to fight, handed up his ammunition to his companions. "The white men are indeed the right men to meet in battle, even when they have no Maxims!" exclaimed old Umjan with flashing eyes.

And so they fought on, until at last all were either killed or wounded so severely that they could not fight longer, with the exception of one big man "who would not die." "We could not kill him, often though we wounded him," declared Umjan, "and we thought that he must have been a wizard." This man, who was never identified, stood on the top of a large ant-heap, which was in the centre of an open space. He had collected round him the revolvers and the rifles, and ammunition of several of his dead comrades, and he killed a number of his assailants. The Matabele could not muster courage to approach him, for, according to their description, "he picked up weapon after weapon and fired rapidly, and with wonderful accuracy in all directions—in front of him, to the side of him, and over his shoulders—whenever Matabele ventured to come out of the bush into the open." After killing many of them, he was at last shot in the hip, and had to fight sitting down. He sold his life dearly, and it was not till he sank exhausted from loss of blood from many wounds, that the Matabele made a rush on him, and stabbed him to death with their assegais. Even then it was not all over, for some of the dying troopers summoned sufficient strength to fire their revolvers at the approaching Matabele; and by this time the indomitable resistance they had met with, and the extent of their losses, had so awed and scared the enemy that they fled precipitately into the bush from that narrow circle of dead and dying Englishmen, and did not come back until some hours later when they found all was quiet: not one of their brave foemen was left alive.

Umjan, himself a gallant leader, far superior to his degenerate Zulu warriors, who often refused to follow him, thoroughly appreciated the dogged valour displayed by Wilson and his men. These were men after his own heart. Speaking to some of his *amajakas* in Dawson's hearing, he said: "We were fighting then with men of men, whose fathers were men of men before them. They fought and died together: those who could have saved themselves chose to remain and die with their brothers. Do not forget this. You did not think that white men were as brave as Matabele; but now you must see that they are men indeed, to whom you are as but timid girls."

Our men, it appears, did not exhaust their ammunition before they were slaughtered, as was at first reported, and Dawson found cartridges in the pouches and in the revolvers of the dead troopers; so it is more than probable that Wilson and his comrades gave a very good account of themselves, and sold their lives dearly as they fell, man after man, to the very last; and it is certain that they did not die before they had killed some four hundred of the enemy.

Dawson made a second journey to the banks of the Shangani, to carry supplies of food and medicine to the suffering Matabele, and brought back with him several leading natives and the surviving queens of Lobengula. The appearance of these people fully bore out his description of their condition. Though he had selected the strongest and most fit to travel, they were frightfully emaciated, some being reduced by famine and fever to the nearest approach to skeletons possible for a living creature: despite all his care, twenty-five people perished on the journey. On this occasion, Dawson disinterred the remains of Wilson's party, and brought back with him the thirty-four skulls, most of which, we observed, had been pierced by bullets. These skulls are to be buried in consecrated ground near those grand remains of an unknown civilisation and religion—the ruins of the Zimbabwe temple. Here Mr. Cecil Rhodes proposes to raise a granite monolith to the memory of these brave men. I have seen the site, than which none more suitable could have been selected—a bare rocky mound rising above a wilderness of dense tropical bush and flowering trees, half-way between the pagan temple on the plain and the rugged Zimbabwe *kopjie*, crowned with massive fortifications of immense antiquity. A monument of simple dignity, standing amid these mysterious ruins, and surrounded by this wild and lonely scenery, will produce a most impressive effect.

THE SIEGE AND STORMING OF DELHI

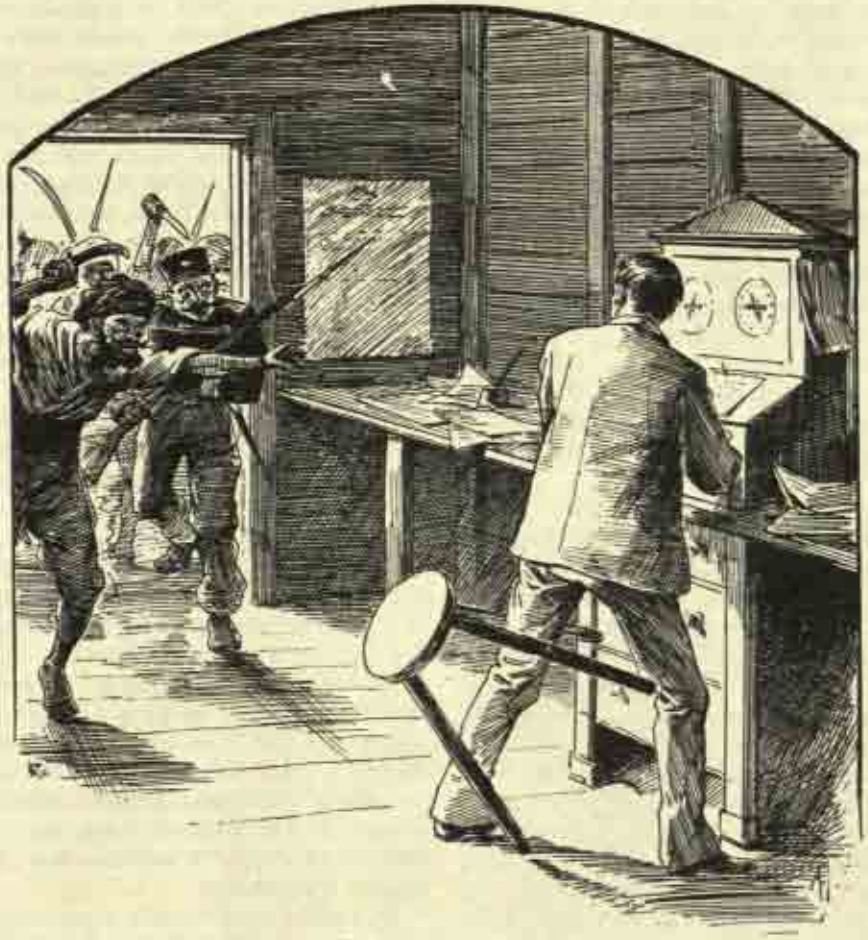
BY CHARLES LOWE

DELHI, the ancient and magnificent capital of the Grand Moguls, or Mahomedan rulers of India, became the focus of the great and ever-memorable mutiny which made our Indian Empire run with blood during the year 1857. Of this mutiny among the native Indian troops, or sepoys, in British pay, some ugly signs had already been observed early in the year; but it was only on the 10th of May that military revolt openly raised its terrible head at Meerut—a place about forty miles north-east of Delhi. There were several causes of this rebellion, but perhaps the chief one was the fact that the native troops had been forced to use greased cartridges, which their religious principles or prejudices forbade them even to touch, as being encased with the fat of so unclean an animal as a pig. Out of respect for their scruples on this head, new rules had been made allowing the sepoys to tear, instead of bite, off the ends of the cartridges; but even this concession did not satisfy them, and, for positively refusing to touch the cartridges that were offered them, about a squadron of native cavalry at Meerut were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. In presence of the whole garrison, they were stripped of their uniforms, fitted with fetters, and marched off to prison, yelling out curses at their colonel as they went. Next evening the storm of evil and long-pent-up passions broke loose. The sepoy regiments at Meerut rose in open revolt, rushed to the gaol and released their comrades, murdered some of their English officers and their wives, plundered and slew like demons, and, leaving the place running with blood and wrapt in flames, fled to Delhi, the great stronghold of the Mahomedan dynasty and faith. So sudden and sanguinary had been this outburst against the British rule and name that the English commanders—all but a few whose energetic counsel was rejected—lost their heads completely for the time being, as if paralysed with astonishment and unbelief; and by the time they had recovered their senses the fugitive mutineers were safe within the walls of Delhi.

Standing on the right, or western, bank of the Jumna, which is here about a quarter of a mile broad, Delhi had a circumference of about seven miles and a population of nearly 200,000. In its palmiest days the city was said to have covered an area of twenty square miles. At the time of the mutiny it formed a magnificent collection of temples, mosques, and palaces. Of the mosques the chief was that of the Jumma Musjid, or great Mahomedan cathedral—a truly noble structure, towering above the rest of the city. Again, there was the mosque of Roushen-ud-Dowlah, where, in 1739, Nadir Shar sat and witnessed the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. But that was nothing to what the present king of Delhi, Bahadoor Shah, was now about to look upon. Under the English, this descendant of Timour the Tartar had become the mere shadow of a king, and the thought that he was no longer a potentate, but a mere puppet in the hands of the real masters of India, had inflamed his heart against them with a passion which only needed a spark of fire to set it in a blaze. That spark was supplied by the sudden advent of the mutineers from Meerut on the 11th of May

Crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats they swarmed into the courtyard of the palace, where they were eagerly joined by the royal guards. Captain Douglas, the commander of these guards, rushed down from the presence of the King to quiet the turmoil, but his presence only made it worse. He was joined by Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, and Mr. Hutchinson, the Collector; but the surging, roaring crowd closed in upon them with murder in their eyes.

The Englishmen attempted flight, Captain Douglas flinging himself into the moat; but he was badly hurt by his fall, while Mr. Hutchinson was also wounded. As these two were being carried to the apartments over the palace gateway, Mr. Fraser made one last effort to appease the multitude; but while in the act of speaking he was cut down and hewn to pieces. The



"THE COOL-HEADED SIGNALLER DIED AT HIS POST."

whole ferocious crew then rushed to the upper rooms, where Mr. Jennings, the Chaplain, his daughter, and a young lady friend were tending the wounds of Captain Douglas and Mr. Hutchinson. Bursting open the doors, the dark, demoniacal throng poured in and hacked them to pieces. Then the sepoys, maddened with blood, streamed forth from the palace, and, accompanied by the scum of the city—the very vilest of mankind—flew to the European quarters, where they slew, burned, ravished, and raged without mercy—tossing English babies up on the points of their bayonets, and committing the most inhuman barbarities on their mothers, of which the very description would still bring burning tears to the eyes. An English telegraph clerk heard the awful uproar, but even when the flood of murder came surging towards him he went on with his work—click, click, click—flashing his warning message up to the authorities at the various military stations in the Punjab. "The sepoys," he wired, "have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The last click died away. The red-handed rebels burst in, and the staunch, cool-headed signaller died at his post, as most of his English countrymen did, and all were prepared to do, on that awful day of blood.

Among these Englishmen in Delhi none acted with greater heroism than Lieutenant

Willoughby—a "shy, refined, boyish-looking subaltern," scarce capable of saying "Bo!" to a goose in piping times of peace, though his friends well knew what his spirit could be in the hour of danger. On this terrible day Willoughby chanced to be in charge of the magazine, containing vast stores of ammunition which he knew would be coveted by the mutineers. At once taking in the situation, he sent for help to Brigadier Graves, who was in command of the native garrison outside the city in its cantonments; but no help came, and for the simple reason that at this very time the English officers of this garrison were being massacred by their mutinous men. Willoughby could not trust his own native troops, but he had eight of his own countrymen, whom he knew to be as staunch as steel—Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors (*i.e.* warrant-officers of the Ordnance Department) Buckley, Shaw, and Scully; Sub-Conductor Crow; and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart. Barricading the outer gates of the magazine, Willoughby placed guns there, double-charged with grape, which made the mutineers pause: but not for long.

Encouraged by the reports of their scouts, who had been sent out to see whether there was yet any prospect of English succour arriving from Meerut, they at last sent to demand the surrender of the magazine, "in the name of the King of Delhi," who had meanwhile assumed the title of Sovereign of all Hindostan. To this insulting request only one answer was possible—none at all. Then the red-handed hordes of murderers came on against the magazine with ladders to scale the walls, and were mown down by the grape-shot of Willoughby's guns. But the gaps made in their ranks were swiftly filled by fresh men swarming up the ladders, and within fifty yards they poured upon the "noble nine" Englishmen below a deadly shower of bullets. Two of them fell mortally wounded, but Forrest and Buckley, heedless of the leaden hail, continued to work their guns with a coolness as if on parade. At last they were struck—one in the hand and another in the head, and the guns could now be worked no longer. A loud shout of triumph rose from the mutineers, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood.

Willoughby saw that his case was now indeed desperate. He had kept the rebels at bay for about three hours, during which time he had repeatedly run to the bastion to strain his eyes and see whether he could discern the coming of any English help from Meerut. But neither from Meerut nor from the cantonments outside the city walls did any help make its appearance; and now the rebels were bursting in upon him in a roaring, bloodthirsty crowd. His countrymen at Meerut had not been true to him; but he would be true to himself. Foreseeing the possibility of his defences being forced, he had taken other measures of precaution. A train had been laid from the powder store to a tree standing in the magazine yard, and by this tree stood Conductor Scully, who had heroically volunteered to fire the train at a given signal from his chief. For this signal the time had come when the guns of Willoughby could no longer be worked. Then he quietly gave the order to Buckley, who raised his hat to Scully, who in turn fired the train; and in a moment more the city of Delhi was shaken to its foundations as with the shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a terrific roar of thunder and the flames and smoke of a volcano.

Scully fell an immortal martyr to the cause of his country, but with himself he blew into the air more than a thousand rebels, and, above all things, baulked the mutineers of their inestimable prey—the magazine. Four of the "noble nine," wounded, shattered, and bruised, made good their retreat from the ruins; but the heroic Willoughby only survived to be murdered on his way to Meerut. Never has the Victoria Cross been given for a more heroic deed than the defence and blowing up of the Delhi magazine; and it was well said that the 300 Spartans, who in the summer morning sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylæ, have not earned a loftier estimate for themselves than these nine modern Englishmen.

While the fight for the magazine had been going on, a tragedy of equal horror was taking place at the Cashmere Gate, and in the cantonments beyond the city walls. At both these places the sepoys had shot down or bayoneted their English officers, and when the magazine blew up, the natives of the 38th Regiment, throwing off the mask, suddenly fired a volley at their officers, three of whom fell dead. "Two of the survivors," writes an historian of that awful time, "rushed up to the bastion of the main guard and jumped down thirty feet into the ditch below. The rest were following, when, hearing the shrieks of the women in the guard-room, they ran back under a storm of bullets to

rescue them. The women were shuddering as they looked down the steep bank, and asking each other whether it would be possible to descend, when a round shot whizzing over their heads warned them not to hesitate. Fastening their belts and handkerchiefs together, the officers let themselves down, and then, having helped the women to follow, carried them with desperate struggles, up the opposite side," whence the fugitives could reach the jungle. At the cantonments the fate of the English—women, children, and a few surviving officers—was something similar, and then began that piteous flight, with all its frightful sufferings, which hardened the hearts of the British to inflict a terrible revenge.

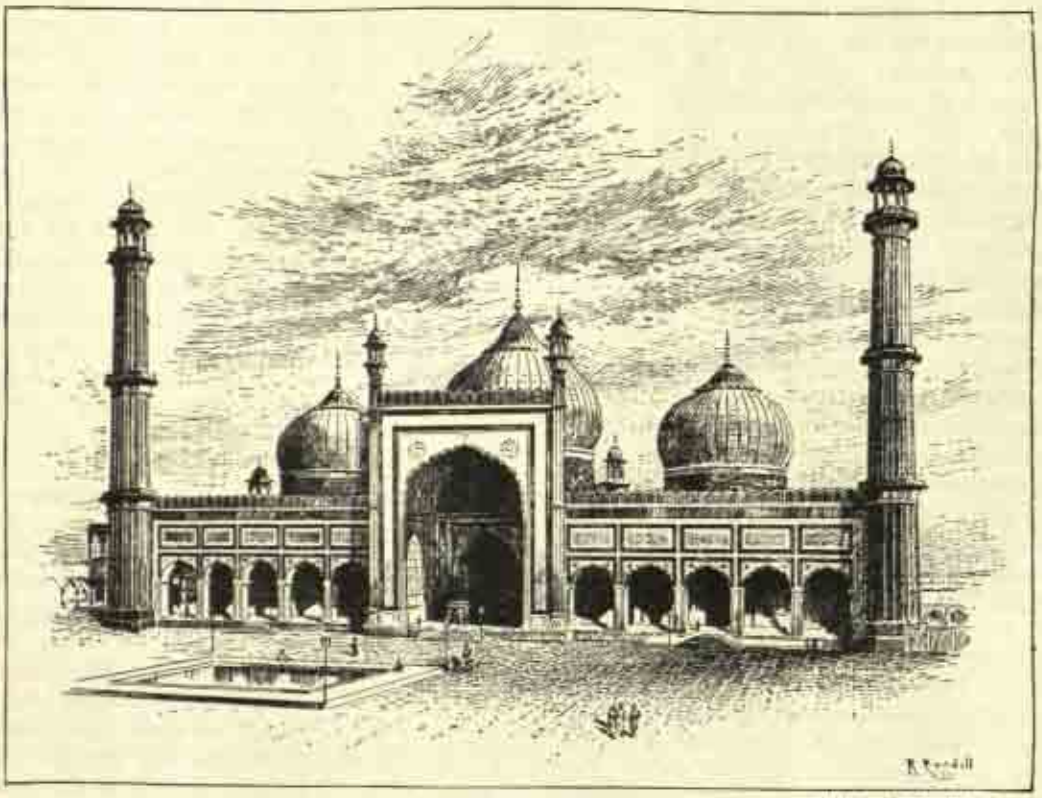
Meanwhile, in the city of Delhi itself rebellion was triumphant and merciless. All the Europeans that could be found were massacred and tortured in the most barbarous manner. Some fifty of them at the first sound of alarm had barricaded themselves—men and women—in one of the strongest houses of the English quarter. But they were ill-armed and without supplies, and what could they do against the furious rabble of ruffians who besieged them? They were dragged to the palace and lodged in a dungeon without windows, and with only one door. After five days these were all taken out into a courtyard and butchered in cold blood, their mangled bodies being piled on carts and thrown into the Jumna. That was on the 16th May—five days after the arrival of the mutineers from Meerut; and now Delhi had been cleansed of its last Christian. Murder and rapine, arson and outrages which cannot even be named, had done their fell work, and the English *Raj*, or rule, had been trampled underfoot no less at Delhi than at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and other centres of revolt. The climax of the rebellion had now been reached, but there still had to come the inevitable anti-climax. The blood of hundreds of English men, and women, and children, wantonly slaughtered, was crying aloud for vengeance, and a terrible vengeance it would be.

The mill-wheels of God, it has been said, grind slowly if surely; but rarely had they turned round so slowly as they now seemed to be doing after the terrible news from Delhi reached Meerut and the chief places in the Punjab. The mutiny had broken out so suddenly that the authorities were at first quite unable to cope with it, and precious time had to elapse before the army of retribution could be got to take the road. But meanwhile a cheerful and plucky spirit prevailed both amongst officers and men, notwithstanding all their fatigues, privation, and sickness; and if there was one man more than another, as his brother afterwards wrote of him, who helped to inspire and keep up this spirit—if there was one more than another who merited that which a Roman would have considered the highest praise, that he never despaired of his country—it was Lieutenant Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, formerly of the Guides. "I can but rejoice," he wrote, "that I am employed again; certain, too, as I am, that the star of Old England will shine brighter in the end, and we shall hold a prouder position than ever. The crisis is an awful one, but with God and our Saxon arms to aid us, I have firm faith in the result."

"Hodson is at Umballa, I know," wrote an officer at Meerut; "and I'll bet he will force his way through, and open up communication between the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves. At about 3 o'clock that night I heard my advanced sentries firing. I rode off to see what was the matter, and they told me that a part of the enemy's cavalry was approaching their post. When day broke in galloped Hodson! He had left Kurnal (seventy-five miles off) at 9 o'clock the night before, with one led horse and an escort of Sikh cavalry, and, as I anticipated, here he was with despatches for Wilson! How I quizzed him for approaching an armed post at night without knowing the parole! Hodson rode straight to Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-five miles, having to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance." It was no wonder that another officer, writing to his wife at this time, said: "Hodson's gallant deeds more resemble a chapter from the life of Bayard or Amadis de Gaul than the doings of a subaltern of the nineteenth century. The only feeling mixed with admiration for him is envy." "The pace pleased him" (the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson), wrote Hodson himself, "for he ordered me to raise a Corps of Irregular Horse, and appointed me its commandant."

At last, after a delay which nearly fretted to death the hearts of men like Hodson, the bulk of the army of vengeance started from Umballa under General Anson, who was presently, however, stricken down with cholera and carried off. He was succeeded by General Sir Henry Barnard in the chief command of the Delhi

field force, consisting of only three Brigades, totalling about 3,000 Europeans, 1,000 native troops, and twenty-two guns—a poor enough army, surely, to be sent to recapture Delhi, with its hordes of highly-disciplined and well-armed sepoys behind its cannon-bristling walls. The plan of operations was that the two Umballa Brigades should advance to Baghput, where they would be joined by the Meerut Brigade, under Archdale Wilson, and then sweep on to



JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI. [*Photo.: Frith, Reigate.*

the work of vengeance at Delhi. As it was the hottest season of the year, with its burning suns and blistering airs, the men rested in their tents during the day, and marched by night. "The nights were delicious," wrote one who took part in the campaign; "the stars bright in the deep dark sky, the fireflies flashing from bush to bush, and the air, which in Europe would have been called warm and close, was cool and refreshing to cheeks that had felt the hot wind during the day. Along the road came the heavy roll of the guns, mixed with the jingling of bits, and the clanking of the steel scabbards of the cavalry. The infantry marched on behind with a dull, deep tread; long lines of baggage-camels and bullock-carts, with the innumerable sutlers and camp-servants, toiled along for miles in the rear, while the gigantic elephants stalked over bush and stone by the side of the road."

The Meerut Brigade, being much nearer Delhi, set out on its march some days later than the Umballa force, and it had to fight its desperate way to the point of junction. After three nights' marching the Meerut column, at dawn on May 30th, reached the village of Ghazi-ud-din-Nagar, near the river Hindun, about ten miles from Delhi; and here the bugler had barely time to call to arms when the rebels opened fire with heavy guns placed on a ridge. "The first few rounds from the insurgent guns," wrote an eye-witness, "were admirably aimed, plunging through our camp; but they were ably replied to by our two eighteen-pounders in position, under Lieutenant Light, and Major Tombs' troop, most admirably led by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Mackenzie, who, raking them in flank with his six-pounders, first made their fire unsteady, and in a short time

silenced the heavy guns." At the same time the 60th Rifles went for the rebels in a most spirited manner, and captured several of their heavy guns. But in doing so Captain Andrews and four of his men were blown up by the explosion of an ammunition waggon fired by one of the

taunted with cowardice on presenting themselves at Delhi, and reinforced in order that they might redeem their reputation by hurling back the advancing force of Feringhees, or hated Franks—the name by which the English were known in India. But again the hurling

"THE OFFICERS THEN, HAVING HELPED THE WOMEN TO FOLLOW, CARRIED THEM UP THE OPPOSITE SIDE." (*p.* 123).

mutineers. The 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabineers, then charged and completed the rout of the rebels, who left in the hands of their victors all their ordnance, ammunition, and stores. That night the officers drank in solemn silence to the memory of their brave departed comrades, who were buried at dawn beside a babool tree.

Next day, which was Whit-Sunday, the rebels again returned to the attack, for they had been back was all on the side of the sepoys, and once again they were sent scampering home to Delhi, though the English, at death's door almost with the scorching heat and their parching thirst, were unable to follow up this second victory of theirs by pursuit. Twenty-three of the enemy lay together in one ditch, and for three miles the road to Delhi was strewn with dead bodies. The English had to mourn the loss of four officers and fifty men—among the former

being Napier, an ensign of the Rifles, so active, so full of life, so brave, that he won the love and admiration of all. A bullet struck his leg, and the moment he was brought into camp it had to be amputated. During the operation never a sigh betrayed any sensation of pain. "I shall never lead the Rifles again," he plaintively murmured; "I shall never lead the Rifles again." A few weeks later the brave and generous lad was laid in his grave.

Next day the Meerut Brigade, which had done all the fighting hitherto, was reinforced by a battalion of Goorkhas, who were so overjoyed at the prospect of another fight that they threw somersaults and cut capers like so many mountebanks. But, much to their disappointment, the enemy did not return. Six days later the whole Meerut force crossed the Jumna and joined General Barnard's Umballa Brigade at Alipur, being loudly cheered as they marched into headquarters camp with the captured guns and other trophies of their victories.

A day or two previously the intrepid Hodson had again been on the war-path. It was impossible for Barnard to move forward on Delhi without knowing something of the positions of the rebels in front of the city, and who but Hodson should volunteer to ride on and discover all that his commander wished to know! Taking with him a few troopers, he rode, as he wrote, "right up to the Delhi parade-ground, and the few Sowars (or native horsemen) whom I met galloped away like mad at the sight of one white face. Had I had a hundred Guides with me I would have gone up to the very walls." A day or two later (8th July) he wrote:—"Here we are, safe and sound, after having driven the enemy out of their position in the cantonments up to and into the walls of Delhi. I write a line in pencil on the top of a drum to say that I am mercifully untouched, and none the worse for a very hard morning's work. Our loss has been considerable, the rebels having been driven from their guns at the point of the bayonet."

This was a reference to the battle of Badli-Ki-Serai, where the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment and the 60th Rifles again carried the day by a magnificent bayonet charge, though at a cost of 53 killed and 130 wounded, while the rebel loss amounted to about 1,000. The British loss had been severe; but the victory was worth the price, for the enemy had now been forced to surrender to their conqueror a commanding position, from which he could attack them with the greatest advantage, and the rebels had been driven ignominiously by a force far inferior to their own to take refuge within the walls of the city from which they had but lately expelled every Christian whom they had not slaughtered.

So here then, at last, on the 8th of June, our tiny British force had established itself in front of walled and embattled Delhi. Had anything so audacious, not to say impudent, ever been heard of before in the annals of warfare? Troy, surely, was mere child's play to this, and Sebastopol a game of battledore. But weakness of numbers can sometimes be made up for by strength of inspiration; and every British soldier felt his heart swell to the size of that of twenty men when he looked around the cantonments before Delhi and beheld the still extant traces of the late massacre of his countrymen—the marks of blood, the broken furniture, the blackened walls, the shreds of ladies' dresses, and even the locks of their hair, and, more maddening than all, the tiny boots of English babies who had been barbarously slaughtered and tossed up on the bayonets of the rebels. What the British soldiers, heroically strong in their numerical weakness, now longed with a fierce and overmastering desire to do was to cross bayonets with those incarnate fiends whom they had already swept back behind the walls of Delhi.

These walls, with a circumference of about seven miles, were made of large blocks of grey freestone, crowned by a good loopholed parapet. At intervals along the circumference they were provided with bastions, each armed with ten, twelve, or fourteen guns, a hundred and fourteen in all, in addition to sixty field-guns. The city had ten gates, strong, and aptly named after the cities or provinces towards which they opened—Cashmere, Cabul, Lahore, etc. The walls were about twenty-four feet in height, while in front ran a dry ditch, twenty-five feet wide and about twenty feet deep. The counterscarp—*i.e.* the outer side of the ditch—and the glacis, or smooth open slope leading away from the edge of the ditch, were such as to move the admiration of the English engineers. One side of the city, the eastern, was washed by the broad and deep Jumna, and could not be thought of. On the other hand, with his tiny force, it was equally impossible for Barnard to invest the whole place. So he selected the northern front of the city as the object of his attack when he should be in possession of heavy enough siege-artillery to breach the wall and let in the avenging flood.

Meanwhile his position was the famous "Ridge"—a rocky elevation of about sixty feet above the general level of the city, extending along a line, obliquely to the front of attack, of a little over two miles, its left resting upon the Jumna some three miles above Delhi, and its right approaching the Cabul gate at a distance of about a thousand yards. Prominent points on this "Ridge" were the Flagstaff Tower, a ruined mosque, an ancient observatory, Hindoo Rao's House, and Swami House, which, in the mouth of Tommy Atkins, speedily became "Sammy" House. These were all good points in favour of the British. But, on the other hand, the rebels, sallying out of the city, could profit by the cover afforded them by the suburban villages (Subzee Mundee, or "vegetable market," the chief of them), gardens, groves, house-clusters, and walled enclosures, to indulge in a perpetual series of attacks on the British position. For though the English had come to besiege, the fewness of their numbers and the temporary want of heavy guns reduced them at first to the position of besieged; and for a long time — more than three months, in fact — their energies were consumed in fending off the ferocious sorties of the Delhi garrison. These sorties they began on the very day after the sitting down of the British on the "Ridge," but were sent packing back again with serious loss. The repulse of their first sally was mainly due to the bravery of the famous Corps of Guides, composed of stalwart frontier men of all races, arrayed in their own loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans, who had marched into camp with a swinging stride that very morning, after moving for twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, at the hottest time of the year—one of the greatest feats of the war. Three hours after their arrival they were launched against the rebels, whom they pursued up to the city walls, but at the cost of their dearly-loved commander, Lieutenant Quintin Battye. "Now I have a chance of seeing service," he had joyfully exclaimed on setting out with his regiment, for he was a keen soldier, a good swordsman, and a splendid rider. But he fell in his very first fight, saying gaily to a comrade as he breathed his last: "Well, old fellow, *dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*; you see it's my case."

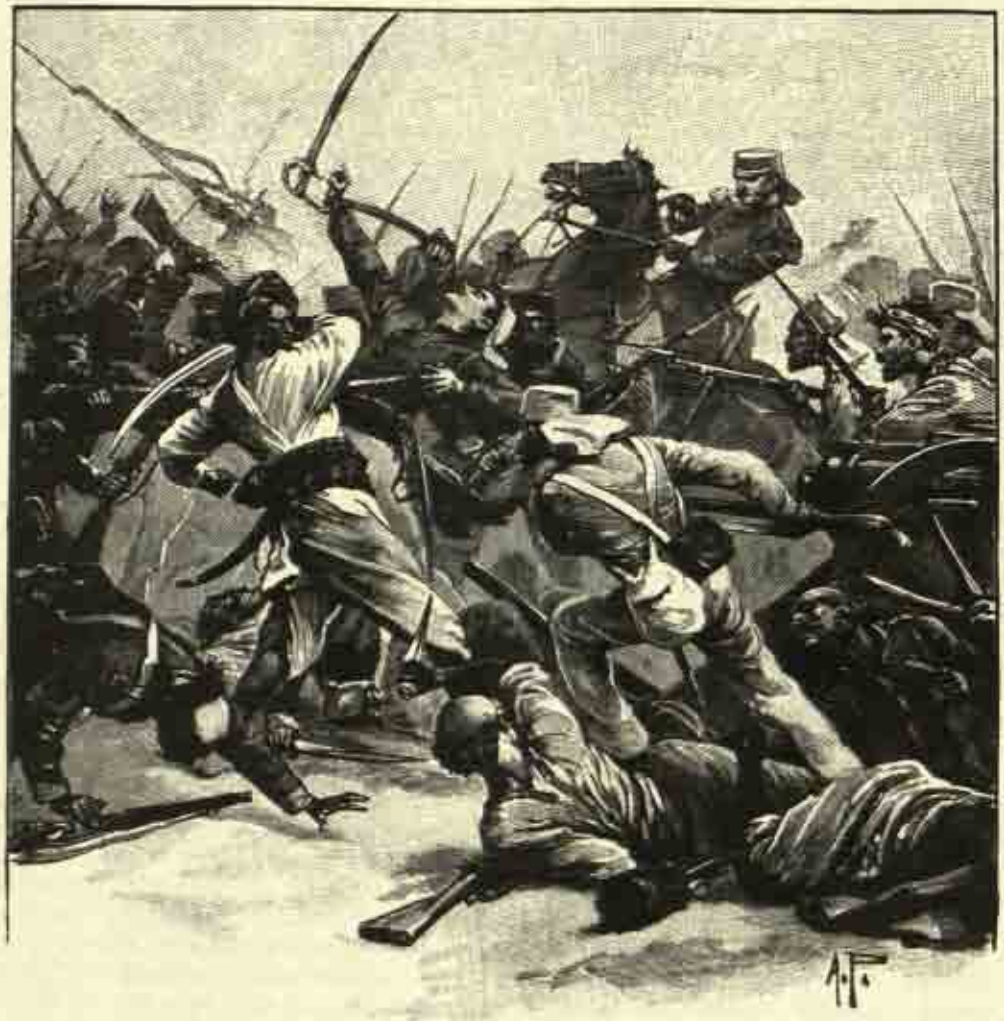
MAJOR TOMBS.

A few days after this General Barnard, believing with Macbeth that "'twere well it were done quickly," had yielded to a scheme for storming the city offright—a scheme in which the bold and fiery Hodson had a prominent share. Under cover of the darkness, two columns were to steal up to as many gates, blow these in with gunpowder, and then rush into the city. But owing to a misunderstanding on the part of one of the commanders, the plan had finally to be abandoned—much to the disgust of the younger members of Barnard's staff, who were simply dying for the performance of such a feat. Another council of war debated the chances of its success; but cautious—call it not timorous—counsels meanwhile prevailed, for the news of a repulse, following upon an ill-advised assault, would have added fresh fuel to the fire of the mutiny, which was now blazing up more furiously than ever, beyond the extinguishing power of rivers of blood, over the length and breadth of Hindostan.

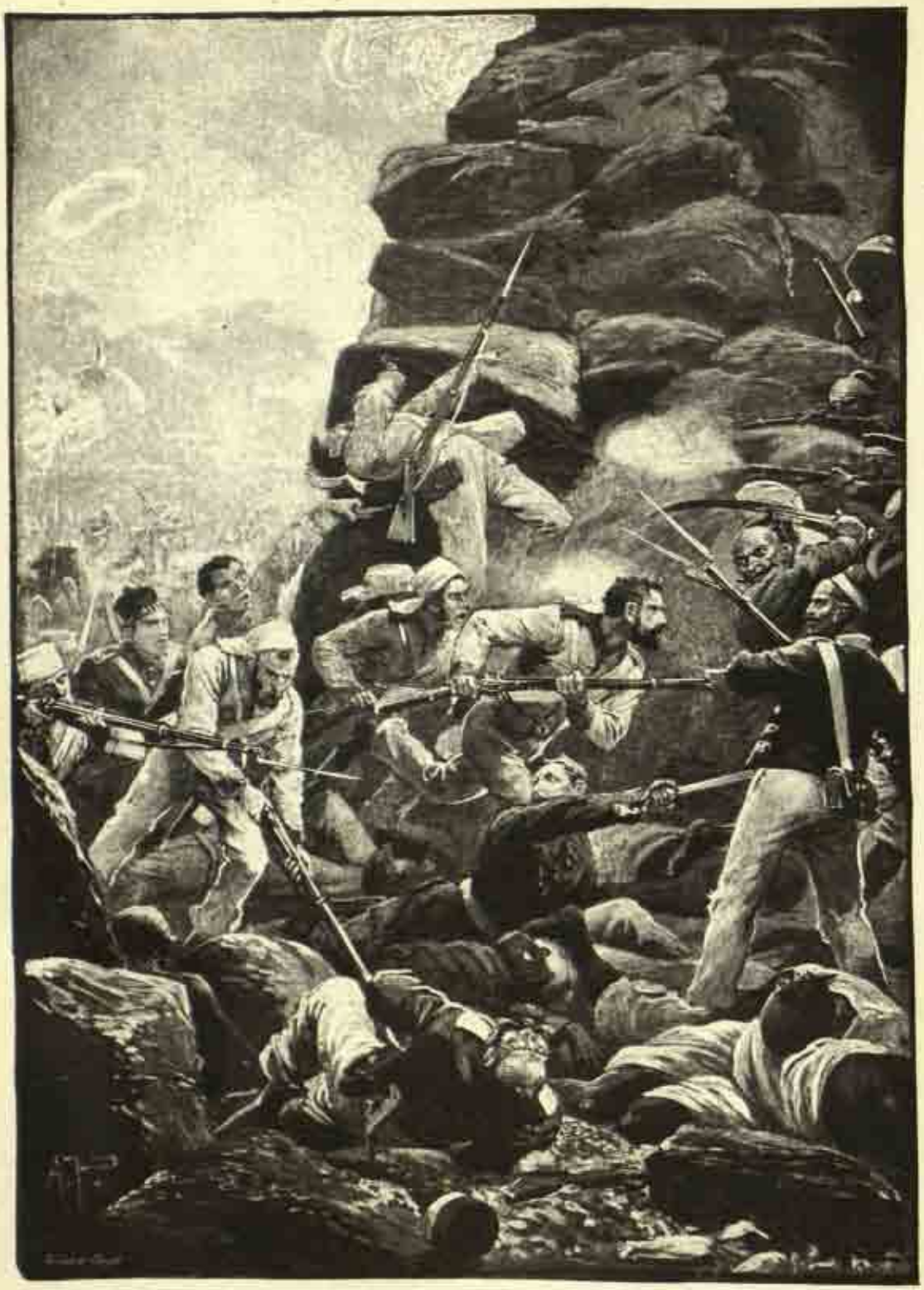
From every part of the country the mutineers continued to stream in to Delhi, and ever, as fresh contingents arrived, they were sent out to try their prowess on the holders of the "Ridge"; and hold it they did with a tenacity which neither wounds, nor death, nor disease, nor pestilence could in the least degree relax. In the men's tents they made merry, and, like the Greeks before Troy, had their sports just as if they had been far away at home on the village-greens of Old England. Stricken to death, the soldier told his officer he would soon be up again and ready for another brush with the mutineers. In the space at our disposal we cannot detail, we can scarcely enumerate, the actions that were fought in front of Delhi—more than thirty of them in twelve weeks, and all to the glory of the British name. Let one or two instances of

conspicuous personal valour before the foe serve to illustrate the spirit which animated all our little besieging army.

"I must tell you," wrote an officer, "of a noble action of Lieutenant Hills of the Artillery (a young man who only four years ago had been a pupil at the Edinburgh Academy). He was on picket, with his two horse-artillery guns, when the alarm was sounded and an order sent him to advance, given under the impression that the enemy were at some distance. He was supported by a body of Carabineers—eighty, I believe, in number. He advanced about 100 yards, while his guns were being limbered up to follow, and suddenly came on about 120 of the enemy's cavalry close upon them. Disgraceful to say the Carabineers turned and bolted. His guns being limbered up, he could do nothing, but, rather than fly, he charged them by himself. He fired four barrels of his revolver and killed two men, hurling the empty pistol in the face of another and knocking him off his horse. Two horsemen then charged full tilt at him, and rolled him and his horse over. He got up with no weapons, and, seeing a man on foot coming at him to cut him down, rushed at him, got inside his sword, and hit him full in the face with his fist. At that moment he was cut down from behind, and a second blow would have done for him had not Tombs, his captain, the finest fellow in the service, who had been in his tent when the row began, arrived at the



"IT WAS BAYONET TO BAYONET" (*p.* 130).



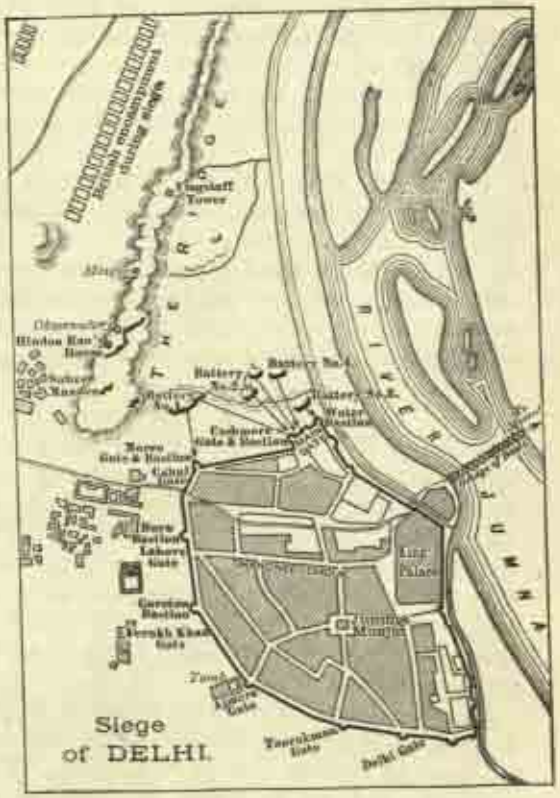
"THE STORMERS DASHED OVER THE *DÉBRIS* OF THE BREACH" (*p.* 133).

critical moment and shot his assailant—by a splendid shot, fired at thirty paces. Hills was able to walk home, though his wound was severe; and on the road Tombs saved his life once more by sticking another man who attacked him. If they don't both get the Victoria Cross, it won't be worth having." But they both did.

Another personal exploit of a similar kind was thus recorded by an officer:—"We took Khurkonda by surprise, and Hodson immediately placed men over the gates and we went in. Shot one scoundrel *instanter*, cut down another, and took a ressaldar (native officer) and some sowars prisoners, and came to a house occupied by some more, who would not let us in at all. At last we rushed in, and found the rascals had taken to the upper storey, still keeping us at bay. There was only one door and a kirkee (window). I shoved in my head through the door, with a pistol in my hand, and got a clip over my turban for my pains. My pistol missed fire at the man's breast, so I got out of that as fast as I could, and then tried the kirkee with the other barrel, and very nearly got another cut. We tried every means to get in, but could not, so we fired the house, and out they rushed—running amuck among us. The first fellow went at Hugh (the writer's brother), and somehow or other he slipped and fell on his back. I saw him fall, and, thinking he was hurt, rushed to the rescue. A Guide got a chop at the fellow, and I gave him such a swinging back-hander that he fell dead. I then went at another fellow rushing by my left, and sent my sword through him like butter, and bagged him. I then looked round and saw a sword come crash on the shoulders of a poor little boy—oh, such a cut! and up went the sword again, and the next moment the boy would have been in eternity; but I ran forward and covered him with my sword and saved him."

"What a sight our camp would be," wrote another officer, "even to those who visited Sebastopol! The long lines of tents, the thatched hovels of the native servants, the rows of horses, the parks of artillery, the British soldier in his grey linen coat and trousers, the dark Sikhs with their red and blue turbans, the Afghans with the same, their wild air and coloured saddle-cloths, and the little Goorkhas, dressed up like demons of ugliness in their black worsted Kilmarnock bonnets and woollen coats. In the rear are the booths of the native bazaars, and further out, on the plain, thousands of camels, bullocks, and horses that carry our baggage. The soldiers are loitering through the lines or in the bazaars. Suddenly an alarm is sounded, and everyone rushes to his tent. The infantry soldier seizes his musket and slings on his pouch; the artilleryman gets his gun horsed; the Afghan rides out to explore; and in a few minutes everyone is in his place."

Such was the state of the camp in repose. And now for a picture, from another hand, of



the same camp when roused into action. "I was out this night," wrote an officer, "in one of our principal batteries with a party of my Guides, placed there to protect the guns; and I shall never forget the scene at two o'clock in the morning. The sight was a most magnificent one—all our batteries and all the city ones were playing as hard as they could, the shells bursting, round shot tearing with a *whooshing* sound through our embrasures, the carcasses (or large balls of fire) flying over our heads, the musketry rolling and flashing, made the place as light as day. The noise was terrific, though the roar of the cannon was frequently drowned in the roar of human voices, for, when the whole city turned

out, there could not have been less than 20,000 voices all screaming at once. The mutineers' yell of 'Allah! Allah! Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!' was answered by our jolly English hurrahs, and the din was most frightful. I never remember seeing such a beautiful sight or hearing such a noise. The mutineers, though they tried very hard to take our batteries, could not succeed, though some of them got up near enough to throw hand-grenades into them. The grand attack lasted about two hours, when the enemy gave in a little, though they didn't retire. The fighting went on all the rest of the night, and up to two o'clock next day, when both sides retired. We were all glad of a little rest, as most of us had been fighting for upwards of thirty hours."

It was only after the 23rd of June that the prospects of the besiegers had begun to brighten. This was the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Clive, at Plassey, had founded British rule in India; and there had been a superstitious belief among the natives that on this centenary the English Raj would also come to an end. Accordingly, the Delhi mutineers, hounded on by their priests and astrologers, as well as encouraged by copious draughts of bhang (the native intoxicant), made an unusually vigorous push for the British position with intent to turn it and assail it in the rear; but they were finally repulsed with great slaughter, carrying back with them the bitter conviction that, far from being exterminated, the British Raj was now again in a fair way of being restored to its previous supremacy.

But perhaps the most brilliant action fought in front of Delhi—or, rather, several miles to the west of it—was that of Nujuf-gurh. The mutineers had got to know that our heavy siege-train, with but a slender escort, was at last approaching, and they determined to make a dash for it. But this was a game at which two could play, and Brigadier Nicholson, one of the greatest heroes of the war, who had by this time come down from the Punjab to take part in, and indeed conduct, the siege, was despatched with the Movable Column to do diamond cut diamond against the rebels. He found them in a very strong position, and greatly superior to him in numbers and guns. But what did that matter? Turning to his infantry, whom he ordered to lie down to avoid the showers of grape, Nicholson thus addressed them: "Now, 61st, I have but a few words to say. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell said to you at Chillianwallah, and you must also have heard that he used a similar expression (to his Highlanders) at the Alma: that is, 'Hold your fire till within twenty or thirty yards of the battery, and then, my boys, we will make short work of it.'"

Let one of his officers now take up the tale:—"Our guns went away to the flank. We got 'Fix bayonets, and trail arms; quick—march!' On we went, in a beautiful line, at a steady pace. On we went, and we got within some fifty yards of them, when the men gave a howl, and on we dashed, and were slap into them before they had time to depress the guns. It was bayonet to bayonet in a few moments, but we cut them up and spiked the guns. We had very few men killed in the charge, as we got in before they fired the grape. Lieutenant G., 61st, was bayoneted by a sepoy after cutting down two. N. shot the man that did it. He had his horse shot under him, and I saw him hand-to-hand with a sepoy, whom he polished off with his sword. . . On we went after the brutes, and cut up a heap at the serai and behind it. We then drew up in line, rallied, and went at the camp, took it, sent a party to take the village, and then we went and took the guns at the bridge, over which the enemy was bolting in thousands. Here we took six guns more. Up came our guns, and blazed away at the enemy, and off they went, leaving a host of stores, etc., all along the road. . . I was so tired that I lay down on a hide and fell asleep. Next morning the work of destruction was finished, and off we marched with a lot of treasure, etc., and thirteen guns, and brought all safe into camp, after a hard march, arriving at the camp-bridge just in the cool of the evening, when the camp turned out to meet us, and gave us 'three times three,' and played us in with some lively airs, with a final 'Hip—hip—hurrah!' for the gallant 61st, who had reserved their fire, as the Highlanders of the 'thin, red line' had done at Balaclava, until they had almost seen the whites of their enemy's eyes, and then 'given them beans' with bullet and bayonet."

On the 4th of September the siege train, each gun drawn by twenty pairs of bullocks, at last arrived, and the hearts of all the British beat high at the thought that the assault must now soon be delivered on the doomed city. Two days later also considerable reinforcements came in, bringing up our little siege army to 6,500 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 600 artillery

—of which only 3,317 were British troops, and the European corps were now mere skeletons of their former selves. In order to stimulate the spirits of this miscellaneous host, Wilson issued a general order, in which he expressed his assurance that "British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers whom we are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold and exterminated"; but, to enable them to do this, he warned the troops of the absolute necessity of their keeping together, and not straggling from their columns. By this only could success be secured. "Major-General Wilson," he continued, "need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders of their officers and comrades, their wives and children, to move them to the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers! At the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way."

Meanwhile the Engineers, directed by Baird-Smith, another of the giants of this Trojan-Delhi fray, set to work in the darkness and silently traced out the siege-batteries. A long string of camels brought in fascines and sandbags, and hundreds of men exerted themselves to the utmost in raising them, as the work had to be completed before dawn. Showers of grape-shot were rained on them from the battlements, but our devoted men worked on with a will, and by morning Battery No. 1 was in working order and belching forth its eighteen-pound shot at such a rate that the Moree Bastion soon became a heap of ruins. This battery was commanded by Major Brind, of whom it was said that "he never slept," and would say to his men as he shouldered a musket—"Now, you lie and rest; your commandant will defend the battery." "We talk about Victoria Crosses," said someone; "Brind should be covered with them from head to foot!" Battery No. 2, of eighteen guns, was constructed in two portions on the left about 500 yards from the Cashmere Gate, its task being to knock away the parapet right and left that gave cover to the defenders, and to open the main breach by which the city was to be stormed. Conspicuous for his cool bravery in this battery was a young lieutenant—Roberts—who had some very narrow shaves during the siege, but luckily escaped death in all its various forms to become one of the most distinguished fighters ever produced by India, that cradle of great soldiers, and to gain for himself an immortal name as the hero of the famous march from Cabul to Candahar.

Two other batteries, Nos. 3 and 4, were also raised, one of them mounting six eighteen-pounders; and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September a terrific roar announced that our biggest breaching-guns had opened fire. A loud cheer, sending the smoke whirling away in eddies, burst from the throats of our artillerymen as they saw how well their fire had taken effect, and beheld huge blocks of stone tottering and tumbling down from the parapets of the walls. Cheer after cheer went up at this most gratifying sight, and in about ten minutes the enemy's counter-fire from the bastions had been completely silenced. Yet they did not at once give up the artillery duel. For what they could not do from the walls they tried to compass in the open, and ran out several guns, with which they did great damage by enfilading our batteries. They also sent out rockets from their Martello towers, and kept up a storm of musketry from their advanced trench as well as from the walls, causing us severe loss. But who cared for loss when Delhi was there to be won? Night and day, day and night, did our siege-batteries belch forth their thunderbolts against the city walls; and by the 13th of September it was concluded that the long-wished-for time had at last arrived. Yet it behoved the besiegers to proceed with caution, and so four Engineer officers were selected to steal forward to the Cashmere and Water Bastions and find out whether the breaches there were now big enough to allow of the assault.

There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and with the lurid light of flashing rockets and fire-balls. Suddenly, as the clock struck ten, the thunder of the guns ceased, and then the explorers, drawing their swords and feeling for their revolvers, began to creep towards the ditch. Medley and Lang, Home and Greathed were the officers who had volunteered for this perilous service. The two former got down into the ditch undiscovered; but then, to quote the words of Medley himself, "a number of figures appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not apparently see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go away,

when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile, we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns on the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable to get to the top, but

THE PALACE, DELHI.

the sentries would not move." Medley then gave the signal, and the party started to return to the camp. But the sound of their departing feet betrayed them. "Directly we were discovered a volley was sent after us; the balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched." A favourable report being also received from Home and Greathed, orders were given for the assault at dawn.

The infantry of the storming force was divided into five columns, the duty of the first, under Brigadier Nicholson, being to storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion. The second, under Brigadier Jones, had likewise to storm the Water Bastion. To the third, commanded by Colonel Campbell, fell the task of storming through the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown in; while the fourth column, under Major Reid, was told off to assault the suburb of Kissengunge and support the main attack by effecting an entrance at the Cabul Gate after it should be taken; and the fifth, under Brigadier Longfield, was to follow the first and act according to circumstances.

By three o'clock the whole camp was astir. Many of the officers and men had taken the Holy Communion the night before, and in some tents the Old Testament lesson for the day had been read—the chapter being that in which the doom of Nineveh was foretold. Some 6,000 men, of whom only about 1,200 were British soldiers, were going to take a walled city defended by

THE CHANDNEE CHOUK, DELHI.

30,000 desperate and disciplined rebels. The news of the foul and treacherous massacre at Cawnpore by the Nana Sahib had by this time reached the soldiers, and inflamed their hearts anew with the desire to take fearful vengeance on such barbarous foes. They had suffered more than tongue could tell; but the hour of their retribution and their great reward was now at hand.

Suddenly the roar of the guns ceased, and the columns started to their feet as the Rifles, with

a loud cheer, dashed to the front in skirmishing array. In a stern silence the storming columns tramped away towards the ditch; but it was now bright day, for, owing to some hitch, they had not been able to move with the dawn. The consequence was that before they had reached the crest of the glacis, with the Engineers and laddermen in front, numbers of them had fallen under the truly infernal shower of bullets that was rained upon them from the walls. For several minutes the first column found it impossible to lower the ladders and descend into the ditch while the fiendish-looking rebels cursed and yelled at them from the other side, daring them to come on. Presently the ladders were thrown into the ditch, and the men, leaping down after them, planted them against the scarp and swarmed up. Nicholson himself, the "Lion of the Punjab," as he was well called, was the first to mount the breach, waving with his sword for his men to follow. In a similar manner Lieutenant Fitzgerald led the escalade of the adjoining bastion and fell mortally wounded. With a rousing cheer the stormers dashed over the *débris* of the breach like an irresistible wave bursting in a breakwater wall. For a few minutes there was a wild chaos of cheers, groans, yells, blazing of musketry, and clash of crossing bayonets, and then the rebels turned and fled like a pack of wolves, leaving this portion of their ramparts in possession of the victorious Nicholson.

"OUR DEVOTED MEN WORKED ON WITH A WILL." (*p.* 131).

Meanwhile, the second column on the extreme left had carried the Water Bastion by an equally successful, but an equally sacrificial, rush. For of the thirty-nine laddermen preceding the

column, twenty-nine were struck down in a few minutes; but their comrades seized the ladders and reared them up against the scarp, while others rushed up the breach, and bayoneting all before them, drove the rebels from the walls. Then, turning to the right, the stormers swept along the ramparts towards the Cashmere Bastion, where they were joined by some of Nicholson's men, and, rushing ever along the walls, reached the Moree Bastion, where they slew the gunners and leapt on to the parapets, sending up a cheer and waving their caps to their comrades on the Ridge as a signal of victory.

All this work had been short and sharp, and done with a splendid courage. But perhaps the scene of the finest acts of individual heroism was the Cashmere Gate, where the third column, under Colonel Campbell, had meanwhile also forced an entrance in the following manner: Covered by the fire of the 60th Rifles, a party of sappers and miners advanced at the double toward the Cashmere Gate. Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Mahoo leading and carrying the powder-bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and some others. They reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing by the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder, but when this was at last laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to do its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully done his duty. Then a terrific thunder-roar and explosion, scattering large masses of masonry, and mangled human forms in all directions, announced that these acts of heroism had been crowned with success. Lieutenant Home now ordered Bugler Hawthorne to sound the regimental call of the 52nd Regiment as the signal for the advance of the column; and this was thrice repeated, lest, amid the noise and tumult of the assault, the tones of the trumpet should not be heard. Then, after having thus coolly blown his bugle, the brave Hawthorne turned to Lieutenant Salkeld and bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, thus ensuring for himself the Victoria Cross, which was also conferred on the few survivors of this "glorious deed—the noblest on record in military history," as Baird-Smith justly called it when bringing it to the notice of his chief. "Salkeld mortally wounded," said another writer, "handing over the portfire and bidding his comrade light the train, is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history."

With a way thus opened up for it, Colonel Campbell's storming column now burst into the city, slaughtering all it met; and was only stopped in its career of conquest when it reached the Chandnee Chouk, or Piccadilly of Delhi, running right through the city from the Lahore Gate to the Palace.

In the meantime Major Reid's fourth column, whose task was to advance against the Cabul Gate, had been less successful—had, in fact, come to grief. For having to fight his way through some suburbs affording splendid cover to the rebels, his men were very much cut up, and, on the fall of their leader, had to retire. At one time it was gravely feared that the enemy, elated with their success at this point, would issue in overwhelming numbers and seek to turn the flank of the British outside position and thus threaten the camp. But at the critical moment Hope Grant brought up the Cavalry Brigade, which had been covering the assaulting columns, and made the rebels pause. For two hours the troopers, drawn up in battle array, sat like statues, while the ranks were every minute rent by musket ball and grape. Not a man flinched from his post, though under this galling fire for two hours. Of Tombs' troop alone twenty-five men out of fifty, and seventeen horses were hit. The 9th Lancers had thirty-eight men wounded, sixty-one horses killed, wounded and missing, and the officers lost ten horses. Nothing daunted by these casualties, these gallant soldiers held their ground with a patient endurance, and on their commander praising them for their good behaviour they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as ever he chose. Against such firmness the foe could make no headway, and outside the city their counter-attack was at last foiled.

It would take a volume to describe the course and incidents of the conquering career of the various storming columns which had forced their way into the heart of the city; but let the following description of the doings of Nicholson's

first column serve as a sample of the fighting which had still to be done. The writer, Mr. Forrest, drew up his narrative after visiting the spot in the company of Lord Roberts.

"On reaching the head of the street at the Cabul Gate, the enemy again made a resolute stand, but were speedily driven forward. A portion of the first column was halted here, and proceeded to occupy the houses round the Cabul Gate, while the remainder continued the pursuit. As the troops advanced up the Rampart Road, the enemy opened a heavy and destructive fire from the guns on the road and a field-piece planted on the wall. The English soldiers, raising a shout, rushed and took the first gun on the road, but were brought to a check within ten yards of the second by the grape and musketry with which the enemy plied them, and by the stones and iron shot which they rolled on them. Seeking all the scanty shelter they could find, the men retired, leaving behind the gun they had captured. After a short pause they were re-formed, and the order given to advance. Once again the Fusiliers, scathed with fire from both sides, rushed forward and seized and secured the gun. They plunged forward, and had gone but a few yards when their gallant leader, Major Jacob, fell mortally wounded. As he lay writhing in agony on the ground, two or three of his men wished to carry him to the rear; but he refused their aid, and urged them to press forward against the foe. The officers bounding far ahead of their men, were swiftly struck down, and the soldiers, seeing their leaders fall, began to waver. At this moment the heroic Nicholson arrived, and, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to follow him, and instantly he was shot through the chest. Near the spot grows a tall, graceful tree, and Nicholson ordered himself to be laid beneath its shade, saying he would wait there till Delhi was taken. But for once he was disobeyed and removed to his tent on the Ridge."

Had Nicholson been allowed to lie under the tree, he would have had to wait several days yet before the capture of the city was completed. So far the besiegers had done little more than effect a foothold within its walls, and at a cost of 66 officers and 1,100 men in killed and wounded—or about two men in nine. The bullets of the rebels had worked sad havoc among the stormers, and what these bullets had spared drink and debauchery threatened to destroy. For, knowing the weakness of the British soldier for strong drink, the rebels had cunningly strewn the deserted shops and pavements with bottles of beer, wine, and spirits; and now there ensued scenes of revelry and abandoned indulgence in liquor which recalled to mind the assault and capture of Badajoz. But the demon of destruction filled the breast of the British soldier as well as the demon of drink, and though, true to the injunction of his commander, he spared, and was even kind to, women and children, he slaughtered without mercy all the males who crossed his avenging path. But if provocation be any excuse for massacre, or blood be the just equivalent of blood, then certainly the British soldier in Delhi must have had many apologists.

The task of carrying the rest of the town was carried out day by day with skill and caution. From the first a continuous fire from our guns was kept up on all the remaining strongholds of the rebels—the Palace, Jumma Musjid, etc.; and at dawn on the 16th the magazine was stormed and taken with but slight loss. The same day the rebels evacuated the suburb Kissengunge. On the evening of the 19th the Burn Bastion was surprised and captured by a party from the Cabul Gate, and early next morning the Lahore Gate, to which the Engineers had sapped their way through the adjacent houses, was taken, as well as the Garsten Bastion; finally, on the same afternoon, the gates of the Palace, which had witnessed the cruel murder of English officers, women, and children, were blown in, and our troops raised a final shout of victory before the throne of Bahadoor Shah. That shadow of a monarch had fled and taken refuge in the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, outside the city; but here he was sought and found by Lieutenant Hodson, who, escorted by only a few sowars, undertook the exceedingly dangerous task of capturing the king.

The story of this capture, as told by one of Hodson's comrades, reads like a romance. After securing his captives, "the march towards the city began—the longest five miles, as Hodson said, that he had ever ridden; for, of course, the palkees only went at a foot-pace, with his handful of men around them, and followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. His orderly told me it was wonderful to see the influence which his calm, undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralysed at the fact of one white man carrying off their king alone. Gradually, as they approached the city, the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore Gate. Then Captain Hodson rode

on a few paces, and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in his palkees. 'Only the King of Delhi,' was the answer, on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the king would take the honour to himself. They passed up the magnificent deserted street to the Palace Gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer, and formally delivered over his royal prisoner to him. His remark was amusing: 'By Jove! Hodson, they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this.'"

Next day Hodson returned for the king's sons, but to them he was less merciful. "I came," he wrote, "just in time, as a large mob had collected and were turning on the guard. I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words I appealed to the crowd, saying that these were the butchers who had slaughtered and brutally ill-used helpless women and children, and that the Government had now sent their punishment. Seizing a carbine from one of the men, I deliberately shot them one after another. I then ordered the bodies to be taken into the city, and thrown out on the 'Chiboutra,' in front of the 'Kotwalie,' where the blood of their innocent victims could still be traced. The bodies remained before the Kotwalie until this morning, when, for sanitary reasons, they were removed. Thus in twenty-four hours, therefore, I disposed of the principal members of the house of Timur the Tartar. I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches."

This summary act of vengeance aroused much difference of opinion as to its justice and humanity, but Hodson himself wrote: "I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say, while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right."

That same night the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen," proposed by the conqueror of Delhi, was drunk with all honour in the Dewan-i-Khas by the head-quarters staff. Never had the old building re-echoed with any sound half so fine. The cheer was taken up by the gallant Goorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion who formed the General's personal guard, and was, indeed, soon re-echoed all over India, all over the English world.

Thus, then, ended this famous siege, one of the greatest and most memorable in the history of England—a siege which, out of an effective force that never amounted to 10,000 men, entailed a loss of 992 killed and 2,845 wounded, apart from all those who died from disease and exposure; but a siege, at the same time, which added an imperishable leaf to England's laurel-crown, and enabled her to retain her imperial hold on Hindostan.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

"WHAT battle is this?" we can conceive our readers asking; "and where is Gislikon?" The form of the name may put some on the right track. In one of the most frequented regions of Switzerland "-ikons" are as common as "-inghams" in England, and no one who has travelled over any of the railways about Zürich or Lucerne can have failed to notice some instance of the odd-looking termination. Switzerland is indeed the country to which we are going, and among those of our readers who have already visited that "playground of Europe," we will venture to say that at least one-half have been close to, if they have not actually passed over, the field on which the battle that we are going to describe was fought. For Gislikon lies not more than six miles from the top of the world-famous Rigi; it is a station on the not less famous St. Gotthard railway.

Having got so far, we are prepared for further inquiries, not unmixed with incredulity. It is hard for us to realise that a battle has been fought in Switzerland during the last fifty years. One can almost as easily imagine a battle in England as in that prosperous little country, which many of us look upon as almost an appendage to England, and associate with nothing more serious than holidays and hotels and mountain-rambles. The better-informed have heard of cantons, and probably think that they are something equivalent to English counties or French departments; while they suppose that the country called "Switzerland" has always been much where it is now, with the same frontier and the same territory. How many, we wonder, realise when they cross the well-known Gemmi Pass from Leukerbad to Kandersteg that they are passing from one sovereign State, with its own laws, into another, and that while the State into which they are going, Bern, has been part of the Confederation which is now called Switzerland for more than 500 years, the one which they are leaving, Valais, only became so at a date when Mr. Gladstone was already six years old? So it is, however, and men much younger than Mr. Gladstone can remember a time when Bern and Valais were actually at war with each other, just as, a few years later, Pennsylvania and Louisiana were at war. Happily, in the case of Switzerland the war was quickly finished, lasting hardly as many weeks as the greater conflict lasted years, and involving, as we shall see, a far smaller loss of life and property than many wars which have had far less important results. It is probably not too much to say that had the battle not been fought where it was, or had the issue been different, there would now be no Switzerland at all on the map of Europe.

Before describing the battle, we must give some account of the events which led to it. The years of peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, were by no means years of domestic tranquillity for most of the Continental States. The various absolute governments had been thoroughly frightened by the events of the French Revolution, and ruled more absolutely than ever. The rearrangement of Europe also, which followed the fall of Napoleon, had, in many cases, produced much discontent; and, in one way or another, every country was going through a critical period. Kings were driven from their thrones; men were constantly punished for the mere expression of their opinions; secret societies were formed, and assassinations were frequent.

Switzerland, too, had its troubles, though as the form of government in every canton was already republican, these took the shape rather of fights between contending parties than of rebellion followed by repression. One great cause of difference was to be found in the various

views as to a revision of the "Federal Pact," or treaty, which governed the relations of the States to the Confederation, the Liberals wishing to see these drawn closer, while the Conservatives favoured cantonal independence. Other differences were due to local causes. Thus in Schwyz a serious quarrel arose over the use of the common pastures. The wealthier men who could keep cows were thought to have unfair privileges over those who had only sheep and goats. The former were known as "horn-men," the latter as "hoof-men." They represented the Clerical (or Conservative) and Liberal parties respectively, and the Federal Diet had, in 1838, to interfere to keep the peace between them. The comparative strength of parties varied very much in the different States, and even in the same State sudden changes of feeling were not infrequent. Moreover, matters were complicated by religious differences. Some of the cantons were Catholic, some Protestant, while in others the population was more or less evenly divided between the two forms of faith. It by no means followed that the political divisions went on the same lines as the religious; and in almost every canton there were representatives of both parties. Lucerne was the most powerful of the Catholic cantons, and until 1841 had been on the Liberal side, and in favour of a revision of the Federal Pact. In that year, however, the Government was utterly overthrown at the polls, and the Clerical party came into power, headed by Constantine Siegwart, an able and ambitious man, who had formerly been strong on the other side. The neighbouring canton of Aargau, which was divided between Catholics and Protestants, and which had only joined the Confederation in 1803, had in the previous year found it necessary to suppress its monasteries, which had fomented opposition to the Government. Lucerne made a strong effort to persuade the Federal Diet to treat this as a breach of the Constitution, according to which all religions were to be respected; and Aargau, although many of the Catholic inhabitants were in favour of the suppression, only escaped stronger measures by consenting to restore some of the monasteries. This business, which was not finally settled till 1843, embittered the feeling between the two cantons, and in Switzerland generally. Seven cantons — Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg, and Valais — made a formal protest against the decision of the Diet to leave Aargau alone; and subsequently formed themselves into a separate league, "for the protection of the Catholic religion." This league was known as the *Sonderbund*.

AT BERN.

Events now began to move rapidly. In May, 1844, fighting took place in Valais, not far from the spot where tourists now go to see the "Gorge of the Trient," and the Liberals, who had been in power until the previous year, were driven out, not without bloodshed; the leaders only escaping by swimming the Rhone. About the same time Lucerne called in the Jesuits to direct education in the canton. There has always been in Switzerland a good deal of suspicion of this order, who have been, rightly or wrongly, believed to exercise a considerable underhand influence in politics;

indeed, the recent conflict in Valais was thought to have been instigated by them; and though they already had a footing in some cantons, their introduction into what was at this time the leading State of the Federation was viewed with alarm, even by many Catholics and Conservatives; while it grievously offended all the cantons in which there was a Liberal majority. Matters were not improved when the Lucerne Government seized and imprisoned its leading opponents. In the following winter and spring armed bands of irresponsible volunteers from Aargau, Bern, and other cantons, with some exiles from Lucerne, made attempts to invade that State. In the second and more serious of these 3,600 men, under Colonel Ochsenbein (who, a year or two later, was President of the Diet), succeeded, on March 31st, 1845, in getting within a few miles of the city of Lucerne, but were beaten back by the cantonal troops, with a loss of 140 killed and 1,800 prisoners. Herein they got no more than they deserved; but the Lucerne Government put itself in the wrong by the extreme severity, amounting to a Reign of Terror, with which it now proceeded to treat its opponents, and by the undisguised manner in which it promoted the organisation of the separate league. The Government also began to intrigue with foreign powers, especially France and Austria, obtaining arms from the former and money from the latter. Three thousand muskets with ammunition which the Austrians attempted to forward from Milan, were impounded by the authorities of Canton Ticino; and so audacious were the Lucerne Government grown, that they actually complained of this as a violation of State rights.

LUCERNE AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

It was obvious that the remaining fifteen cantons, comprising nearly five-sixths of the whole population, could not long tolerate the presence of this hostile league in their midst. A glance at the map will show that of the seven cantons composing it, one, Fribourg, lies apart, while the others stretch continuously from the extreme south-west of Switzerland, near Chamonix, away to the Lake of Zurich. Not only do they divide the Confederation almost in two, but they hold three out of the five main roads which lead through Switzerland into Italy, including the two which at that time were, and probably still are, by far the most frequented—the Simplon and the St. Gothard. Moreover, the attitude of the Great Powers showed plainly that the very existence of Switzerland as a separate and independent nation was at stake. None of the Continental Governments had any love for the little State, which, besides showing that men could live and thrive under a republican constitution, was always ready to offer shelter to those of their subjects whose political views made residence in their native countries unsafe. Accordingly, we find the Protestant King of Prussia no less anxious than the Protestant M. Guizot, Minister of Louis Philippe, for the success of the Catholic Sonderbund; while Austria and Sardinia, who a few months later were to be at each other's throat, agreed at least in sending help to Lucerne.

The task of the loyal cantons was not easy. In several of them parties were very evenly divided. The only central authority at this time consisted of the Federal Diet, in which every canton, no matter what its size, had an equal representation, while the members were only deputies, bound to vote as the majority of their State directed them. The important canton of St. Gallen, the fifth in numbers, and one of the wealthiest, was long in deciding. The Catholics form about three-fifths of the population there, and it was not till May, 1847, that the local elections resulted in a Liberal majority, and consequently the return of a Liberal member to the Diet. On July 20th the Diet was at last able to pass a resolution calling upon the Sonderbund to dissolve itself, as being in contravention of the Federal Constitution. The next three months were spent in efforts to bring this about peaceably, but the leaders had gone too far to retreat. They relied, also, not merely on the intervention of the Great Powers, but on their own favourable

position in a district almost inaccessible from most sides, on the ancient reputation of the so-called "Forest Cantons"—Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, which had been the original cradle of Swiss liberty.

AT FRIBOURG.

On October 29th the Sonderbund deputies offered to dissolve their league, but only on conditions which were equivalent to a concession by the other side of all the claims to assert which the league had been formed, and on the rejection of these terms by the majority, they left the Diet, Bernard Meyer, the deputy from Lucerne, calling upon God to decide between them. "You had better not speak of God," exclaimed the deputy from Catholic Solothurn; "this business is not His, but the Devil's work." On November 4 the Diet finally resolved that the Sonderbund be put down by force of arms, that the frontiers of the seceding cantons be occupied, and all intercourse with them be broken off.

The command of the Federal forces had been entrusted to Colonel William Henry Dufour, of Geneva. Switzerland possesses no standing army; but every able-bodied man goes through military training, and there is a permanent staff of superior officers, on which Dufour held the post of Quartermaster-General. He was now sixty years old; and though in his youth he had served in the French army during all the time of Napoleon's great campaigns, and risen to the rank of captain, he had seen no active service, having passed those stirring years as an engineer-officer in the island of Corfu, which for most of the time was blockaded by the English fleet. When Geneva became part of Switzerland, in 1815, he transferred his services to the Confederation, and gained a considerable reputation as a student and teacher of military science. He was also at the head of the Commission which from 1833 onwards was engaged in the production of the finest map of any country which up till then had existed—the Ordnance Map of Switzerland. Only a few days before he had remarked to one of his officers that it was lucky for them both that their duties would prevent them from taking an active part in the conflict! As the result showed, no better man could have been chosen. On October 25th he received the rank of General, and took the oath of office as Commander-in-Chief. In a few days he had under his orders a force of nearly 100,000 men and 174 guns.

The Sonderbund leaders had been unable to find a commander among the citizens of the seceding cantons. Their choice finally fell upon Colonel Ulrich Salis-Soglio, of Chur in Graubünden. Like Dufour, he was an elderly man, but had had the advantage of actual military experience. He had served in the Bavarian army during the Leipzig campaign, and had distinguished himself at the battle of Hanau. For twenty-five years he had been an officer in the Swiss regiment in the Dutch service. He is described as a man of charming manners and chivalrous courage; but by no

means Dufour's equal as a strategist. Curiously enough he was a Protestant. The Sonderbund forces amounted in all to about 78,000 men and 72 guns. He commanded only the forces of the "Forest Cantons" and Zug. General Maillardoz commanded in Fribourg, General Kalbermatten in Valais.

Dufour's first care was to secure himself from attack in the rear by subduing Fribourg, which, as we have said, is separated by the cantons of Bern and Vaud from the rest of those composing the Sonderbund. His strategy for this purpose was simple, but effective. The town of Fribourg is not more than sixteen or seventeen miles from Bern, in a westerly direction. It was strongly fortified, and defended by a force of from 12,000 to 15,000 men. The defenders naturally expected that the attack would come from the direction of the Federal capital, and they had made their arrangements to resist it on that side by throwing up batteries and blocking the roads with trees. Dufour caused his first division, under Colonel Rilliet, to advance in three brigades from Vevey, Moudon, and Payerne, in Canton Vaud, with instructions to reach Matran, some four miles south-west of Fribourg, on November 12th. This manœuvre was executed punctually. At the same time Colonel Burckhardt's division, which had been stationed in Canton Bern, instead of advancing directly upon Fribourg, made a night-march to the right, and took up a position about the same distance north-west of the town. Lastly, Colonel Ochsenbein was directed to make a demonstration on the side of Bern, so as to draw off the attention of the defenders from the movements on the west and north, and at the same time to watch the approaches from the south. These dispositions were all so accurately carried out that on the morning of November 13th Dufour was able to send a missive to the mayor of Fribourg, pointing out that his city was surrounded by superior forces—they were from 25,000 to 30,000 men, with sixty

"MAJOR SCHERRER SEIZED THE COLOURS" (p. 144)

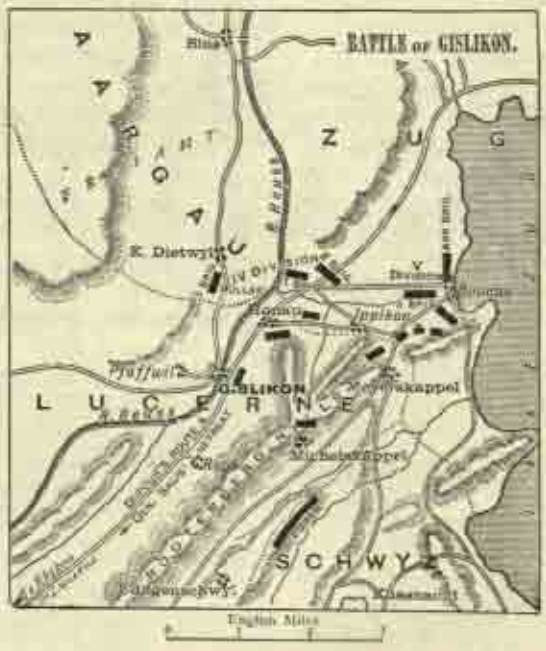
guns—and that under the circumstances he could surrender without discredit. The authorities of the city saw the force of his arguments, and agreed to an armistice for twenty-four hours; and on the following day a capitulation was signed, the first article of which bound Fribourg to leave the Sonderbund forthwith. This success was not quite bloodless, for on the afternoon of the 13th some of the outposts of the first division who were stationed in a wood on the west of a town, and had not heard of the armistice, made, under some misconception, an attack upon a redoubt which was close in front of them. The artillery on both sides came into action, and the Federal troops lost seven killed and fifty wounded.

The fall of Fribourg, says Dufour, fell like a thunderclap on the Sonderbund, and astonished the rest of Europe. His own task became much easier, owing to the spirit of cheerfulness and unanimity which now took the place of the indecision and even reluctance which had been felt in many quarters. He lost no time in grappling with the more arduous part of his work—the subjection of Lucerne. Hitherto he had given strict orders to his subordinate commanders that they were to act entirely on the defensive, and his orders had been obeyed, though to do so must have required some self-restraint on the part of those officers. For the Sonderbund forces were by no means inactive. The canton of Aargau runs down in a long tongue between Lucerne and Zug, forming the district known as the Freiamt. At the northern end of this tongue, where it widens out to the full breadth of the canton, is the village of Muri, where one of the suppressed monasteries had been situated. Perhaps the Sonderbund expected to find some sympathisers in that district. At all events, on November 12th a strong force, in two columns, under General Salis and his Chief of the Staff, Colonel Elgger, respectively, entered Aargau, with the intention of marching by different routes upon Muri. The General, starting from Gislikon, entered the Freiamt at its southernmost point; while Elgger, keeping within the territory of Lucerne, was to take a parallel line and approach Muri from the south-west. It was a foggy day, and the two columns, separated by a range of lofty hills, completely lost touch of each other. In the afternoon, Salis made an attempt to destroy a bridge which the Federal engineers had thrown over the river Reuss, to connect Zürich with Aargau. But he was met with a stout resistance, and compelled to retire. Near Muri he again fell in with troops from St. Gallen and Appenzell, who received him with a vigorous fire, and he found nothing to do but return to his starting-point. Colonel Elgger was at first more fortunate, and drove the Aargau troops back with some loss. His own son, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, got a bullet in his head, but lived to edit the Swiss Military Gazette thirty years later. Presently an order to the artillery to retire in order to take up a better position, caused a panic among some troops from Valais, who probably did not understand the words, and only saw the movement. They fled, and Elgger, having lost a part of his force and hearing the sound of Salis' guns grow fainter and fainter, had nothing to do but to withdraw. A third column, which was to have invaded Aargau further to the westward, succeeded in surprising the Federal outposts and bombarding an unfortified village; but did not wait for the arrival of the Aargau battalions, which hastened up at the summons of the alarm-bells.

In the south, where the Federal strength was less, matters for a few days looked more promising for the Sonderbund. On November 17th a body of 2000 men, with four guns, crossed the St. Gotthard Pass in a storm of wind and snow, and fell upon Airolo. The Ticino troops, who were holding that place, 2700 strong, hardly expected a visit in such weather, and allowed themselves to be surprised. Before they knew what was happening, the village was surrounded by the riflemen of Uri, and cannon-balls were crashing through the snow-covered roofs. They fled in disorder to Bellinzona, with a loss of six killed and thirty wounded, leaving weapons, ammunition, baggage, even their colonel's despatch-boxes and dressing-case, in the enemy's hands. This was the nearest approach to success which the Sonderbund had. It was hoped that Ticino, being a Catholic canton, at least a portion of the population might welcome the invaders; but they received no encouragement, and in a few days the approach of the Federal army to Lucerne rendered their retreat necessary.

For Dufour did not let the grass grow under his feet. Two days after the capitulation of Fribourg had been signed, his head-quarters were at Aarau, the capital of Aargau, and all his dispositions made for striking the decisive blow. Lucerne is very well situated for defence against an enemy approaching from the north.

The stream of the Reuss, flowing out of the lake towards the north-west, presently sweeps round to the north-east. Just at the angle the smaller River Emme joines it from the south-west, so that a continuous obstacle is offered to an attacking force. Between the Reuss and the Kussnacht arm of the lake (which washes the foot of the Rigi) is a range of lofty wooded hills called the Rooterberg, which continue almost to the Lake of Zug; and in the other direction, a similar line of hills, cut by deep gorges, runs parallel to the Emme. It was on this latter side that the ill-starred attempt of the Free Corps had been made in 1845. Dufour determined on this occasion to approach from the other direction, along the line of the Reuss, and between that river and the Rooterberg. It was a hazardous operation: in his own words, "taking the bull by the horns." Gislikon, the point where the main road crosses the river, while that on the right bank comes close to it, was strongly fortified; and the Rooterberg afforded an admirable position for sharpshooters and artillery. But by advancing from this side he would, if successful, separate Lucerne and Schwyz, and would strike at the heart of the secession. Therefore, while ordering all the five divisions which he intended to employ, to converge by various roads on Lucerne, from east, north, and west, he resolved to make his main attack with the fourth and fifth, under Colonels Ziegler and Gmür. Of these, the former was at present quartered in Aarau, the latter between the Reuss and the Lake of Zürich.



The attack was fixed for November 23rd. Two days before, the little canton of Zug, which had entered the Sonderbund somewhat reluctantly, seeing that further resistance was useless, capitulated, thereby relieving Dufour of anxiety for his left flank. On the 22nd the General issued a proclamation to his troops, reminding them that they were performing a duty to their country, and bidding them lay aside all feeling of hostility as soon as the victory was won. They were specially enjoined to respect all churches and buildings used in the service of religion, and to see that no injury was done to non-combatants or to private property.

That evening Colonel Ziegler's division bivouacked in the "Freiamt," right up to the frontier of Lucerne. It was a clear night, and round the Lake of Zug they could see the watch-fires of the fifth division, which was now occupying that canton. In the early morning of the 23rd the Aargau engineers threw a bridge of boats over the Reuss at Sins, another being placed a couple of miles higher up, at Oberrüti. Ziegler, with two brigades of his division, under Colonels Egloff and König, crossed to the right bank, and came into touch with Colonel Gmür and the fifth division, advancing from the Lake of Zug. The third brigade, under Colonel Müller, was to remain on the left bank, and attack Gislikon from the direction of Klein Dietwyl. It should have acted in conjunction with the third division, under Donatz, which occupied the next place to the westward, but bad roads hindered that commander from arriving in time to take part in the main action. About nine in the morning the batteries of Gislikon opened fire upon Müller's brigade, compelling it to retire for a time. One of the first shots killed Captain Buk, a refugee from Lucerne, who was marching with the column. Colonel Ziegler, meanwhile, was making progress on the other side of the Reuss. In spite of the fire from the Rooterberg, and from the Lucerne artillery in front of the village of Honau, he pressed on, and presently his guns coming into action caused the enemy's batteries to retire. They made a short stand in Honau, but were soon forced back upon Gislikon, where regular

earthworks had been thrown up. Here they made a resolute defence, the battery under Captain Mazzola specially distinguishing itself. On the other side, Rust's battery (from Solothurn) galloped through Honau, leaving the infantry behind, and took up its position in an orchard, five hundred paces—this was before the days of rifled cannon—from the earthworks. Its first shot killed and wounded five men in Hegi's company, which retired, leaving Mazzola's left flank uncovered. Mazzola, however, literally "stuck to his guns," though the artillery on the further side of the Reuss was now playing upon him, and presently compelled Rust to retire behind the fighting line, barely saving his guns from capture by the Lucerne *chasseurs*. A plucky action on the part of one of his subordinates is recorded. Just after the Solothurn guns had retired, a body of troops was seen in the spot they had occupied. In the smoke and haze of the November day, it was not certain whether they were friend or foe. Corporal Pfiffer asked his captain's permission to go and ascertain, which Mazzola willingly gave. Pfiffer left the battery, and went forward till he could see the others clearly; then, waving his sword, cried: "Fire, Captain; it is the enemy!" and made his way back. General Salis, who had taken up his position in the battery, pressed a piece of gold into his hand; but the sturdy Swiss rejected it, saying: "No need for that, General; I only did my duty." The narrator of this story, himself a bitter partisan on the Catholic side, adds that Pfiffer was a well-known adherent of the Liberals. Here, as later in the American Civil War, when hostilities had once begun, men put the defence of their homes first, and let their private opinions wait for quieter times.

The troops whose identity Corporal Pfiffer had ascertained were some battalions of Egloff's and König's brigades. These were Appenzellers under Benziger, and Aargauers under Häusler. The former could not face the storm of grape with which they were received, and took shelter in some gravel-pits. Häusler's men, with whom the Brigadier-Colonel Egloff was himself riding, began in their turn to waver. At this moment Major Scherrer, whose own battalion was also unsteady, seized the colours, and fixing them into the ground, cried out: "Switzers, do you know what that means?" Thus encouraged, Häusler's men held their ground, and, presently, through the personal efforts of Egloff and his staff, the fugitives were rallied, and the line restored. Meanwhile, the Lucerne and Unterwaden companies had pressed too far in the direction of the Rooterberg, allowing the Federal skirmishers to penetrate between them and the artillery, so that the earthworks were denuded of all covering infantry. Egloff at once ordered up three batteries, and under the fire of these, combined with that from others on the other bank, the intrepid Mazzola, after nearly an hour's duel between his one battery and five or six of the enemy's, was compelled to withdraw, and abandon Gislikon. General Salis, too, who had taken up his position in the battery, had been severely wounded in the temple by a grape-shot, though he made light of his wound, and refused to leave the fight.

König's brigade, meanwhile, to which had been assigned the duty of clearing the west slopes of the Rooterberg and sheltering Egloff's left flank, had met with a sudden resistance. Again and again they had to fall back, until Ziegler himself, dismounting and leading the right wing, succeeded in pressing the enemy so far up the hill as to secure Egloff from a flank attack, and set part of his own main force to operate against Mazzola. König, with the left wing, attempted to force the position of Michelskappel, on the crest of the ridge, but could not succeed in dislodging the troops from Schwyz who held it. Gmür's division, meanwhile, had captured Meyerskappel, on the eastern side of the ridge, and was advancing upon Lucerne by the road between the hills and the lake.

But the retreat from Gislikon had decided the battle. At 3 p.m. General Salis gave the order to retire upon Ebikon, a village not more than three miles from Lucerne. In the city itself men had been listening all day long, with painful anxiety, to the thunder of the cannon, but no news of the fight had reached them. At four, arrived an orderly from the General, bringing a message couched in the form usual with defeated commanders, to the effect that he had been compelled to retire temporarily upon Ebikon, but hoped to maintain his ground there for a time. He added, however, that the loss of Gislikon had rendered the position of Lucerne very precarious. A steamer had been in readiness all day, and on the receipt of this news, the Council-of-War, with Siegwart and Meyer at its head, went on board, taking the military treasury and all documents, papers, etc., with them, and steamed up the lake to Flüelen, leaving orders to General Salis to arrange for an armistice. The General himself arrived about 8 p.m.,

suffering from his wound, and after giving the requisite instructions, departed to Unterwalden. As an old soldier, he doubtless knew that further resistance meant useless bloodshed. Colonel Elgger, his Chief of the Staff, had been for two days maintaining a stout resistance in the Valley of Entlebuch, west of the city, to the seventh Federal division, under Colonel Ochsenbein—who had his former defeat on almost the same ground to avenge—and had hastened back to Lucerne, when night put an end to further fighting on the 23rd. He was at first in favour of defending the city; but was soon convinced of the hopelessness of the situation, and agreed to communicate with Dufour. At 9 in the morning of the 24th came the reply that it was too late to countermand the advance, but that it the Federal troops were allowed to enter peaceably, and the Federal flag was displayed, no warlike measures would be taken.

Accordingly, at midday on the 24th, the Federal forces marched into Lucerne by all the gates. Twenty days had finished the civil war. The total losses were, on the Federal side, 60 killed and 386 wounded; on that of the Sonderbund, 36 and 119. Dufour attributes the smallness of these figures to the fact that the fighting took place in a broken and thickly-wooded country, where cover was plentiful. Something was, no doubt, also due to the inexperience of the gunners.

Great care was taken to prevent any excesses on the part of the victors. The Bern division, between whom and Lucerne bitter feelings had

"RUST'S BATTERY GALLOPED THROUGH HONAU" (*p.* 144).

existed ever since 1845, was not allowed to take part in the entry into the city, but had to remain, by Colonel Ochsenbein's orders, in the suburbs. Dufour ordered a joint "Church-parade" to be held, the Catholic troops attending Mass in the chief church of Lucerne, while a service was held in the open-air for the Protestants. Subsequently he wrote, "The troops on both sides showed by their conduct that every Swiss is a born soldier."

The Confederation had had a narrow escape. On the day when war had been declared, M. Guizot had, on behalf of France, proposed to the other Great Powers that a joint note should be sent to the Swiss Diet calling upon them to submit the questions at issue to foreign arbitration. As it was hardly doubtful that the proposal would be rejected, this meant armed intervention, with the certainty of an ultimate partition of Switzerland. The Continental Powers were ready enough, but Lord Palmerston, then English Foreign Secretary, who had, as he said, "no wish to see Switzerland made a Poland of," managed, by objections and suggestions, to postpone the delivery of the note till November 30th. By that time the Diet was able to reply that there was no longer any Sonderbund. In the course of the following year, Prussia, Austria, and France had matters enough of their own to attend to; and the Swiss were able to proceed unmolested with the revision of their Constitution into the form under which the country has prospered ever since. Formerly a Confederation of States, they have since 1848 been a Confederated State.

The conflict left—except, perhaps, among a few of the Sonderbund leaders—no ill-feeling behind. Some years later Dufour could write: "The citizens of the old cantons (*i.e.* the Forest Cantons) nearly all have pipes with my picture on them, and call me 'Our little Dufour.'" His long and useful life ended in 1875.

LAKE ZUG.

INSANDHLWANA

BY C. STEIN

ABOUT ten miles from the Buffalo river, which forms the eastern frontier of Natal, rises conspicuous a tall, rocky, precipitous hill, called in the language of the natives "Insandhlwana," or "The place of the little hand," from a fancied resemblance in its form to an outstretched hand. Near this hill was fought, on the 22nd January, 1879, one of the most desperate actions ever engaged in under the British flag. Here, overwhelmed by numbers, an English force suffered a complete and most disastrous defeat, and here, bravely facing inevitable overthrow and death, English soldiers sternly answered to the call of duty and fell with honour, grimly defiant to the last.

Of the actual details of the battle there are no complete records. The men who could have furnished them lie under the shade of the hill, and the veldt grass grows green over their silent and glorious bed. But sufficient is known, as much from the subsequent testimony of their gallant foes as from the words of the few survivors of the fatal field, to tell us how determined, though unavailing, was the courage, how great the self-abnegation, of the warriors who then maintained the honour of our country.

Let us tell the story as far as it can be gathered, and if it ends with no shout of victory, at least we can impress on our minds that the heroic dead left a memory of which we may be sadly proud, and that they were not found wanting in carrying on the noblest traditions of the English people.

The Zulu kingdom was a military power that, under a line of despotic and warlike sovereigns, had long been a standing menace to the English colony of Natal and to the Transvaal, the Dutch Republic, which in 1878 was annexed by England. The first king of Zululand, Chaka, had so organised his realm that it was always ready for war at short notice, and his system was maintained by his successors —Dingaan, Panda, and finally Cetewayo, who became monarch in 1872. Every able-bodied Zulu was enrolled in one or other of the king's regiments, and no one was allowed to marry without the king's permission. The permission to marry was generally given as a mark of favour to a whole regiment at once for long or good service, particularly if it had "bathed" its assegais—or, in other words, had covered them with blood in conflict. The discipline of the Zulu army was the sternest. Implicit obedience was required, and every fault was punished with death. Cowardice was unknown, for the coward dare not meet the vengeance and wrath of his king. The saying of each man was, "I am the king's ox"—meaning, I accept life or death as the king may award, and my only business is to carry out his orders without question. The burden of one of their war-songs was, "If I go back I am killed; if I go on I am killed. It is better to go on." With such feelings, added to their natural fierceness and hardihood, influencing a peculiarly powerful and athletic race of men, it may be conceived how formidable was the Zulu array, and with how much truth it came to be called "a very perfect man-slaying machine."

The war-dress worn by the Zulu soldiers made them striking and alarming-looking figures. On the head of each man was a plume of feathers, or sometimes a single beautiful feather, taken from the bell crane, rising a good two feet into the air. Round his waist hung a kilt of white oxtails, and beneath his right knee and shoulder were small circles of white goat's hair. For the rest, he was naked; unless he was a chief, in which case he wore a leopard's-skin kaross, or cloak, as an emblem of authority. In his left hand he carried a fighting shield made of ox-hide, of which the colour varied according to

the regiment to which he belonged. In his right hand he held his great broad-bladed "bangwan," or stabbing assegai. He also had three lighter and smaller assegais for throwing as javelins, and a "knobkerrie," or club, made of hard "umzimbete" wood. Many of them had rifles, but very few were good shots, and their fire only became formidable when they had a broad mark, like a body of men, to aim at.

The Zulu tactics were always the same. They always tried to attack in a half-circle, throwing forward both flanks of their fighting force, like two horns, which strove to encircle and threaten the rear of their enemy, while their centre, in successive waves of men, charged to their front with irresistible determination.

KING CETEWAYO.

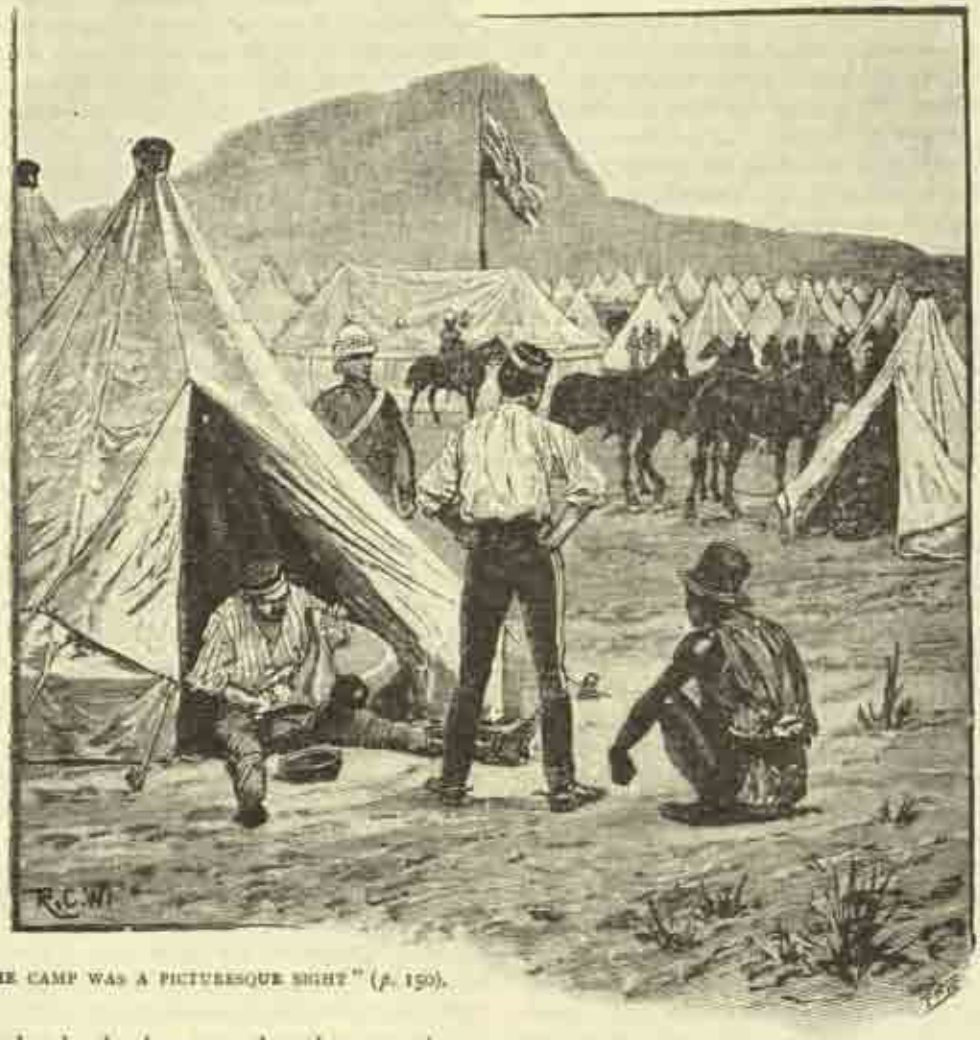
It has been said that the warlike Zulu kingdom had been a standing menace for years to the European colonies on its frontier. Except in the towns these colonies were only occupied by farmers, whose solitary homesteads were scattered over the country at wide distances from each other, each European's house having near it a small "kraal," or village, where lived the peaceful and unwarlike Kaffirs who formed the native population. In days not long gone by, the first settlers had frequently been obliged to fight for their lives, and the Dutch names of such places as "Weenen" (weeping) kept alive the memory of old Zulu incursions. Many were the alarms which spread through the country from time to time lest these incursions should be renewed, and many were the frontier farms which had been, in consequence, deserted by their owners. Causes of dispute had arisen, moreover, with Cetewayo, and the savage potentate had showed that war would be far from unwelcome to him. The English Governor and High Commissioner in South Africa in 1878 was Sir Bartle Frere, one of the ablest of the many able politicians and administrators who have been produced by our Indian Empire, and he did all in his power to induce the Zulu king to come to such terms as might secure the continuance of peace—to no purpose. Finally, an ultimatum was sent to Cetewayo, and he was warned that if it was not complied with before the 11th January, 1879, operations against him would be at once commenced.

It had long been foreseen in Natal that war was almost inevitable, and all the available troops had been massed along the frontier, under the command of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B. The whole resources of the colony had been organised and prepared for a campaign. There were seven regiments of English regular infantry, a naval brigade, seventeen guns and a rocket battery Royal Artillery, and two companies Royal Engineers. There was no regular cavalry, but there were two squadrons of mounted infantry, and nearly 800 colonial volunteers and police, besides more than 300 native Basuto horse. There was also a native contingent, about 9,000 strong. The whole amounted to 6,630 Imperial and colonial troops, 9,035 native contingent, with 802 conductors and drivers in charge of nearly 700 waggons, forming the transport train.

The period allowed to Cetewayo for reply to the ultimatum having expired, a declaration of war was made by Sir Bartle Frere, who then placed in the hands of Lord Chelmsford the further enforcement of all demands.

Lord Chelmsford's army, as detailed above, was

divided into five columns, which were to march into Zululand at different points, and to move on Ulundi, Cetewayo's capital, where they were expected to be able to concentrate victoriously. For our present purpose we need only consider the 2nd and 3rd columns, as the others were in no way involved in the operations which led to the battle of Insandhlwana. The 2nd column, under Colonel Durnford, R.E., was almost entirely composed of natives, and was, in the first instance, more intended to be used as support and communication between the 1st and 3rd columns than for any other purpose. The 3rd column was the strongest and most important, and to it Lord Chelmsford attached himself and his staff. It was under the immediate command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., and was formed by six guns, R.A., one squadron mounted infantry, the 1st battalion 24th Regiment, the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment, about 200 Natal volunteers, 150 Natal police, three battalions of the native contingent, and some native pioneers. This force crossed the Buffalo river on the 11th of January, and encamped on the further side. The rainy season was not yet over, and not only was there some difficulty and even danger in crossing the flooded river, but the broken country in front of the column was nearly impassable from swamps and heavy ground, so that much road-making had to be undertaken to enable the guns and transport to push forward.



"THE CAMP WAS A PICTURESQUE SIGHT" (*p.* 150).

A successful attack was made on the 12th

against the Isipezi Hill, but the stubborn resistance that was then made by the induna, or chief, Sirayo and his followers showed that no final success was to be hoped for except at the cost of hard fighting. Several long reconnaissances were made by the mounted men into Zululand, and shots were exchanged with detached parties of the enemy, but there was nothing to show how fearful a storm was gathering in the horizon and was nearly ready to burst.

By the 20th of January all the first difficulties had been overcome, and the 3rd column was encamped at the foot of the Insandhlwana Hill. The position of the camp was thus described :— "We had a small 'kopjie' (stony hillock) on the right of our road, and then about fifty yards to our left rises abruptly the Insandhlwana mountain, entirely unapproachable from the three sides nearest to us, but on the further—viz., that to the north—it slopes more gradually down, and it is there connected with the large range of hills on our left by another broad neck of land. We just crossed over the bend, then turned sharp to the left, and placed our camp facing the valley, with the eastern precipitous side of the mountain behind us, leaving about a mile of open country between our left flank and the hills on our left, the right of the camp extending across the neck of land we had just come over, and resting on the base of the kopjie before mentioned."

The camp was a martial and picturesque sight in the glow of the African sunset. Here were the tents of the Queen's Infantry, the men busy cleaning their arms and cooking their rations, there the long lines of picqueted horses, there the gun-park, there the swart native contingent, as savage-looking as the foe that they had come to fight, while the flag of England waved over the marquee of the general, speaking pride and defiance to all assailants. There was one fatal mistake, however. The waggons, which should have been ranged end to end in front of or round the camp, in the fashion called in Africa a "laager," forming a defensible barricade against sudden assault, were drawn up uselessly in line behind the camp, and many a veteran of the old colonial wars saw with apprehension that old lessons were neglected, and that undue confidence had taken the place of the caution taught by experience.

It was known that, at about twelve miles from Insandhlwana, there was, on the Inhlazatye range of hills, the stronghold of a chief called Matyana ; and on the 21st two separate parties were despatched from the camp at an early hour to reconnoitre and, if possible, attack the place. One of these parties consisted entirely of mounted men—Natal volunteers and police—under Major Dartnell, the other of two battalions of the native contingent under Commandant Lonsdale. Major Dartnell, the head of the police, was an experienced soldier, who had served with the highest credit in the English army, and had taken part in several campaigns. Commandant Lonsdale was also an old soldier of proved knowledge and judgment. Major Dartnell's force encountered Matyana's men about ten o'clock in the morning, and, though the enemy appeared anxious to fight, it was not considered prudent to engage them without supports. The Zulus occupied a rugged "kloof," or cleft in the hills ; and whenever the mounted men approached they sallied out in large numbers. Mr. Mansel, of the police, a most daring officer, was sent forward with a small body to try to make them show their force, and succeeded in this, as the Zulus advanced to attack, throwing forward their two "horns" and trying to surround Major Dartnell. The volunteers and police then retired before superior numbers, and joined Commandant Lonsdale's men about three miles from the kloof.

The native contingent had shown on several occasions that they were subject to panics, and were not to be depended upon ; so Major Dartnell decided that he and Lonsdale would bivouac for the night where they were, and sent a messenger to Lord Chelmsford asking for the assistance of some regular infantry to enable them to storm Matyana's position.

In the middle of the night Dartnell's communication was received, and, as it told of the enemy being in far greater numbers on the Inhlazatye hills than had been supposed, the general considered that an overwhelming strength should be brought against them, and that an opportunity was presented of striking a paralysing blow against an important part of the Zulu army. He therefore ordered the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment, the mounted infantry, and four guns to be put under arms at once in readiness to march, and, placing himself at their head, he moved with the first faint grey of morning to join Major Dartnell. As this detachment would considerably weaken the camp, Lord Chelmsford at the same time sent orders to Colonel Durnford —who, with a portion of the 2nd column, was now near Rorke's Drift—telling him to move at once to Insandhlwana with the rocket battery and the Basuto horse.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, of the 24th Regiment, was left in command of the camp. He had with him six companies of the 24th, two guns R.A., about eighty mounted men, including mounted infantry, police, and volunteers, and four companies of the native contingent. His orders were to draw in his line of defence and infantry outposts, but to keep his mounted vedettes still far advanced.

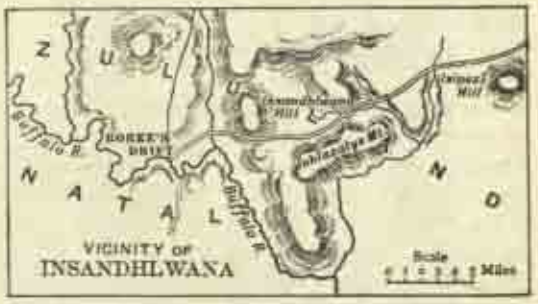
After the departure of Lord Chelmsford with the detached column, nothing unusual occurred in the camp till between seven and eight o'clock, when it was reported from a picquet about 1,500 yards to the north that a body of the enemy could be seen approaching from the north-east, and the appearance of various other small bodies was subsequently noticed. Then, in the camp, there was all the hustle of quick preparation for battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine put every available man under arms. The draught oxen, which had been grazing, were driven into camp and tied to the yokes; the native contingent was pushed forward on advanced duty on the hills to the left; the guns were put in position on the left of the camp; the mounted men stood ready by their horses; and the 24th were formed up, awaiting the duty which the turn of events might bring.

About ten o'clock Colonel Durnford arrived in camp, and, as the senior officer, became by right the commander. He did not, however, take the dispositions out of Colonel Pulleine's hands, and the two officers worked cordially together. Colonel Durnford had served for more than six years in South Africa, knew the natives and their customs thoroughly, and, with the most undaunted valour, which he had proved in war and to which a disabled arm bore testimony, he combined a chivalrous and sympathetic heart towards all who were brought in contact with him, whether Europeans or natives. A handsome, soldier-like man, with a long, fair moustache, he had an anxious expression of face, as of one who is born to misfortune.

Repeated and more or less conflicting reports now came rapidly from the outposts on the left: "The enemy are in force behind the hills;" "The enemy is in three columns, one moving to the left rear, and one towards the general;" "The enemy is retiring in all directions." The estimates of the enemy's strength were most varied, but none approximated to the real numbers that were threatening the doomed English force, and the full extent of the danger was not realised.

On hearing these reports Colonel Durnford sent one troop of his Natal Native Horse to reinforce his baggage-guard, which had not yet joined him, and two troops, under Captains G. Shepstone and Barton, to the hills on the left, while he himself determined to go out to the front with the remaining two troops, which were to be followed by Major Russell's rocket battery, escorted by a company of the native contingent.

It is here worth while to say a word about the Natal Native Horse, than which no corps fought more loyally, bravely, and disinterestedly during the troubles in South Africa. They were principally recruited in Edendale, a Basuto agricultural settlement formed by Wesleyan missionaries, who had recognised that Christianity could best be taught to people who had given up a savage life, and had been trained in and appreciated



the arts of peace. The good missionaries had taught the wild Basutos to build houses, to make waggons, and to cultivate the ground scientifically, and, in conjunction with these benefits, had inculcated the Christian's moral law and the Christian's sentiments. The settlement at Edendale flourished exceedingly, and the Basutos became not only prosperous citizens, but God-fearing men. When war threatened, they were appealed to to give their services to the Queen, and they eagerly responded. As soldiers, they were like the old Covenanters. Every morning they assembled round their head-man for prayer, during the day no troops were more daring and trustworthy, and at night, before they lay down to rest, they again assembled for united worship. In truth, they were soldiers whom any general would be glad to command, and disciples whom any religious body would be proud to claim.

Colonel Durnford had asked Colonel Pulleine to let him have two companies of the 24th, but when it was represented that they could ill be spared, the request was not pressed.

As has been said, the full amount of the

impending danger was not realised, and there was no expectation of an attack on that day. As a precautionary measure, however, a company of the 24th, under Lieutenant Cavaye, was sent out as a picquet about 1,200 yards north of the camp, while the remainder of the troops were dismissed from parade, but to remain in readiness to fall in at a moment's notice.

The two troops which had been sent out under Shepstone and Barton had proceeded about five miles from the camp, when they met a large Zulu force on the march. Captain Shepstone at once ordered a retreat, and himself rode in with the warning that an attack was probably imminent, but the appearance of masses of the enemy surging over the hills had already given the alarm. Meantime, Colonel Durnford had, with two troops, moved to the front at a canter, followed by the rocket battery at a slower pace. After he had proceeded some miles, his advanced files reported an immense "impi" behind the hills, and almost immediately the Zulus appeared in force on his front and left in loose order, ten or twelve deep, with heavy masses in support. They opened fire and advanced with the startling rapidity which marked all their movements. Colonel Durnford retired a little way behind the shelter of a "donga," a ravine-like crack in the plain. There he extended his men and commenced a steady fire, but the numbers against him were so overwhelming that he had to continue his retreat, only to find that the enemy had been beforehand, and had annihilated the rocket battery, slaying its commander, Major Russell, with all his gunners. Deserted by the escort of the native contingent, the battery had fought with unflinching courage, but had been overwhelmed by the fierce charge. Durnford, sorely pressed, disputed every inch of ground until he reached another donga, where he found himself in line with the camp troops, and was reinforced by thirty or forty Natal Volunteers, under Captain Bradstreet. Here his last desperate stand was made.

Two companies of the 24th, under Captains Mostyn and Younghusband, had been pushed forward to the support of Cavaye's picquet, but they were too weak for the gigantic task, and all were driven in upon the main body.

The situation was now this: The usual Zulu attack in half-circle was being made on the camp, while a whole Zulu regiment, the Undi, was pushing round the English left to gain possession of the waggon road and line of retreat upon Rorke's Drift.

The two guns and the whole of the 24th were in line, the native contingent was on the right of the 24th, and then came Durnford's shattered and weary band. All were doing their duty manfully and well. The guns were in action, served coolly and steadily as on a home parade. The 24th, one of the smartest battalions in the service, was dealing withering volleys, and Basutos and Volunteers fought stubbornly for the homesteads of Natal. The enemy fell in hundreds, but kept on advancing with undiminished resolution. Rank after rank of the foremost were swept away, but still others pressed forward. The air was rent with the roar of battle. The guns, which had been firing shell, now at such close quarters were pouring in case, and each shot of the infantry told on the dense masses. Even Zulu courage could not maintain an advance against the deadly hail, and Cetewayo's chosen warriors wavered and lay down, seeking shelter and covering the valley in detached groups to the depth of three-quarters of a mile. It almost seemed for a space as if English tenacity was once again, as in the past, to be rewarded with victory.

But the dire crisis of the day was at hand. The widespread horns of the Zulu army had worked their way round the flanks, and were even now showing themselves in rear of the English position. The native contingent had always been a broken reed upon which to lean, and it now broke and fled in the utmost disorder, thus laying open the right and rear of the 24th. The ammunition began to fail, and the Zulu opportunity had come. Nor were their chiefs slow to note and profit by it. Hitherto the attack had been made in the silence of perfect discipline. Now, as the iron-hearted warriors recovered from their momentary check they raised the ominous Zulu war-shout, and dashed forward in a last irresistible charge. They poured through the fatal gap in the line of defence, and in a moment the English soldiers were lost in the midst of the seething savage crowd.

So sudden was the catastrophe, so rapid the charge, that but few of the English soldiers had time to fix their bayonets and prepare for the hand-to-hand struggle. Many a brave heart among the defenders was cold in death long ere this, and sadly reduced were the numbers that strove desperately against the nervous Zulu arms and the assegais thirsting for blood. The savage warriors closed upon the doomed men with a shout of "Bulala umlongo!"

—Kill the white man! Then followed a scene of direst confusion. Horse and foot, English and Zulu, friend and foe, in one writhing slaughtering mass, slowly pushed through the camp towards the road to Rorke's drift, the road of retreat to safety. But of the 24th, few, if any, left the ground where they had fought so well. The battalion fell and lay by companies, surrounded by slain enemies. When the battle-field was revisited, the remains of officers and men were all found in the line of their last parade. No man had flinched, and all had died as they had lived, shoulder to shoulder. When all was lost, the artillery had limbered up and striven to save the guns, and the mounted men who were yet unwounded forced their way, weapons in hand, through the press. But the right of the enemy already occupied the waggon road and barred the outlet. There was no safety except in seeking another passage to the Buffalo River, and the ground to be traversed was rugged, boulder-strewn and broken. None but mounted men had escaped from the precincts of the camp, and the ground was such that an active Zulu could cover it even faster than a horse. The guns were soon hopelessly impeded, and the drivers were assegaied in their saddles. The long ravine, which has since been called the "fugitives' path," was a scene of continuous slaughter, and even when the Buffalo was reached, it ran swift, deep and fordless, an alternation of boiling

"THEY RAISED THE OMINOUS ZULU WAR-SHOUT, AND DASHED FORWARD" (p. 152).

current and sharp rocks. Not half even of those who arrived on its bank succeeded in crossing. Many were drowned, many assegaied, some were shot, and the unrelenting pursuit continued even into Natal. The only troops which had maintained a semblance of cohesion were some of the Natal Native Horse. These gallant Basutos assisted many in the flight, which they covered as well as they could under Captain Barton, who rendered essential service by checking the pursuit on the Natal bank of the Buffalo.

Such a day as that of Insandhlwana could not pass without the performance of many deeds of gallantry and devotion, but the actors and spectators in too many cases were left among the slain, and their voices are dumb. We know of the heroic death of Captain George Shepstone, who, having disengaged his men, and finding that Colonel Durnford was still among the foe, said, "I must go and see where my chief is," and turned his horse again into the *mêlée*, there to lay his body with that of his friend and leader. Private Wassall, of the mounted infantry, gained the Victoria Cross by plunging a second time into the torrent of the Buffalo, under a heavy fire, to save a wounded comrade, who would otherwise have been lost. Captains Melville and Coghill, of the 24th, who were both mounted, saved the Queen's colour of their regiment after they had fought to the last in its ranks. They made their way to the river, and Coghill managed to get to the further side. Melville lost his horse, and was left struggling in the swift current. With sublime chivalry Coghill rode back to his assistance, when his horse also was shot. Both these brave officers succeeded in reaching the Natal shore, but, exhausted and wounded, they could do no more, and were overtaken and killed, fighting till the fatal "bangwan" did its work.

In this terrible disaster there perished twenty-six imperial officers and 600 non-commissioned officers and men, while the loss of the colonial forces was not less severe, twenty-four officers being among the slain. All the waggons and oxen, two guns, 1,200 rifles, and an immense quantity of ammunition and commissariat supplies, were also lost.

Of all the regiments in the Queen's army, the 24th has perhaps paid as high a price as any for the glorious legends inscribed on its colours. Insandhlwana was the second battle-field in which a battalion had been practically annihilated. About thirty years before, at Chillianwallah, thirteen officers and the greater part of the non-commissioned officers and men had laid down their lives for the honour of England. Then the cheers of victory had been raised over the dead. The evening of the second fatal day in the regimental history closed in gloom and unrelieved sorrow.

We must return to Lord Chelmsford and the column which he had led forth in the morning to the support of Major Dartnell. Between six and seven in the morning the general had joined the force, which had bivouacked out during the night, and operations against what was then supposed to be the main portion of the Zulu army were at once commenced. The mounted infantry were despatched to the left front to press the enemy seen in the distance, while the general with the main body and the guns, protected on the right by the police and volunteers, moved up the valley against the position which had checked Dartnell on the previous day. That "kloof" was now found deserted, but a strong force was seen to be established on the mountain spurs. It was engaged and driven back with heavy loss. Everywhere the English troops gained ground; everywhere the Zulus retired before them. But it is more than probable that the retirement was a piece of elaborate strategy, intended to draw the general farther and farther away from his camp and thus reduce the force available for its defence. Whether such was the case or not, the result was the same, and at midday the general found himself twelve miles from Insandhlwana, looking for a spot on which to form a second camp. Several messengers had been despatched to him by Colonel Pulleine, telling of the threatened attack, but by fatal mischance none of them reached him. Between twelve and one reports were brought in by scouts that firing had been heard at Insandhlwana, but when, from the top of a hill, careful examination had been made with a powerful telescope, nothing unusual could be detected, and, consequently, no uneasiness was felt. The presence of large bodies of Zulus on the plain which had been traversed in the morning was now announced, and Lord Chelmsford resolved to retrace his steps with the mounted men and the native contingent, leaving the artillery and the second battalion of the 24th in bivouac. At four p.m., when he was within six miles of the camp, a solitary horseman met him, reeling in his saddle and riding at a foot's pace. It was Commandant Lonsdale, who, having been taken ill with fever in the morning, had sought medical aid. He brought the ghastly news, "The camp is in possession of the enemy." It appeared that

when, riding in the half-lethargy of sickness, he was entering the camp, he was startled by a shot fired at him. He looked up and saw, sitting in and around the tents, groups of red-coats. He then saw a gigantic Zulu stalking out of a tent with a blood-smeared assegai in his hand. Looking more carefully, he saw that the wearers of the red coats were black men, and black men only. The real state of the case flashed upon his mind, and he turned and galloped off under a scattered fire. Providentially he was not hit, and was able to meet the general and prevent him from riding with his staff into the trap of destruction.

Orders were at once sent to the guns and the 24th to join the general, but it was six o'clock before they came. The force then collected was in little case for much exertion. They had covered nearly thirty miles under an African sun with only the slight supply of food which each man carried in his haversack. They knew that a nearly equal force of their comrades had been destroyed, and that a victorious army was between them and support. English soldiers never lose heart, however, in the hardest straits, and Lord Chelmsford's men did not fail to respond gallantly to the call which he made for renewed effort. The march was resumed, and at nightfall they were again beneath the "little hand." There was no sign of life or movement, but the enemy might be lying hidden ready to break forth. Two or three rounds of shell were fired, but they only awoke the slumbering echoes. Then two companies of the 24th, under Major Black, ascended to the neck of ground south of the great hill. The enemy had gone, bearing with them their bloodstained plunder.

The night had fallen, and the silence of death was around. There was nothing for it but to bivouac on the spot. No one who shared that bivouac will ever forget its horrors. The air was heavy with the scent of blood, and mangled corpses of English soldiers and Zulu warriors lay thickly around. It was well that the shades of night hid the blood-curdling details. The infantry lay down grasping their rifles, and the mounted men held the reins of their horses during the long, anxious night. Shots were fired and alarms spread at intervals, but it is doubtful whether the enemy wished to make any real attack. If they had, though each man was prepared to die in his place, the attempt would in all probability have been successful.

With the earliest light of morning the retreat to Rorke's Drift was continued unmolested. Bodies of the enemy were seen on the hills overhanging the road, but no collisions with them took place. When the Buffalo River was reached a first gleam of encouragement and hope for the future came from the British flag, still waving over the feeble fortifications which Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead had so resolutely made good against the long assault by a numerous and determined foe.

LORD CHELMSFORD.

"GIVE me iron in the men, and I shall not mind much about the iron in the ships," said the American admiral Farragut, when some of his officers were discussing the changes that would be introduced into naval warfare by the new ironclad navies. And Farragut was right in holding that, whatever the ships might be made of, the most important thing was to have enough "iron in the men" who worked and fought them. We are sometimes too apt to think that the power of rival fleets can be estimated by setting off their weight of guns and thickness of armour in two parallel columns, and striking a balance, as if it were an account in a ledger. But all naval history goes to prove that, within certain wide limits, the power of navies depends chiefly upon an element that can only be tested by the stress of storm and battle —namely, the courage, the nerve, and the "grit" of their officers and men.

No more striking proof of this was ever given than that which is afforded by the sea-fight of Lissa, the only battle between ironclads that has yet taken place in European waters. In ships, in guns, in armour the Italian fleet was superior to the Austrian. On paper there could be no doubt on which side lay the power that would secure, in event of war, the command of the Adriatic. The war came, and its grim reality showed how fallacious was the comparison made beforehand. The object of the Italians in 1866 was to drive the Austrians out of Venetia, by attacking them there while they were occupied elsewhere by the struggle with Prussia. The Italian plan of campaign was to march against the Austrians in northern Italy, and, after defeating their land army, besiege Venice by sea and land. The fleet was to crush the Austrians at sea, in the early days of the war, so to be ready to co-operate in the operations against Venice. It all worked out beautifully on paper. But the plan was never reduced to practice. War was declared on June 20th, and four days later the Italian field army was defeated by the Austrians at Custozza.

Nearly a month before war was declared, Count Persano had been placed in command of the Italian fleet, and ordered to prepare it for active operations in the Adriatic, making Ancona his headquarters. On June 20th, the day of the declaration of war, eight ships (including two ironclads) were at Ancona. Persano with the main body of the fleet, consisting of ten wooden ships and nine ironclads, was still at the naval arsenal of Taranto. Admiral Tegethoff, the Austrian commander, was getting his fleet ready for sea at Fasana and Pola, at the head of the Adriatic. He had taken command on the 9th of May, and ever since had been hard at work fitting out his ships and training his crews. The only effective portion of the fleet was a squadron of seven ironclads, broadside ships, with thin armour, and no guns of really heavy calibre. At first, the Austrian Admiralty suggested that the fleet should consist only of these ironclads and a few light steamers to act as scouts and despatch-vessels. But there were lying in the dockyard at Pola and in the port of Trieste an old wooden screw line of battle-ship, the *Kaiser*, and six wooden frigates. Tegethoff asked for these to be added to his command. "Give me every ship you have," he said: "you may depend on it I will find good use for them." He was given a free hand, and he organised his fleet in three divisions. The first was composed of seven ironclads. The second, under his friend Commodore Petz, consisted of the seven wooden ships. The third was made up of gunboats, paddle-steamers, and other light craft. The crews were rapidly recruited among the fishing population of the Dalmatian coast, and the sailors of Trieste and Pola. So new were many

of them to work on board a man-of-war that they were not even uniformed when the fleet sailed, and they still wore at Lissa the clothes in which they enlisted. But they were brave and hardy seamen to begin with, and Tegethoff had given them some weeks of training in which the crews were busy from morning to night at target practice, the captains of the guns being taught to lay a whole broadside so as to converge on a single mark; and there was also practice in manœuvring under steam, in which great stress was laid on the importance of rapid turning so as to avoid the enemy's rams, and use the same weapon successfully against them. The result was that even the newly-enlisted men learned confidence in themselves and in the brave and skilful leader who commanded them.

As soon as war was declared, Tegethoff sent one of his steamers out with orders to reconnoitre the Italian coast from Ancona southwards as far as Bari. On June 23rd she returned to the Admiral's headquarters at Fasana, and reported that there were only a few ships at Ancona, and no sign yet of the enemy's main fleet coming up the coast. Tegethoff, on this, resolved to see if it was possible to make a rapid attack on Ancona, and on the 26th he put to sea with thirteen ships, including six of his ironclads. He arrived off Ancona next day, and saw for himself that in the meantime Persano had collected his entire force in the harbour. But the Italians showed no signs of coming out to meet him, and he had no intention of fighting both their forts and their ironclads at one and the same time. So he steamed back to Fasana.

"FROM THIS POINT TEGETHOFF KEPT ON THE BRIDGE" (*p.* 160).

Persano's orders were "to clear the Adriatic of the enemy's fleet by destroying it or blockading it in its harbours." But though he had on his side superior numbers, heavier guns,* and thicker armour, he seemed very reluctant to begin. The fact is, he had not much confidence either in his own powers or in his officers and men. He remained at Ancona till July 8th, and only put out to sea on that day because he had received a telegram from the Government bidding him to look for the Austrian fleet, and blockade it if it was still at Pola. But even then all he did was to steam across to the Dalmatian coast and come back to Ancona on the 13th, after practising some fleet manœuvres. The appearance of his fleet off the island of Grossa was telegraphed to Tegethoff, who, however, refused to sail from Fasana till he knew clearly what were the plans and destination of the enemy.

Two days after the Italian fleet returned to Ancona its admiral received a peremptory message from his Government informing him that, after the great hopes that had been built upon the fleet, everyone was disappointed with his inactivity, and that if he did not do something at once he would be removed from the command. It was suggested that he should attempt to capture by a *coup-de-main* the fortified island of Lissa on the Dalmatian coast, and several battalions were placed at his disposal to act as a landing party in case he decided to adopt this plan.

Persano was thus driven to venture upon what has always been recognised as one of the most dangerous of naval operations. He was to escort a fleet of transports across the Adriatic, and co-operate with the troops embarked in them in an attack upon a maritime fortress, having all the time a hostile fleet watching for the opportunity to fall upon him, while he was engaged in the siege. True, the Austrian fleet was supposed to be inferior to that which he commanded; but, if this was so, the sound course for him was to blockade it in its harbours or crush it if it tried to come out. The enemy's fleet ought to have been dealt with before anything else was attempted. If he was not strong enough to do this, he could not hope to reduce Lissa and keep Tegethoff at bay at the same time. But the fact is, he was not acting on any sound principle of naval war. He was merely trying to "do something" to satisfy public opinion; and there was just the chance that he might reduce Lissa before the Austrians arrived, or that Tegethoff might shrink from attacking him; or, if there was a battle, he might still hope that numbers and weight of metal would give Italy the victory over Austria.

Lissa is an island about thirty miles from the Dalmatian coast, and one hundred and thirty from Ancona. As the nearest of the Dalmatian Islands to Italy, it has always been a naval station of some importance when a war has been in progress in the Adriatic; and in our last war with France its waters were the scene of a brilliant frigate action in which our sailors defeated a much superior French force. In 1866 the chief harbour of Lissa, that of San Giorgio, and the neighbouring inlet of Porto Carober were protected by strong batteries. There were also batteries on the high rocks at Porto Comisa and at Manego. The signal station on Monte Hum, the highest point in the island (about 1,600 feet above the sea), commanded in clear weather a view of both sides of the Adriatic, and the island was connected by a submarine cable with the neighbouring island of Lesina and the Dalmatian coast. The garrison of Lissa consisted of 1,800 men, with eighty-eight guns, commanded by Colonel Urs de Margina.

On July 17th Persano steamed round the island, reconnoitred its defences, and decided on his plans for the attack. Next day Admiral Vacca, with three of the Italian ironclads and one wooden ship, attacked the batteries of Porto Comisa. The main body of the fleet closed in upon the harbour batteries of San Giorgio, in order to keep the garrison there as much occupied as possible while Admiral Albini, with another squadron, brought six large screw steamers crowded with troops into the bay at

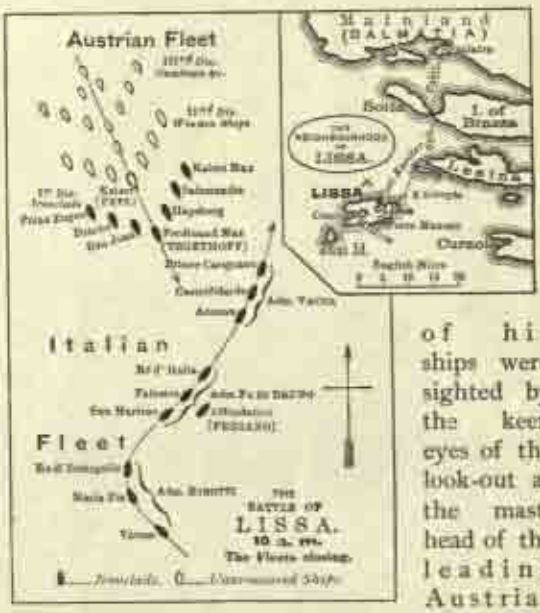
* The heavier armament of most of the Austrian ships consisted of smooth-bore 48-pounders. New rifled guns of larger calibre were being made for the Austrian fleet by Krupp at Essen, but when war became probable the Prussian Government stopped the delivery of them. On the other hand, one of the Italian ships carried 300-pounder Armstrong guns, mounted in a turret, and some of the other ironclads had 150-pounders in their armament.

Porto Manego in order to effect a landing there. At Porto Comisa, Vacca found he could not elevate his guns sufficiently to do any serious damage to the high batteries, and he was driven off by their shells. At Porto Manego, a heavy surf on the beach and the fire of the Austrians from the shore made the landing impossible. At San Giorgio, Persano silenced the low-lying batteries at the harbour mouth, blowing up two of their magazines, but the inner batteries prevented his ships from entering the port. During the day one of his steamers had gone in to the neighbouring island of Lesina and cut the telegraph cable there. While the Italians were in possession of the telegraph station at Lesina, a message from Tegethoff came through. It was addressed to Colonel de Margina, and told him to hold out to the last, promising that the fleet would come to rescue him. Persano tried to persuade himself that this message was intended to fall into his hands, and was a piece of mere "bluff" on the part of his opponent.

On the following day he renewed the attack on Lissa, but again failed to force his way into the harbour, while an attempt to land troops at Porto Carober was repulsed with heavy loss. On this same day, July 19th, Tegethoff put to sea with every ship he could muster. His last order to his captains was to close with the enemy before Lissa, and once the battle began, to "Ram everything painted grey." This was the colour of the Italian ships. He gave his own hulls a coat of black paint before they started, in order to make it easier to distinguish friends from foes in the coming *mêlée*.

On the evening of the 19th Persano was undecided what to do next day. He had been two days in action, and though his ships had received only slight injuries, his supply both of coal and ammunition was running short. Yet if he went back to Ancona without having obtained a decided success he would be deprived of his command. So he at last resolved to capture Lissa by a combined attack by land and sea. Early next day he signalled to his colleague Albini to prepare for the landing. It was a fine morning, with a good deal of white haze on the sea shutting off the distant view. Albini was getting the soldiers into the boats, and two of his frigates were standing in towards the creek of Carober to clear the way for the landing. A hospital ship had joined the fleet and was taking its wounded on board. The ironclads had assembled, and were getting up anchor for the attack on San Giorgio. It was eight o'clock: the attack was to begin at nine; but suddenly out of the haze to the north-westward appeared the frigate *Esploratore*, which had been scouting in the offing. She was steaming her fastest, and as she came nearer, Persano was able to read the signal she was flying. "*Suspicious-looking ships are in sight.*" He knew at once that he had to deal with the Austrian fleet.

Tegethoff's fleet had been steaming all night in three lines, the ironclads leading, the wooden ships and gunboats following. The despatch-boat *Stadion* was out ahead, and at seven a.m., long before Persano knew what was coming, six



of his ships were sighted by the keen eyes of the look-out at the mast-head of the leading Austrian ship. She signalled to her consorts, "*Six steamers in sight.*" Then the haze closed down ahead, and Tegethoff slackened speed in hopes it would clear, for in such thick weather he did not care to venture into the narrow waters between Lissa and Lesina. He formed for battle, each of his lines throwing forward its centre so as to assume the shape of a flattened wedge. He led the first line in the *Ferdinand Max*, with three ironclads on either beam. The second line also consisted of seven ships, Petz in the *Kaiser* leading, with three frigates on each side. Thus the squadron moved towards Lissa under easy steam. The haze was breaking up: it was a hot summer day, and a little before ten o'clock the sky was bright, the air clear, and the sea smooth; and close ahead the Austrians saw the forts of Lissa with the imperial flag still waving over them, and in front of the harbour

mouth the mass of wooden ships, transports, and small craft, interrupted in their preparations for the landing, and nearer still the Italian ironclads steaming out in one long line ready for battle.

Persano, regarding his wooden ships as useless, had decided to take only his ten ironclads with him, believing that they would be able to deal with the seven which Tegethoff was bringing against him. He formed his ironclads in three divisions, each of three ships, with the turret ship and ram *Affondatore*, then the most powerful

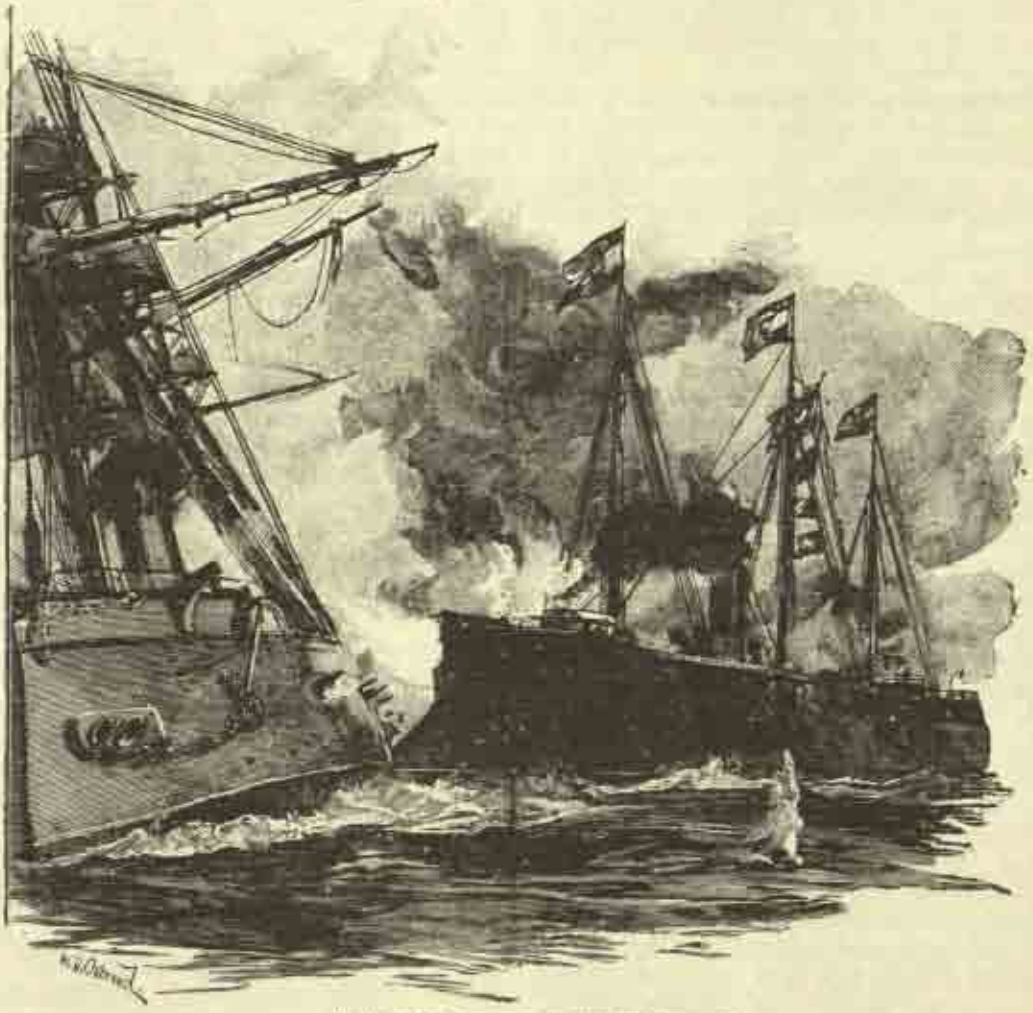
TRIESTE HARBOUR.

vessel in the Adriatic,* on the starboard side of the central division. The *Affondatore*, with her ram and her heavy turret guns (two 300-pounders), was to come to the help of whichever of the three divisions was in need of succour. At the last moment he himself went on board of her—an unfortunate move, which led to much confusion during the battle, as his captains were mostly unaware that the *Ré d'Italia*, a large broadside ship, which had till then been flagship, no longer carried the Admiral.

When the haze cleared, the Italian fleet was steaming across the Austrian front. Tegethoff had already signalled to clear for action. He now signalled to open fire with the bow guns, and the distant shots from the leading Austrian ships were answered by the broadsides of Admiral Vacca's division, which led that of Italy. But the range was fully two miles, and these "long bowls" did no harm. The fleets were wrapped in drifting clouds of smoke, and geysers of foam shot up here and there from the blue water in the space between. "Full steam ahead," signalled Tegethoff. The fleets were closing, the Italians still keeping their broadsides to the advancing foe. The fire was closer, and now spars and ropes were cut away, boats and wooden fittings were knocked to splinters, and signalmen and others who had not yet got under cover were wounded or killed by bursting shells. "*Ironclads will ram and sink the enemy*," signalled Tegethoff, the last order he gave till the battle was won. From this point he kept on

* The *Affondatore* was a new ship built in the Thames just before the war. A correspondent of the *Times*, who saw her at Cherbourg, where she called on her way down Channel, wrote that she looked sufficiently formidable to destroy the whole Austrian ironclad fleet singlehanded.

the bridge of the *Ferdinand Max*, regardless of personal danger, and led his fleet by showing his consorts what a well-handled battle-ship could do. Two of his captains, Molb of the ironclad *Drache*, and Klint of the *Novara*, were killed as the fleets came to close quarters, Molb being struck down by the first Italian shot that fell on board his ship.



"THE RAM CRUSHED IN HER IRON SIDE."

The two lines of ironclads closed amid thick clouds of smoke. The Austrian ships broke into the gap between Vacca's three ironclads and the rest of the Italian fleet, and Petz, with the wooden ships coming up on their right, co-operated with them in their attack on the Italian centre. In a moment all order was lost, and the battle became a *mêlée*. The *Ferdinand Max* twice rammed a grey iron-clad without succeeding in sinking her, when suddenly up out of the smoke loomed the tall masts of the *Ré d'Italia*, which came up to the rescue of her consort. Tegethoff, thinking he was dealing with the Italian flagship, charged her full speed and struck her fairly amidships. This time he had succeeded: the ram crushed in her iron side, and the tall masts toppled over as the ironclad went down with her crew of 600 men. The *Ferdinand Max* had reversed her screw to clear the wreck, when another Italian vessel, the name of which could not be made out by the Austrians, came bearing down upon her, trying to ram. The Austrian flagship just avoided the collision, and the two ships grazed past each other almost touching. As she thus ranged up alongside, the Italian ship fired a broadside. What followed would be incredible, only for the clear evidence which supports the

Austrian record. So close were the muzzles of the Italian guns to the side of the Austrian flagship that the smoke of the broadside poured in through the open portholes of the *Ferdinand Max* and made her gun-deck for the moment dark as night. But neither the ship nor the men were injured, for in their hurry and confusion the Italian gunners had fired *a broadside of blank cartridge!*

Admiral Ribotti, with the rearward division of the Italian fleet, as he came into the fight encountered only the wooden squadron of Commodore Petz. Ribotti ought to have sunk them one by one, but the Austrians evaded his attempts at ramming, and Petz in the *Kaiser* boldly drove the oaken bows of his battle-ship against the iron sides of his adversaries. He was not able to do them much damage. He hit the *Ré di Portogallo*, Ribotti's own ship, one good blow, that left its mark on her armour, but in doing so his own ship was disabled. The bowsprit was carried away, the foremast fell across the funnel, and the wreck of mast and spars took fire. The *Kaiser*, her crew working hard at cutting away the *débris* and putting out the fire, steamed through the Italian fleet and stood in to the harbour of Lissa, exchanging shots with some of the Italian wooden vessels. Cheered by the garrison, she passed the harbour mouth and anchored under the guns of the forts, the first of the relieving squadron to arrive at San Giorgio.

Meanwhile the *mêlée* continued. While Tegethoff was in the thick of the fight, Persano made the great ram *Affondatore* nearly useless by persisting in keeping on the outskirts of the conflict. If he had ventured in with her it is very likely he would have been sunk by the better-handled Austrian ships. The *Palestro*, which had gone into action immediately astern of the *Ré d'Italia*, had been almost as severely handled as her leader. She had been rammed. Her steering gear and rudder had been knocked to pieces, and her gun-decks were on fire. She drew out of the fight, her commander getting his steam hose to work to drown the magazine. The Austrian ships were now clearing the Italian line, and steering for Lissa. The *mêlée*, which had lasted for rather more than half-an-hour, was over. The position of the two fleets was reversed. The Austrians with their left near Lissa, were forming up in line across the channel between that island and Lesina. Everyone of their ironclads was still in good condition, and even the disabled *Kaiser*, which had gone into the harbour with her foremast burning and her decks strewed with nearly two hundred killed and wounded, was again clearing for action. The Italian wooden ships were assembling off the western end of the island. To the northward the ironclads were scattered here and there, on the waters that had just been the scene of the fight. As the smoke cleared, Persano signalled to the nearest ship—"Where is the *Ré d'Italia?*" and got for answer, "Sunk to the bottom." Close astern of the *Affondatore* lay the *Palestro*, the black smoke pouring from hatchway and porthole. Her crew believed that the magazine had been successfully drowned, and that they were getting the fire under. As they recognised Persano on the bridge of the *Affondatore*, they gave him a cheer. His own crew were answering it when there was a burst of flame and a volume of dense smoke from the *Palestro*, and an explosion louder than all the din of battle went echoing over sea and shore. It was the death-knell of 400 men, for the *Palestro* had blown up with all on board.

Admiral Vacca, thinking that Persano had gone down with the *Ré d'Italia*, had signalled to the fleet to re-form in line of battle. The same signal from the *Affondatore* showed him where his commander was. And the ironclads, now reduced from ten to eight, reformed in line. It was noon on a blazing hot day, and for some time the two fleets watched each other across the sunny space of open water that divided them. Persano had still the advantage of numbers, and everyone expected that he would signal to renew the attack. But if he had very little confidence in his fleet before the battle, he was now reduced to a condition of something like despair. Even the wooden ships of the Austrian squadron had passed in safety through his line, while their ironclads had destroyed two of his ships and more than a thousand of his men. It must be added that he had now been three times in action, and his stock of both coals for his engines and ammunition for his guns must have run very low. In this state of affairs, he persuaded himself that he need not actually attack the Austrians; all that honour demanded of him was to give them the opportunity of renewing the trial of strength if they wished. So for another hour he remained in line of battle, just out of long range of his enemy's guns.

But Tegethoff had accomplished the task assigned to his fleet. He had relieved Lissa, by bringing the guns, the men, and the supplies of his fleet to the help of its brave little garrison. He had done this, too, not by slipping past the

Italians in the morning fog, but by fighting his way through their most powerful squadron, making them pay dearly for their attempt to intercept him. Why should he renew the fight when there was nothing more to be gained for the moment?

Persano at last decided that he, too, had done enough for honour. He signalled to the fleet to steam away to the north-west, and shortly after altered his course for Ancona. He anchored there next day, and added to all his previous blunders the final folly of sending to his Government, and wiring all over Italy, the report that he had fought a pitched battle with the Austrians, and won a victory over them in the waters of Lissa. That night Florence (then the capital) was illuminated in honour of his "triumph." Next day the facts began to be known. It was impossible to deny that the Austrian fleet was intact; that the Italians had lost two ships, and had been forced to raise the siege of Lissa. It was in vain that Persano argued that he was the victor because he had remained in possession of the waters in which the battle had been fought, and that he had for a whole hour dared the Austrians to come on again. There was the obvious reply that a naval battle is not fought for the possession of a stretch of open water; that Persano had tried to prevent the Austrians reaching Lissa, that they had gone there in spite of him; and that they would have been fools to come back in order to show twice over that they were not afraid to fight him. There was a wild outburst of indignation against the unfortunate admiral; there were riots at Florence, and a royal decree removed him from the command of the fleet. As if to add to the general collapse of the Italian navy, the *Affondatore*, supposed to be its most powerful ship, whether through injuries received at Lissa, or through mere defects in her structure, sank at her anchors in the harbour of Ancona.

On the side of Austria, there were rejoicings in which the name of Tegethoff was celebrated as that of an heroic sailor who had given his country the consolation of a naval victory at a time when her fortunes on land were at the lowest. He had won his great victory with comparatively little loss. The *Kaiser* was the only ship that suffered at all heavily. In some of the ironclads there were only a few wounded, and every one of the ships was in a position to continue the fight when the Italian fleet retired. The battle was the first that had been fought by ironclad fleets in European waters, and the impression it made upon naval experts was that the ram would be the chief weapon of future battles on the sea. Yet, though we have by no means clear or full accounts of what happened in the *mêlée* while the two fleets were passing through each other's lines, it is certain that the number of attempts to ram made by the Austrians was out of all proportion to their two successful attacks. All the attempts of the Italians to ram ended in failure. It must be remembered that since Lissa a great change has come over naval tactics, through the development of the torpedo and the quick-firing gun, and it is now generally recognised by naval men that to attempt to ram an adversary till he is disabled by gunfire or otherwise is to invite failure and disaster. Tegethoff regarded the ram as his chief weapon. Nowadays it is looked upon as the means of giving the *coup de grâce* and completing a victory that is already half won.

The victor of Lissa was rightly honoured by his sovereign and his countrymen, while Admiral Persano was put on his trial on the charge of having lost the battle through cowardice and incompetence. He was acquitted of the charge of cowardice, but found guilty of having sacrificed his fleet through his incompetent conduct at Lissa, and he was deprived of all rank and dismissed from the navy. There is no doubt that although he alone was condemned, he was not the only officer of the Italian fleet who was responsible for the defeat of Lissa. Throughout there was a lamentable want of energy, pluck, and decision. Otherwise the Austrians would not have achieved their victory with so slight a loss. Albini's conduct in looking on idly with his frigates while Petz on the Austrian side was leading his wooden squadron against Ribotti's ironclads, is a good instance of this.

Indeed, the Battle of Lissa, considered in its details, shows that success on the sea, as well as on land, is primarily a question of brave and competent leadership. Good officers are the first condition of naval success; well-trained and disciplined crews the second; powerful ships are the third. Public opinion is often so ill informed as to put in the first place what really stands last; but none of these elements of naval power can be safely neglected by a maritime State, and one which claims the Empire of the Sea must spare no effort to possess all three, and to possess them in abundance.

MacMahon at Magenta

BY STODDARD DEWEY

IT was noon of the 4th of June, 1859, before the French general, Trochu, at the head of his division, could move out in turn from Novara along the high road leading to Milan across the river Ticino. The Emperor, Napoleon III., was commanding in person the united French and Italian armies. He had gone on ahead, and was himself preceded by several divisions of the French troops. It was known, in a general way, that the Austrian enemy was not far distant to the south and eastward beyond the river. An attack was expected, but it was uncertain where it would be made.

Suddenly the noise of cannon was heard from the front, several miles away. It went on steadily increasing.

"What is the meaning of that?" inquired Trochu of an officer he met watering his horse by the roadside.

"At first we thought it was a fight," was the answer; "but it is only General Lebœuf trying his cannon."

"Cannon would not thunder like that under trial," replied Trochu. "Those guns are loaded with something heavier than powder."

He hastened the march of his troops with not a little anxiety. Soon another officer, in the sky-blue uniform which marked the personal staff of the Emperor, dashed up.

"Ah, General, what a fearful surprise! The Emperor has been attacked by the Austrians when he least expected them. We are all but beaten."

"Where is MacMahon?" asked the General.

"MacMahon had orders to march forward, no matter what happened, to the church-tower of Magenta."

"Then nothing is yet lost. MacMahon is not a Cæsar, but he is stubborn. If he has been told to march on the tower of Magenta, he will reach it in spite of all. And then it is we who shall have outflanked the Austrian army."

Several hours passed before the guns of MacMahon made themselves heard. It was late at night before the Emperor learned what MacMahon and his men had been doing. Generals and soldiers, wearied out with the afternoon's bloody fighting by the river, could not believe that a great victory had been won in the evening without them over by Magenta. In the morning, when they looked for the battle to be renewed, they found that the enemy was indeed drawing off, sullen and beaten.

Even afterwards, when each movement of the hostile troops was known and could be followed on the map, great authorities in practical warfare, like the Prussian general, von Moltke, criticised the winning of the battle. MacMahon at Magenta is an instance of a battle won contrary to rule.

I.—The Preparations of Battle.

The enmity between Austrians and Italians was of old date. It belonged to the great popular movement in favour of a common government for all of the Italian race and language. Until now the whole of Italy had been divided up piecemeal among many rulers. To the north-west Victor Emanuel had his kingdom of Sardinia, or Piedmont. He represented the Italian hopes in this war with Austria, which held possession of the rich provinces of Lombardy and Venice to the east of his dominions. Toward the south were the petty duchies of Parma and Modena, the grand-duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the kingdom of Naples, or the Two Sicilies. All these were at one with Austria in striving to keep things as they had been so long; but their

people were ripe for the revolution which was bound to come. Magenta was the first decisive victory won, after an invasion of the Austrian territory, in the name of United Italy.

The war had been long preparing. In 1849 the Austrians crushed for a time the Italian uprising by a victory over the Sardinians here at Novara. For many years nothing could be done but by way of diplomacy. This was the work of Cavour, the Minister of King Victor Emanuel. From 1852 he had been persuading

"GENERAL LEBOEUF . . DASHED UP" (*p.* 166).

the governments of Europe that there was an Italian question which would soon have to be settled.

Louis Napoleon, who was now Emperor in France, had himself been a revolutionist in Italy when he was only a needy adventurer. That was in 1831, when he took part in an insurrection in the Papal States. He then became a *carbonaro*, or member of one of those secret societies in which the chief obligation was to forward the cause of Italian unity. For a long time after he became emperor he shrank from precipitating the war to which his oath obliged him. The explosion of a bomb under his carriage in Paris by Orsini, the son of the man who had stood sponsor for him in the revolutionary society, reminded him that the *carbonari* were relentless in their vengeance on traitors to their cause. In July, 1858, it was made known that the Emperor of the French had entered into close alliance with the King of Sardinia.

Austria, seeing that war was inevitable, preferred that it should come sooner rather than later. On the 19th of April, 1859, she summoned Sardinia to put her army on a peace footing within three days. Cavour refused, and on the 29th the Austrian commander Gyulai invaded the Sardinian territory.

Napoleon III. now announced that the acts of Austria constituted a declaration of war on France, the ally of Sardinia. At once he set about organising his army for the Italian campaign. On the 4th of May his troops were entering the valley of the Po, along which lay the open way to Lombardy. On the 10th the Emperor himself left Paris for the seat of war, to command the allied armies in person.

The news of Napoleon's coming was enough to send Gyulai back from the threatening movement which he had already made on Turin, the capital of Sardinia. Napoleon had not yet his artillery, but the Austrian commander did not

know the essential weakness and confusion of the forces that were coming to meet him. Until the battle of Magenta, when consistent and energetic measures were already too late, the Austrian movements were a strange alternation of forward marches leading to no decisive action, and of hasty and fatiguing retreats when no enemy pursued.

General Gyulai's mind in the matter is now known. He was continually urged from Vienna, and afterwards from Verona, in Italy, where the Austrian Emperor had placed himself to direct the campaign, to push forward with his numerous, well-drilled, and well-equipped troops, and take the offensive. He himself was beset with fears that the enemy might pass him by and take Lombardy unprotected. He was not reassured when a division of his army in the north had succeeded in driving the free bands of Garibaldi to the very edge of the neutral Swiss territory. He gradually drew back to the region where the river Ticino, in its lower course, separated Lombardy from Sardinia. There he gave all his attention to concentrating his forces around the strong defensive positions which he had already prepared. But all this gave time to the French army to perfect its order and equipment, and to concentrate its own strength in line with the Sardinian troops.

Such was the general situation of things on the 1st of June, when Napoleon was directing the main body of the allied troops along the great highway leading to Milan, the capital of Lombardy, only twenty miles beyond the Ticino. On that day Gyulai again retreated with all his forces, leaving the astonished French Emperor free to enter Novara. Napoleon could not believe that the Austrians would long delay their attack. On both sides the service of scouts was so ill-organised that neither commander had any clear idea of the other's strength and position.

On the 2nd of June Napoleon sent forward two divisions of MacMahon's corps to see what was awaiting them along the Ticino. General Camou reached the river, with his light infantry, at Porto di Turbigo, six miles to the north-east of Novara. He found no one facing him from the Austrian side but the single Customs officer, who was still faithful to the post which he had occupied in time of peace. From the yellow and black flagstaff beside him floated the double-headed eagle of Austria. Camou ordered first one, and then a second cannon-shot to be fired. The functionary disappeared open-mouthed. General Lebœuf, who was in command of the artillery, dashed up, pale with indignation.

"General," he cried to Camou, "what are you firing at? It is lucky there is no one in front of you. Do you wish to bring the enemy down on us?"

In this campaign of blunders fortune steadily favoured the French and Italian armies. Unmolested by any sharpshooters that might have been hidden in the marshy thickets across the river, the bridge of pontoons was completed, boat by boat, and at half-past six in the evening a division of the light infantry was safely established on the enemy's ground.

General Espinasse, with his division, had gone forward along the high road to Milan as far as the stone bridge of San Martino. This was expected to be a strong defensive position of the Austrians. To his surprise he found that it too had been abandoned, after an ineffectual attempt to blow it up. The only two arches that had been seriously injured were repaired that same afternoon, and another way lay open into the enemy's country.

It now seemed evident that the Austrians would make their stand along the Naviglio Grande—the broad and deep canal which here follows the general course of the Ticino, at from one to three miles' distance toward Milan. The indecision of the French Emperor was still great. He could not determine on any general advance of the allied armies further to the east, fearing always that the invisible enemy might be turning back to attack him from the south.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of June, the light infantry reached a bridge over the canal. It was untouched, and the Austrians were not there to defend it. Two companies of the French troops at once installed themselves in houses on the bank, and, by mattresses at the windows and otherwise, prepared a defence against any sudden attack. The remainder of the battalion crossed the bridge and disposed itself behind the stone walls of the gardens and the haystacks which were near at hand. In this way an enemy would be covered by the fire from each bank. MacMahon's entire corps, comprising the divisions of Generals Espinasse and Lamotterouge, besides the light infantry of Camou, had been ordered to cross the river and canal by the bridges which had thus been secured. While the greater part were still at the pontoons, MacMahon and Camou, with a large body of troops, pushed on beyond the canal to

Turbigo, a village farther north. The corps thus took the position, which it kept through all the subsequent fighting, of left wing (farthest to the north and east) of the long, scattered line of the allied armies.

General Mellinet, with the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, was substituted for Espinasse at the bridge of San Martino to the south. The Austrian division of Clam-Gallas, which was occupying Magenta, faced all these troops approaching it from the north and west.

The Turcos, whom MacMahon had brought with his other soldiers from their posts in Algiers, soon dislodged the few Austrian companies that were on guard at Turbigo. Seeing the way clear, MacMahon, with Camou and a small escort, rode forward to the hamlet of Robecchetto, where the two generals climbed the church-tower with the hope of ascertaining the position of the enemy. Instead, they saw a large number of the Austrian troops charging down on them. They had barely time to get to their horses and ride away, with the Austrians behind them in hot pursuit. The Algerian sharpshooters came to the rescue, and soon a serious battle was raging around Turbigo.

At the same time a column of 4,000 men, preceded by a battalion of Tyrolese sharpshooters, was directed against the bridge over the canal, which the French troops had occupied in the early morning. The Austrian commander now foresaw the results of the negligence which allowed the allied troops to cross both river and canal above the positions on which he relied for defence. It was too late. Before the Austrian attack could dislodge the French infantry, who answered their fire from each end of the bridge, MacMahon had gained the day at Turbigo, and his cannon sounded nearer and nearer. The enemy, fearing to be cut off from their main body, hastily retreated. It was seven o'clock in the evening. The combat of Turbigo, which was the prelude of the morrow's work, had been fought and won. Napoleon, who came up during the fray, gave the name to one of the broad, new streets he was opening in Paris.

The Emperor returned to Novara for the night, and made out the necessary orders for a general movement forward of the allied armies on the following day. These orders were changed next morning in several of their details. As they were based on no precise knowledge of the enemy's position and movements, they were again upset by the fighting and surprises of the mid-day.

II.—The Ride of the Commandant.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 4th of June, Napoleon despatched Commandant Schmitz of his staff with his final orders.

"Go first to the King. Inform him of my march forward, and tell him to begin moving his men, following Camou over the left side of the river." This was for Victor Emanuel, who was in command of 22,000 men, one-half of the Italian regiments of the allied armies. He was but a short distance to the west of the pontoon bridges which had been thrown across the Ticino at Porto di Turbigo.

"Go on next to the Ticino. I have ordered two of the bridges to be brought down to San Martino, to hasten what will be the long crossing of our own troops." The Emperor referred to the main portion of his army, made up of the 41,000 men of Canrobert and Niel, who were still back of Novara, and of 40,000 more belonging to the corps of Baraguey d'Hilliers and the second Italian division. The latter were so many miles in the rear that they could be of no use in any battle to be fought that day.

"Then find MacMahon, who must be already beyond Turbigo. Ask him what he counts on doing if he has the enemy in his front. Inform him of the march and position of the Guard, which he has at his right." This was General Mellinet's division, which had been detached from Camou and was already across the river at San Martino. With the remainder of the Guard under Camou, and the entire divisions of Espinasse and Lamotterouge, this brought to 32,000 the number of men sharing in MacMahon's offensive movement on Magenta.

"I shall be at Trecate" (halfway from Novara to the bridge of San Martino), continued the Emperor, "at noon precisely. Make the entire round, and be exact in reporting to me at that hour."

The line of march thus formed left MacMahon in command of the left wing of the army. This was already in great part across both river and canal, and was to be followed closely by King Victor Emanuel with his Italian regiments as a reserve. The Emperor was commanding in person the centre and right—that is, the long line of troops which was to advance, division after division, along the high road of Milan. He had to expect a sharp fight in forcing the strong defensive positions held by the enemy where the road crosses the canal, before reaching Magenta. The movement of MacMahon's corps on Magenta from the other side was designed

by him to divide the Austrian forces during this attack.

In the absence of all precise information, Napoleon still believed that the bulk of the Austrian army was disposed in a long line parallel to his own, and several miles to the south. To avoid a possible general attack all along the line, he had arranged the march of his troops so that division trod on the heels of division from far beyond Novara. He hoped, by forcing back the right wing of the Austrian army, which alone he supposed to be defending divisions of Novara could have marched up to their aid. Around Magenta the troops of Clam-Gallas faced MacMahon to the north, and the high road from San Martino to the west. There was a strong body of cavalry at Corbetta close at hand. The divisions of Liechtenstein were at Ponte Vecchio (the Old Bridge) and Robecco, along the canal below where the road crosses it. These, which formed the right and centre of the line of the Austrian army as it was actually engaged in battle, numbered 36,000 men. The left was in the immediate neighbourhood, with

"ON THE TRACK . . . LAY A BODY COVERED WITH A BLUE CLOAK" (*p.* 170).

the approaches to Magenta, to be able to pass by the main body of the enemy and march on Milan. At least, this is the only way of explaining the Emperor's orders for this 4th day of June. As a line of battle his forward movement was preposterous, straddling a river and canal, which were not easy of passage, and without any defensive positions to support him in case a concentrated attack should be made in the meantime.

General Gyulai did not know the advantages of his position. The line of battle which he opposed to the French advance admitted of a quick concentration of his troops which might, by the mere force of numbers, have crushed the corps of MacMahon and the Guard before the Zobel not two miles to the south and the rest just beyond at Abbiategrosso, 28,000 in all. At Vigevano across the Ticino there were 24,000 more, quite as near as the central divisions of the French. The remaining 25,000 men of the Austrian army, like the extreme rear of the allies, were too far away to be counted on for this day's work.

As it was, between ignorance and indecision, the battle was to be fought with about equal forces on either side. It was to be an instance of an adage often in the mouths of military men—"Victory belongs to him who makes the fewest blunders."

Commandant Schmitz galloped off on his long morning ride. He warned the King to hasten

"IN THEIR FRENZY HIS ZOUAVES BROKE THROUGH THE DEFENCES" (p. 172).

the movement of his troops, which would be needed as a reserve in case MacMahon should be attacked. Only one of the pontoon bridges would be left him for the tedious crossing over the Ticino. Beyond the river he found the division of Camou already on the way to follow the main column led by MacMahon. It was half-past ten o'clock before he came up with MacMahon himself, riding at the head of the division of Lamotterouge.

"The Emperor asks what you reckon on doing if you meet the enemy."

"I have no news yet, and there is no attack along the front. On account of the narrow road I have only the division of Lamotterouge with me. I have sent Espinasse by a roundabout way at a half-hour's march from my left. He is keeping up with me. Camou is behind. Tell the Emperor that I count on being at Magenta at two o'clock."

The Commandant rode back, after warning MacMahon that the King had not yet begun crossing the river with the troops which ought to be his final reserve for the day. He reached Trecate at noon, just as the Emperor was alighting from his carriage. All along the way he had heard the noise of cannon from beyond San Martino. Napoleon received his report, mounted his horse, and rode off hastily with his escort in the direction of the firing.

It was the portion of the Guard which was under General Mellinet that had been violently engaged beyond the bridge at the village of Buffalora by the canal. Napoleon sent back at once to hurry on the corps of Niel, which was marching forward along the road from Novara. The disposition which had been made of the troops rendered this no easy task, and Mellinet was obliged to hold his own as best he might for three hours longer.

At half-past four the Emperor, more and more disquieted at hearing nothing from MacMahon, sent Commandant Schmitz once more by the weary round of the morning to get news of him. There was no nearer way by which he might escape the enemy's fire in crossing the canal. At six o'clock the Commandant reached the pontoons, which the Italian regiments had not yet finished crossing. Victor Emanuel asked if it was Canrobert who was attacked.

"No, sire: it is the whole army. Have you nothing from MacMahon?"

"Yes; a word in pencil, signed by his aide-de-camp; but it is not pressing."

Commandant Schmitz could only conjure the King not to lose a moment of time, and asked for an officer to keep him company in his own search. As they rode off, the Piedmontese infantry was straggling over the pontoons. Some of the men were stopping to heat their soup in the islands of the river, and all, when a new burst of artillery was heard from the distance, gave vent to their patriotic cry—"*Viva l'Italia!*"

It was eight o'clock and night was falling when Commandant Schmitz reached the line of railway from Milan, just beyond Magenta. On the track before him lay a body covered with a blue cloak and guarded by a staff-officer in tears. It was General Espinasse, who had been shot dead as he entered Magenta. At the other end of the town a sharp fusilade was still going on. In the confusion, it was some time before MacMahon could be found; and it was half-past eleven at night before the Commandant arrived with his news at Napoleon's quarters by the river. The Emperor was lying, dressed, on the bed in an attic room of the little inn. He arose,

and by the light of a candle dictated the telegraphic despatch to the Empress Eugénie which set all Paris rejoicing next day.

"A great battle—a great victory!"

III.—The Fight at Magenta.

From the beginning, the task assigned to the troops of MacMahon was long, difficult, and dangerous. After crossing both river and canal, they had to march down toward Magenta in a line trending always to the right. They would thus be ready to aid in the attack which the divisions under the command of the Emperor were bound to make on the enemy's positions along the canal.

Shortly after Commandant Schmitz left him in the morning, MacMahon came suddenly on the enemy in front of Buffalora. This small village, situated on both sides of the canal, was one of the strongest Austrian positions, and the first serious obstacle which Napoleon would encounter in his own movement forward from the other side. MacMahon at once ordered the attack. It was made, with their wonted violence, by the Turcos and the foot-soldiers of the 49th Regiment of the line. They were in the thick of the fray when a strong column of the enemy was discovered moving up to attack the divisions of MacMahon from the right. So far as he could discern, he would have to face the main body of the Austrian army. The smoke of battle already clouded the air, heavy from the damp ricefields by the river, and it would be no light task to bring his various divisions into line from their march across country. The enemy's advance already threatened to separate him from the troops led by Espinasse, and from Camou, who was not yet in sight.

Before him, where the combat was actually engaged, disorder had already begun. The shells, on which the Austrians chiefly relied in this campaign, were whizzing through the air and leaving clouds of smoke and dust that added to the difficulty of his movements. One regiment, which had been ordered to fall back, found itself marching straight on the enemy; and another, wishing to rush forward to the attack which had been begun, turned back in the opposite direction.

MacMahon now gave orders that the Turcos and foot-soldiers should give over the attack on Buffalora and rally to his main column. This was a work of time. It was necessary to tear the men from a mortal combat which they were sharing with the Grenadiers of the Guard. These, at the head of Mellinet's division, had come up from the other side and were already taking their position in the village. MacMahon next ordered Espinasse to move his men steadily to the right until he should be able to act in concert with the division led by himself. He then suspended his own movements until he could enter into communication with Camou, who was approaching but slowly from behind.

In these first movements of the day, General MacMahon has been reproached for his sudden attack on Buffalora; but this seems to have been in harmony with the essential plan of the Emperor, who had little idea of the real strength of the Austrian troops concentrated round Magenta.

He is next blamed for withdrawing his men from the attack when the Guard was in most danger; but it was the business of the Emperor to protect his own line of attack. MacMahon had been made responsible for the important attack on Magenta itself; and the advance of the enemy on his right threatened to render this impossible. Besides, the Grenadiers of Colonel d'Alton-Shee had already secured possession of Buffalora, which they had now only to defend.

Most of all, MacMahon is criticised for the long pause which now ensued in his operations, while the enemy was attacking in force close at hand. This was contrary to the tradition of the French army, praised by Moltke, that haste should be made where the cannon sounds. It can only be answered that MacMahon had been positively ordered to march forward to the church-tower of Magenta; that he was not responsible for the slowness of Camou which retarded his own movements; and that the victory which he won when he did move on the enemy shows who it was made the fewest blunders on that day.

In directing the movements of his thirteen battalions, General Camou, whose experience of war went back to the First Napoleon, had been following all the rules. At the sound of the cannonading in front, he marched straight across the fields toward the church-tower of Magenta, on which he knew MacMahon was advancing before him. The fields were separated from each other by dense thorn-hedges, and divided into small patches of maize. These, in turn, were separated by rows of mulberry trees bound together by wires, along which grape-vines were trained. At each moment the Sappers were called on to use their axes, and the

other soldiers their sword-bayonets. This needed no great time; but, at every open space, the command of the tactician Camou was heard, stopping all movement in order to straighten properly the line of his advance.

"HE DICTATED THE TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH" (*p.* 171).

At half-past four o'clock MacMahon himself, with his uniform in disorder and accompanied only by a few officers of his staff, dashed up to hurry forward this reserve which was necessary to his own attack. On the way he had run into a body of Austrian sharpshooters who saluted him as one of their own commanders, not dreaming of the presence of the French general. Hastening back to give directions to Espinasse, he again barely escaped being captured by the Uhlans. Camou had taken six hours for less than five miles of march.

The drums now beat the charge, and a determined attack was made on the enemy's main column. It was taken between two fires, from the division of Espinasse on one side, and from that of Lamotterouge, led by MacMahon in person, on the other. Step by step, resisting desperately to the end, the Austrian troops fell back on Magenta, where their general and his staff were watching the fortunes of the battle from the church-tower.

Espinasse, by order of MacMahon, hastened his movement on the town from the side of the railway, to stop the fire of artillery which fell obliquely on the troops of Lamotterouge. A company of Tyrolese sharpshooters had entrenched themselves in one of the first houses. General Espinasse and his orderly fell dead under their unerring shots. In their frenzy, his Zouaves broke through the defences of the house and put to the bayonet each man of the three hundred Tyrolese. The bloody fight was continued around the railway station and through the narrow streets of the town. It left everywhere dead bodies clothed with the hostile uniforms, the red breeches of the French mingling with the white jackets of the Austrians.

On his side, MacMahon charged again and again, but the resistance was still obstinate around the church. At last, from the tower, the Austrian commander caught sight of the four regiments of Camou advancing in that regular order which became old soldiers of the Guard. They were impatient to share in the fray, but the Austrian general abandoned the place before them. Not one of their number had burned a cartridge or received a scratch. Their coming two hours earlier would have saved no end of good French blood. The Italian reserve, under King Victor Emanuel in whose cause the war was waging, did not appear all this day.

With nightfall, the soldiers of MacMahon—those who had fought and those who had only marched bravely—bivouacked as best they could outside the town. The doctors began their all night's work among the wounded in the church.

General Trochu had brought his battalions forward at quick step along the road from Novara. At the bridge over the Ticino he found the Emperor quite alone, listening intently to the sounds of the battle. The officers of his escort had been despatched in every direction for information to relieve his uncertainty. Trochu asked for directions. Napoleon, white and trembling, could not answer. At

last, in a scarcely intelligible whisper, he said, pointing to the bridge—

"Pass!"

From General Regnauld de Saint-Jean d'Angély, who was in command on the other side, Trochu learned that the enemy still held out at the Old Bridge (Ponte Vecchio) over the canal, in spite of Canrobert's impetuous onsets. He ordered his men to move forward, rifle on shoulder and all the drums beating and trumpets sounding. The Austrians, believing in the arrival of a large body of fresh troops, abandoned their last positions. At four o'clock in the morning Trochu followed them to the south with his artillery, and their defeat became a rout. When Napoleon, on this day (the 5th of June), sent 20,000 men against what he still supposed to be the main body of the enemy, not an Austrian was to be found.

After a day for rest, on the 6th, MacMahon, with his corps, was off to check the advance from the north of General Urban, who was hurrying back from his chase of Garibaldi. Napoleon stood at the bridge of San Martino to see the troops pass by. Calling MacMahon to alight from his horse, he said:

"I thank you for what you have done. I name you Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta."

At the request of the generals who could not yet understand how the battle had been won without them, the dignity of Marshal was also bestowed on the modest and valiant commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, General Regnauld de Saint-Jean d'Angély. It was the heroic resistance of General Mellinet and his Grenadiers of the Guard, left unaided for hours at Buffalora, that allowed to Camou all the time he required for bringing up his men according to military rules. It also gave MacMahon the shorter time needed to march forward and to reach the church-tower of Magenta.

"THE DOCTORS BEGAN THEIR ALL NIGHT'S WORK" (p. 172).

IT is now more than forty years since we entered upon our last great European war, when, allied with the French and the Turks, we were opposed to Russia. The early part of 1854 was spent in complete inaction at Varna, on the Black Sea. Cholera made terrible havoc in our camp, and the men were growing disheartened, while everybody at home was dissatisfied. The great strength of the Russians lay about Sebastopol, a nearly impregnable fortress on the opposite shore; and it was at length decided to invade the Crimea and attack Sebastopol. A magnificent armada was prepared, and the allied armies were carried across in a vast flotilla of steam and sailing transports, escorted by a proud array of battle ships. All who saw it, declare that it was one of the most imposing spectacles in modern war.

A powerful Russian fleet lay in the harbour of Sebastopol, but it made no attempt at resistance, although it might have done much mischief; and the allied armies were all safely landed on the 19th September, at a place called Old Fort, in the Crimea.

The Russians did not oppose us at first. Prince Mentschikoff, who was in supreme command throughout the Crimea, preferred to wait. Although he knew all our movements, and might easily have interfered with the disembarkation, he thought he could do us more mischief when he had us well on shore. He had chosen a fine position for his army—that, in fact, on which the battle of the Alma was fought two days later, and he thought it impregnable. He was a self-sufficient, headstrong man; a poor soldier, and very presumptuous, as we shall see.

He believed that the allies would soon waste themselves fruitlessly; that he might easily hold them at bay, perhaps for weeks. Then, when they were weakened by losses, and disheartened by failure, he meant to strike back, confidently hoping to drive them into the sea. Not a man, he declared, should regain the ships.

Pride often goes before a fall, and the result of the first battle was very different from what Mentschikoff expected. He was wrong all round: wrong in his estimate of the fighting qualities of the troops opposed to him, especially of the British; wrong in his belief in the great strength of his position; altogether wrong in his dispositions for defence.

It was very extensive, this position: from the sea, its westernmost limit, to the eastern slopes of the Kourgané Hill was some five and a half miles; the whole front was covered by the river Alma—a river in places deep and rapid, at others fordable, and there was a good timber bridge at Bourliouk, in the centre of the position, which carried the great causeway or post road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. The western cliffs, nearest the sea, were steep, and supposed to be inaccessible; but the hills fell away as they trended further inland, and the approach from the river became practicable, although still offering a rather stiff climb. The ground about the centre and right rose high at two particular points: one was called the Telegraph Height, and it dominated the principal road; the other was the famous Kourgané Hill, an elevated peak around which the battle ebbed and flowed, and which is now acknowledged to have been the key to the position.

Mentschikoff was but scantily supplied with troops to occupy so long a line as this. But he was not very greatly concerned about it. According to his view—and he arrived at the conclusion a little too readily, as he soon found to his cost—the west cliff, that part of the position nearest the sea, could defend itself, he felt sure. They were untenable, too, as he told himself, for the whole surface of this plateau was within range of the allied fleets, and the fire of their

guns would soon have swept it of the Russian troops. These reasons sufficed to justify him in holding his chief strength, about 36,000 infantry, between the two hills just mentioned, the Telegraph and the Kourgané, a front limited to less than three miles. His cavalry, in which he was especially strong, having about 3,600 sabres in all, guarded his right flank when the more open down-land was favourable to their movement. His ninety-six guns were distributed over the whole ground: some commanded the causeway, some were with the cavalry, some with the great reserves, some in the two redoubts.

These dispositions showed both carelessness and want of skill. The Prince had not satisfied himself of the impregnability of the west cliff. Had he visited and inspected it, he would have found that a good waggon track ascended the hill from the village of Almatamack, which could be used, and was, for artillery. Yet he could easily have broken up this road; just as easily as he could have thrown up formidable entrenchments to make assurance doubly sure, and forbid absolutely all attempt to attack on this side. This neglect to fortify all along the front, although the ground lent itself admirably to such defensive works, was no less blamable. Whether or not the position was everywhere naturally strong, it might soon have been made so. If the heights of the Alma had been converted into a properly and scientifically entrenched camp, the allies would hardly, perhaps never, have captured them.

All Mentschikoff did was to construct two works, one named by our men the "Greater," the other the "Lesser" Redoubt. The first was nothing more than a breastwork—breast high, that is to say, without a ditch, and some three hundred yards above the Alma, just on the lower slopes of the Kourgané Hill. The Prince was very proud of this fortification, which had two short sides for flanking fire, and was armed with twelve heavy guns. More to the right, on the same hill, was another slight entrenchment facing north-east, and armed with field artillery. This was the Lesser Redoubt.

The allied forces marching on Sebastopol, arrived in front of this position on the 20th September, 1854. It was a momentous occasion. For the first time in modern history the French and English, two hereditary foes, were about to fight side by side. A newer and a better rivalry had effaced old feuds. The fierce contests in Spain and at Waterloo were forgotten, although the English commander and many of his generals had won their laurels against the French. Now the two old enemies were the fastest of friends. Lord Raglan, who, as Fitzroy Somerset, had lost his arm at Waterloo, was revered by all ranks in the French army; and when Marshal St. Arnaud, the French commander-in-chief, passed along the British line, he was received with loud cheers, to which he replied, lifting his hat, and speaking in good English, "Hurrah for old England!"

Emulation in great deeds is a fine thing, but when allies fight side by side there is always the fear of divided counsels, the chance of divided action in the field. The English and French generals did not exactly disagree, but each went very much his own way. St. Arnaud wished to take the front attack from the sea to beyond the causeway, leaving Lord Raglan to turn the Russian right. This the English general did not choose to do; he thought a flanking movement would be dangerous in the presence of a superior cavalry, over ground especially suited to it—like a racecourse, in fact, open, and covered with smooth, springy turf. It ended in an agreement that each army should go up against what was before it, the French attacking the west cliff, from the causeway to the sea, the English taking the hills from the causeway to the extreme right.

PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF.

The result of this was that the French found no enemy, and the brunt of the battle fell upon us. The honour was all the greater, of course. But this arrangement neutralised all our advantages of superior numbers. French and English together numbered some 63,000, as against 30,000 Russians. As, however, Mentschikoff held the bulk of his forces about his centre and right—in other words, just opposite the English attack—it followed that Russians and English would fight upon pretty equal terms. This was all the more emphasised by the French moving so much to their right that a large portion of their army was quite out of the action, while the rest was only partially engaged.

The allied troops were astir at daylight on the

20th September, but the battle was not really fought till the afternoon. Delays that were vexatious yet inevitable interposed. Lord Raglan was obliged to draw towards him two of his divisions, with which he had been covering his exposed left flank, and at the same time he gave a safer direction for his baggage train. The slow transfer of the latter from the left to his own immediate rear occupied the whole forenoon, and the French, who had no such troubles, chafed greatly at the delay.

But at length Bosquet began the ball at 2 p.m. He led off with his, the extreme right or seaward French division, and went up against the west cliff. One brigade, Bonat's, followed by the Turks, crossed the river Alma at its mouth, and scaling the heights without difficulty, advanced—to do no more. His 15,000 men met no enemy, and were put out of action for the rest of the day. Bosquet's other brigade, D'Autemare's, with which he rode in person, faced the stiff slope and surmounted it. Both men and guns got up, and were ready to go in and win; but, like Bonat, they found nothing in front of them. Bosquet's successful climb had only placed him alone in an isolated and really unsafe position. He was quite unsupported. Bonat was detached far away on his right; Canrobert, his nearest neighbour, had got mixed up among the rocky, broken country above him, and could barely hold his own, much less extend his hand. Next to Canrobert was Prince Napoleon; but the latter hung back unaccountably—unless the stories afterwards published discrediting his courage are deemed true.

At this moment, it is generally thought, the allies were within reach of grave disaster. Had Mentschikoff been a Napoleon or a Wellington, with the genius to see and the skill to use his opportunity, he might now have dealt a crushing blow at the allies. He was in between his foes: one army was caught amongst a difficult country, and separated in two parts by a wide interval; the other army, not yet engaged. Had he sent his cavalry to hold the English in check, just as the German cavalry at Mars la Tour with such desperate gallantry turned Bazaine back to Metz, he might have fallen upon Canrobert and almost eaten him up. The utter defeat of one French division at this early part of the day would have probably decided the battle, and in favour of the Russians.

But such masterly tactics were not to be expected from such an incapable general. All Mentschikoff could do when Bosquet scaled the west cliff, was to hurry up eight battalions from his reserve to confront him; then, hesitating to join issue, to march them back whence they came, and thus lose their services for more than an hour. His cavalry remained inactive till the golden opportunity was lost, and then he found himself so fiercely assailed by the hitherto despised English that he lost the power of the offensive.

THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA

While the French were in this critical condition, the English, who were also jeopardised, still remained passive, halted, and lying down under a dropping artillery fire. But now, at length, Lord Raglan gave the signal for attack; and the order was received with soldier-like glee

by our troops, to whom the long inaction was very irksome. At last the battle was to be fought in real earnest, but to understand what follows we must realise exactly how our forces were arrayed.

1. Sir De Lacy Evans with the 2nd Division stood next the French. His right rested on the village of Bourliouk opposite the causeway bridge; his left joined on to and was rather jammed in with the right of—

2. The Light Division under Sir George Brown, who faced the Kourgané hill, with its two redoubts heavily armed, and a garrison of eighteen battalions: a very formidable position to storm. At the same time his left was what soldiers call "in the air"—resting on nothing, that is to say, and exposed.

"THEN YOUNG ANSTRUTHER RACED FORWARD" (*p.* 178).

3. Immediately behind the Light Division came the Duke of Cambridge with the 1st, composed of the Guards and the Highland Brigades.

4. The 3rd Division supported the 2nd, but at a long interval.

5. The cavalry under Lords Cardigan and Lucan, not a thousand sabres, were held withdrawn to the left rear.

6. The 4th Division of infantry were a long way behind, and did not come up till after the action.

The first fighting fell to Evans, but at the moment of his advance the enemy set fire to the village of Bourliouk, which burst up into instantaneous flames, and Evans, to avoid it, drew one brigade—Pennefather's—to the left, and sent the other—Adams'—by a long *détour* to his right, where it was in touch with the French. All Pennefather's men got across the river, but were stayed by the fierce fire of the causeway batteries; and one of his regiments—the 95th—crushed in by the right of the Light Division, joined it and its fortunes for the rest of the day. Evans had thus only three battalions left, and with so scanty a force he could make no impression: he could but simply hold his ground beyond the river.

Part of the Light Division, the right, or Codrington's Brigade, was soon engaged in a weightier battle. The left, or Buller's, also moved forward, but being entrusted with the protection of the exposed flank of the whole army, two of its regiments were held in hand while the rest became involved in Codrington's attack; for this gallant soldier was no sooner across the river with his regiments all disorganised, and in no sort of formation, than he led them immediately forward.

His superior officer, the divisional general, Sir George Brown, was not within hail, and Codrington felt that his plain duty was to go ahead. He himself headed the desperate charge upon the Great Redoubt, which was now made in quite inferior numbers, and in the teeth of a murderous fire of big guns. His colonels, especially Lacy Yea of the 7th Fusiliers, took the cue, and springing to the front cried to their men:

"Come on—never mind forming! Come on anyhow."

"Forward! forward!" was the universal cry of all; pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, but always straight on, the first brigade of the Light Division rushed up the slope.

The Russians were really in tremendous strength. There were heavy columns of them all

around; the Redoubt was armed with twelve big guns, yet they could not resist an onslaught which seemed only the vanguard of an imposing attack.

There was another cause, no doubt, for their weakness, as we shall presently see; but now already they were limbering up their guns and going to the rear. Then young Anstruther, a mere boy fresh from school, raced forward with the Queen's colour of the 23rd, and placed it triumphantly on the crown of the breastworks. He was shot dead, the colour falling with him. A sergeant, Luke O'Connor, following close, succeeded to his mission, and raised the flag erect.

He, too, was struck down, but would not yield, and although desperately wounded, carried the colours for the rest of the day. This was the crisis of the fight; the flag was the rallying point; crowds came rushing in, and the Redoubt was carried—for a time. The battle itself would probably have been completely won had reinforcements been at hand. But the 1st Division, which had been ordered to support the Light Division, had not yet crossed the river. Its advance was hastened by the Quartermaster-General, General Airey, speaking for Lord Raglan, who, as we shall see, was at another part of the field. So the Duke of Cambridge moved forward, but slowly: the Guards Brigade to the right, in line—a well-dressed two-deep "thin red line," which kept its formation even when crossing the stream, each man walking on whatever was before him, shallow water or deep pool. On the left were Sir Colin Campbell's three famous Highland regiments—the 42nd, 93rd, and 79th—advancing in an echelon of deployed lines, one behind and a little further to the left of the one in front of it. Such a stern array would have more than sufficed to stiffen our hold upon the Great Redoubt; but it came too late, and other untoward events had also occurred.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

The Russians, of whom there were eighteen battalions in these parts, could not brook the loss of the Redoubt to what seemed only a handful of redcoats, and they came forward again in great strength to recover the work. The Vladimir regiment, approaching close, was mistaken for a French column, and no one fired at it; then some misguided English bugler sounded the "retire"—by whose orders it was never ascertained—but the call was taken up and repeated, till at length, most reluctantly, Codrington's men in possession of the Redoubt prepared to leave it. They clung for a time to its reverse slopes, but presently gave way, and under a murderous fire retreated down the hill. Only indomitable Lacy Yea, with his bold regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, refused to withdraw, and, in line against a column double his strength, alone maintained the fight.

All this time the French were not prospering. Bosquet still clung, isolated, upon the west cliff; Canrobert had climbed it, but had made no forward movement; Prince Napoleon stood halted, irresolute, on the safe side of the river. The Russian general in command of the centre, which was posted around the Telegraph Height, now put in motion eight of his battalions, in dense double column, and crossed the plateau to smite Canrobert, who forthwith crumbled back over the cliff. He had supports at hand—a brigade (D'Aurelle's) of Forey's Division, which was on the hilly road jammed in between him and Prince Napoleon, and the Prince himself was close behind; but these supports were in marching columns, with no frontage for attack, and could not help Canrobert. Had Kiriakoff, the Russian general, pressed on, he would probably have completely "rolled up" the French. But he paused, and the battle meanwhile passed into a fresh phase.

Strange as it may seem, the turning-point in the action was a hazardous, and, speaking by the book, a perfectly indefensible step taken by the English commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan, with his staff and a few dragoons—not twenty horsemen in all—had ridden boldly, blindly, into the very centre of the enemy's line. He had gone down towards Bourliouk, but avoiding the burning village, and, anxious to see what was in progress beyond the river, had dashed into it, crossed, and galloped up the opposite slope. He came out at a point under the Telegraph Height and *above* the causeway, and thence could survey at ease—for no enemy, happily, was near enough to injure him—the whole state of the battle. Better still, he looked into the enemy's line of defence, taking it in reverse, and

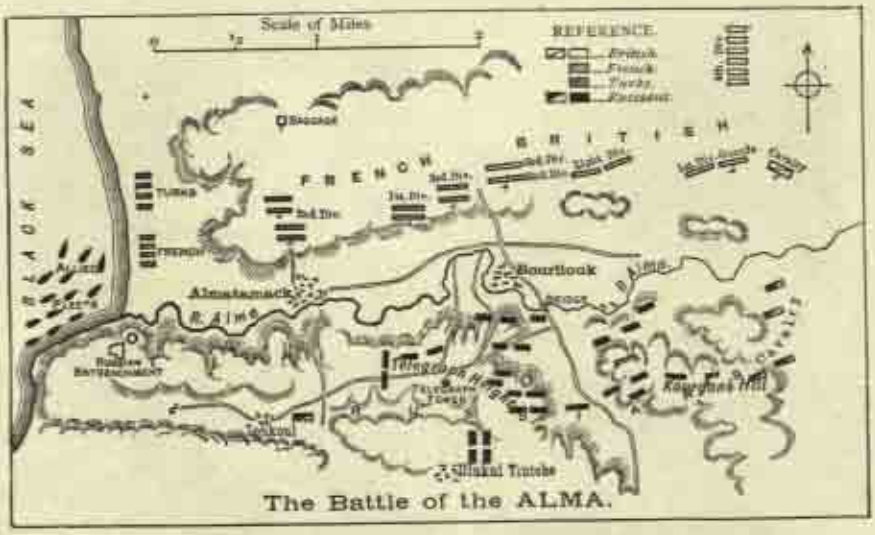
realised at once the supreme advantage his really dangerous position gave him.

"If only we had a couple of guns up here!" he cried, and two artillery officers—Dacres and Dickson, who rode with his staff—dashed off to fetch them, while General Airey was sent to bring up the nearest infantry, Adams' brigade of Evans' 2nd Division.

The messengers found Turner's battery struggling across the ford, and Turner himself hurried up two of his guns, which were soon unlimbered and worked—one, at least—by Colonel Dickson's own hands.

Their very first shot was a surprise to the whole field. It proved to the enemy, whose guns were posted in advance in the causeway, that they had been taken in reverse and had better retire. It overjoyed Evans, who still stood checked by this causeway battery. "Hark! that is an English gun," he cried, and prepared at once to advance, knowing that the barrier in front would soon be removed. And so it was. Evans swept forward triumphantly with his three remaining regiments, their left still covered by stout Lacy Yea and his splendid Fusiliers, who just about this time had finally conquered the Russian column with which they had so long been engaged. Yea's obstinate heroism had not only paved the way for the advance of the 2nd Division, but it had made another attack possible upon the Kourgané Hill.

The Scots Fusilier Guards had been the first of the Duke of Cambridge's troops to get across the river in support of Codrington's discomfited brigade. The Russians on the hill now numbered some 15,000 men, part of them being the Vladimir column, which had retaken the Great Redoubt. A very stout resistance was made. The Scots Fusiliers were met with so bold a front and such a withering fire that they fell back in some disorder. It seemed as though the Grenadier Guards would also be involved, but this regiment, under Colonel Hood, stood firm, and presently advanced in beautiful order — a well-dressed, steady line, as perfect as though it was in Hyde Park. To the left of the



The Battle of the ALMA.

Scots Guards were the Coldstreams, another regiment in magnificent array, which had not been touched by the fire, and moved up the hill with admirable precision. The Duke of Cambridge rode with the Coldstreams.

So fierce was the fight into which the Guards now entered, so strong the opposition, that some cried in alarm, "The Brigade will be destroyed." There was a talk of falling back, and then it was that stout old Sir Colin Campbell made his famous speech to the Duke:—"Better, sir, that every man in her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy." The Guards needed no stiffening—they were only too eager to get on. But Campbell did more than exhort in words. He had here, close at hand, his three superb Highland regiments, and he was ready to use them, to the last man, in support.

The Highlanders were now on the left of the

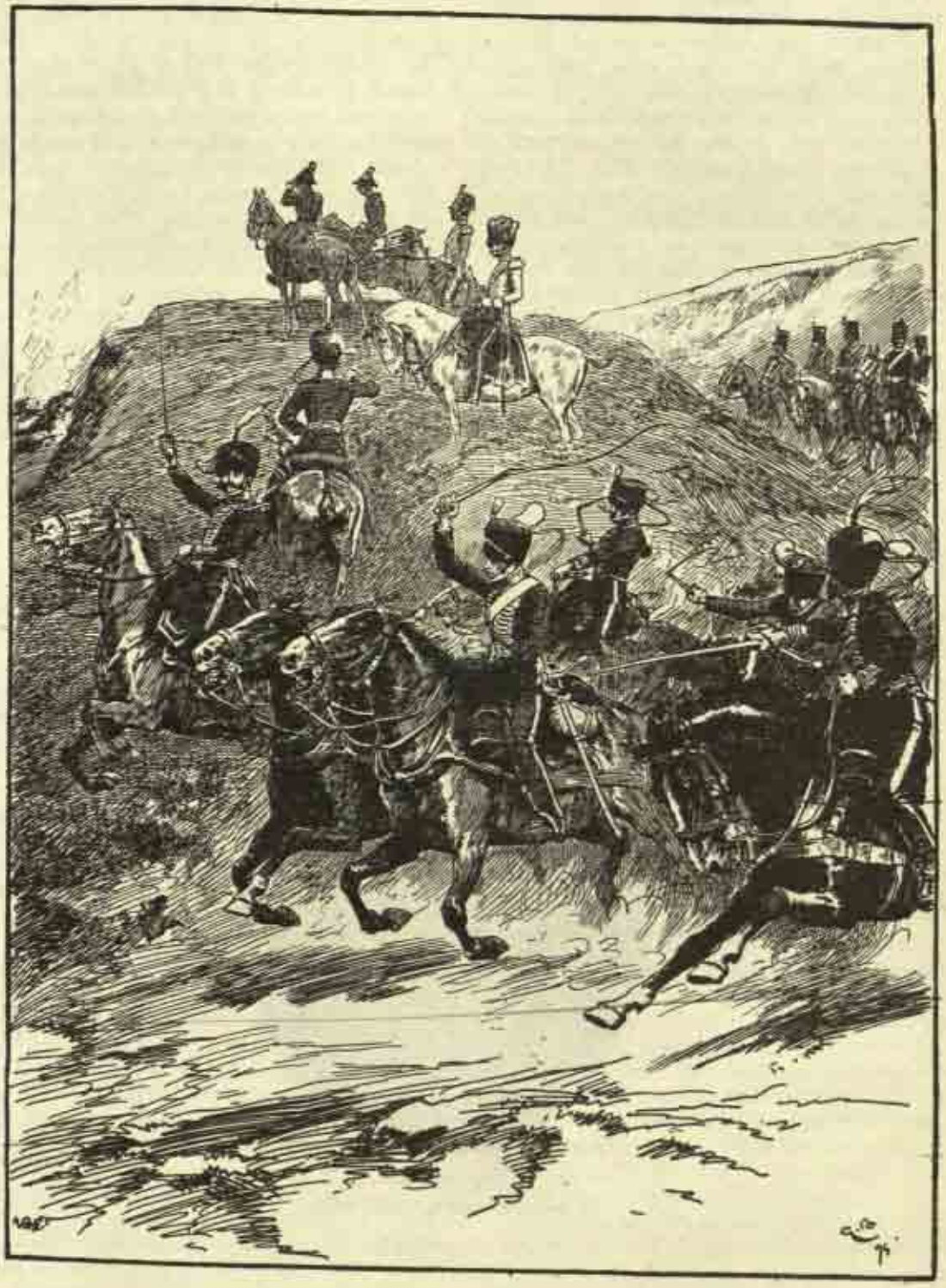
whole line. Although Buller's two regiments on this extremity, the 88th and the 77th, had held their own during the day, they were now beginning to fall back. But Campbell took charge of the flank, and, despising the still irresolute Russian cavalry, he brought up his finished—"Now, men, the army will watch us: make me proud of the Highland Brigade!" He was about to engage twelve battalions with his three; each regiment as it advanced, the 42nd first, seemed to be outflanked by a heavy column; but beyond each flank came the

THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE ALMA.

deployed regiments in echelon, and prolonging our line, threw them at the Russian right. Our front was very extensive, for the line was only the depth of two men; but it looked so threatening, that the Russian general, Gortschakoff, concluding there were heavy masses behind, thought himself outnumbered and overpowered.

Sir Colin spoke a few words of encouragement to his men. "Be steady—keep silence—fire low;" and then, with fierce emphasis, he next regiment in the echelon behind, and in this formation the Highlanders carried all before them. The Russians, after another despairing and unavailing stand, began to retreat, and the Guards and Highlanders took possession of the Kourgané Hill.

All this time Lord Raglan had held his ground—no longer perilous—above the causeway; but now he was joined by Adams' two regiments, and a red line was seen surmounting the slope. He left them there, to be used, if needs



"TURNER HIMSELF HURRIED UP TWO OF HIS GUNS" (*p.* 179).

were, in hastening the retreat of the Russian columns; a brigade of the 3rd Division, Eyre's, had also arrived, and was across the Bourliouk bridge. Now the French made head against Kiriakoff, who could not hold out with his comrades in full retreat; and as he fell back Canrobert came on, and, gaining the heights, took full possession of the Telegraph Hill. There was very little more fighting to be done, except with a handful of forgotten riflemen: the Russians were gone. Following Canrobert, Prince Napoleon and D'Aurelle advanced, so that soon two strong and unbroken French divisions and a whole brigade occupied the ground.

Then followed the grievous mistake of not following up the beaten enemy. It was clear that the English could not do this with effect: the bulk of our men had been engaged, we had suffered severely, and the survivors were worn out with their exertions. Our cavalry could do little against the Russian, which was still quite fresh, and ready, if not too anxious, to cover the retreat. Lord Raglan hoped that the French would now reap the full advantage of the victory, and urged St. Arnaud to press on in pursuit. The only answer was that any further advance of the French that day was "impossible." The men, when moving up to the attack, had left their knapsacks on the other side of the river, and they could not go on without them. So the Russian army, which was now nearly dissolved, a broken, helpless mass of fugitives, was suffered to continue its headlong retreat upon Sebastopol. A little more energy on the part of the victors would have dealt a crushing blow and probably annihilated it.

In this first error was sown the seeds of the long and disastrous siege of Sebastopol.

LORD RAGLAN.

(From the Painting by Andrew Morton.)

AUSTERLITZ

BY C. STEIN

ON the 21st of November, 1805, a striking and warlike cavalcade was traversing at a slow pace a wide and elevated plateau in Moravia. In front, on a grey barb, rode a short, sallow-faced man with dark hair and a quick, eager glance, whose notice nothing seemed to escape. His dress was covered by a grey overcoat, which met a pair of long riding-boots, and on his head was a low, weather-stained cocked hat. He was followed by a crowd of officers, evidently of high rank, for their uniforms, saddle-cloths, and plumed hats were heavily laced, and they had the bold, dignified bearing of leaders of men. In front and in the flanks of the party were scattered watchful vedettes, and behind followed a strong squadron of picked cavalry in dark green dolmans with furred pelisses slung over their shoulders, and huge fur caps surmounted by tall red plumes. The leading horseman rode in silence over the plateau, first to one point then to another, examining with anxious care every feature of the ground. He marked carefully the little village from which the expanse took its name, and the steep declivity which sloped to a muddy stream below. No one addressed him, for he was a man whose train of thought was not to be lightly interrupted. Suddenly, at length, he drew rein, and, turning to the body of officers, said: "Gentlemen, examine this ground carefully. It will be a field of battle, upon which you will all have a part to play." The speaker was Napoleon. His hearers were his generals and staff. He had been reconnoitring, surrounded and guarded by his devoted Chasseurs of the Guard, the plateau of Pratzen, the main part of the arena where was to be fought in a few days the mighty conflict of Austerlitz.

Napoleon's headquarters were then at Brunn. The French host, then for the first time called the "Grand Army," had, at the command of its great chief, in the beginning of September broken up the camps long occupied on the coasts of France in preparation for a contemplated invasion of England, and had directed its march to the Rhine. It was formed in seven corps under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoust, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, with its cavalry under Prince Murat, and the Imperial Guard as a reserve.

The Rhine was crossed at different points, and the tide of invasion swept upon the valley of the Danube. From the beginning the movements had been made with a swiftness unprecedented in war. Guns and cavalry had moved in ceaseless and unhalting stream along every road. Infantry had pressed forward by forced marches, and had been aided in its onward way by wheeled transport at every available opportunity. The Emperor had resolved to strike a blow by land against his foes which should counterbalance the several checks which the indomitable navy of England had inflicted on his fleets at sea. Austria and Russia were in arms against France, and he was straining every nerve to encounter and shatter their separate forces before they would unite in overwhelming power. The campaign had opened for him with a series of brilliant successes. The veterans of the revolutionary wars, of Italy and of Egypt, directed by his mighty genius, had proved themselves irresistible. The Austrians had been the first to meet the shock, and had been defeated at every point—Guntzberg, Haslach, Albeck, Elchingen, Memmingen—and the first phase of the struggle had closed with the capitulation at Ulm of General Mack with 30,000 men.

But there had been no stay in the rush of the victorious French. The first defeats of the Austrian army had been rapidly followed up. The corps which had escaped from the disaster at Ulm were pursued and, one after another, annihilated. The Tyrol was overrun, and its

strong positions occupied by Marshal Ney. From Italy came the news of Massena's successes against the celebrated Archduke Charles, and at Dirnstein Marshal Mortier had defeated the first Russian army under Kutusow. The Imperial headquarters had been established at Schönbrunn, the home of the Emperor of Austria. Vienna had been occupied and the bridge across the Danube secured by Lannes and Murat. Kutusow, after his defeat at Dirnstein, had been driven back through Hollabrunn on

"THE SAYING PASSED, 'OUR EMPEROR DOES NOT MAKE USE OF OUR ARMS IN THIS WAR SO MUCH AS OF OUR LEGS.'"

Brunn by the same marshals at the head of the French advanced guard, and had now joined the second Russian army, with which was its Emperor Alexander in person, and an Austrian force under Prince Lichtenstein, accompanied by the Emperor of Austria.

The main body of the "Grand Army" had, under Napoleon, followed its advanced guard into the heart of Moravia. Its headquarters and immediate base were now at Brunn, but its position was sufficiently critical, at the extremity of a long line of operations, numbering less than 70,000 disposable men, while the Russo-Austrian army in front amounted to 92,000. So rapid had been the movements since the camp at Boulogne was left, that the common saying passed in the ranks that "Our Emperor does not make use of our arms in this war so much as of our legs"; and the grave result of this constant swiftness had been that many soldiers had fallen to the rear from indisposition or fatigue, and even the nominal strength of corps was thus for the time seriously diminished. It is recorded that in the Chasseurs a Cheval of the Guard alone there was a deficiency of more than four hundred men from this cause. But all these laggards were doing their best to rejoin the army before the great battle took place which all knew to be inevitable, and in which all were eager to bear their part.

Napoleon had himself arrived at Brunn on the 20th of November, and during the following days till the 27th he allowed his army a measure of repose to enable it to recover its strength after its long toils—to repair its arms, its boots and worn material, and to rally every man under its eagles. His advanced guard had been pushed forward under Murat towards Wischau on the Olmutz road, Soult's corps on his right had pressed Kutusow's retreat towards Austerlitz, and the remainder were disposed in various

positions to watch Hungary and Bohemia and to maintain his hold upon Vienna.

On the 27th the French advanced guard was attacked and driven back by the Russians at Wischau, and certain information arrived that this had been done by a portion of the main Russian army under the Emperor Alexander. It had been thought possible by Napoleon that peaceful negotiations might be opened, but this confident advance of his enemies seemed to show that they had by no means lost heart, and when on the 28th he had a personal interview with Prince Dolgorouki, the favourite of Alexander, he found the Russian proposals so insulting and presumptuous that he broke off abruptly any further communication.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
(From the Painting by Paul Delaroche)

We have seen Napoleon reconnoitring on the 21st of November, and we have marked the marvellous *coup d'œil* and prescience with which he foresaw the exact spot where the great battle, then looming before him, must take place. Every succeeding day saw the reconnaissances renewed, and never was a battle-field more thoroughly examined, never was forecast by a general of the actual turn of events to be expected more completely justified by fulfilment.

It had become certain that the united army of two mighty empires was close at hand. From the tone of Dolgorouki's communication it was evident that both the Russian and Austrian monarchs had resolved to trust their fortunes to the ordeal of battle, and that they, with their generals and soldiery, were eager to retrieve their previous misfortunes, and full of confidence that they would do so. That confidence had been increased by the repulse of the French advanced guard at Wischau; and they now longed to complete their work by pouring their superior numbers on the comparatively weak French main body.

With this knowledge before him, Napoleon proceeded to carry out the plan of action which he had carefully matured. To the astonishment of many veterans in his army, a general retreat of his advanced troops was ordered. Murat fell back from Posoritz and Soult from near Austerlitz. But this retrograde movement was short, and they were halted on the ground chosen by Napoleon for his battle-line. The outlying corps of Bernadotte and Davoust were summoned to complete his array. Munitions, food, ambulances were hurried to their appointed posts, and it was announced that the battle would be fought on the 1st or 2nd of December.

The line of a muddy stream, called the Goldbach, marked the front of the French army. This stream takes its source across the Olmutz road, and flowing through a dell, of which the sides are steep, discharges itself into the Menitz Lake. At the top of its high left bank stretches the wide Pratzen plateau, and it appeared to Napoleon's staff that he had made an error in relinquishing such a vantage ground to his

enemy; but he told them that he had done so of set purpose, saying, "If I remained master of this fine plateau, I could here check the Russians, but then I should only have an ordinary victory; whereas by giving it up to them and refusing my right, if they dare to descend from these heights in order to outflank me, I secure that they shall be lost beyond redemption."

Let us examine the positions occupied by the French and the Austro-Russian armies at the close of November, and we shall the better understand the general strategy of the two combatant forces and the tactics which each made use of when they came into collision. The Emperor Napoleon rested his left, under Lannes and Murat, on a rugged eminence, which those of his soldiers who had served in Egypt called the "Santon," because its crest was crowned by a little chapel, of which the roof had a fancied resemblance to a minaret. This eminence he had strengthened with field works, armed and provisioned like a fortress. He had, by repeated visits, satisfied himself that his orders were properly carried out, and he had committed its defence to special defenders under the command of General Claparède, impressing upon them that they must be prepared to fire their last cartridge at their post and, if necessary, there to die to the last man.

His centre was on the right bank of the Goldbach. There were the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, the Grenadiers of Duroc and Oudinot, and the Imperial Guard with forty guns. Their doubled lines were concealed by the windings of the stream, by scattered clumps of wood, and by the features of the ground.

His right was entrusted to Davoust's corps, summoned in haste to the battle-field, and of which only a division of infantry and one of Dragoons had been able to come into line. They were posted at Menitz, and held the defile passing the Menitz Lake and the two other lakes of Telnitz and Satschau. Napoleon's line of battle was thus an oblique one, with its right thrown back. It had the appearance of being only defensive, if not actually timid, its centre not more than sufficiently occupied, its right extremely weak, and only its left formidable and guaranteed against any but the most powerful attack. But the great strategist had weighed well his methods. He trusted that the foe would be tempted to commit themselves to an attack on his right, essaying to cut his communications and line of retreat on Vienna. If they could be led into this trap, the difficulty of movement in the ground cut up by lake, stream, and marsh would give to Davoust the power to hold them in check until circumstances allowed of aid being given to him. Meantime, with his left impregnable and his centre ready to deal a crushing blow, he expected to be able to operate against the Russo-Austrian flank and rear with all the advantage due to unlooked-for strength.

The right of the Russo-Austrians, commanded by the Princes Bagration and Lichtenstein, rested on a wooded hill near Posoritz across the Olmutz road. Their centre, under Kollowrath, occupied the village of Pratzen and the large surrounding plateau; while their left, under Doctorof and Kienmayer, stretched towards the Satschau Lake and the adjoining marshes.

The village of Austerlitz was some distance in rear of the Russo-Austrian position, and had no immediate connection with the movements of the troops employed on either side, but the Emperors of Russia and Austria slept in it on the night before the battle, and Napoleon afterwards accentuated the greatness of his victory by naming it after the place from which he had chased them.

The two great armies now in presence of each other were markedly unequal in strength—92,000 men were opposed to 70,000, and the advantage of 22,000 was to the allies. But this inequality was to a great extent compensated by the tactical dispositions of the leader of the weaker force. Of the two antagonist lines, one was wholly exposed to view the other to a great extent concealed—first advantage to the latter. They formed, as it were, two parallel arcs of a circle, but that of the French was the more compact and uninterrupted—second advantage; and this last was soon to be increased by the imprudent Russian manœuvres. The two armies, barely at a distance of two cannon-shot from each other, had by mutual tacit consent formed their bivouacs, piled arms, fed and reposed peaceably round their fires, the one covered by a thick cloud of Cossacks, the other by a sparse line of vedettes.

Napoleon quitted Brunn early in the morning of the 1st December, and employed the whole of that day in examining the positions which the different portions of his army occupied. His headquarters were established in rear of the centre of his line at a high point, from which could be seen the bivouacs of both French and allies, as well as the ground on which the morrow's issue would be fought out. The cold

was intense, but there was no snow. The only shelter that could be found for the ruler of France was a dilapidated hut, in which were placed the Emperor's table and maps.

The Grenadiers had made up a huge fire hard by, and his travelling carriage was drawn up, in which he could take such sleep as his anxieties would permit. The divisions of Duroc and Oudinot bivouacked between him and the enemy, while the Guard lay round him and towards the rear.

In the late afternoon of the same day Napoleon was watching the allied position through his telescope. On the Pratzen plateau could be seen a general flank movement of Russian columns, in rear of their first line, from their centre to their left and towards the front of the French position at Telnitz. It was evidently supposed by the enemy that the French intended to act only on the defensive, that nothing was to be feared from them in front, and that the allies had only to throw their masses on their right, cut off their retreat upon Vienna, and thus inflict upon them a certain and disastrous defeat. It was forgotten by the Russo-Austrians that in thus moving their principal forces to the left, the centre of their position was weakened, and on the right their own line of operations and retreat was left entirely unprotected. When Napoleon detected what was being done, trembling with satisfaction and clapping his hands, he said: "What a manœuvre to be ashamed of! They are running into the trap! They are giving themselves up! Before to-morrow evening that army will be in my hands!" In order still more to add to the confidence of his enemy and to encourage them in the prosecution of their mistaken plan, he ordered Murat to sally forth from his own position with some cavalry, to manœuvre as if showing uneasiness and hesitation, and then to retire with an air of alarm. This order given, he returned immediately to his bivouac, dictated and issued the famous proclamation in which he assured his army that the Austro-Russians were exposing their flank and were offering certain glory to the soldiers of France as a reward for their valour in the coming struggle; he said that he himself would direct their battalions, but that he would not expose himself to danger unless success was doubtful, and he promised that, after their victory, they should have comfortable cantonments and peace.

The evening of the 1st of December closed in. The allied movement towards their left was still continuing, and Napoleon, after renewing his orders, again visiting his parks and ambulances and satisfying himself by his own observation that all was in order, threw himself on a bundle of straw and slept. About eleven o'clock he was awakened and told that a sharp attack had been made on one of the villages occupied by his right, but that it had been repulsed. This further confirmed his forecast of the allied movements, but, wishing to make a last reconnaissance of his enemy's position, he again mounted, and, followed by Junot, Duroc, Berthier, and some others of his staff, he ventured between the two armies. As he closely skirted the enemy's line of outposts, in spite of several warnings that he was incurring great risk, he, in the darkness, rode into a picquet of Cossacks. These sprang to arms and attacked him so suddenly that he would certainly have been killed or taken prisoner if it had not been for the devoted courage of his escort, which engaged the Cossacks while he turned his horse and galloped back to the French lines. His escape was so narrow and precipitate that he had to pass without choosing his way the marshy Goldbach stream. His own horse and those of several of his attendants—amongst others Yvan, his surgeon, who never left his person—were for a time floundering helpless in the deep mud, and the Emperor was obliged to make his way on foot to his headquarters past the fires round which his soldiery were lying. In the obscurity he stumbled over a fallen tree-trunk; and it occurred to a grenadier who saw him, to twist and use some straw as a torch, holding it over his head to light the path of his sovereign.

In the middle of the anxious night, full of disquietude and anticipation, the eve of the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, the face of Napoleon, lighted up and suddenly displayed by this flame, appeared almost as a vision to the soldiers of the nearest bivouacs. A cry was raised, "It is the anniversary of the coronation! Vive l'Empereur!"—an outburst of loyal ardour which Napoleon in vain attempted to check with the words, "Silence till to-morrow. Now you have only to sharpen your bayonets." But the same thought, the same cry, was taken up and flew with lightning quickness from bivouac to bivouac. All made torches of whatever material was at hand. Some pulled down the field-shelters for the purpose—some used the straw that had been collected to form their beds; and in an instant, as if by enchantment, thousands of lights flared

upwards along the whole French line, and by thousands of voices the cry was repeated, "Vive l'Empereur!" Thus was improvised, within sight of the astonished enemy, the most striking of illuminations, the most memorable of demonstrations, by which the admiration and devotion of a whole army have ever been shown to its general. It is said that the Russians believed the French to be burning their shelters as a preliminary to retreat, and that their confidence was thereby increased. As to Napoleon, though at first annoyed at the outburst, he was soon gratified and deeply touched by the heart-felt enthusiasm displayed, and said that "This night is the happiest of my life." For some time he continued to move from bivouac to bivouac, telling his soldiers how much he appreciated their affection, and saying those kindly and encouraging words which no one better than he knew how to use.

MARSHAL PRINCE MURAT (AFTERWARDS KING OF NAPLES).
(From the Painting by Gérard.)

The morning began to break on the 2nd of December. As he buckled on his sword, Napoleon said to the staff gathered round—"Now, gentlemen, let us commence a great day." He mounted, and from different points were seen arriving to receive his last orders the renowned chiefs of his various *corps-d'armée*, each followed by a single aide-de-camp. There were Marshal Prince Murat, Marshal Lannes, Marshal Soult, Marshal Bernadotte, and Marshal Davoust. What a formidable circle of men, each of whom had already gathered glory on many different fields! Murat, distinctively the cavalry general of France, the intrepid paladin who had led his charging squadrons on all the battle-fields of Italy and Egypt; Lannes, whose prowess at Montebello had made victory certain; Soult, the veteran of the long years of war on the Rhine and in Germany, the hero of Altenkirchen, and Massena's most distinguished lieutenant at the battle of Zürich; Bernadotte, not more renowned as a general in the field than as the minister of war who prepared the conquest of Holland; Davoust, the stern disciplinarian and leader, unequalled for cool gallantry and determination—all were gathered at this supreme moment round one of the greatest masters of war in ancient or modern times, to receive his inspiration and to part like thunder-clouds bearing the storm which was to shatter the united armies of two Empires.

The Emperor's general plan of action was already partly known, but he now repeated it to his marshals in detail. He was more than ever certain, from the last reports which he had received, that the enemy was continuing the flank movement, and would hurl the heaviest attacks on the French right near Telnitz.

To Davoust was entrusted the duty of holding the extreme right and checking, in the defiles formed by the lakes, the heads of the enemy's columns which, since the previous day, had been more and more entangling themselves in these difficult passes.

Of Soult's three divisions, one was to assist Davoust on the right, while the other two, already formed in columns of attack, were to hold themselves ready to throw their force on the Pratzen plateau.

Bernadotte's two divisions were to advance against the same position on Soult's left. This combined onslaught of four divisions on the centre of the Russo-Austrians which they had weakened by the movement to their left, would be supported by the Emperor himself with the Imperial Guard and the Grenadiers of Oudinot and Duroc. Lannes was ordered to hold the left, particularly the "Santon" height; while

Prince Murat, at the head of his horsemen, was to charge through the intervals of the infantry upon the allied cavalry which appeared to be in great strength in that part of the field.

It was thus Napoleon's intention to await and check the enemy's attacks which might be expected on both his flanks, and more especially on his right, while he himself made a determined and formidable forward movement against their centre, where he hoped to cut them in two, and then, from the dominant position of the Pratzen plateau, turn an overwhelming force against the masses on their too-far-advanced left, which, entangled and cramped in its action among the lakes, would then be crushed or forced to yield as prisoners.

It was eight o'clock. The thick wintry mist hung in the valley of the Goldbach and rolled upwards to the Pratzen plateau. Its obscurity, heightened by the lingering smoke of bivouac fires, concealed the French columns of attack. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry told that the allied attack on the French right had begun and was being strenuously resisted, while silence and darkness reigned over the rest of the line. Suddenly, over the heights, the sun rose, brilliantly piercing the mist and lighting the battle-field—the "Sun of Austerlitz," of which Napoleon ever after loved to recall the remembrance.

The moment of action for the French centre had come, and the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, led by the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, rushed forwards. No influence that could animate the minds of these gallant troops was wanting. They fought directly under the eye of their Emperor. They were led by chiefs in whom they had implicit confidence. Their ardour was fired by the proclamation which had been issued on the previous evening, and the bands accompanied their regiments, playing the old attack march—

"On va leur percer le flanc
Rataplan, tire lire en plan!"

The Pratzen height was escaladed at the double, attacked in front and on the right and left, and the appearance of the assailants was so sudden and unexpected, as they issued from the curtain of mist, that the Russians were completely surprised. They had no defensive formation ready, and were still occupied in the

"THOUSANDS OF LIGHTS FLARED UPWARDS" (p. 188.)

movement towards their left. They hastily formed in three lines, however, and some of their artillery were able to come into action. Their resistance was feeble. One after another, their lines, broken by the stern bayonet charge, were driven back in hopeless confusion, and at nine o'clock Napoleon was master of the Pratzen plateau.

Meanwhile, on the left, Lannes and Murat were fighting an independent battle with the Princes Lichtenstein and Bagration. Murat, as the senior marshal and brother-in-law of the Emperor, was nominally the superior; but, in real fact, Lannes directed the operations of the infantry, which Murat powerfully supplemented and aided with his cavalry. General Caffarelli's division was formed on the plain on Lannes's right, while General Suchet's division was on his left, supported by the "Santon" height, from which poured the fire of eighteen heavy guns. The light cavalry brigades of Milhaud and Treilhard were pushed forward in observation across the high road to Olmutz. The cavalry divisions of Kellermann, Walther, Nansouty, and d'Hautpoul were disposed in two massive columns of squadrons on the right of Caffarelli. Against this array were brought eighty-two squadrons of cavalry under Lichtenstein, supported by the serried divisions of Bagration's infantry and a heavy force of artillery.

The combat was commenced by the light cavalry of Kellermann, which charged and overthrew the Russo-Austrian advanced guard. Attacked in turn by the Uhlans of the Grand Duke Constantine, Kellermann retired through the intervals of Caffarelli's division, which, by a well-sustained fire in two ranks, checked the Uhlans and emptied many of their saddles. Kellermann re-formed his division and again charged, supported by Sebastiani's brigade of Dragoons. Then followed a succession of charges by the chivalry of France, led by Murat with all the *élan* of his boiling courage. Kellermann, Walther, and Sebastiani were all wounded, the first two generals seriously. In the last of these charges the 5th Chasseurs, commanded by Colonel Corbineau, broke the formation of a Russian battalion and captured its standard. Caffarelli's infantry were close at hand, and, pushing forward, made an Austrian battalion lay down its arms. A regiment of Russian Dragoons made a desperate advance to rescue their comrades, and, mistaking them for Bavarians in the smoke and turmoil, Murat ordered the French infantry to cease firing. The Russian Dragoons, thus encountering no resistance, penetrated the French ranks and almost succeeded in taking Murat himself prisoner. But, consummate horseman and man-at-arms as he was, he cut his way to safety through the enemy, at the head of his personal escort.

The allies profited by this diversion to again assume the offensive. Then came the opportunity for the gigantic Cuirassiers of Nansouty, which hurled the Russian cavalry back upon their infantry, and, in three successive onslaughts, scattered the infantry itself, inflicting terrible losses with their long, heavy swords and seizing eight pieces of artillery. The whole of Caffarelli's division advanced, supported by one of Bernadotte's divisions from the centre, and, changing its front to the right, cut the centre of Bagration's infantry, driving its greater part towards Pratzen, separated from those who still fought at the extremity of their line.

The Austro-Russian cavalry rallied in support of Bagration, who was now hotly pressed by Suchet. Then came a magnificently combined movement of Dragoons, Cuirassiers, and infantry. The Dragoons drove back the Austro-Russian squadrons behind their infantry. Simultaneously followed the levelled bayonets of Suchet's division and the crushing shock of d'Hautpoul's mailclad warriors. The victory was decided—the Russian battalions were crushed, losing a standard, eleven guns, and 1,800 prisoners. The rout was completed by the rapid advance of the light cavalry brigades of Treilhard and Milhaud on the left, and of Kellermann on the right, which swept away all that encountered them, and drove the shattered allied troops towards the village of Austerlitz. The Russo-Austrian losses on this part of the field of battle amounted to 1,200 or 1,500 killed, 7,000 or 8,000 prisoners, two standards, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery.

While Napoleon had thus struck a heavy blow at the allied centre and had been completely victorious on his left, his right, under Davoust, was with difficulty holding its own against Buxhowden (who had assumed the command of the columns of Doctorof and Kienmayer), and but that the masses brought against it were unable to deploy their strength it must inevitably have been crushed. Thirty thousand foemen of all arms were pressing in assault upon 10,000 French, already wearied by a long and rapid march to their position at Raygern. But Davoust was able to concentrate what power he

had, and to meet at advantage the heads only of the columns which were winding their way along the narrow passes that opened between the lakes and through the marshy ground in his front. Even so the strain was terrible, and would have been more than less hardy troops under a less able and determined leader could have stood. But Napoleon was quite alive to the necessities of the gallant soldiers who were standing their ground so staunchly. He ordered his reserve of Grenadiers and the Imperial Guard to move up to the support of his right centre and to threaten the flank of the columns that were attacking Davoust, while he also directed the two divisions of Soult's corps, which had made the attack on the Pratzen plateau against Buxhowden's rear.

It was one o'clock, and at this moment, while the orders just given were being executed, the Russian infantry, supported by the Russian Imperial Guard, made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day near Pratzen, and threw themselves in a fierce bayonet charge on the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, which offered a stout resistance. But, with the Russian Guard ready to join in the combat, the odds against the French divisions were too great. It was the crisis of the day.

Napoleon, from the commanding position where he stood, saw before him the Emperor Alexander's guard advancing in dense masses to regain their morning position and to sweep before them his men, wearied and harassed by the day's struggle. At the same time he heard on his right the redoubled fire of the advanced Russian left, which was pressing Davoust and was threatening his rear. From the continued and increasing roar of musketry and artillery it almost seemed as if success must, after all, attend the great flank movement of the allies. Small wonder if even his war-hardened nerves felt a thrill of confusion and anxiety when he saw dimly appearing through the battle smoke another black mass of moving troops.

"Ha! Can those, too, be Russians?" he exclaimed to the solitary staff-officer whom the exigencies of the day had still left at his side. Another look reassured him, however. The tall bearskins of the moving column showed him that it was his own Guard, which, under Duroc, was moving towards the lakes to the support of Soult and Davoust. His right and rear were, at any rate, so far safe.

But the Russian infantry attack had been followed by a headlong charge of the Chevalier Guards and Cuirassiers of the Russian Guard, under the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander, supported by numerous lines of cavalry. So well led and so impetuous was the attack, that the two battalions on the left of Vandamme's division were broken and swept away in headlong flight. One of these battalions belonged to the 4th of the line, of which Napoleon's brother Joseph was colonel, and the Emperor saw it lose its eagle and abandon its position, shattered and destroyed, forming the one dark spot to sully the brilliancy of French steadfastness on that day of self-devotion. The tide of panic-stricken fugitives almost surged against the Emperor himself. All efforts to rally them were in vain. Maddened with fear, they heard not the voices of generals and officers imploring them not to abandon the field of honour and their Emperor. Their only response was to gasp out mechanically: "Vive l'Empereur!" while still hurrying their frantic pace. Napoleon smiled at them in pity; then, with a gesture of contempt, he said: "Let them go!" and, still calm in the midst of the turmoil, sent General Rapp to bring up the cavalry of his Guard.

Rapp was titular Colonel of the Mamelukes, a corps which recalled the glories of Egypt and the personal regard which Napoleon, as a man, had been able to inspire into Orientals. They, with the Grenadiers à Cheval and the Chasseurs of the Guard, now swooped upon the Russian squadrons. The struggle of the *mêlée* was bloody and obstinate between the picked horsemen of Western and Eastern Europe; but the Russian chivalry was at length overwhelmed and driven back with immense loss. Many standards and prisoners fell into the hands of the French, amongst others Prince Repnin, Colonel of the Chevalier Guards. His regiment, whose ranks were filled with men of the noblest families in Russia, had fought with a valour worthy of their name, and lay almost by ranks upon the field. It had been the mark of the giant Grenadiers à Cheval, whose savage war-cry in the great charge had been, as they swayed their heavy sabres, "Let us make the dames of St. Petersburg weep to-day!"

When success was assured, Rapp returned to report to Napoleon—a warlike figure, as he approached, alone, at a gallop, with proud mien, the light of battle in his eye, his sword dripping with blood and a sabre cut on his forehead.

"Sire, we have overthrown and destroyed the Russian Guard and taken their artillery."

"It was gallantly done: I saw it," replied the Emperor. "But you are wounded."

"It is nothing, sire: it is only a scratch."

"It is another quartering of nobility, and I know of none that can be more illustrious."

Immediately afterwards the young Count Apraxin, an officer of artillery who had been taken prisoner by the Chasseurs, was brought before Napoleon. He struggled, wept, and wrung his hands in despair, crying: "I have lost my battery; I am dishonoured: would that I could

CHARGE OF THE CHEVALIER GUARDS.

die!" Napoleon tried to console and soothe him with the words, "Calm yourself, young man, and learn that there is never disgrace in being conquered by Frenchmen."

The French army was now completely successful on its centre and left. In the distance could be seen, retiring towards Austerlitz, the remains of the Russian reserves, which had relinquished hope of regaining the central plateau and abandoned Buxhowden's wing to its fate. Their retreat was harassed by the artillery of the Imperial Guard, whose fire ploughed through their long columns, carrying with it death and consternation. Napoleon left to Murat and Lannes the completion of their own victory. To Bernadotte, with the greater part of the Guard, he entrusted the final crushing of the enemies who had been driven from the Pratzen plateau; while he himself, with all of Soult's corps, the remainder of his cavalry, infantry, and reserve artillery descended from the heights and threw himself on the rear of the Austro-Russian left near Telnitz and the lakes. This unfortunate wing—nearly 30,000 men—had in vain striven since the morning to force its way through Davoust's 10,000. Now, still checked in front and entangled in the narrow roads by the Goldbach and the lakes, it found itself in hopeless confusion, attacked and ravaged with fire from three sides simultaneously by Davoust, Soult, Duroc with his Grenadiers and Vandamme. It fought with a gallantry and sternness which drew forth the admiration of its enemies, but surrounded, driven, overwhelmed, it could not hope to extricate itself from its difficulties. There was no way of escape open but the Menitz lake itself, whose frozen surface seemed to present a path to safety, and in an instant the white expanse was blackened by the flying multitude. The most horribly disastrous phase of the whole battle was at hand. The shot of the French artillery which was firing on the retreat broke the ice at

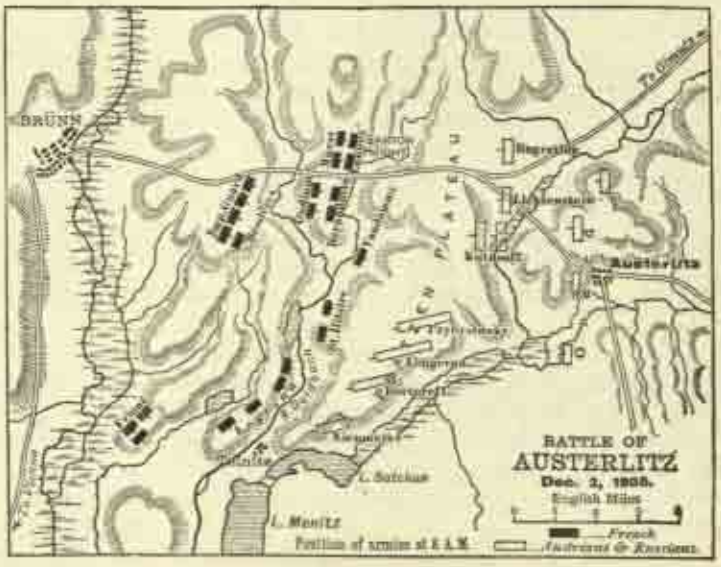
"SIMULTANEOUSLY FOLLOWED THE LEVELLED BAYONETS OF SUCHET'S DIVISION" (p. 190).

many points, and its frail support gave way. The water welled through the cracks and washed over the broken fragments. Thousands of Russians, with horses, artillery and train, sank into the lake and were engulfed. Few succeeded in struggling to the shore and taking advantage of the ropes and other assistance which their conquerors strove to put within their reach. About 2,000, who had been able to remain on the road between the two lakes, made good their retreat. The remainder were either dead or prisoners.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle was over, and there was nothing left for the French to do but to pursue and collect the spoils of their conquest. This duty was performed with energy by all the commanders except Bernadotte (even then more than suspected of disloyalty to his great chief), who allowed the whole of the Russo-Austrian right, which had been defeated by Lannes and Murat and driven from its proper line of retreat on Olmutz, to defile scatheless past his front and to seek shelter in the direction of Hungary.

After the great catastrophe on the Menitz lake which definitely sealed the issue of the conflict, Napoleon passed slowly along the whole battle-field, from the French right to their left. The ground was covered with piles of the poor remains of those who had died a soldier's death, and with vast numbers of wounded laid suffering on the frozen plain. Surgeons and ambulances were already everywhere at work, but their efforts were feeble in comparison with the shattered, groaning multitude who were in dire need of help. The Emperor paused by every disabled follower and spoke words of sympathy and comfort. He himself, with his personal attendants and his staff, did all in their power to mitigate the pangs of each and to give some temporary relief till better assistance should arrive. As the shades of night fell on the scene of slaughter and destruction, the mist of the morning again rolled over the plain, bringing with it an icy rain, which increased the darkness. Napoleon ordered the strictest silence to be maintained, that no faint cry from a miserable sufferer should pass unheard; and his surgeon Ywan, with his Mameluke orderly Roustan, gave to many a one, who would otherwise have died, a chance of life by binding up their hurts and restoring their powers with a draught of brandy from the Imperial canteen.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the Emperor arrived at the Olmutz road, having almost felt his way from one wounded man to another as they lay where each attack had been made and each stubborn defence maintained. He passed the night at the small posthouse of Posoritz, supping on a share of the soldiers' rations, which was brought from the nearest bivouac, and issuing order after order about searching for the wounded and conveying them to the field hospitals.



Though many of the most noted leaders in the French army were wounded in the great battle, comparatively few were killed. One of the most distinguished dead was General Morland, who commanded the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard. His regiment had suffered terrible losses in the charge under Rapp against the Russian Guard, and he himself had fallen, fighting amongst the foremost. Napoleon, who was always anxious to do everything to raise the spirit of his troops and to excite their emulation, ordered that the body of General Morland should be preserved and conveyed to Paris, there to be interred in a specially magnificent tomb which he proposed to build on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The doctors with the

army had neither the time nor the materials necessary to embalm the general's body, so, as a simple means of conservation, they enclosed it in a barrel of rum, which was taken to Paris. But circumstances delayed the construction of the tomb which the Emperor intended for its reception until the fall of the Empire in 1814. When the barrel was then opened for the private interment of the body by General Morland's relations, they were astonished to find that the rum had made the dead general's moustaches grow so extraordinarily that they reached below his waist.

The defeat suffered by the Russians was so crushing, and their army had been thrown into such confusion, that all who had escaped from the disaster of Austerlitz fled with all speed to Galicia, where there was a hope of being beyond the reach of the conqueror. The rout was complete. The French made a large number of prisoners, and found the roads covered with abandoned guns, baggage, and material of war. The Emperor Alexander, overcome by his misfortunes, left it to his ally, Francis II., to treat with Napoleon, and authorised him to make the best terms he could for both the defeated empires.

On the very evening of the 2nd December the Emperor of Austria had asked for an interview with Napoleon, and the victor met the vanquished on the 4th. An armistice was signed on the 6th, which was shortly afterwards followed by a treaty of peace concluded at Presburg.

The total losses of the Austro-Russians at Austerlitz were about 10,000 killed, 30,000 prisoners, 46 standards, 186 cannon, 400 artillery caissons, and all their baggage. Their armies practically no longer existed, and only about 25,000 disheartened men could be rallied from the wreck.

In the joy of victory Napoleon showed himself generous to Austria and Russia in the terms which he imposed, and he at once set free Prince Repnin, with all of the Russian Imperial Guard who had fallen into his hands. To his own army he was lavish of rewards and acknowledgments of its valour, and in the famous order of the day which he published he first made use of the well-known expression—"Soldiers, I am content with you." Besides a large distribution of prize-money to his troops, he decreed that liberal pensions should be granted to the widows of the fallen, and also that their orphan children should be cared for, brought up, and settled in life at the expense of the State.

The campaign of Austerlitz is probably the most striking and dramatic of all those undertaken by Napoleon, and its concluding struggle was the most complete triumph of his whole career. It was the first in which he engaged after assuming the title of Emperor and becoming the sole and irresponsible ruler of France. Unlike the vast masses of men which he directed in subsequent wars, his army was then almost entirely composed of Frenchmen, and its glories belonged to France alone. Though for several years to come the great Emperor's fame was to remain undimmed by the clouds of reverse, it never shone with a brighter lustre than at the close of 1805.

ARABI PASHA and his rebellious ambition were the cause of the British campaign in Egypt (1882) which culminated in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir —a word which simply means "the large village." Arabi was of low origin, but had risen by his ability and force of character to be a very popular colonel in the Egyptian army of the Sultan of Turkey's Viceroy, or Khedive, Tewfik. He was an ardent advocate of the policy of "Egypt for the Egyptians"; but in the championship of this policy he forgot that, amongst other countries, England had immense interests at stake in Egypt, not only as the holder of about four millions sterling of Suez Canal stock, but also as the mistress of India, to which the Canal formed a commercial and military route. But Arabi, making light of these things, became violently opposed to the growth of English influence in his native country, and to such an extent that at last he even sought to substitute his own power for that of his master, the Khedive.

To let things go on in Egypt in this way would have been to allow them to drift into chaos, and therefore England resolved to put down the rebellious Pasha. The latter had been making great progress with his plans at Alexandria, which became the scene of a massacre of Europeans; and he had begun to arm the seaward forts of the city in a manner most threatening to the British fleet. Thereupon he was told that if he placed any more guns in position, he would draw upon himself the fire of Sir Beauchamp Seymour's ironclads in the bay. Arabi made bold to disregard this warning, and, accordingly, on the morning of July 11th, Sir Beauchamp's war-vessels opened fire on Arabi's forts, battering some to pieces and silencing all before sunset. This was the first noteworthy action which the British fleet had fought since the days of Sebastopol, proving that its glory—founded on the courage, skill, and discipline of its sailors —had by no means departed.

But his defeat at Alexandria, far from breaking the power and prtue of Arabi, had the effect only of deepening his hatred of the English, and he retired into the interior with the view of organising further opposition to our arms. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and England could not refuse to pick it up. As our fleet could not sail up the Nile to Cairo, it behoved us to equip and send out an army which should land in Egypt, seek out Arabi wherever he was to be found, and make an end, once and for ever, of him and his rebellious force. This army was entrusted to the command of Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount) Wolseley, who had already distinguished himself in so many of our "little wars" that he was facetiously termed "our only General."

Nor could the command of the expedition have been given to a better man. Sir Garnet was a tried soldier, and now he became a prophet as well. Before leaving England he had laid his hand, with remarkable foresight, upon the map, and, pointing to Tel-el-Kebir, said that he would engage and beat the army of Arabi there, about the 13th September; and he kept his word to the very letter. At first the French seemed inclined to share with us the work of restoring order in Egypt; but at the last moment they stood aside and left England to deal with the task of quelling Arabi.

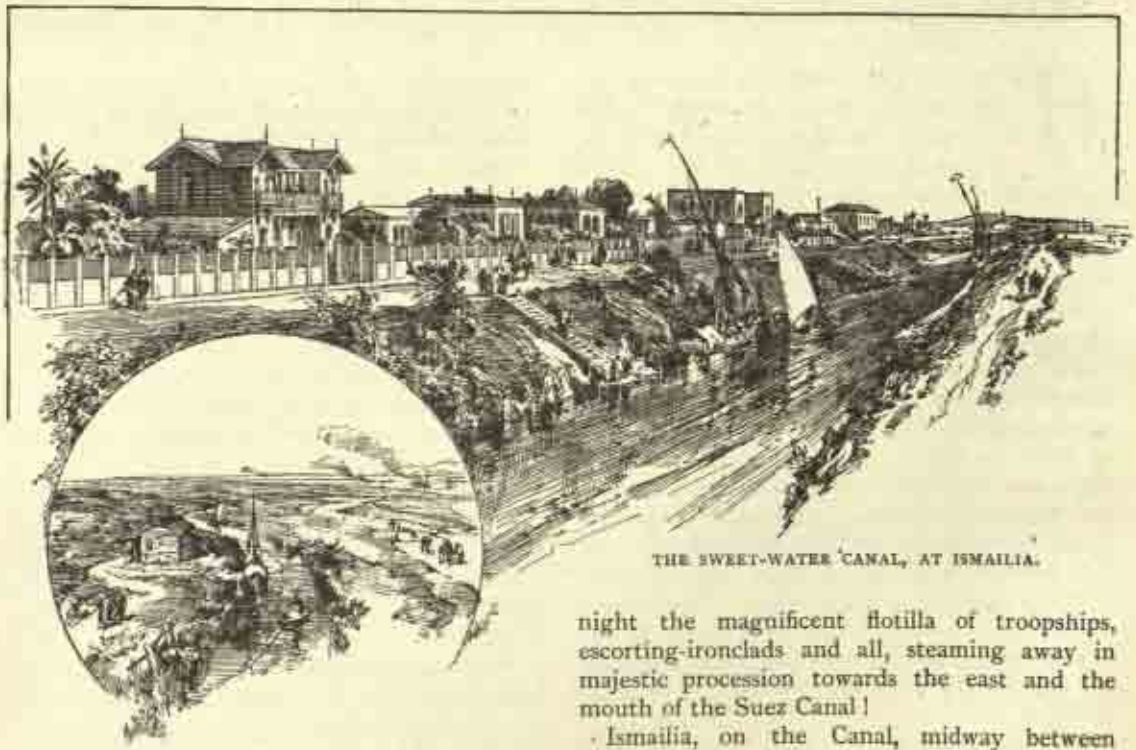
To accomplish this task, England at once began to bring together in Egypt an army—or Army Corps—of about 40,000 men. Some came from our garrisons in the Mediterranean—Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar—others were brought from India, and the remainder sent out straight from England.

Being gathered, as it was, from so many

different sources, this huge force could not, of course, all land at once; but the marvel was that its component parts reached the trysting-ground in Egypt so soon as they did, and it was admitted on all hands that no other nation in the whole world could have performed such a difficult transport operation so swiftly and so well.

It was known that Arabi had about 60,000 fighting men at his disposal, which was 20,000 more than were commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley; and if these two armies had met one another in full force, there is no saying but that the result of the campaign might have been different. But the beauty of Sir Garnet's war-policy was that he kept his opponent so long in the dark as to where he meant to strike; with the natural result that Arabi, deeming it wise to be prepared on every hand, had his 60,000 men portioned out at the likeliest places, all over the Delta—some in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, some at Cairo, and some at Tel-el-Kebir, a commanding point on the railway between Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, and the capital. This suited Sir Garnet to perfection, and his great aim was to make Arabi think that he meant to land the bulk of the British force in Alexandria, and challenge him to battle at the Egyptian lines of Kafr Dowar.

In order to encourage this delusive belief in the mind of the rebel Pasha, a considerable force had already landed here and indulged in feints against the foe. Sir Garnet had craftily caused it to be spread abroad that the gross of his force aboard the transports in the bay was going to be put ashore; but what was the surprise of everyone—for the secret had been in the keeping of only one or two—to behold one night the magnificent flotilla of troopships, escorting-ironclads and all, steaming away in majestic procession towards the east and the mouth of the Suez Canal!



THE SWEET-WATER CANAL, AT ISMAILIA.

THE SWEET-WATER CANAL.

Ismailia, on the Canal, midway between Port Said and Suez, had been aimed at by Sir Garnet from the beginning; and here, in truth, on the 20th August—only a short eighteen days after he had left England by the sea route—the British army began to disembark on the burning sands of Egypt.

Among these burning sands water was more precious than gold and silver to the British soldier; but the only source of its supply was the Fresh-water Canal running through the arid desert from the Nile to Ismailia alongside of a railway line, and it therefore behoved the English commander to secure the water in this canal from being cut off by the enemy. But to do this it was necessary above all things to push forward an advance force about twenty miles into the very heart of the desert as far as a place

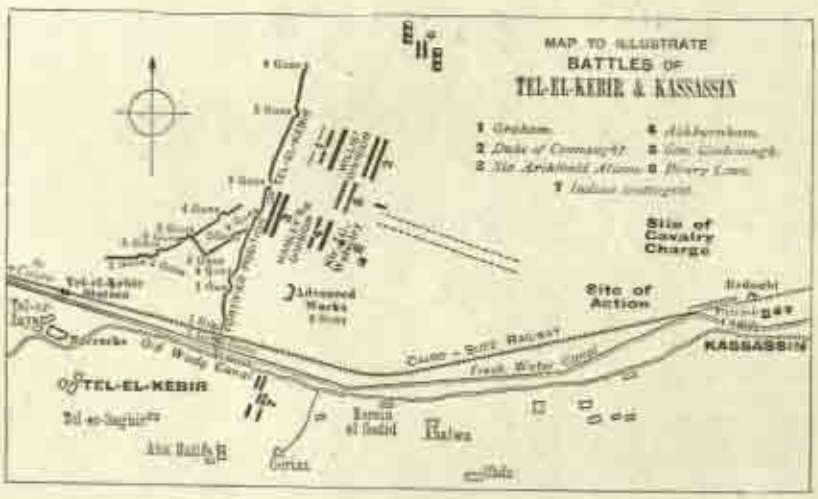
called Kassassin, where there was a lock, and accordingly this was done with the utmost courage and promptitude.

At Mahuta the Egyptians had made an attempt to bar this advance, but their opposition was swept away like chaff, and soon thereafter General Graham reached Kassassin Lock with his vanguard, entrenching himself in that position with strict orders to hold it against all comers. Well aware of the importance of this position for the British, the Egyptians made several attempts to drive them out of it and back to Ismailia before reinforcements could reach them; but each time they recoiled from the enterprise with the bitter conviction that British bullets and sabres were things on which no one could reasonably hope to whet his teeth and thrive. Two main actions were fought at Kassassin—though these formed the mere prelude, so to speak, to the grand spectacular drama that was presently to be enacted at Tel-el-Kebir.

"THE EGYPTIAN BATTALIONS . . . HAD BEEN TRAMPLED AND SABRED INTO POSITIVE ANNIHILATION" (*p.* 199).

The chief of these preliminary actions, fought on the 28th August, will always be memorable for the grand cavalry charge which closed it. Early in the morning General Graham had become aware that the Egyptians were making preparations to attack him from a circle of sand-hills which formed a kind of amphitheatre around Kassassin. Graham's force was by no means a large one, but it was impossible

for the Egyptians to make out how strong it really was, and it is always half the battle to be able to conceal your plans and numbers from the enemy. A few days previously Arabi had sent out his second-in-command, Mahmoud Fehmi Pasha, a great engineer and reader of military signs, to discover the strength and dispositions of Graham, but by a curious accident he fell into the hands of the English and never returned to his own side. To this capture Arabi himself afterwards attributed the sole blame of his not having been able to oust the audacious English from their advanced post at Kassassin—and the incident will show how very important it must always be in warfare to seize and detain spies.



Graham's force at Kassassin was not a large one (under 2,000), consisting mainly of a company of Royal Marine Artillery, the Duke of Cornwall's regiment, the York and Lancasters, with some mounted infantry and a few guns, one of which, under Captain Tucker, was mounted on a railway truck. But the Egyptians, taking a leaf out of our own book of war, had by this time imitated us in this respect—though they were very bad range-finders, and did us little harm.

Drury Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards and three squadrons of Household Cavalry (contributed by the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and "Blues," or Horse Guards, respectively) were stationed some miles to the rear at Mehsameh, and Graham heliographed to these splendid troopers to come and help him on his right flank in the impending battle. Come they also did with right good will, for they were all burning for a fight, but only to hear that the Egyptians, after using their guns for some time, had apparently retired again behind their sand-hills; so back they went to Mehsameh and off-saddled again.

The heat was terrific, and bucketfuls of water from the canal had to be poured on the heads of the English artillerists to enable them to stick to their guns. Sunstrokes were numerous, but our men bore all their sufferings with a fortitude truly heroic. The scorching heat was probably the reason why the Egyptians had drawn off from their first attack on Kassassin, but towards the cool of the evening they again began to push forward from their sand-hills and threaten the British position. The left of this position was well protected, but the right less so; and, indeed, General Graham expressly made such a disposition of his force on the latter flank as might tempt the enemy down from his sand-hills so as to essay a turning movement, when they would be caught in the trap which he was preparing for them.

To this end, about 5.20 p.m., he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Pirie, 4th Dragoon Guards, with a message to Drury Lowe, in the rear, at Mehsameh, or wherever he should be found, "to take the cavalry round by our right, under cover of the hill, and attack the left flank of the enemy's skirmishers."

But when Lieutenant Pirie did at last reach Lowe, after a long and fatiguing ride through the arid desert sand—in the course of which his horse fell under him from sheer exhaustion and

he had to borrow another mount from a gun-team—he delivered his message in this altered form, that "General Graham *was only just able to hold his own*, and wished General Drury Lowe to attack the left of the enemy's infantry skirmishers." The famous cavalry charge at Balaclava had been due to a similar mistake in the delivery of a verbal order, though at Kassassin, as it turned out, the repetition of this mistake did not result in disaster, but in victory. So far was Graham from not being able to hold his own that, about two hours after despatching Lieutenant Pirie for the cavalry, he had ordered a counter-attack and a general advance of his line, which had meanwhile been reinforced by a fresh battery, for his other guns had been obliged to retire out of action, owing to want of ammunition, it having been found impossible to drag the battery carts through the deep and yielding sand.

It was while Graham was engaged in this general advance that at last Drury Lowe arrived upon the scene with his cavalry. The sun had now set, but a bright moon was shining, and the flashes from the Horse Artillery and infantry afforded some guide for the movement of the British horsemen, which was directed on the evening star—the orbs of heaven being the only landmarks in the nocturnal desert. Suddenly the cavalry came in sight of the extreme left of the Egyptians, and was at once exposed to a heavy fire. "Shells screamed and shrapnel bullets tore up the road on either side of us." Rushing to the front, the guns of the Horse Artillery attached to the Cavalry Brigade unlimbered and belched out several rounds of shell on the Egyptian masses. Then the front of these British guns was rapidly cleared, and Drury Lowe gave the Household Cavalry the order to charge.

Led on by Colonel Ewart, away with a wild cheer went the three ponderous squadrons of clanking giants straight at the Egyptian battalions, which in a few more moments had been trampled and sabred into positive annihilation. "Now we have them!" Sir Baker Russell had cried out to the men; "trot—gallop—charge!" Sir Baker's own horse was shot under him, but he caught another, and was soon again in the thick of the fray. Many were the feats of personal adventure in connection with this glorious charge. Some of the troopers were killed, some lost themselves in the darkness and were taken prisoners, happy to escape the barbarous mutilations that were perpetrated by the Egyptians on the British dead and wounded.

The cavalry charge at Kassassin was a splendid feat of arms, but it somehow or other became the subject of as curious a myth as that which gathered round the sinking of the *Vengeur* on the "glorious 1st of June." At Balaclava the Light Brigade had ridden down upon the Russian guns, and nothing would content the chroniclers of Kassassin but the performance of a similar act of glory. The illustrated papers of the day which had artists in Egypt gave stirring pictures of our Life Guardsmen dashing through the smoke of the Egyptian batteries, slashing and thrusting at the gunners as they crouched for shelter beneath their pieces. But this was pure imagination. If commanded to do so the Life Guards would have charged into the very "mouth of hell," not to speak of Egyptian guns. But what they were ordered to "go for" was the Egyptian infantry, which was considerably in front of its guns, and these had limbered up and retired from action, rendering it impossible for our victorious troopers to see and capture them in the darkness. But the day had been won all the same, and another bright name blazoned on the victory roll of the British army.

A few days later, on 9th September, another attack of the Egyptians on Kassassin was beaten off in the most brilliant manner, the 13th Bengal Lancers, in their picturesque turbans, especially distinguishing themselves; and there were many who thought that Sir Garnet Wolseley ought to have rushed the not far-distant entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir there and then. But though this might certainly have been done, there were certain weighty reasons of military policy against the step. For a commander must not be too much of a Hotspur, but think of ulterior aims as well as of present opportunities. It is the man who can bide his time that will ultimately win.

Foiled in their repeated attempts to bar the British advance, Arabi and his Egyptians now finally withdrew behind the entrenched lines of Tel-el-Kebir, there to stand on the defensive and await attack. These formidable lines, which ran along a ridge of rising ground, presented a front of about four miles long, and had been constructed according to the most advanced principles of military engineering. The Egyptians are great hands at the spade, being constantly employed in the throwing up of water-dams and the like, and many thousands of

willing hands had been at the disposal of Arabi in the task of raising his famous line of earthworks. How many men of all kinds—Egyptians, Nubians, Bedouins, etc.—Arabi had behind the shelter of these parapets Sir Garnet Wolseley did not exactly know, but concluded that the number could not be far short of 22,000.

On the other hand, the English commander had now with him about 17,000 officers and men, with sixty-seven guns, wherewith to crack the nut that was presented by Arabi's entrenchments, and these Sir Garnet resolved to storm at the hour when darkness was beginning to glide into dawn—for the reasons that

SABA BIER.

The Valley of the Saba Bier (Seven Wells), along which the troops marched on the advance upon Tel-el-Kebir.

at this cool hour his troops would naturally fight much better than under the roasting rays of the sun, that they would be less exposed to the enemy's fire in the faint light, and that they would also profit by the demoralisation which invariably seizes upon soldiers when set upon unawares. But, to make the surprise complete, it was necessary that the very utmost care should be taken to give no indication to the watchful Egyptians behind the earthworks of the stealthy approach of their British foes. When ranked into line, the storming columns were to advance—not to the word of command, but by the mere guidance of the stars, like so many ships at sea. Not a pipe was to be lit, not a whisper heard in the ranks, and one man of the Highland Light Infantry, whose high-strung feelings found vent in sudden shouts, only escaped bayoneting on the spot by being chloroformed to keep him still and left behind.

The night (September 12-13) was more than usually dark, and it was some time before the troops could be placed in the positions assigned them. On the right marched the 1st Division, commanded by General Willis, the front, or leading Brigade, under Graham, consisting of the Royal Irish, Royal Marines, York and Lancasters, and Royal Irish Fusiliers. Behind them, at a distance of about a thousand yards, was the Brigade of Guards (Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstreams), under the Queen's soldier-son, the Duke of Connaught. The left of the attacking line was occupied by the 2nd Division, led by General Hamley (a great writer on the art of war), the front position of honour and of danger being accorded to the Highland Brigade of one-armed Sir Archibald Alison (son of the celebrated historian of "Europe"), composed of the famous Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, Cameron Highlanders and Highland Light Infantry, four of the finest battalions that ever wore the kilt and trews or thrilled to the stirring strains of the Celtic war-pipe. Behind these Scottish battalions marched, as a reserve, Ashburnam's Brigade of the King's Royal Rifles and Duke of Cornwall's Infantry, while in the interval between the two Divisions was placed General Goodenough's crushing mass of artillery of forty-two guns. On the extreme right rear flank of the assaulting force marched Drury Lowe's cavalry heroes of Kassassin, already spoiling for another charge; while on the extreme left of the British line, on the other side of the Fresh-water Canal, followed the Indian contingent of General Macpherson, consisting of the Seaforth Highlanders, three battalions of native infantry, Bengal Cavalry, and some mountain guns, the task of this contingent being to turn Arabi's right flank, which rested on the canal.

Arabi and his men fondly believed that all this British force was sleeping the sleep of wearied soldiers at Kassassin and other points between that place and the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, it was marshalling itself in line of battle array as above detailed on an elevation called Ninth Hill, about five and a half miles from Arabi's lines, from which it remained hidden by the impenetrable curtain of the night. Some of the regiments—notably the Highlanders—had but a few hours before hurried up to the front from Ismailia*; yet, though wearied by the long and strenuous march, they were all eager to be led on to the fight without further delay. Until the hour of starting, all the men stretched themselves on the sand to snatch what brief and hurried sleep they could. From previous experience it was reckoned that the actual progress over the desert, with its darkness and other difficulties, would be about one mile per hour—just think of that!—so that by starting at 1.30 a.m., Sir Garnet calculated to reach the enemy's works just before the first gleam of dawn—so nicely was everything planned beforehand. "The long sojourn at Ninth Hill," wrote General Hamley, "while waiting for the moment to advance was of a sombre kind: we sat in silence on our horses or on the sand, while comrades moving about appeared as black figures coming out of the darkness, unrecognisable

"CARRYING THEM WITH THE BAYONET" (*p.* 203).

* For an account of many striking incidents of the march, some of our readers may be glad to be referred to the graphic narrative of Sergeant Arthur V. Palmer, of the 79th Highlanders, in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1890, entitled "A Battle Described from the Ranks," and to the controversy to which it gave rise in ensuing numbers of the same publication.

except by their voices. A skirmish had taken place some days before near this spot, in which men and horses were slain, and tokens of it were wafted to us on the breeze." Once there was a false alarm on the right, and the prostrate men sprang to their feet; but it turned out to be only a body of British cavalry moving across the front of the line.

At last, in the lowest undertone, word was passed along all the line to advance, and soon nothing was heard but the "swish-swish" of the battalions footing it warily across the sand as if it had been snow—silence otherwise

ARABI PASHA.

and darkness around and above, with the stars shining down as they had done in the time of the Pharaohs and the other dynasties of Egyptian kings lying entombed in the Pyramids. Well might the British troops have been impressed with the suspense of the moment and the awful solemnity of the scene. Directing poles had been previously fixed in the sand by the Engineers, but they proved of little or no use, the only effective finger-posts being the everlasting stars, and even these were now and then obscured by clouds. Sometimes the mounted men of the Headquarters' Staff, moving up to the columns with whispered instructions, were mistaken for prying Bedouins; but silence and discipline were wonderfully well preserved, and forward, ever forward, moved the invisible and barely audible masses of fighting men. Once the Highland Brigade lay down to rest for twenty minutes, and this was the occasion of some confusion which was like to have ended in a calamity. For the order thus given in the centre of the Highland line did not reach the outer flanks, by reason of its being so cautiously passed from mouth to mouth, till some time after, the consequence being that as the flanks continued to step out, while maintaining touch with the recumbent centre, those flanks lost their direction and circled round in such a manner that the Brigade finally halted in a crescent-shaped formation, with the right and left almost confronting each other; and but for the intelligence and efforts of the officers, these opposing flanks, mistaking each other for enemies, might have come to actual blows.

With great difficulty the proper march-direction was restored, and on again swept—or, rather, crept—the whole line, like thieves in the night. Weird and ghostly was the effect of the dim streaks, looking like shadows of moving clouds, but which were really lines of men stealing over the desert. All these men knew that they were forbidden to fire a single shot until within the Egyptian lines, and that these were to be carried with a cheer and a rush at the point of the bayonet; so that they almost held their breath with eagerness, and plodded ever on like phantoms of the desert—silent, resolute, and prepared. For nearly five hours they had thus advanced, and then they knew that the supreme moment must now be near. Nearer, indeed, than they fancied! For, to use again the words of General Hamley, who was riding behind his Highlanders: "Just as the paling of the stars showed dawn to be near, but while it was still as dark as ever, a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries, or small pickets, outside the enemy's lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the shots killed a Highlander; the movement was unchanged, and then a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before daylight, which just before seemed very doubtful. Yet a minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the Egyptian bugle was blown, and then the whole extent of entrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown of, poured forth a stream of rifle fire. Then, for the first time that night, I could really be said to see my men, lighted by the flashes. The dim phantom lines which I had been looking on all night suddenly woke to life as our bugles sounded the charge, and, responding with lusty, continued cheers, and without a moment's pause or hesitation, the ranks sprang forward in steady array."

It was as if the footlights of the rebel Pasha's long-extended stage had suddenly flashed out

with blinding flame; and now the vast and solemn theatre of the desert, which a moment before had been wrapped in the deepest silence and darkness, grew luminous with lurid jets of fire and resonant with the deafening rattle of Egyptian musketry and the roar of guns—a transformation scene as sudden as it was impressive. Never had British soldiers been actors on such a grandly picturesque stage. But do you suppose that these soldiers returned the volleys rained on them by the Remingtons of Arabi's men? Not a bit of it. Not a single shot was fired from our lines; but bayonets were fixed, and away like an avalanche dashed the redcoats on the foe. Their distance from the blazing line of entrenchment was deemed to be about 150 yards, and in the interval nearly 200 men went down, the 74th (Highland Light Infantry) on the left losing five officers and sixty men before it got to the ditch. This was six feet wide and four feet deep, and beyond was a parapet ten feet high from the bottom. The first man to mount this parapet was Private Donald Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, a brave young soldier from the braes of Athol; but he at once fell back among his struggling comrades with a bullet through his brain, dying the noblest of all deaths. Little wonder that, on passing the 79th, after the battle, General Alison exclaimed, "Well done, the Cameron men! Scotland will be proud of this day's work!"

It so happened that in the darkness the Highland Brigade, which formed the left of the attack, had got considerably in front of the rest of the line, so that it was the first, so to speak, to break its bayonet-teeth on Arabi's entrenchments; and the seizure of these works for the first ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the fight was the history of the advance of the kilted warriors from the North. They had not fought better even at Fontenoy, Quebec, and Quatre Bras; nor were their present foes to be despised, seeing they were allowed by all to have borne the charge with a discipline and a desperation worthy of the best troops. "I never saw men fight more steadily," said Sir A. Alison. "Five or six times we had to close on them with the bayonet, and I saw those poor men fighting hard when their officers were flying before us. All this time, too, it was a goodly sight to see the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders—mingled together as they were in the stream of the fight, their young officers leading in front, waving their swords above their heads—their pipes playing, and the men rushing on with that proud smile on their lips which you never see in soldiers save in the moment of successful battle."

When the Black Watch had reached the crest of the works, and were being re-formed to attack some other guns in the interior entrenchments, a battery of the newly-formed Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery swept past them, shouting out "Scotland for ever!" as the Greys and the Highlanders had done on the ensanguined slopes of Waterloo. Here the Black Watch had to mourn the death of Sergeant-Major MacNeill, who fell pierced by three bullets after laying low six of the enemy with his good claymore. There is a story that at one time some confusion was caused in the onward rushing ranks of the Camerons by some voices shouting "Retire! retire!" and that these cries were found to have emanated from a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen"—Fenians who wished no good to the cause of England and her army—and that they were put an end to there and then, meeting with the just fate of all traitors. But this has been shown to be incorrect. There were no traitors at Tel-el-Kebir. The Irish soldiers did their fair share of the fighting. The Royal Irish on the extreme right, with a wild yell, and all the splendid valour of their nation, went straight as a dart at their particular portion of Arabi's works, carrying them with the bayonet, and turning the flank of his position.

All along the line the engagement now became general, our men plying butt and bayonet upon the Egyptians, who fell in scores—in swarms. At the bastions stormed by the Highland Brigade the enemy lay in hundreds. On the other hand, the total losses of the British army at Tel-el-Kebir amounted to 339, of which 243 occurred in the Highland Brigade, leaving 96 to represent the losses of the rest of the force.

Under the Queen's soldier-son the Guards were in the second line as a reserve, but so quickly and successfully had the works been stormed that they were not required to fire a shot. Some, however, were wounded (Father Bellew, their Roman Catholic chaplain, and Colonel Sterling amongst others), for Arabi's men shot high, sometimes over the heads of the attacking party. On the other side of the canal, the Indian contingent, with the Seaforth Highlanders, the bronzed companions of Roberts in his immortal march from Cabul to Candahar, had met with less opposition, and came up just in the nick of time to turn Arabi's right flank and complete the rout of his broken men. His camp, stores, and ordnance were all captured, and he

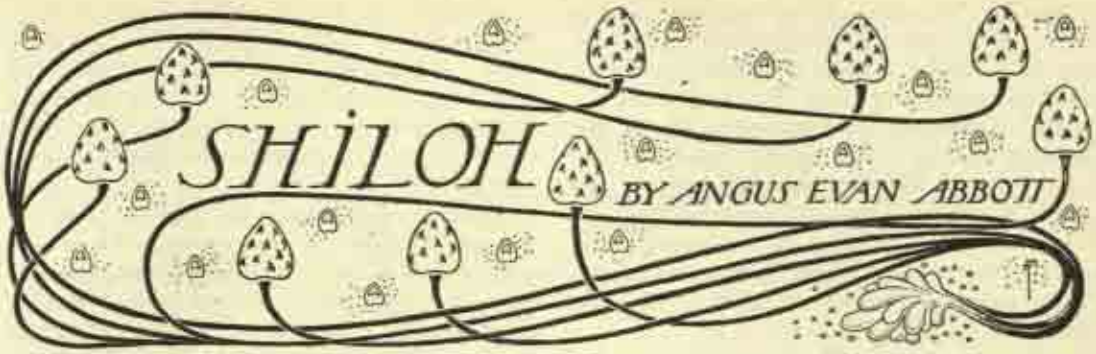
himself fled alone from the field of battle on a swift steed.

It was asserted by some of our ill-natured foreign critics who were rather jealous of our brilliant victory, that we had dimmed its lustre by massacring many of the wounded Egyptians. But this was not true in the sense implied. None but savage nations commit such barbarities, and British troops have never been wanting in a humanity equal to their courage. Certainly some of the wounded soldiers of Arabi had to be bayoneted as they lay, but this was simply owing to the fact that when our triumphant troops were rushing on through the prostrate ranks of their foes, numbers of the latter, feigning to be dead, suddenly raised themselves and fired at the backs of our forward-bounding men. There was even one case, at least, where a wounded Egyptian did this after being treated to a pull from the water-bottle of a kind-hearted Highlander (the Sergeant Palmer to whose account of the battle reference has already been made in a note); and for such an act of base ingratitude and treachery, there could only have been one possible answer—the bayonet point. By the time the action was over, our own men were suffering frightfully from thirst, nor could many of them be restrained from rushing to quench their thirst in the adjacent canal, although the water was almost putrid from the corpses of men and the carcases of animals.

The battle had been won by the British infantry, but the artillery and cavalry (as well as a splendid body of Blue Jackets) came up to carry on the pursuit of the flying foe and pluck the fruits of victory, which, on the night of the following day, fell into the hands of the English, when their cavalry, after a splendid forced march of about forty miles under a blazing sun, entered Cairo just in time to save the city from destruction and capture Arabi himself.

After Waterloo we sent the despot Napoleon to St. Helena, and after Tel-el-Kebir we sent the rebel Arabi to Ceylon, where he had leisure enough to reflect on the folly of having called out into the field against him as finely-organised a force as ever added lustre to the British arms.

ARABI SURRENDERING TO GENERAL DRURY LOWE.



IT must have seemed to the people of the United States as if Sunday was to be for them a day of fate. Bull Run, the initial battle of the Civil War, was fought on a Sunday, and Shiloh, the battle which may be considered the second clear point of the great struggle, began on a Sunday. But here coincidences between the battles did not end. A General Johnston (Albert Sidney at Shiloh and Joseph Eggleston at Bull Run) and General Beauregard commanded the Southern forces on both occasions; moreover, each battle may be said to have had two clearly defined parts, and in each first appearances, as is so often the case in things civic or military, proved deceptive. At noon on the Sunday of Bull Run the Federals had carried all before them; and at noon on the Sunday of Shiloh the South was in as favourable a position. Yet, in the end, the North suffered defeat at Bull Run, as did the South at Shiloh.

The fortunes of war, ever fickle, went sadly against the Confederates at Shiloh. Skilfully planned and boldly executed by the Southern leaders, if luck had been at all equally divided between the two armies, the Confederates must surely have won. But in the thick of the action, when Sherman had been driven back step by step, when Prentiss and his whole command had been captured, and when nothing seemed able to stay the march of the South, and none to withstand their savage charges—when, in fact, it looked as though Grant and his army must inevitably be annihilated or swept into the Tennessee River—then it was that a rifle-bullet struck General Johnston. The leader of the Confederate army fell, and in a few minutes bled to death.

The news ran along the Southern line, and to everyone who heard it, foretold disaster. It checked the charges of the South more effectively than ten thousand Federals could have done. The men from the South lost heart. Their ardour cooled, and the partial cessation of the fight allowed the Northerners the breathing-time they so sorely needed.

To add to the confusion of the Confederates, General Beauregard, second in command to Johnston, could not at once be found, and for a time the army was leaderless. When Beauregard learned of the death of his chief, he hastened to assume command; but before he could get his army in hand, two invaluable hours were lost. This left him with far too short a spell of daylight before him to successfully accomplish all that was needed to be done for victory. Night came on, and with the night came General Buell and 30,000 men to the relief of Grant.

Next day General Beauregard found himself outnumbered, an army of fresh men opposing him, and the victory so nearly won was snatched from him.

The defeat of the Federal forces at Bull Run came as a great humiliation to the North, but it served a good purpose nevertheless. Up to the destruction of McDowell's army at Bull Run, the people of the Free States had looked upon the rebellion of the Slave States as a trivial matter, of little moment, scarcely a rebellion at all. But when the dead, wounded, and missing of Bull Run were counted, the gravity of the situation came home to a people unused to war. It was then recognised that the enlisting of 75,000 men, and these for three months only, had been but trifling with a situation full of grave danger. President Lincoln called for 500,000 men to serve for three years, and this call was answered by close upon 700,000. These men enlisted in all sincerity, and from that day to the close of the war there were no longer

lighthearted, boisterous mobs, tramping gaily to the South, but armies moving seriously, and fully recognising that a stubborn contest lay ahead. Bull Run was fought near Washington on the Atlantic slope, but Shiloh brings us to the Mississippi Valley. The battle-field is in the State of Tennessee, near to the border of the State of Mississippi, and rests on the Tennessee River at a place called Pittsburg Landing. Indeed, the battle would have been more appropriately named the Battle of Pittsburg Landing—many do speak of it as such.

Leading up to the Battle of Shiloh were several important movements and events. In the first place, at the outbreak of rebellion, the State of Kentucky, to use an American expression, attempted to "sit astraddle the fence." A majority of those in authority in that important State, sympathising with the South, but recognising that the people of the State were largely in favour of maintaining the Union, tried to induce them to declare neutrality—to notify both North and South that any attempt to send troops into Kentucky would be resisted by the troops of the State.

This, on the face of it, was an impossible position. If President Lincoln had recognised the right of a State to remain neutral, and to forbid the passage across it of national troops, he would soon have found a barrier of such States running clear across the continent, and in the end he would have been unable to stamp out the rebellion at all. Lincoln refused to recognise such a position, and the people of Kentucky, thinking better of it, declared their loyalty and offered service.

When those at the head of Southern affairs saw that Kentucky could not be hoodwinked even by such a plausible plea as negative action, General Polk, commanding a Southern force of considerable dimensions, was ordered to push up into the State. This he did, and seizing Columbus, an important town some twenty miles or so south of the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, established there his headquarters.

Another force of Southern troops took possession of Bowling Green, an important centre on the far east of Kentucky. Between these two Confederate centres the rivers Tennessee and Cumberland flowed, the rivers themselves and their valleys forming natural highways to the very heart of the South. To prevent any such use being made of these by the Federals, the Confederates built two forts—Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland River. These were placed at points where the two rivers were only twelve miles apart; and a line drawn from General Polk's headquarters, Columbus, on the Mississippi east to Bowling Green, intersecting the two forts, would be the line between the North and the South.

This General Polk, commanding at Columbus, was a character in his way. When war broke out it found him Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Louisiana; and without resigning his ecclesiastical position—intending, in fact, to again resume active work when the war should be over—he accepted command of a Confederate force and served with considerable distinction, effectively checking Grant at the Battle of Belmont, and holding Columbus until the capitulation of Fort Donaldson, when he fell back to join General Johnston at Corinth, which movement brought him on the field of Shiloh. He was killed on Pine Mountain by a cannon shot in 1864.

When Polk and his Confederates seized Columbus, a Federal force was massed at Cairo, in the State of Illinois, not many miles north of the Confederate headquarters. Among the officers stationed at Cairo there was one who, although as yet in a comparatively subordinate position, was destined to become the central figure of the war. Before the struggle ceased the name Ulysses S. Grant became known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Like a large majority of the officers engaged in the war, Grant had served through the Mexican campaign, and at the taking of Mexico won personal compliments from General Worth for, among many other remarkable deeds, mounting a Howitzer in a church belfry, and from that elevation firing upon the enemy. When the Mexican war collapsed, Grant retired from the army and lived in obscurity, at one time tilling a small farm near St. Louis, at another clerking in a hardware store, and again, earning his living as a carter; but when the civil strife began, the Governor of Illinois appointed him mustering officer, and step by step he advanced until the capture of Fort Donaldson brought his personality vividly before the people of America. From that day his fame as a leader spread. After years of fighting he brought the war to a conclusion, and before he died had been twice elected President of his country.

But stationed at Cairo, and confronting General Polk, he had his reputation still to

make. The headquarters of the Northern forces were at St. Louis, General Halleck being then the commander of the Federals in that part of the country. To him Grant proposed a scheme, and applied for permission to break the Southern line by an attack and capture of the twin forts, Henry and Donaldson. Supplementing Grant's appeal, this plan was urged upon Halleck by many prominent military experts in the North.

For a long time General Halleck did not even reply to Grant's request. However, on February 1st, 1862, Grant obtained the permission for which he sought, and, marching against Fort Henry, quickly reduced it. Without losing a moment's time he pushed across the twelve miles intervening, and set about the taking of Fort Donaldson. This proved a much more difficult undertaking than Fort Henry had been, but on account of divided authority among the Confederates holding the fort, and excellent fighting by the Northern forces, this in time fell. For these successes General Halleck was assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi, and Grant, raised to the rank of major-general, assigned to the command of the military district of Tennessee.

Polk evacuated Columbus, made a stand at "Island No. 10," was driven from there, and the Southern line was shattered.

Grant drove the Southern forces out of the State of Kentucky and across the whole breadth of the State of Tennessee.

General Johnston, the Southern commander, ordered a concentration at a place called Corinth, near the border-line of Tennessee and Mississippi, and the Northern forces concentrating at Savannah, twenty-three miles farther north, made the battle of Shiloh inevitable.

On March 11th President Lincoln in a war order commanded, "That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be considered and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said Department." Halleck was an exacting officer, who carried caution and prudence to such an extent that they ceased to be virtues. About the time Lincoln issued this war order, Grant in some way had offended Halleck, and, as a consequence, had been superseded for the time being in the command by General C. F. Smith, a sturdy soldier, held in high esteem by his superiors. Smith was first ordered to Savannah, and when there, General Halleck instructed him to search out a fit position in the vicinity to assemble the Federal army preparatory to advancing on Corinth. Pittsburg Landing, nine miles south of Savannah on the Tennessee River, and on the direct line to Corinth, was the chosen spot, and thither General Grant, reinstated in his command, proceeded to take up his position to await the arrival of General Buell and 22,000 Northern troops who were on their way to reinforce him before he advanced to Corinth. Both North and South, recognising the inevitability of a decisive battle, set about the amassing of troops at their respective centres—Pittsburg Landing and Corinth.

Albert Sidney Johnston, a general who had seen much service against the Mexicans and Indians, and who was looked upon as the most brilliant of all the Southern leaders, had his headquarters at Nashville, Tennessee, when the crushing news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson reached him. He saw that he must without delay fall back and at some point consolidate the scattered forces of the South. On February 18th he moved out, evacuating Nashville, and leaving in that city only a small company to preserve order, made Corinth his object point. General Beauregard, second in command at this time as at Bull Run, was guarding the Mississippi, and Johnston now set about joining their two armies to check the advance of the Federals under Grant. To accomplish this it was imperative that Johnston should give up his hold either on the Mississippi or Central Tennessee, and he decided to hold the Mississippi at all hazard. For this purpose, and to retain control of railways indispensable to the South, he decided that Corinth was the proper point for concentration. Picking up on his way all those who had escaped capture at Fort Donaldson, he arrived at Corinth on March 24th with 20,000 men. To meet him came General Bragg, from Pensacola, with 10,000 men; General Polk, from Columbus; General Ruggles, from New Orleans; and General Beauregard, commanding the whole. In all, his force numbered about 50,000 men. General Grant, already stationed on what was destined to be the field of the Battle of Shiloh, had about 38,000 men, and General Buell, marching to reinforce Grant, had something like 22,000 men.

Johnston's troops as a whole were poorly armed. Thousands of them were, in fact, practically without arms, and many regiments were under the necessity of borrowing rifles from other regiments with which to do their drills. Moreover, there was a serious deficiency and roads well-nigh impassable from heavy rains and overflowing streams; but Grant, with false security, awaited his coming with no impatience. It seems never to have crossed Grant's mind that there existed a possibility of Johnston attacking him. He erected no breastworks, nor

SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD: SCENE ABOVE THE RIVER WHERE THE CONFEDERATES' ADVANCE WAS CHECKED IN THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

in ammunition, and the clothing of the majority of the troops was in a deplorable condition. But Johnston and his officers set to work with the greatest determination. Green regiments were broken into their duties, the country was scoured for volunteers, and train-loads of arms were hurried from the Atlantic coast. Johnston strained every nerve to complete arrangements and to get his army in a proper state to admit of his attacking Grant and beating him, before Buell could arrive with reinforcements. He had been so fortunate as to effect the concentration of his forces first, and there was, so it seemed to him, a good chance of finding himself in a position to fight the Northern army in sections. If he could but come at Grant before Buell arrived he entertained no fears of the results. Grant once beaten, a highway to the north would be thrown open to him. Buell, as it happened, was being seriously delayed by broken bridges does he seem to have taken the simple precaution of keeping a sharp look-out with scouts or pickets at a reasonable distance in front of him. The absence of ordinary prudence must have cost him thousands of lives in this, the Battle of Shiloh.

All matters carefully arranged, Johnston determined to strike at Grant without further delay, issuing marching orders on the afternoon of April 3rd, and the Confederate army set out to surprise the Federal army as it lay on the banks of the Tennessee. The marching force consisted of 40,000 men divided into three corps, commanded by Generals Bragg, Hardee, and Polk; Breckenridge commanding the reserve. Johnston, of course, assumed supreme command, and Beauregard was second in command, without specific orders. Hardee led the van, Bragg followed, and Polk and Breckenridge on the left and right brought up the rear.

As it turned out, the march to Shiloh was one of galling hardship. Blinding sleet, and snow, and rain beat upon the advancing hosts that struggled along knee-deep in slush and mire, painfully dragging after them ladened waggons and heavy guns. Ill clad, poorly fed, and sore-footed from long marches to the place of concentration, the soldiers of the South still made the best of matters, and seemed as eager as their commander to strike the blow before it would be too late. Johnston hoped to reach a position to permit of his attacking Grant early on Saturday, April 5th; but when he saw the slow progress his men made along roads that were nothing but stretches of quagmire, he almost despaired of ever covering the miles that lay before him, and, indeed, gave up all hope of surprising the Federals. That Grant would fail to hear of his approach he could not believe. But in this he was mistaken. Grant seemed to have abandoned all caution, and to have made very little, if any, attempt to keep himself in touch with the movements of the Confederates.

After two days wallowing through the mire, Johnston bivouacked his army within four miles of the Federal camp, and neither Grant nor his officers knew anything about the movement.

To show how completely in the dark the Federal commander must have been, it is only necessary to look at official reports.

Sherman on Saturday reported to Grant—"All is quiet along my line"; and later, "I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position."

The same day Grant, reporting to his superior, Halleck, wrote—"I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attempt being made upon us"; and in an earlier telegram he said—"The main force of the enemy is at Corinth."

THE MARCH TO SHILOH.

When he was writing these words the Confederate army, 40,000 strong, was at his very door.

It clearly could never have entered the head of General Smith, when he picked upon Pittsburg Landing as the proper camping-place for the Northern army until such time as accumulated forces warranted a march against Corinth,

that there was a ghost of a chance of the South assuming the offensive. Three sides of the camp were bordered by waterways impassable to troops. To the rear of the camp the broad Tennessee River flowed, to the right Snake Creek, to the left Lick Creek—both deep, sluggish, and unfordable. The ground enclosed by these waters was high, and in places deeply scarred with gullies. The situation was a *cul-de-sac*, the only opening that towards Corinth. And when on that Sunday morning General Johnston's army suddenly appeared, stretching across this opening, the army of the North found itself in a trap from which, if beaten, there could be no escape. Retreat was utterly impossible. There was nowhere to retreat. Never was an army more hopelessly hemmed about than the army of Grant at Shiloh.

Shiloh Church stood at what may be called the entrance to the *cul-de-sac*. Against it, forming the right wing of Grant's army, lay Sherman, clearly the hero of the battle. In the centre, and on a line with Sherman, was stationed Prentiss, while at the extreme left near Lick Creek lay Stewart. To the left and rear of Sherman was McClernand, while in the rear lay the divisions of Generals Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace. Another General Wallace, Lewis by name, with 5,000 reserves, was encamped some miles distant on the northern side of Snake Creek. On the Tennessee River, opposite Pittsburg Landing, a few gunboats rode at anchor, and these, later in the day, played a prominent part in the action.

It was a few minutes after five o'clock on Sunday morning, April the 6th, that Johnston ordered his army to advance. A short distance from the Northern army the Federal pickets were encountered. These were brushed aside, and the Southern soldiers came cheering and firing through the wood. Before the Federals encamped on the banks of the Tennessee were rightly awake, the Confederates came charging down upon the camp. Sherman's men were the first encountered. The firing of the pickets and the subsequent cannonading had awakened this general to the situation, and he called his men under arms, and drew them up to resist the attack. Sherman's brigades standing firm as a rock, the Confederate attack glanced off his ranks and struck Prentiss with irresistible force. This unfortunate general attempted to stay the charge, and for some minutes his men, half-dressed and in confusion, fought valiantly; but in a very short time Prentiss himself and whole companies of his men were surrounded and taken prisoners, his guns captured, and his camp overrun and destroyed.

Grant on Saturday had received a request from General Buell to meet him at Savannah on this Sunday morning. Little thinking that an engagement was imminent, Grant had gone thither to keep the appointment, and the first news he had of the Confederate movements was conveyed to him by the thundering of the cannon. Listening, he soon realised that a serious engagement was beginning. Taking steamer to Pittsburg Landing, he arrived on the scene of battle at eight o'clock, and found the whole Confederate army about his ears. With 33,000 men, to all intents and purposes men who had been taken by surprise, he had to fight 40,000, who for days had been looking forward to the fray. Already his men had been driven back all along the line. The situation was desperate, Sherman alone having for the three hours made a good struggle of it. Stubbornly fighting against overwhelming odds, himself sorely wounded, and his men falling by scores about him, General Sherman held his ground so that those behind him might have time to get into line and take up favourable positions. Hard pressed, and in the thick of the fire, he rode up and down the lines, personally supervising every detail of the fight, and nerving his men to the great occasion. But the soldiers of the South were not to be gainsaid. Like a wedge, they drove themselves between Sherman and Prentiss, being slaughtered by hundreds in the process; but, unflinchingly persevering, they assailed Sherman's left so savagely that the general was in the end forced to use his right as a pivot, and in that way to swing his whole command into a fresh position to save his left being turned. In the process he lost two of his batteries and his camp. This movement of Sherman's permitted General Johnston to hurl his forces against McClernand, who, unable to withstand the ferocity of the charge, was driven far back. Stewart, who held the extreme left near Lick Creek, also fell back, and Hurlbut in the centre was only saved from annihilation by General W. H. L. Wallace's division coming to his succour, and allowing his command to retire from the open ground into a wood, where all the day he was obliged to fight like a tiger, withstanding charge after charge delivered by the fiery Southerners. In the defence of this position General W. H. L. Wallace was killed.

General Lewis Wallace, in command of the Federal reserves—5,000 men—lay the other side of Snake Creek, and for his arrival Grant waited with impatience, for matters were becoming desperate. The only way Wallace could possibly reach the scene of battle was by means of a bridge across Snake Creek, and so it seemed to Grant the existence of his army now depended on this bridge being held against capture. Sherman knew this, too, and he gradually fell back, until to fall back any further meant the loss of the bridge. Then he took up as favourable a position as he could find, and refused to retreat one step more, although one-half of the Confederate army dashed against his lines. During the long hours that he stood there, waiting for Lewis Wallace and the reserves, it seemed as though his whole command must be wiped out of existence.

Drawn up in the partial cover of a wood, with before them open rough country, across which the enemy's forces must rush, and with the knowledge that should they allow themselves to be forced back their whole army would be exterminated, each Federal under Sherman and McClernand stood and fought with the desperation of a trapped and stricken tiger. General Johnston, hoping to force the position, hurried forward brigade after brigade, and hurled them against the soldiers of the North. Again and again the van of the Confederates pierced the ranks of the Federals, fighting hand to hand and face to face, with thrust of bayonet and crash of clubbed rifle, but pierced the line only to be blotted out of existence by the men who stood, as it were, with their backs to a wall, and who fought the fight of grim despair. This was the first great slaughter-pen of the bloody battle of Shiloh. Whole companies of Southern troops, bareheaded, barefooted, in rags, hungry, and ill-equipped, but undaunted and determined, rushed headlong across the rugged ground, and with the fury of fanatics flew at the hemmed-in ranks of the North, only to be beaten back by those who could go back no farther. The men of the North grimly held to their position, trusting that fate would soon bring Lewis Wallace and his reserves on the scene to succour an already defeated army.

The South fought for victory, but the North fought for time, for darkness, for life.

At ten o'clock in the morning General Johnston had the satisfaction of knowing that all his plans had worked out to a nicety. He had forced Grant into a corner, carried position after position, captured many guns, and taken prisoners by hundreds. Grant's army was now confined in a space of not more than 400 acres. At eleven o'clock there came a lull in the fight. The time had arrived for General Johnston to begin the second movement of his plan of battle. This was to turn Grant's left, sweep him from Pittsburg Landing, and crush the left against Sherman on the right. To do this the Confederates must advance across open ground in the very teeth of batteries and intrenched infantry. In the thick of this, the

most difficult work of the day, the South suffered a sudden and irreparable loss. General Johnston while directing the movement was struck by a rifle-bullet. He fell, and almost immediately died. The news ran from lip to lip, and checked the charge. And, to add to the confusion, General Beauregard, on whom the command devolved, could not at once be found to be told that his chief was dead. The fight still continued, but during the time it took to find Beauregard, and the further time that elapsed before he could get the strings of battle into his hands, the Southerners fought themselves into some confusion, and Grant was able to re-form and tighten up his lines. Moreover, the Southerners had driven the Federals so close to the river that they themselves, in following up their successes, found themselves

within range of the guns aboard the boats on the Tennessee River, and shells from the gunboats began to play havoc in the Confederate lines. But this could not be helped. It was the price of success. The afternoon was advancing, and Beauregard hastened to the task of the turning of the left before darkness should make further fighting impossible. Across the ground that divided Federal from Confederate ran a deep scar, and on the shoulder of the opposite bank of this Grant had thrown up some hasty breastworks. When the Southerners dashed into this gully, shot and shell from the gunboats on the river shrieked up the length of it, and an appalling rifle-fire came down the slope and into the mass of men that struggled forward to take the breastwork. The Federals were at their last resource. If the breastwork should be taken, and their left turned, it meant the end of all things to them. The Confederates, too, were in desperation, for night was falling upon the land, and victory still unwon. Into the valley they poured, and up the bank they struggled and scrambled, but scarcely one of them reached the top. Shot and shell and bayonet-thrust soon filled the valley with Southern dead and wounded; and while the fight still continued, darkness fell, and put an end to the day's struggle. Beauregard, reporting the state of things after the first day's fight, said:

"At six o'clock p.m. we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl (a tributary of Snake Creek) and Lick Creeks but one, nearly all his field artillery, about thirty flags, colours, and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small-arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions of war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory—such, indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles."

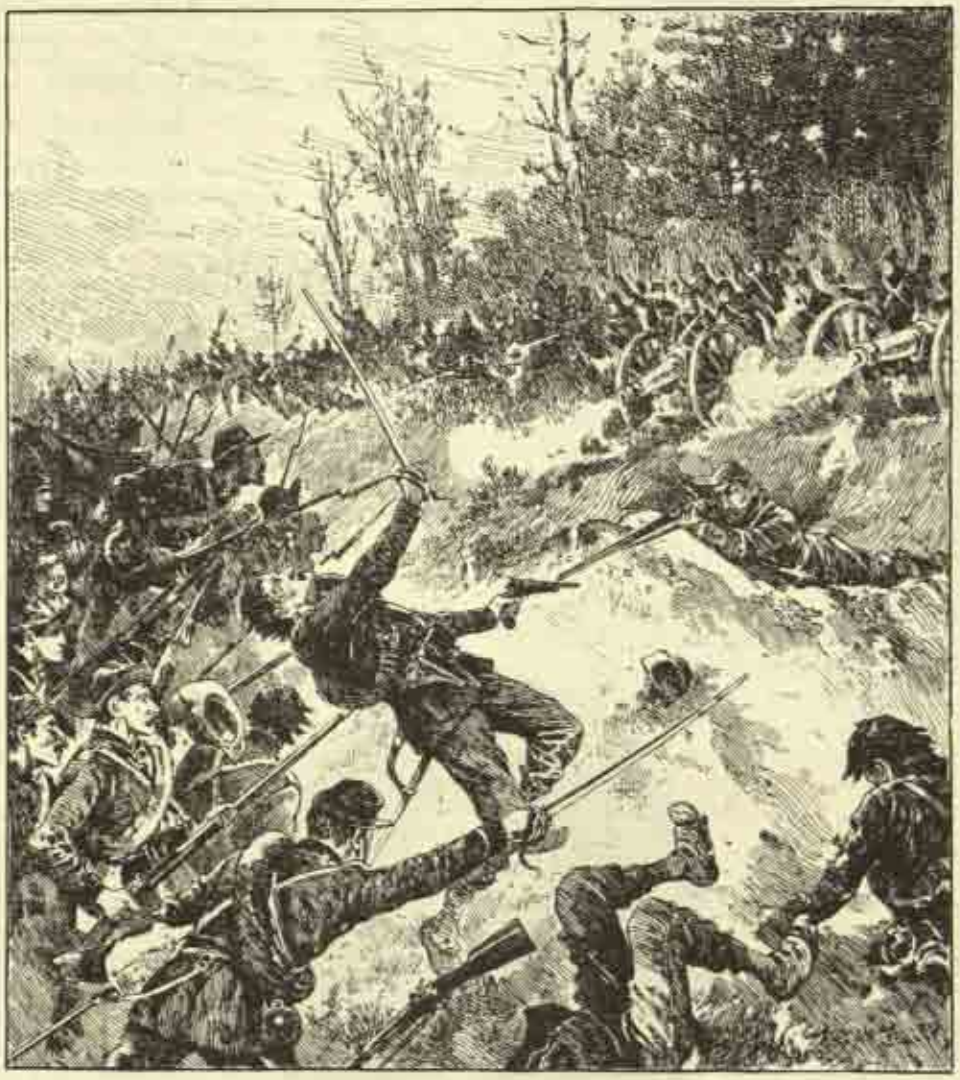
SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD: SCENE WHERE GENERAL JOHNSTON FELL.

But this was to be the end of the fruits of victory for the South.

When the bugles rang out on the evening air the order to cease fighting, the soldiers of the North, as well as those of the South, sank to the ground in hopeless exhaustion. They had fought like fiends from early morning, travelled miles of country, scrambled through thickets, across quagmires and stagnant waters, hauling guns and waggons and stores, assisting the wounded, savagely attacking and repulsing attack; and now that a truce for the night had been declared, the soldiers found themselves so worn and weak that many paid no attention to

the cravings of hunger and the urgings towards material comforts, but lay down on the ground and bivouacked where they had stood when the order to cease fighting reached them.

All the dark, stormy night it rained a chilling rain. A cold wind moaned through the trees, and so exhausted were the unwounded that the wounded lay in the main unattended. Grant himself lay with no other covering than the clothes he wore, his head to the stump of a tree, and passed the night as best he could. To add to the horrors of the night, the two gunboats, riding safely upon the bosom of the Tennessee, kept up a deafening bombardment of the Confederate quarters throughout the whole of the night, the shells shrieking and crashing among the trees, hurling great limbs, and even whole tree-tops, to the ground, and finally setting fire to the leaves that were on the ground and the underbrush, until the badly wounded were burned where they lay.



"UP THE BANK THEY STRUGGLED AND SCRAMBLED" (*p.* 212).

It was indeed a night of horror, of suffering, and of despair.

But worst of all for the South, in the middle of the night Buell arrived, and had the field of battle explained to him; and when the morning

dawned, his army—22,000 men—fresh and eager to fight, marched upon the scene, together with General Wallace's 5,000 reserve. When Beauregard arose to continue the battle, he found himself hopelessly outnumbered, and, fighting bravely still, was rapidly driven from all the advantages he had gained, and in the end routed. His men marched a miserable march to Corinth, again through sleet and mire, but, fortunately for them, the North had been too sorely cut up to follow for any great distance. In this woeful retreat 300 men died of cold and privation.

In this Battle of Shiloh about 100,000 troops all together were engaged, and of these 23,269 were killed, wounded, or missing. It was simply a hard, stubborn fight from start to finish; and the death of Johnston, and Buell's fortunate arrival in the nick of time, in all likelihood saved the Northern army from a most disastrous defeat. The Confederates fought with the fury that distinguished them all through the war. On the other hand, the Federals fought with the dogged determination which ultimately won them the rights for which they had taken up arms. Draper, in his history of the American Civil War, gives the following as the Federal and Confederate losses:—

In Grant's army there were six divisions. Their losses, in killed and wounded, were:—

1st. McClernand's, loss both days ...	1,861
2nd. W. H. L. Wallace's, loss both days ...	2,424
3rd. Lewis Wallace's, loss second day	305
4th. Hurlbut's, loss both days	1,985
5th. Sherman's, loss both days	2,031
6th. Prentiss' (no report), loss estimated	2,000
Aggregate loss	10,606

Of Buell's army, four divisions had marched to Grant's aid; of these, three were engaged:—

2nd. McCook's loss	881
4th. Nelson's loss	693
5th. Crittenden's loss	390
Aggregate loss	1,964

The Confederate losses were 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, 959 missing. Total, 10,699.

General Beauregard, after Shiloh, retired from the command of the Confederate forces on the plea of ill-health, and General Bragg was made permanent commander.

[*Photo., Handy, South Washington, D.C.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AMOAFUL

BY G·A·HENTY

THE 31st of January, 1874, will long be a day noted in the memories of the people who were, prior to that time, a scourge to their neighbours and a standing menace to the native tribes under the British protectorate at Cape Coast. It is probable that the exact date itself has long ere this been forgotten, even if—which is very doubtful—the Ashantis possess a calendar, or have any means of calculating the dates of events, unless these happen to occur on the longest or shortest day, or, perhaps, on the occasion of a new or full moon. The memory of the battle, however, owing to a singular custom that prevails among them and the other peoples of the coast, will never be lost as long as the Ashantis remain a tribe. As the Greeks and Romans used to swear by their divinities, the Ashantis swear by their misfortunes; and the most solemn oath that can be taken by a king or chief of these peoples is a national defeat or disaster. Assuredly, then, Amoaful will for many generations be one of the most binding oaths among the Ashantis.

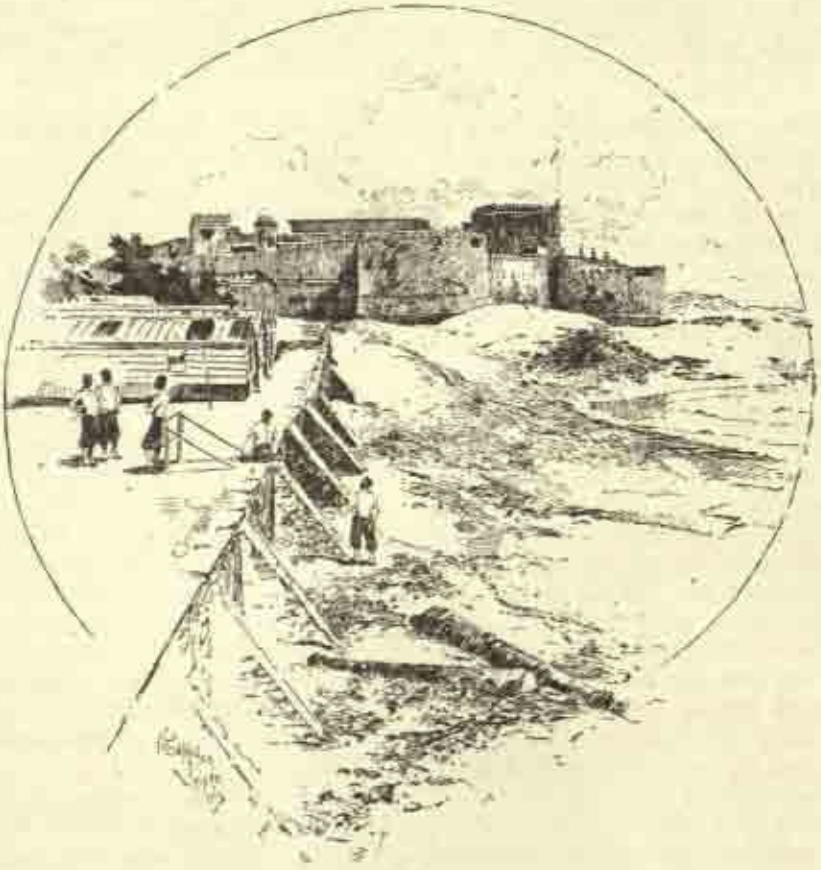
Ashanti had long shared with Dahomey the reputation of being the most warlike and bloodthirsty of the peoples of West Africa; they were constantly at war with their neighbours, the object of the incursions committed being not so much the extension of territory as the carrying away of large numbers of prisoners, to be sacrificed on the occasions of their solemn festivals. They had long borne ill-will to the British at Cape Coast, because of the protection granted by us to the Fanti tribes; and from the commencement of the present century hostilities have broken out at frequent intervals, and more than once the Ashantis have carried fire and sword up to the very walls of Cape Coast, and on one occasion defeated and destroyed a British force under Sir Charles Macarthy.

This state of occasional warfare might have continued indefinitely, had not the British exchanged some possessions with the Portuguese, acquiring by this transaction the town of Elmina, some five miles north of Cape Coast Castle, and the protectorate of the district lying behind it. The tribe of this district had been allies of the Ashantis, and Elmina itself had been their port of trade. The Portuguese had been in the habit of paying a small annual sum to the Ashanti; this sum was considered by them to be a present, but was regarded by the Ashantis as a tribute. Ashanti, therefore, objected to the transfer, and marched an army across the Prah to the assistance of their allies in the districts dependent on Elmina. Early in June, having brushed aside the resistance of the Fantis, the invading army reached Elmina, being joined by all the tribes in its neighbourhood. A small party of Marines and Marine Artillery were landed from the ships on the coast, and inflicted a severe blow on the invaders as they were on the point of entering the town.

The position was so serious that the British Government sent out Sir Garnet Wolseley, with some twenty British officers, to organise, if possible, a native force to cope with the enemy; or, if this could not be done, to prepare the way for the landing of a British force of sufficient strength to strike a heavy blow at the Ashantis in their own country. Just as the party left England, a disaster befell us. Commodore Commerell started to ascend the Prah with boats from the squadron on the coast. They had gone but a short distance when they were fired upon by the Ashantis, in ambush behind the bushes lining the bank of the river. Commodore Commerell was severely wounded, as were other officers and many seamen, and the expedition was forced to return.

The attempt to get up a large native force

failed; but an expedition was undertaken from Elmina, composed of blue-jackets and marines, and a portion of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, and this, after a sharp brush with the enemy, burnt several villages and cleared the neighbourhood of the Ashantis, who had been suffering very much during the wet season from disease and the want of food. An attack on Abra Crampa, whose king had joined us heartily, and when these landed, early in January, all was ready for their advance. The force consisted of a battalion of the Rifle Brigade and the 42nd; the 23rd Regiment remained on board the transport that had brought them, it being considered that it was better for them to stay in reserve, as the difficulties of carriage were so great that the fewer the number of men taken up the better. There was also a naval brigade, composed of



CAPE COAST CASTLE.

was repulsed; there was sharp fighting at Dunqua and other skirmishes; and the Ashantis, disheartened by want of success, and more than decimated by fever, fell back across the Prah. The invasion had, thus far, been repelled solely by the naval forces, aided by the 2nd West Indian Regiment and two native regiments commanded by Sir Evelyn Wood and Major Baker Russell, each of whom had some eight English officers under him.

A road was made to the Prah, huts erected at suitable distances for the use of the white troops, blue-jackets and marines, some companies of the 1st and 2nd West Indian Regiments, Wood and Russell's native regiments, and a battery of little mountain guns commanded by Captain Rait, and manned by natives trained by him, and a small party of Royal Engineers. After a few skirmishes of no great importance, the force made their way nearly to Amoaful, where it was known that the Ashanti army was assembled in force to oppose their further advance.

The white regiments halted at Ingafoo, while

"THE BONNY MEN LED THE ADVANCE" (p. 221).

the two native regiments, with the Engineers and Rait's artillery, marched forward to Quarman, a little more than half a mile from the enemy's outposts. Lord Gifford, who commanded the scouts, lay all day in the bushes within sound of the voices of the Ashanti, while Major Home, R.E., with the sappers, cut paths almost up to the edge of the bush. At half-past seven on the morning of the 31st of January, a naval brigade, with two companies of the 23rd who had just come up, the 42nd, and Rifle Brigade, arrived at Quarman and marched on without a halt, followed by the force already in the village, where a garrison was left with the baggage. The two native regiments were now reduced to but seven companies altogether, owing to the necessity for leaving garrisons at the various posts along the road. The plan of operations had already been determined upon. The 42nd Regiment were to form the main attacking force. They were first to drive the enemy's scouts from the little village of Agamassie, just outside the bushes where Gifford's scouts were lying, and were then to move straight on, extending to the right and left of the path, and, if possible, to advance in a skirmishing line through to the bush. Two guns of Rait's battery were to be in their centre, and to move upon the path itself. Half the naval brigade and Wood's regiment were first to cut a path out to the right, and then to turn parallel with the main path, so that the head of the column should touch the right of the skirmishing line of the 42nd, while the other half of the naval brigade, with Russell's regiment, was to proceed in similar fashion on the left.

The two companies of the 23rd were to come on behind the headquarter staff; the Rifle Brigade were to remain in reserve. The intention was that the whole should form a sort of hollow square, the column on the right and left protecting the 42nd from the flanking movements upon which the Ashantis were always accustomed to rely for victory. With each of the flanking columns were detachments of Rait's battery with rocket tubes.

The 42nd, as they burst out from the bush, encountered but little opposition; the eight or ten houses composing the village being occupied by but a small party of the enemy, who fled at once into the bush beyond. This was so thick, and the open ground round the village so small, that it was necessary to clear away a space for the bearers of the litters, surgical appliances, and spare ammunition, and it was nearly half an hour before the rest of the force issued from the narrow path into the open.

The pause had been a trying one, for a tremendous roar of fire told that the Black Watch were hotly engaged, and, indeed, had gained but a distance of a couple of hundred yards while the native labourers were clearing the bush round the village. As soon as they reached the open space, the flanking columns turned off to the right and left, and it was not long before the increasing roar of musketry showed that they, too, were engaged.

The scene bore little resemblance to that presented by any modern battle-field. The Ashanti bush consists of a thick wood of trees some forty or fifty feet high, covered and interlaced with vines and creepers, while the heat and moisture enable a dense undergrowth to flourish beneath their shade. Above all tower the giants of the forest, principally cotton trees, which often attain a height of from 250 to 300 feet.

Progress through this mass of jungle and thorn is impossible even for the natives, except where paths are cut with hatchet or sword. These paths are generally wide enough only for a single file, and two persons meeting in opposite directions have a difficulty in passing each other, the more so as long use wears down the soft, moist earth until the tracks are converted into ditches two or three feet deep. The ground across which the 42nd were trying to force their way was more open than usual, owing probably to the undergrowth having been cleared away to furnish firing to the little village. It was somewhat undulating, and the depressions were soft and swampy. Each little rise was held obstinately by the enemy, who, lying down beyond the crest, behind trees, or in clumps of bush, kept up an incessant fire against the Black Watch; and even the aid of Rait's two little guns and two rocket troughs failed to overcome their resistance. The two flanking columns encountered even more strenuous opposition: before they could advance into the bush a way had to be cut for them by the natives under the orders of the Engineer officers. Although the troops endeavoured to cover this operation by an incessant fire into the bush on either side, the service was a desperate one. Several of the men fell dead from the fire of their hidden foes, others staggered back badly wounded, and Captain Buckle, of the Royal Engineers, one of the most zealous and energetic officers of the expedition, fell mortally wounded by two slugs in the neighbourhood of the heart.

Little wonder was it that, although the natives behaved with singular courage, at times they quailed under the fire to which they were exposed; consequently the advance of the two columns soon came to a standstill, and the men lying down kept up a constant fire on the unseen enemy, directing their aim solely at the puffs of smoke spurting from the bushes. So difficult was it to keep the direction in this dense bush that both columns had swerved from the line on which it was intended that they should advance. The roar of fire was so general and continuous that none of the three columns were in any degree certain as to the direction in which the others lay, and from each of them messenger after messenger was sent back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had taken up his position with his staff at the village, complaining that the men were exposed to the fire from the other columns.

The noise was, indeed, out of all proportion to the number of combatants. The Ashantis use enormous charges of powder—which, indeed, would be absolutely destructive to the old Tower muskets with which they were armed were these loaded with tightly-fitting bullets. This, however, was not the case, as on the powder three or four slugs of roughly chopped-up lead were dropped loosely down: the noise made by the explosion of the muskets so charged was almost as loud as that of small field-pieces; and, indeed, although but two or three hundred yards from the village the reports of Rait's mountain guns were absolutely indistinguishable in the din. The trees broke up the sound in a singular manner, and the result was a strange and confused reverberation, mingled with the hissing sound rising from the storm of bullets and slugs mingled with that of the rockets. Well was it for our soldiers that the enemy used such heavy charges, for these caused the muskets to throw high, and the slugs for the most part whistled harmlessly over the heads of the troops and almost covered them with the showers of leaves cut from the trees overhead.

For an hour this state of things continued, the two companies of the 23rd were then ordered to advance along the main path and to aid the 42nd in clearing the bush, where the Ashantis still fought stubbornly not two hundred yards from the village. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade were sent up the left-hand road to keep that path intact up to the rear of the Naval Brigade, while on the right, the rear of Colonel Wood's column was ordered to advance further to the right, so that the column might form a diagonal line, and firing to their right only, not only cover the flank of the 42nd, but do away with the risk of stray shots striking them. Wounded men were now coming fast into the village—42nd, Rifles, Naval Brigade, and natives.

On the left the firing gradually ceased, and Colonel McLeod, who commanded there, sent in to the general to say that he was no longer hotly attacked, but that he had altogether lost touch of the left of the 42nd. He was therefore ordered to cut a road north-east until he came in contact with them. He experienced a resolute opposition, but the rockets gradually drove the Ashantis back. In the meantime, the 42nd were fighting hard. In front of them was a swamp, and on the rise opposite the ground was covered

with the little arbours that constitute an Ashanti camp. Not an enemy was to be seen, but from the opposite side the puffs of smoke came thick and fast, and a perfect rain of slugs swept over the ground on which the 42nd were lying. The path was so narrow that Rait could bring but one gun into position. This he pushed boldly forward, and, aided by Lieutenant Saunders, poured round after round of grape into the enemy until their fire slackened and the 42nd were again able to advance.

Step by step they won their way, each advance being covered by the little gun, which did terrible execution among the crowded, though unseen, ranks of the enemy. The camp was won; but beyond it the bush was thick and absolutely impenetrable for a white soldier, and it was necessary to advance solely by the narrow path. This was swept by a storm of slugs from the bush on either side, although the Snider bullets searched the bush and the guns poured

in showers of grape. At last the Ashanti fire diminished, and the troops dashed forward up the lane, and the bush thickened on either side until too dense even for the Ashantis to occupy it. With a cheer the Black Watch issued from the upper end of the pass, and spread out into the wide open space dividing the village of Amoaful into two sections. For a short time the Ashantis kept up a fire from the houses and from the other end of the cleared space, but the 42nd soon drove them from the houses; and a shell from a gun fell among a group at the farther end of the clearing and killed eight of them, and the rest retreated at once. Major McPherson and eight other officers were wounded, and the total of 104 casualties in a force of 450 men showed how severe had been the struggle.

It was now twelve o'clock, and although they had lost their camp and village and had suffered terribly, the Ashantis were not yet finally beaten. The principal part of the force that had been engaged upon our left had swept round to the right, and were pressing hard upon our right column, and cutting in between them and the 42nd. Fortunately, however, the left column had cut its path rather too much to the east and now came into the main path, and so formed a connecting link between the 42nd at Amoaful and the head of the right column. Although the latter had been strengthened by the addition of a company of the Rifles, it suffered severely: Colonel Wood and six naval officers were wounded, together with some forty men. The fire of the enemy at last slackened, and it seemed as if all was over, when suddenly a tremendous fire broke out from the rear of the column, showing that the Ashantis were making a last and desperate effort to turn our right flank, and to retake the village from which they had been driven in the morning.

For a few minutes the scene in the village was exciting. So near were the enemy that the slugs came pattering down among the remainder of the Rifles still held in reserve there, and they and the guard of the reserve ammunition prepared to resist an attack, three companies of the Rifles at once moving out to prolong the rear of the right column, and so to cover that side of the village. For a while the roar of musketry was as heavy and continuous as it had been during the morning, and continued so for three-quarters of an hour. While it was going on another strong body of the enemy attacked Quarman, but the small force of forty men of the 2nd West Indian Regiment and half a company of Wood's regiment, under the command of Captain Burnett, although taken by surprise—for with a great battle raging but half a mile away, they had no idea of being attacked—defended themselves with great gallantry, and even sallied out and brought in a convoy that had arrived near the village, and finally, being reinforced by a company of Rifles, took the offensive and drove off their assailants.

Finding themselves met on whatever side they attacked, the Ashanti fire began to relax. As soon as it did so, Sir Garnet gave the word for the line to advance, sweeping round from the rear so as to drive the enemy northward before them. The movement was admirably executed. A company of men who had been raised at Bonny, and who had fought steadily and silently all the time they had been on the defensive, now raised their shrill war-cry, and slinging their rifles and drawing their swords, dashed eagerly forward, while by their sides, skirmishing as steadily and quietly as if on parade, the men of the Rifle Brigade searched every bush with their bullets; and in five minutes from the commencement of their advance the Ashantis were in full retreat.

The number of casualties on the part of the white and native troops amounted to about 250—a very heavy proportion, considering the comparatively small number of the force engaged. Fortunately the wounds, for the most part, were comparatively slight: the flying slugs inflicted ugly-looking gashes, but seldom penetrated far. Captain Buckle, of the Engineers, was the only officer killed, but the number of wounded was large, and included two other Engineer officers out of the total of five engaged.

No one had shown more determined bravery than the natives, who worked as sappers under their orders. The work was trying enough for the men, who for five hours remained prone, returning the fire of their invisible foes. The natives, however, for the same time, were working continuously, cutting paths through the thick bush and exposed defenceless to the enemy's fire. Nearly half their number were among the wounded. The total number of deaths did not exceed twenty. On the side of the Ashantis no accurate record was obtained of the number who fell. It is their custom always to carry off the killed and wounded, unless hotly pressed; and therefore, until the last rush of the Black Watch into Amoaful, they had ample time to follow their

usual custom. Nevertheless, the number of dead found was very large, and the lowest calculation placed their loss at 2,000. Among these was Ammon Quatia, the general-in-chief of the Ashantis, and Aboo, one of the six great tributary kings of Ashanti. The Ashantis fought with extraordinary pluck and resolution; they, to the British for their long endurance of a terrific fire from unseen foes, by the manner in which they fought under conditions so absolutely novel to them, and for the unwavering resolution with which they won their way through the bush and finally defeated a foe of ten times their own numerical force. The victory of Amoaful

"EACH LITTLE RISE WAS HELD OBSTINATELY BY THE ENEMY" (*p.* 218).

indeed, enormously outnumbered the little British force, and their position was admirably adapted for their peculiar method of fighting. But, on the other hand, they were wretchedly armed, and their old and worn-out muskets were poor weapons indeed compared with the breech-loaders of the whites, who had, in addition, the assistance of their guns and rocket tubes.

Great credit was due to both sides; to the Ashantis for their obstinate and long-continued defence, and for the vigour with which, when their centre was penetrated, they strove to redeem the day by their flank attack upon us; virtually decided the result of the campaign, for although the Ashantis fought again on the other side of the river Dah, the terrible punishment inflicted upon them at Amoaful had greatly reduced their spirit; nevertheless, they fought stoutly.

On this occasion the Bonny men led the advance up the path beyond the river, and before they had gone half a mile were hotly engaged. Lieutenant Saunders, with one of Rait's guns, endeavoured to clear the bushes, but little progress was made for two hours, and Lieutenant Evre, the adjutant of Wood's regiment, fell

mortally wounded when standing near the gun. The Rifles now relieved the Bonny men, and led the advance, and made their way slowly forward until within fifty yards of a large clearing, surrounding a village; then with a cheer they rushed forward, drove the enemy from the clearing, and occupied the village. But behind them the combat raged for another two hours. The troops lined the sides of the path, and repulsed all the efforts of the Ashantis to break through them, holding the position while the native carriers took the stores, spare ammunition, and medical comforts along the path and up to the village. As soon as the last of these had passed along, the troops followed, until the whole force were gathered in and round the village.

The loss of the Ashantis can have been but little inferior to that which they suffered at Amoaful, for they several times approached in such masses that the whole bush swayed and moved as they pushed forward. On the other hand, our casualties were very slight, for as the road was, like all the paths in the country, hollowed out by the traffic fully two feet below the general level, the troops lying there were protected as by a breastwork of that height. When the whole force were assembled in the village, the enemy still kept up serious and desperate attacks upon the rear, but were always repulsed by the Rifles, who lined the edge of the clearing. Mingled with the continued din of musketry was the lugubrious roar of the great war-horns throughout the woods, and the wild war-cry of the Ashantis.

The halt was a short one; Coomassie was still six miles distant, and soon after the force were gathered round the village the Highlanders, with Rait's guns, moved forward along the path. For the first twenty minutes the fire of the enemy was very heavy, but when the Black Watch gained the crest of the rise beyond the village, the resistance became more feeble, and they dashed forward at the double, sweeping all opposition aside. The resistance of the Ashantis at once ceased; they had done all that was possible for them to do to oppose our advance, and had failed. Their main body was still in the rear of the village, engaged in unavailing attacks upon the force there. Probably their best and bravest troops were with this force, and at the rapid advance of the 42nd a panic seized the defenders of the path; those in the bush could not hope to move forward as rapidly as did the troops in the open, while those in the villages along the path, warned by flying fugitives of the rapid approach of the foe, joined in their flight. The road was strewn with articles of clothing, the stools of state of the chiefs, weapons, and food.

From this time no single shot was fired. The warriors in the bush, seeing that they could not hope to get ahead of the advancing force and make another effort to defend the capital, either went off at once to their villages, or made a wide circuit and came down behind Coomassie upon the road between that town and a spot, five miles away, where the kings of Ashanti were buried, and where, doubtless, another battle would have been fought had the troops advanced to the sacred spot. The 42nd halted at the last village before arriving at Coomassie, until they were there joined by the rest of the force; then, after crossing a deep and fetid marsh surrounding the town, they entered the capital of the enemy. It was not, as might have been expected, deserted: a good many of the inhabitants remained, some of the men being still armed, and watched with curiosity rather than with alarm, the entry of the white warriors who had broken the strength of their nation. Orders were given to disarm them at once; but as soon as they perceived that this was the case, they gradually withdrew, and in half an hour the whole of the natives of Coomassie had disappeared in the bush.

Several fires broke out in various parts of the town. Some of these may have been the work of the Ashantis themselves, but most of them were caused unquestionably by the native camp-followers, who, in spite of the stringent orders against looting, stole away in the darkness to gather plunder. Some of them were flogged, and one was hung, and then, after posting pickets thickly outside the town, the troops went off to sleep.

The next morning the captured town could be fairly seen. The streets were very wide; trees grew in them; and from the irregularity with which the houses were scattered about, it resembled a great straggling village rather than a town. The houses were of the kind with which the troops had already become familiar, and resembled the architecture of a Chinese temple rather than that of any other known building. Outside was an alcove with red steps, high raised floor, and white pillars supporting the roof. This formed the front of the house, and as there was no entrance from it into the interior, it was, in fact, a sort of summer-house and balcony, where the master must have sat to look at the passing world and chat with his acquaintances. Inside, the houses were all

of the same character, comprising a number of little courts with alcoves on one or more sides. Everything in Coomassie bore signs of the superstitious belief of the inhabitants in fetish. Over every door was suspended a variety of charms—old stone weapons, nuts, gourds, amulets, beads, bits of china, bones, and odds-and-ends of all kinds. The principal apartments of the larger houses were lumbered up with drums, great umbrellas, and other paraphernalia of processions; but there were no real valuables of any kind.

The great objects of interest to the troops in the town were the palace and the great fetish-tree from which Coomassie took its name. In a large clump of bushes adjoining the latter were found the remains of some thousands of victims sacrificed in the bloody festivals. The majority were, of course, but skeletons; but there were hundreds that could have lain there but a few weeks, many which must have been sacrificed within a few days. The stench from this charnel-place was horrible, and pervaded the whole town. The palace occupied a very large extent of ground. It consisted of a central stone building of European architecture, which was used as a storehouse and was crowded with articles of furniture, silver plate, gold masks, clocks, glass, china, guns, cloth, and caskets, resembling in its confusion and the variety of its contents a succession of auction-rooms. The rest of the palace was of native work—similar, but on a much larger scale, to the houses of the great chiefs.

A horrible smell of blood pervaded the whole place—for many of the executions were held in the palace itself. During the day the rain fell in torrents; and as it became known that the king had gone right away into the interior of the country, as provisions were running very short, the troops were already feeling much the effects of the climate, and as the rains would swell every stream and fill every swamp, it was decided to make a start for the coast the next morning, after burning down the place that had been the scene of such countless horrors and atrocities. This was done as the column marched out of the town. The Engineers fired the houses and blew up the king's palace; and a vast cloud of smoke rising high into the air must have told the Ashantis, scattered far and wide through the forests, that vengeance had at last fallen on the city that had for so many years been regarded by them as sacred, and had been the object of superstitious terror and hate to the tribes for hundreds of miles round.

COOMASSIE.

THE REDOUBTS OF DÜPPEL

BY CHARLES LOWE

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race, was the beautiful and interesting province which formed the bone of bloody contention between the Prussians and the Danes in the year 1864, just a year after the Prince of Wales had wedded the Danish "sea-king's daughter from over the sea," and made all Englishmen take the very deepest interest in the hopeless struggle of her undaunted countrymen against an overwhelming foe.

The cause of quarrel was one of the most complicated questions which ever vexed the minds of statesmen, and seemed so incapable of solution that an irreverent Frenchman once declared it would remain after the heavens and the earth had passed away. But on the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark, in November, 1863, Herr von Bismarck, who had the year before become Prussian Premier, determined that the difficulty should now be settled by "blood and iron." Briefly put, the new King of Denmark, Christian IX., father of the Princess of Wales, wanted to rule over the Elbe Duchies, as Schleswig-Holstein was called, in a way, as was thought at Berlin, unfavourable to the rights and aspirations of their German population; while, on the other hand, the Germanic Diet, or Council of German Sovereigns at Frankfort, was resolved that this should not be so. And rather than that this should be so, it decreed "execution" on the King of Denmark, who had a seat in the Diet as for the Duchies, and selected two of its members, Hanover and Saxony, to enforce its decision.

But not content with this, Austria and Prussia, the leading members of the Diet, also resolved to take the field, as executive bailiffs, so to speak, of the judgment of the German Court; and this they did at the beginning of 1864 with a united force of about 45,000 men. That was not so very large a force, considering the size of modern armies, but it was much larger than that opposed to it by the valiant Danes, about 36,000 in number, who were commanded by General de Meza. The Austrians were commanded by Field-Marshal von Gablenz, and the Prussians by their own Prince Frederick Charles, surnamed the "Red Prince," from the scarlet uniform of his favourite regiment, the Zieten Hussars.

The Commander of the combined Austro-Prussian army was the Prussian Field-Marshal von Wrangel—"old Papa Wrangel," as he was fondly called—who looked, and spoke, and acted like a survival from the time of the Thirty Years' or the Seven Years' War. He was a grim old *beau sabreur*, who, in his later days, used to grind his teeth (what of them were left) and scatter groschen among the street arabs of Berlin, under the impression that he was sowing a crop of bullets that would yet spring up and prove the death of all democrats and other nefarious characters dangerous to military monarchy and the rule of the sword in the civil state.

"*In Gottes Namen drauf!*"—"Forward in God's name"—"Papa" Wrangel had wired to the various contingents of his forces on the 1st February, when at last the Danes had replied to his demands with an emphatic "No!" and then the combined Austro-Prussian army swept over the Eider amid a blinding storm of snow.

The Prussians took the right, the Austrians the left of the advance into the Duchies; and after one or two preliminary actions of no great moment, the invaders reached the Danewerk, a very strong line of earthworks which had taken the place of the bulwark thrown up by the Danes in ancient times against the incursions of the Germans. Here the Prussians prepared for a stubborn resistance, but what was their surprise and their delight, on the morning of the

6th February, to find that the Danes had evacuated overnight this first bulwark line of theirs, leaving 154 guns and large quantities of stores and ammunition a prey to their enemies! Caution, not cowardice, had been the motive of this retreat of theirs, for they saw that, if they had remained, they would have run the risk of being outflanked and outnumbered; so they determined, from reasons of military policy, to retire further northward and take up their dogged stand behind their second line of entrenchments at Düppel, there to await the assault of their overwhelming foes.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON WRANGEL.

Sending on the Austrians on the left into Jutland to dispose of the Danes in that quarter, "Papa" Wrangel selected the "Red Prince" and his Prussians to crack the nuts which had been thrown in their way in the shape of the redoubts of Düppel. Prince Frederick Charles was one of the best and bravest soldiers that had been produced by the fighting family of the Hohenzollerns since the time of Frederick the Great. A man about the middle height, strongly built, broad-shouldered, florid-faced, sandy-bearded, bull-necked, rough in manner and speech, and homely in all his ways—he was just the sort of leader to command the affections and stimulate the courage of the Prussian soldier. There was much of the bulldog in the "Red Prince," so he was the very man to entrust with such a task as that of hanging on to the Danes at Düppel.

Yet this task was one of exceeding difficulty, for the redoubts of Düppel formed such a formidable line of defence as had rarely, if ever, before opposed the advance of an invading army in the open field. All the natural advantages of ground, with its happy configuration of land and water, were on the side of the Danes, whose main object it was to prevent their foes from setting foot on the Schleswig island of Alsen, forming a stepping-stone, so to speak, to Denmark itself, much in the same way as the island of Anglesey does to Ireland. To continue the comparison, the Menai Strait corresponds to the Alsen-Sund which separates the mainland of Schleswig from the island of Alsen. Of this island the chief town is Sonderburg, which was connected by the mainland, into which it looks over, by two pontoon bridges, at the end of which the Danes threw up a *tête-du-pont*, or bridge-head entrenchment, to defend the approach and passage; while about a couple of miles further inland they had constructed a chain of no fewer than ten heavy forts, or redoubts, all connected by lesser earthworks and entrenchments.

This line of redoubts, about three miles long, ran right across the neck of a peninsula of the mainland called the Sundewitt, one end resting on the Alsen-Sund and the other on a gulf, or bay, of the Baltic, called the Wenningbund. The redoubts were placed along the brow of a ridge which overlooked and commanded all the undulating country for miles in front, while in the rear again the ground dipped away gently down towards the Alsen-Sund and its bridge-head, affording fine shelter and camping-ground to the Danes. A lovelier or more romantic-looking region, with its winding bays and silver-glancing straits, its picturesque blending of wood and water, could scarcely be imagined.

Such a position as that which the Danes had taken up would have been of no value whatever against foes like the English, seeing that the latter might have gone with their warships and shelled the Danes clean out of their line of redoubts without ever so much as landing a single man, for, as already explained, the line of forts rested on the sea at both ends. But at this time, fortunately for the Danes, the Prussians had little or nothing of a navy, so that they

must needs essay on land what they could not attempt by sea; while the Danes, on the other hand, though weaker on land, were decidedly superior to their foes on water. In particular, they had one warship, or monitor, the *Rolf Krake*, which gained immortal fame by the bold and devil-may-care manner in which it worried, and harassed, and damaged, and kept the Prussians perpetually awake. It lurked like a corsair in the corners of the bays, and creeks, and winding sea-arms of that amphibious region, and darted out upon occasion to shell and molest the Prussians in their trenches before the Düppel lines.

For the Prussians had soon come to see that it would be quite impossible for them to capture the Düppel redoubts save by regular process of sap and siege. The redoubts proved to be far more formidable than they ever fancied; and it would have involved an enormous sacrifice of life on the part of the Prussians to rush for them at once. The pretty certain result of such impetuosity would have been that not a soul almost of the stormers would have lived to tell the tale. For three whole years the Danes had been at work on these redoubts, and what it takes three years to construct cannot by any possibility be captured in as many days. Much had to be done by the Prussians, then, before sitting down before the redoubts. If a simile may be borrowed from the game of football, the "forwards" of the Danes had first to be disposed of. For not only did they occupy the redoubts, but likewise all the strong points in the country for two or three miles in front of them, just as modern ironclads hang out nets to guard their hulls from the impact of torpedoes. In a similar manner the Danes had thrown out a network of men to fend off all hostile approach to their forts and prevent the Prussians from settling down near enough to them for the purposes of sap and siege.

While, therefore, the Prussians were busy bringing to the front their heavy guns and other siege-material, others of them were set to the work of sweeping clean, as with a broom of bayonets, the open positions in front of the redoubts held by their defenders. But this sweeping process was by no means either an easy or a bloodless task. For while the Danes numbered 22,000 troops, the "Red Prince" in front of them disposed at this time (though later he was reinforced) of no more than 16,000 men, and there was always the danger that the Danes, assuming the offensive, would sally out of their lines and seek to overwhelm their numerically weaker foes. Consequently the Prussians had recourse to the spade in order to supplement the defensive power of their rifles, and thus they first of all took up an entrenched position running in a long semicircle from Broacker on their right to Satrup on the left, at a distance of about three miles or more from the real object of their ambition—the line of Danish redoubts.

Two positions in front of these redoubts—the villages of Düppel and Rackebüll—were fiercely contested by the Danes; but on the 17th of March, after fighting in a manner which gave their foes a very high opinion of their courage, they retired behind their earthworks with the loss of 676 men, while the Prussians, on their part, had to pay for their victory by only 138 lives. This disparity in loss was doubtless due to the fact that, while the Danes were only armed with the old smooth-bore muzzle-loading musket, the Prussians had adopted the new *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun, the parent of all modern breechloading and repeating rifles, which gave them a tremendous advantage over their opponents. In one of the preliminary encounters above referred to, a party of Danes, against whom a superior force of Prussian light-infantry (*Jäger*) was advancing, threw down their arms in token of submission; but as the Prussians came forward, they snatched them up again, fired a volley, and rushed on with the bayonet. The Prussians let them come to within twenty-yards' distance, and then, raising their deadly needle-guns, shot them down to a man. The treacherous conduct of the Danes above referred to caused great bitterness among the Prussians; but, even after death, the latter showed their foes the respect which brave men owe to one another, and in West Düppel they raised a cross with this inscription:—"Here lie twenty-five brave Danes, who died the hero's death, 17th February, 1864."

The result of these preliminary tussles was that the Danes attempted no more outfalls, and from the 17th to the 28th of March one might almost have concluded that an armistice had been agreed to but for an occasional sputtering and spitting of rifle-fire between the foreposts, who thus employed their time when not exchanging other courtesies in the form of pipe-lights, tobacco-pouches, and spirit-flasks. But now the time was come when it behoved the Prussians to get as close to the redoubts as possible, for the purpose of opening their siege-

trenches, and General von Raven's Brigade was selected to sweep the ground in front of the Danish position of all its outposts. It was an early Easter this year, and just when the preachers were proclaiming to their congregations that the season of peace and goodwill to all men had now again come round, the Danes and Prussians were fighting like fiends under cover of the darkness.

The 18th Prussian Fusiliers had crept forward as far nearly as the wire-fencing and palisades in front of the redoubts, when the dawn suddenly revealed them to the Danes; and just at this moment, too, what should appear upon the scene but the ubiquitous *Rolf Krake*, which, at a distance of about five hundred yards, opened upon the advancing Prussians such a shower of shell and grape-shot as forced them to retire, causing these baffled fusiliers to curse the very name of the ship-builder who had ever laid the keel of such a bold and bothersome vessel.

At length, during the night of the 30th March, the Prussians managed to open their first parallel at a distance of about eight hundred paces from the line of the redoubts, and now, so to speak, they had reached the beginning of the end. The men on duty in this parallel, or shelter-trench (about eight feet deep), were relieved at first every forty-eight hours, and then every twenty-four, the former period having been found to be too great a strain on the soldiers, who, in consequence, had soon as many as ten per cent. on the sick list. For nothing could have been more trying to the constitution than this trench-life, with its cold nights, and rain, and mud, and manifold wretchedness.

Yet the Prussian soldiers, who were all very young fellows—mere boys some of them—kept up their spirits in the most wonderful manner, and indulged in all kinds of fun—mounting a gas-pipe on a couple of cart-wheels, and thus drawing the fire of the Danes, who imagined it to be a cannon; making sentries out of clay, and otherwise indulging in the thousand-and-one humours of a camp. They were also cheered by frequent visits from their commander, the "Red Prince," who—although housed in most comfortable, not to say luxurious, quarters at the Schloss, or château, of Gravenstein, about six miles to the rear—failed not to ride to the front every day and acquaint himself with all that was going on. With such a commander soldiers will do anything, and hence the whole Prussian force in front of the Danish redoubts began to burn with a fighting ardour which neither cold, nor wet, nor knee-deep mud could in the least degree damp or depress.

On the other hand, the Danes, though better off for shelter in their block-houses, wooden barracks, and casemates, were not in such good spirits. One of the few things, apparently, that cheered their hearts was the sight of the numerous English tourists—"T.G's," or "travelling gents," as they used to be called in the Crimea, and *Kriegsbummler*, or war-loafers, as they are dubbed in Germany—who, arrayed in suits of a most fearful and wonderful make, streamed over to the Cimbrian Peninsula in quest of sensation and adventure, exposing themselves on parapet and sky-line to the shells of the Prussians with a devil-me-care coolness which proved a source of new inspiration to the Danskes.

Simultaneously with the pushing on of their parallel work, the Prussians kept up a tremendous fire on the forts, but the Danes showed their good sense by lying quietly in their casemates and scarcely noticing the storm of missiles directed against them. These missiles did them and their earthworks very little harm, and they were not to be terrified by mere noise. Before the Prussians had settled down to their trench-work, their batteries over the bay at Gammelmark firing day and night had in the course of a fortnight thrown about 7,500 shot and shell into the Danish redoubts, yet not more than seventy-five officers and men had been killed or disabled by all this roaring volcano of heavy guns; and, indeed, it was computed about this time that the Prussians were purchasing the lives of their enemies at

about 500 cannon-shots per head. "The huge earthen mounds or humps (of forts)," wrote a correspondent, "might have marked the graves

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

of an extinct race, or been the result of some gigantic mole's obscure toil," for all the signs of life which the Prussian bombardment drew from the redoubts.

One night a curious thing happened to a company of the 60th Prussian regiment. In the course of some skirmishing it got too far forward, and, when day broke, it found itself in a slight hollow of the ground so near to Forts 1 and 2 that, had it tried to return to its own lines, it must have been annihilated by the grape-shot of the Danes. The shelter afforded it by the nature of the ground was so trifling that the men were forced to lie down flat upon their bellies to avoid being shot. In this unpleasant position they lay the whole day, for the Danes, strange to say, did not seek to sally out and capture them; and it was not till late in the evening that the company, under cover of the darkness, was able to rejoin their friends. They had eaten nothing in the interval, for, though they had provisions in their pockets, or haversacks, the least movement they made to get at this provender exposed them to the enemy's fire.

The first parallel had been opened on the 30th of March, and the second was accomplished in the night of the 10th of April. It was now expected that the "Red Prince," without more ado, would make a rush for the forts and be done with them—the more so as there now began to be whisperings of a political conference of the Powers which might meet and baulk the Prussian soldier of the final reward of all his toil. But still Prince Frederick Charles gave not the signal for the assault, and then it oozed out that this delay was simply due to the command of his royal uncle, King (afterwards Kaiser) William, a very humane monarch, who, wishing to spare as much as possible the blood of his brave soldiers, had directed that still another—a third—parallel should be made, so as to shorten the distance across which the stormers would have to rush before reaching the redoubts. Meanwhile the Prussians prepared themselves for the assault, among other things by getting up sham works in imitation of those they had to attack, where the battalions destined for the purpose were practised in breaking down palisades and using scaling-ladders, as well as in disposing of *chevaux de frise* and other impediments usual in the defence of forts. The Danish redoubts were known to the Prussians as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, beginning from their—the Prussian—right on the sea, and their foremost parallel fronted this line of forts from 1 to 6. Against these forts the Prussians had thrown up twenty-four batteries mounting ninety-four guns, and now at last these guns were to give voice in a chorus such as had not rent the sky since the fall of Sebastopol.

But just as every storm is preceded by a strange delusive silence, so the day before the assault on the Düppel redoubts—the 17th of April—was a beautifully calm, sunny Sunday, with earth and sky embracing in a common joy over the birth of spring, and the encircling sea smooth as glass—a lovely day, and the last but one that many a brave man was doomed to see. For the order had gone forth from Prince Frederick Charles that at 10 o'clock precisely on the following (Monday) morning the redoubts should at last be stormed. At dawn of day the whole line of Prussian batteries should open fire on the forts, pouring upon them one continuous cataract of shot and shell till 10 o'clock, when the storming columns would start out of their trenches and "go for" the redoubts with might and main.

At 2 o'clock a.m. these columns—six in number, drawn by lot from the various brigades so that all might have an impartial share

in the honour of the day—emerged from the Büffeli-Koppel wood well in the rear, and silently marched in the darkness to the parallels. Each of these six columns was thus composed:—First of all a company of infantry with orders to take extended front about 150 paces from its particular redoubt, and open fire on the besieged. Following these sharpshooters, pioneers and engineers with spades, axes, ladders, and all other storming gear, including bags of blasting powder, and after them, at 100 paces distance, the storming column itself, followed at 150 paces by a reserve of equal strength, together with a score of artillerists for manning the captured guns of the Danes.

The Danes, in the darkness of the night, knew nothing whatever of all these preparations, and it was only when the first streaks of dawn began to chequer the eastern sky that they were aroused out of their sleep by such an infernal outburst of cannon-thunder all along their front as had never before, in lieu of the twittering and chirping of birds, greeted the advent of a beautiful day in spring. For six long mortal hours did the Prussians continue this terrific cannonade, of which the violence and intensity may be inferred from the fact that during this time no fewer than 11,500 shot and shell were hurled at and into the Danish redoubts. The material damage done to these redoubts was less, perhaps, than the demoralisation thereby caused to their defenders; but the latter was the result which the Prussians, perhaps, aimed at and valued most.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS MAKING SENTRIES OUT OF CLAY (*p.* 227).

Shortly before ten the awful cannonade suddenly ceased, and was followed by a few minutes' painful silence. During this brief interval the field-preachers, who had given the Sacrament to

all the stormers the night before, now again addressed to them a few fervid words of religious encouragement, and then at the "*Nun, Kinder, in Gottes Namen!*" ("Now, my children, away with you in God's name!") of their commanders, the six storming columns, raising a loud and simultaneous cheer, dashed out of their trenches and across to their respective redoubts to the stirring music of the *Preussenlied* played by the bands of three regiments—"*Ich bin ein Preusse; kennt Ihr meine Färbe?*" ("I am a Prussian: know ye then my colours?")

For a few seconds the Danes seem to be taken aback by this sudden onrush of their foes, and then they recognise that this is no mere outpost affair such as caused them some time before to boast that they had repulsed a Prussian attack all along their line. They look and comprehend; and by the time their Prussian assailants have half covered the distance between the trenches and the forts, their parapets are fringed with the smoke of sharp-crackling volleys of musketry, for, strange to say, they do not use their guns and dose their assailants with destructive rounds of grape. The Prussians rush forward, and many of them fall. Their pioneers cut down the wires, hack and blow up the palisades, tug, strain, and open up a passage for the stormers, who swarm down into the ditch and up the formidable face of the breastwork.

The Crown Prince, at the side of "Papa" Wrangel, is looking on from the Gammelmark height on the opposite side of the bay, while his cousin, the "Red Prince," and his staff have taken their stand on the Spitzberg, well to the rear of the line of zigzags. The stormers swarm up the breastworks like ants, and some of them fall back upon the heads of their comrades mortally struck by Danish bullets. At last they reach the top of the parapets and see the whites of their enemies' eyes, and a short but desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensues. Many of the Danes, seeing the foe thus upon them, throw down their arms and surrender, but many will not give in, and are shot or struck down with bullet, bayonet, and butt.

At Fort 2 the Prussians cannot force their way through the palisades, and are consequently slaughtered as they stand. "Better one of us than ten!" cries a pioneer, Klinké by name (for a monument now stands to his memory on the exact scene of his heroism), who rushes forward with a bag of powder and blows at once the palisades and his own person into atoms—sacrificing himself to save his comrades, and thus secure himself a golden register in the annals of the Prussian army. The stormers now dash on and up, and presently the black-and-white flag of Prussia is seen waving on the parapets of the redoubt. It sinks again, but is once more raised to remain, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time that the stormers sprang out of their trenches they are masters of six redoubts. It was all done, so to speak, in the twinkling of an eye—short, sharp, and decisive. From the six redoubts thus so swiftly rushed, the Prussians made a sweep to the rear of the others, and captured them in much the same manner, though one fort spared them the necessity of fighting for it by surrendering.

As it was at Fort 2 where the highest act of individual heroism had been performed on the side of the Prussians by brave pioneer Klinké, so it was also within this redoubt that Danish courage found its most brilliant exponent in the person of Lieutenant Anker. The Prussians were quite aware that a man of more than usual bravery was posted here, for they had admired the stubborn valour with which the redoubt had always been defended. And when at last they had stormed their way behind its parapets, they beheld the man himself whose acts had hitherto moved their admiration. He had spiked some of his guns, and was in the act of firing another when a Prussian officer sprang upon him, and, clapping a revolver to his breast, cried, "If you fire, I fire!" Anker hesitated, and finally desisted. But just afterwards he took up a lighted match and was making for the powder magazine, when the Prussian officer cut him over the head with his sword, only just in time to prevent him from blowing up himself and a considerable number of his foes. He was then taken prisoner, and his lifelike figure may now be seen on the fine bronze bas-relief of the Storming of the Düppel Redoubts, which adorns the Victory Column in Berlin.

The Danes had been defeated—not so much because the Prussians were braver men, which they were not, as because the latter were armed with better guns and rifles, and more expert at handling them; but, above all things, because they had taken their foes by surprise. For it cannot be doubted that this was the fact. Said a Danish officer who was taken prisoner: "We waited all morning, thinking the assault might still be given, although we had expected that it would take place still sooner; we waited under the terrific cannonade kept up against us, while hour after hour passed slowly away. At

last we said to ourselves that we must have been misinformed, or that the Prussians had changed their minds, and the reserves were withdrawn. It was past nine o'clock when I left the forts and went back to breakfast. While thus engaged, I heard somebody utter an exclamation of dismay. 'What is that? The Prussian flag floats over Fort 4!' And so it was—the forts were lost."

But there was still another and a better reason for concluding that the Danes had not yet awhile expected the Prussian assault, and that was the circumstance that the *Rolf Krake*, most daring and deviceful of warships, did not immediately appear upon the scene to pour its volleys of shell and shrapnel into the flanks of the storming columns. True, it was lying at the entrance to the bay (Werningbund), like an ever-vigilant watch-dog; but by the time it had got its steam up and come to where it was most wanted, the Prussians were already within the Danish redoubts, and, after firing a few ineffectual rounds, the monitor had to retire again well battered with Prussian cannon-balls, but by no means beaten yet like the battalions which had held the forts.

Yet even these battalions, when beaten out of the redoubts, continued to cling tenaciously to the ground behind them, and once or twice they even made a counter-attack with the object of recovering their lost positions. But Prussian ardour proved too much for Danish obstinacy; and at last the Danes in the country behind the forts, after several hours' fighting, were all swept back to the bridge-head in their rear, and then over into the island of Alsen, leaving their foes undisputed masters of all the field.

This latter phase of the fight was well described by a correspondent with the Danes, who wrote:—"Düppel was lost, but the battle was by no means at an end. Indeed, as we watched the terrible cannonade from 12 at noon till 3 or 4 p.m., the violence of the fire seemed to increase at every moment. Anything more sublime than that sight and sound no effort of imagination can conjure up, and we stood spellbound, entranced, rooted to the spot, in a state that partook of wild excitement and dumb amazement—a state of being which spread equally to the dull hinds, ploughmen, woodmen, and the foresters, and their families of wives and children, as they emerged from fields, woods, and huts, and clustered in awestruck, dumbfounded groups around us. The flashes of the heavy artillery outsped the rapidity of the glance that strove to watch them; the reports were far more frequent than the pulsations in our arteries, and the reverberation of the thunder throughout the vast spreading forest lengthened out and perpetuated the roar with a solemn cadence that was the grandest of all music to the dullest ear. The air seemed all alive with these angry shells. I have witnessed fearful thunderstorms in my day in southern and in tropical climates; but here the crash and rattle of all the tempests that ever were seemed to be summed up in the tornado of an hour. Nor was all that noise by any means deafening or stunning. It came to us lingering far and wide in the still air, softened and mellowed by the vastness of space, every note blending admirably and harmonising with the general concert—the greatest treat that the most consummate pyrotechnic art could possibly contrive for the delight of the eye and ear."

Many of the Danes surrendered, but many more were taken prisoners; and as they came along the Prussian soldiers shook them good-naturedly by the hand and tried to cheer them up. Few of the men seemed to want cheering up, being only too glad, apparently, to have escaped with their lives, though their officers looked gloomy enough over their defeat. The Prussians found these captive Danes "sturdy fellows, but by no means soldierly-looking," with their "rich sandy hair reaching far below the nape of their necks." And, to tell the truth, their victors, no less than their admirers throughout Europe, expected that they would have made a far more vigorous defence; for desperate a defence could scarcely have been called which resulted in the capture of their chief redoubts within the brief space of about ten minutes.

The Prussians had won a glorious victory, but a dear one; for in dead they had lost 16 officers and 213 men, and in wounded 54 officers and 1,118 men. Among the officers who were wounded—mortally, as afterwards proved—was the brave General von Raven, who, as he was being borne to the rear, exclaimed: "It is high time that a Prussian General should again show how to die for his King." On the other side General du Plat was also killed, while in dead and wounded officers and men and prisoners the Danish loss otherwise amounted to about 5,500. Among the trophies of victory which fell into the hands of the Prussians were 118 guns and 40 colours.

On being informed of all this, King William telegraphed from Berlin—"To Prince Frederick Charles. Next to the Lord of Hosts,

I have to thank my splendid army under thy leadership for to-day's glorious victory. Pray convey to the troops the expression of my highest acknowledgment and my kingly thanks for what they have done." On seeing that victory was his, the "Red Prince" had bared his head and muttered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, while some massed bands played a kind

Prince Frederick Charles, his acknowledgment of their bravery. Following hard on his telegram his Majesty himself hurried to the seat of war, with his "blood-and-iron" Minister, Bismarck, at his side, and passed in review the troops who had so stoutly stormed the redoubts of the Danes. These troops appeared on parade in the dress and equipment they had worn on the day of

THE PRUSSIANS ATTACKING THE DANISH BREASTWORKS (P. 230).

of *Te Deum*. "In the broad ditch to the rear of Fort No. 4," wrote Dr. Russell, "the bands of four regiments had established themselves, and while the cannon were firing close behind them, they played a chorale, or song of thanksgiving, for the day's success. The effect was striking, and the grouping of the troops and of the musicians, with their smart uniforms and bright instruments, standing in the deep trench against the shell-battered earthwork, and by palisades riven and shattered and shivered by shot, was most picturesque."

But King William was not content with telegraphing to his troops, through his nephew their great feat, and in the course of their march past jumped a broad drain to show his Majesty how nimbly they had stormed in upon the Danes. A fortnight later a select number of the Düppel stormers escorted into Berlin the guns—more than a hundred in number—which they had captured from the Danes, and were received with tremendous enthusiasm.

But this popular jubilation grew louder still when a few weeks later the war was ended altogether by the storming of the island of Alsen, into which the Danes had retired after their defeat at Düppel and entrenched themselves down to the water's edge. In the

deep darkness of a summer night (June 29th) the Prussians, in 160 boats, crossed the channel—about eight hundred yards broad—between the mainland and the island, though not without the usual amount of harassing opposition from the *Rolf Krake*, and under a murderous fire jumped ashore and made themselves master of the position in a manner which made some observers describe the affair as a mere "skirmish and a scamper."

But all the same it was a feat which recalled the "Island of the Scots," as sung by Ayton, and will always live in military history as a splendid feat of arms.

LIEUTENANT ANKER TAKEN PRISONER (*p.* 230).

LORD ROBERTS OF CANDAHAR & WATERFORD

ROBERTS' BATTLES ABOUT CABUL

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE Afghan War of 1878–79 was terminated by the completion of what is known as the "Treaty of Gundamuk," which was signed at that place in May, 1879, by Yakoub Khan—who, on the flight of his father, Shere Ali, had succeeded that ill-starred potentate as Ameer of Afghanistan—and by Major (afterwards Sir Louis) Cavagnari, representing Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India. This treaty gave practical—although, as it turned out, only temporary—effect to the "scientific frontier" of North-Western India, on the attainment of which the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister, greatly plumed himself. The "scientific frontier" detached from Afghanistan and annexed to British India for the time being a large tract of territory. The Treaty of Gundamuk stipulated that a British envoy should thenceforth be resident in the Afghan capital; and to the onerous and dangerous post, at his own request, was assigned the resolute and cool-headed officer to whose wise and calm strength of will was mainly owing the accomplishment of the treaty. Sir Louis Cavagnari took with him to Cabul a subordinate Civil Servant, a surgeon, and a small escort of the famous "Guides," commanded by the gallant Hamilton.

On the night of September 4th, 1879, a weary trooper of the Guides—one of the few who had escaped the slaughter—rode into a British outpost on the Shutargurdan height, with the startling tidings that Sir Louis Cavagnari, the members of his mission and the soldiers of his escort, had been massacred in the Balla Hissar of Cabul on the 3rd. The news reached Simla by telegraph on the morning of the 5th, and next day Sir Frederick Roberts, accompanied by Colonel Charles Macgregor, C.B., was speeding with relentless haste to the Kurum valley, the force remaining in which from the previous campaign was to constitute the nucleus of the little army of invasion and retribution, to the command of which Roberts was appointed. In less than a month he had crossed the Shutargurdan, and temporarily cutting loose from his base in the Kurum valley, was marching swiftly on Cabul, whence the Ameer Yakoub Khan had fled and thrown himself on Roberts' protection.

All told, the army which Roberts led on Cabul was the reverse of a mighty host. Its entire strength was little greater than that of a Prussian brigade on a war-footing. Its fate was in its own hands, for, befall it what might, it could hope for no timely reinforcement. It was a mere detachment marching against a nation of fighting-men plentifully supplied with artillery, no longer shooting laboriously with jizails, but carrying arms of precision equal or little inferior to those in the hands of our own soldiery. But the men of Roberts' command, Europeans and Easterns, hillmen of Scotland and hillmen of Nepaul, plainmen of Hampshire and plainmen of the Punjaub, strode along buoyant with confidence and with health, believing in their leader, in their discipline, in themselves. Of varied race, no soldier who followed Roberts but came of fighting stock; ever blithely rejoicing in the combat, one and all burned for the strife now before them with more than wonted ardour, because of the opportunity it promised to exact vengeance for a deed of foul treachery. Roberts' column of invasion consisted of a cavalry brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Dunham Massy, and of two infantry brigades, the first commanded by Brigadier-General Macpherson, the second by Brigadier-General Baker, with three batteries of artillery, a company of sappers and miners, and two Gatling guns.

The soldiers had not long to wait for the first

fight of the campaign. At dawn, of October 6th, Baker marched out from Charasiah towards his left front, against the heights held by an Afghan host in great strength and regular formation. Sweeping back the Afghan hordes with hard fighting, Baker wheeled to his right, marched along the lofty crest, rolling up and driving before him the Afghan defence as he moved towards the Sung-i-Nagusta gorge, which the gallant Major White* had already entered. While Baker had been turning the Afghan right, White and his little force had been distinguishing themselves not a little. After an artillery preparation, the detached hill covering the mouth of the pass had been won as the result of a hand-to-hand struggle. Later had fallen into the hands of White's people all the Afghan guns, the heights to the immediate right and left of the gorge had been carried, the defenders driven away, and the pass opened up. Artillery fire crushed the defence of a strong fort commanding the road through the pass. The Afghans were routed, and on the following day the whole division passed the defile and camped within sight of the Balla Hissar, and the lofty mountain chain overhanging Cabul. In the fight of Charasiah less than half of Roberts' force had been engaged, and this mere brigade had routed the army of Cabul and captured the whole of the artillery the latter had brought into the field. The Afghan loss was estimated at about three hundred; the British loss was twenty killed and sixty-seven wounded.

On the 9th the camp was moved forward to the Siah Sung heights, a mile eastward from the Balla Hissar (the palace and citadel of Cabul), to dominate which a regiment was detached; and a cavalry regiment occupied the Sherpur cantonment, the great magazine of which had been blown up, and whence the regiments which had been quartered in the cantonment had fled.

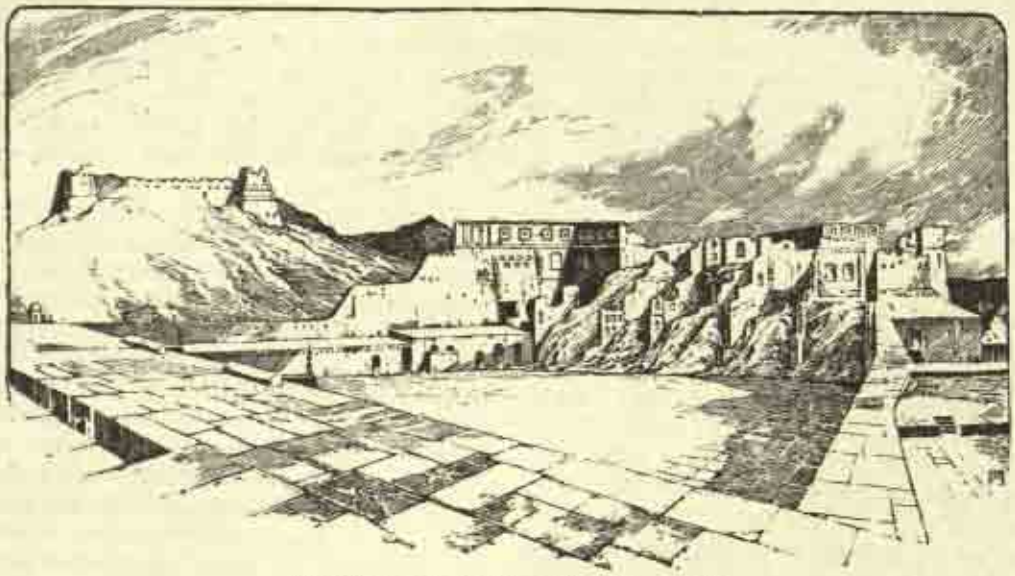
It was a melancholy visit which Sir Frederick Roberts made to the Balla Hissar on the 11th. Through the dirt and squalor of the lower portion, he ascended the narrow lane leading to the ruin which a few weeks earlier had been the British Residency. The commander of the avenging army looked with sorrowful eyes on the scene of heroism and slaughter, on the smoke-blackened ruins, the blood-splashes on the white-washed walls, the still smouldering *débris*, the half-burned skulls and bones in the blood-dabbled chamber where apparently the final struggle had been fought out. He stood in the breach in the quarters of the staunch and faithful Guides, where the gate had been blown in after the last of the sorties made by the gallant Hamilton, and lingered in the tattered wreck of poor Cavagnari's drawing-room, its walls dinted with bullet-pits, its floor and divans brutally defiled. Next day, under the flagstaff from which waved the banner of Britain, he held a durbar in the audience chamber of the palace—in front and in flank of him the pushing throng of obsequious sirdars, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow; behind them, standing immobile at attention, the guard of British infantry, with fixed bayonets which the soldiers longed to use.

Promptitude of advance on the part of the force to which had been assigned the supporting line of invasion by the Khyber-Jellalabad route was of scarcely less moment than the rapidity of the stroke which Roberts was commissioned to deliver. But delay on delay marked the mobilisation and advance of the troops operating by the Khyber line. There was no lack of earnestness anywhere, but the barren hills and rugged passes could furnish no supplies; the country in rear had to furnish everything, and there was nothing at the base of operations, neither any accumulation of supplies nor means to transport supplies if they had been accumulated. Communications were opened from Cabul with the Khyber force and India, it was true, but no reinforcement came to Roberts from that force until the 11th December, when there arrived the Guides, 900 strong, brought up by Jenkins from Jugdulluck by forced marches. Five weeks earlier, when the Kurum line of communication was closed for the winter, Roberts had received the welcome accession of a wing of the 9th Lancers, Money's Sikh regiment, and four mountain guns: his strength was thus increased to about 7,000 men.

For some weeks after Roberts' arrival at Cabul, almost perfect quiet prevailed in and around the Afghan capital, but the chief was well aware how precarious and deceitful was the calm. When the impending announcement of Yakoub Khan's dethronement and deportation should be made, Roberts knew the Afghan nature too well to doubt that the tribal blood-feuds would be soldered for the time, that Dooranee and Baraksai would strike hands, that Afghan regulars and Afghan irregulars would rally under the same standards, and that the fierce shouts of "Deen! deen!" would resound on hill-top and in plain. He was ready for the strife, and would not hesitate to strike quick

* Now Sir George White, Commander-in-Chief in India.

and hard, for Roberts knew the value of a resolute and vigorous offensive in dealing with Afghans. But it behoved him, above all things, to make timely choice of his winter-quarters where he should collect his supplies and house his troops and their followers. After careful deliberation



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AFTER THE ATTACK.

the Sherpur cantonment, a mile outside of Cabul, was selected. It was overlarge for easy defence, but hard work, skilled engineering, and steadfast courage would remedy that evil. And Sherpur had a great advantage in that, besides being in a measure a ready-made defensive position, it had shelter for all the troops and would accommodate also the horses of the cavalry, the transport animals, and all the needful supplies and stores.

The deportation to India of Yakoub Khan and his three principal ministers was the signal for a general rising. The Peter the Hermit of Afghanistan in 1879 was the old Mushk-i-Alum, the fanatic chief moulla (or priest) of Ghuznee, who went to and fro among the tribes proclaiming the sacred duty of a religious war against the unbelieving invaders. The combination of fighting tribes found a competent leader in Mahomed Jan, a Warduk general of proved courage and capacity. The plan of campaign was comprehensive and well devised. A contingent from the Logur country south of Cabul was to seize the Sher Darwaza heights, stretching southward from Cabul toward Charasiah. The northern contingent from the Kohistan and Kohdaman was to occupy the Asmai heights north-west of the city, while the troops from the Maidan and Warduk territory away to the south-westward of the capital, led by Mahomed Jan in person, should come in by Urgundeh across the Chardeh Valley, take possession of Cabul, and rally to their banners the disaffected population of the city and the surrounding villages. The concentration of the three bodies effected, Cabul and the ridge against which it leans occupied, the next step was to be the investment of the Sherpur cantonment, preparatory to an assault in force upon that stronghold.

The British general, through his spies, had information of those projects. To allow the projected concentration would be fraught with mischief, and both experience and temperament enjoined in Roberts a prompt initiative. He resolved, in the first instance, to deal with Mahomed Jan's force, which was reckoned some 5,000 strong; the other contingents might be disregarded for the moment. On the 8th of December Baker marched out with a force consisting of 900 infantry, two and a half squadrons, and four guns, with instructions to break up the tribal assemblage in the Logur valley, march thence south-westward, and take a position across the Ghuznee road in the Maidan valley, on the line of retreat which it was hoped that

Macpherson would succeed in enforcing on Mahomed Jan. Macpherson was to move westward with 1,300 bayonets, three squadrons, and eight guns, across the Chardeh valley to Urgurdeh, where it was expected that he would find Mahomed Jan's levies, which he was to attack and drive southward to Maidan upon Baker. Should this combination come off, the Afghan leader would find himself, it was hoped, between the upper and the lower millstone, and would be punished so severely as to hinder him from giving further trouble.

It happened, however, as Macpherson was about starting on the 9th, that a cavalry reconnaissance found the Kohistanee levies in considerable strength about Karez Meer, some ten miles north-west of Cabul. It was imperative promptly to disperse them, and Macpherson, on the 10th, had to alter his line of advance and move against the Kohistanees, a divergence from the original plan which had the effect of wrecking the previously arranged combined movement and bringing about a very critical situation. After a sharp fight Macpherson routed the Kohistanees, and halted on the ground for the night. In the hope that the combination might still be effected, he was ordered to march south-west toward Urgundeh on the morning of the 11th, where it was hoped he would find Mahomed Jan and drive him towards Baker. Macpherson had left his cavalry and wheeled guns at Aushar on the eastern edge of the Chardeh valley; and he was informed that they would leave that place at 9 a.m. of the same day, under the command of Brigadier-General Massy, and move across the valley in the direction of Urgundeh, where Macpherson, it was expected, would re-unite himself with them. Massy's orders were to proceed cautiously to join Macpherson, but "on no account to commit himself to an action until the latter had engaged the enemy."

"HE HELD A DURBAR" (*p.* 235).

Macpherson marched from Karez Meer at

eight a.m. of the 11th. Massy left Aushar an hour later, and went across country instead of keeping to the road. His force consisted of two squadrons 9th Lancers, a troop of Bengal Lancers, and four horse artillery guns. Near Killa Kazee his advance guard sent back word that the hills in front were occupied by the enemy in considerable force. Massy halted when he saw some 2,000 Afghans forming across the road, and from the hills to right and left broad streams of armed men pouring down the slopes and massing in the plain. The surprise was complete, the situation full of perplexity. There was no Macpherson within ken of Massy. If he retired, he probably would be rushed. If, on the other hand, he should show a bold front, and, departing from his orders in the urgent crisis face to face with which he found himself, should strain every nerve to "hold" the Afghan masses in their present position, there was the possibility that he might save the situation and give time for Macpherson to come up. Massy, for better or for worse, committed himself to the offensive, and opened fire on the Afghan masses. But they were not daunted, and the guns had again and again to be retired. The outlook was ominous when Roberts arrived on the scene. He acted promptly, as was his wont, directing Massy to retire till he found an opportunity to charge; he sent General Hills back to Sherpur to warn its garrison to be on the alert, and to order the despatch at speed of a wing of the 72nd Highlanders to the village of Deh Mazung in the throat of the gorge of the Cabul river, which the Highlanders were to hold to extremity.

The moment seemed to have come for the action of the cavalry. Colonel Cleland led his lancers straight for the centre of the Afghan line. Captain Gough, away on the Afghan left, eagerly "conformed," crushing in on the enemy's flank at the head of his troop. There have been few forlorner hopes than the errand on which, on this ill-starred day, over 200 troopers rode into the heart of 10,000 Afghans flushed with unwonted good fortune. Through the dust-cloud of the charge were visible the flashes of the Afghan volleys and the sheen of the British lance-heads as they came down to the "engage." There was a short interval of suspense, the din of the *mêlée* faintly heard, but invisible behind the bank of smoke and dust. Then from out the obscurity of the battle riderless horses came galloping back, followed slowly by broken groups of dismounted troopers. Gallantly led home, the charge had failed. What other could have been the result? Sixteen troopers had been slain, seven were wounded; two brave young officers lay dead where they fell. Cleland came out with a sword cut and a bullet wound, which latter gave him his death a few months later. The Afghans pressed on. A gun had to be spiked and abandoned, its officer, Lieutenant Hardy, remaining by it until killed; three other guns stuck fast in a watercourse. All four were gallantly recovered by Colonel Macgregor the same afternoon by a most skilful and daring effort, which only he would have ventured upon. The retreat was stubborn and orderly; but there was an anxious interval at Deh Mazung until the Highlanders came through the gorge at the double; when, after a short interval of firing, the Afghans climbed the slopes of the Sher Derwasa heights, and occupied the summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah. Macpherson, marching in, struck and broke the Afghan rear. On the 12th, Baker fought his steadfast way back to Sherpur. The casualties of the 11th were not light—thirty men killed and forty-four wounded. The Afghans were naturally elated by the success they had achieved, and it was clear that Mahomed Jan, had a quick eye for opportunities and some skill in handling men.

From the Sher Derwasa heights Macpherson, with barely 600 men, attempted, on the morning of the 12th, to carry the rocky summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah, but after a prolonged and bitter struggle it had to be recognised that the direct attack by so weak a force, unaided by a diversion, could not succeed. Macpherson remained on the ground he had actually won, informed that on the following morning he was to expect Baker's co-operation from the south. The casualties of the abortive attempt included three officers, one of whom—Major Cook, V.C., of the Goorkhas, than whom the British army contained no better soldier—died of his wounds.

The lesson of the result of attempting impossibilities had been taken to heart, and the force which Baker led out on the morning of the 13th was exceptionally strong, consisting as it did of the 92nd Highlanders and the Guides infantry, a wing of the 3rd Sikhs, a cavalry regiment, and eight guns. Marching in the direction of the lateral spur stretching out from the main ridge eastward towards Beni Hissar, Baker observed that large masses of the enemy were quitting the plain villages in which they had been spending the winter night, and were hurrying upward to gain and hold the summit of the spur, which constituted the main defensive

position of the Afghan reserve. His opportunity flashed upon the ready-witted Baker. By gaining the centre of the spur he would cut in two the Afghan mass, holding its continuous summit, and so isolate and neutralise the portion of that mass in position from the centre of the spur to its eastern extremity. To effect this stroke it was, however, necessary that he should act with promptitude and energy. His guns opened a hot fire on the Afghan bodies holding the crest of the spur. His Sikhs, extended athwart the plain, protected his right flank; his cavalry on the left cut into the groups of Afghans hastening to ascend the eastern extremity of the spur. With noble emulation the Highlanders and the Guides sprang up the rugged slope, their faces set towards the centre of the summit line. Major White, who had already earned many laurels in the campaign, led on the 92nd; the Guides, burning to make the most of their first opportunity to distinguish themselves, followed eagerly the gallant Jenkins, the chief who had so often led them to victory on other fields. Lieutenant Forbes, a young officer of the 92nd, heading the advance of his regiment, reached the summit accompanied only by his colour-sergeant. A band of Ghazees rushed on the pair, and the sergeant fell dead. As Forbes stood covering the body, he was overpowered and slain. The sudden and bloody catastrophe staggered for a moment the soldiers following their officer, but Lieutenant Dick Cunyngham rallied them immediately and led them forward at speed. For his conduct on this occasion Cunyngham worthily received the Victoria Cross.

With rolling volleys the Highlanders and the Guides reached and won the rocky summit. The Afghans momentarily defended the position, but the British fire swept them away, and the bayonets disposed of the Ghazees, who fought and died under their standards. The severance of the Afghan line was now complete. A detachment was left to maintain the isolation of some 2,000 of the enemy who had been cut off; and then swinging to their right with a cheer Baker's regiments swept along the spur towards the main ridge and the Takht-i-Shah. As they rushed forward they rolled up the Afghan line, and the enemy fled in panic flight. Assailed from both sides, for Macpherson's men were climbing the north side of the peak, and shaken by the fire of the mountain guns, the garrison of the Takht-i-Shah evacuated the position. Baker's soldiers toiled vigorously upward towards the peak, keen for the honour of winning it; but that honour justly fell to their comrades of Macpherson's command, who had striven so valiantly to earn it on the previous afternoon, and who had gained possession of the peak and the standards left flying on its summit a few minutes in advance of the arrival of White's Highlanders and Jenkins' Guides. As the mid-day gun was fired in the Sherpur cantonment, the flash of the heliograph from the peak told that the Takht-i-Shah was won.

While the fight was proceeding on the mountain summits, another was being fought on the Siah Sung upland springing out of the plain, within artillery range of Sherpur. On this elevation had gathered masses of Afghans from the turbulent city and from the villages about Beni Hissar, with intent to hinder Baker's return march. The Sherpur guns shelled them, but they held their ground, and the cavalry galloped out from the cantonment to disperse them. The Afghans showed unwonted resolution; but the British horsemen were not to be denied. Captains Butson and Chisholme led their squadrons against the Afghan flanks, and the troopers of the 9th Lancers swept their fierce way through and through the hostile masses. But in the charge Butson was killed, and Chisholme and Trower were wounded; the sergeant-major and three men were killed, and seven men were wounded. Brilliant charges were delivered by the other cavalry detachments, and the Siah Sung heights were ultimately cleared. The Guides' cavalry attacked, defeated, and pursued for a long distance a body of Kohistanees marching north apparently with intent to join Mahomed Jan. The casualties of the day were sixteen killed and forty-five wounded—not a heavy loss, considering the amount of hard fighting. The Afghans were estimated to have lost in killed alone from 200 to 300 men.

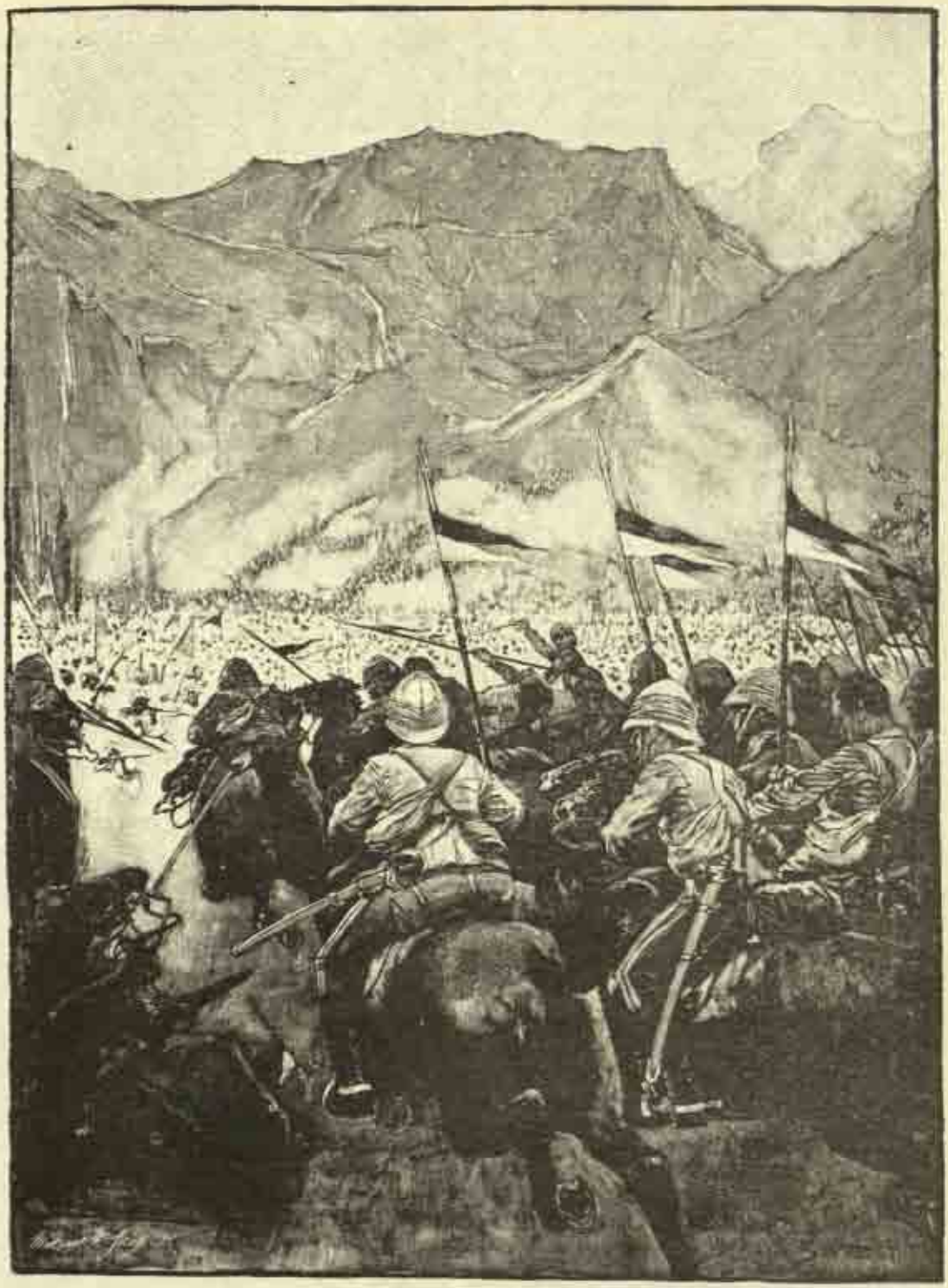
The operations of the 13th were successful so far as they went, but the actual results attained scarcely warranted the belief that the Afghans had suffered so severely that they would now break up their combination and disperse to their homes. The General, indeed, was under the belief that the enemy had been "foiled in their western and southern operations." But the morning of the 14th effectually dispelled the optimistic anticipations indulged in overnight. At daybreak large bodies of Afghans, with many standards, were discerned on a hill about a mile northward of the Asmai heights, from which hill and from the Kohistan road they were

moving on to the Asmai crest. They were presently joined there by several thousands climbing the steep slopes rising from the village of Deh Afghan, the northern suburb of Cabul. It was estimated that about 8,000 men were in position on the Asmai heights, and occupying also a low conical hill beyond their north-western termination. The array of Afghans displayed itself within a mile of the west face of the Sherpur cantonment, and formed a menace that could not be brooked. To General Baker was entrusted the task of dislodging the enemy from the threatening position, with a force consisting of about 1,200 bayonets, eight guns, and a regiment of native cavalry. Baker's first object was to gain possession of the conical hill already mentioned, and thus debar the Afghan bodies on the Asmai heights from receiving accessions either from the hill further north or by the Kohistan road. Under cover of the artillery fire, the Highlanders and Guides occupied the conical hill after a short conflict. A detachment of all arms was left to hold it, and Colonel Jenkins, who commanded the attack, set about the arduous task of storming from the northward the formidable position of the Asmai heights. The assault was led by Brownlow's brave Highlanders of the 72nd, supported on their right by the Guides operating on the enemy's flank, and the Afghan position was heavily shelled from the plain and the cantonment.

In the face of a heavy fire the Highlanders and Guides climbed the rugged hillside leading up to the Afghan breastworks, on the northern edge of the summit. The British shrapnel fire had driven many of its defenders to seek shelter down in Deh Afghan; but the Ghazees in the breastworks fought desperately, and died under their standards as the Highlanders carried the defences with a rush. The crest—about a quarter of a mile long—was traversed under heavy fire, and the southern breastwork on the Asmai peak was approached. It was strong, and strongly held; but a cross-fire was brought to bear on its garrison, and then the frontal attack, led gallantly by Corporal Sellar of the 72nd, was delivered. After a hand-to-hand grapple, in which Highlanders and Guides were freely cut and slashed by the Ghazees, the position, which was full of dead, was carried, but with considerable loss. The Afghans streamed down from the heights, torn as they descended by shell-fire and musketry-fire: when they took refuge in Deh Afghan that place was heavily shelled. The whole summit of the Asmai heights was now in British possession, and it seemed for the moment that a decisive victory had been won.

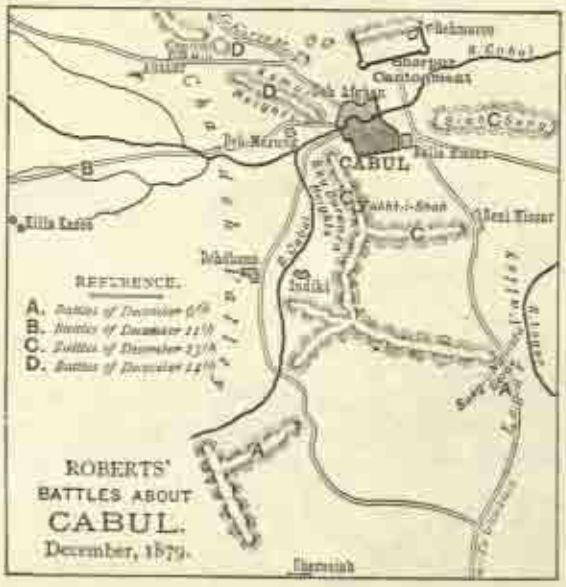
CABUL.

But scarcely had Jenkins found himself in full possession of the Asmai position, when the fortune of the day was suddenly overcast. A great host of Afghans, estimated to number from 15,000 to 20,000, had debouched from the direction of Indiki into the Chardeh valley, and was moving swiftly northward with the apparent object of forming a junction with the masses occupying the hills to the north-west of the Asmai heights.



"COLONEL CLELAND LED HIS LANCERS" (p. 238).

Cavalry scouts galloping from the Chardeh valley brought in the tidings that large bodies of hostile infantry and cavalry were hurrying across the valley in the direction of the conical hill, which was being held by Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, with only 120 Highlanders and Guides. Baker, recognising Clark's weakness, reinforced that officer with four mountain guns and 100 bayonets—a reinforcement which proved inadequate. The guns, indeed, opened fire on the Afghan bodies crossing the valley and drove them out of range; but these bodies coalesced dexterously with the host advancing from Indiki, and then the great Afghan mass, suddenly facing to the right, struck the whole range of the British position, stretching from near the Cabul gorge on the south to and beyond the conical hill on the north. The most vulnerable point was about that eminence. Baker sent Clark a second reinforcement, and 200 Sikhs doubled out from Sherpur to further strengthen him. But the Afghans, swarming up from out the Chardeh valley, had the shorter distance to travel, and were beforehand with the hurrying reinforcements. As the Afghan front and flank attacks developed themselves, they encountered from the garrison of the conical hill a heavy rifle fire, and shells at short range tore through the loose rush of Ghazees; but the bhang-maddened fanatics sped on and up without wavering. As they gathered behind a mound for the final onslaught, Captain Spens with a handful of his Highlanders, charged out on the forlorn hope of dislodging them. A rush was made on the gallant Scot; he was overpowered and slaughtered after a desperate resistance, and the charge of the infuriated Ghazees swept up the hillside. In momentary panic the defenders yielded the ground, carrying downhill with them the reinforcement of Punjaubees which Captain Hall was bringing up. Two of the mountain guns were lost, but there was a rally at the foot of the hill, under cover of which the other two were extricated. The Afghans refrained from descending into the plain, and directed their efforts towards cutting off the British troops still in position on the Asmai heights.



It was estimated that the Afghan strength disclosed this day did not fall far short of 40,000 men; and General Roberts, reluctantly compelled to abandon for the time any further offensive efforts, determined to withdraw the troops from all isolated positions and to concentrate his whole force within the protection of the Sherpur cantonment. The orders issued to Baker and Macpherson, gradually to retire into the cantonment, were executed with skill and steadiness. Macpherson coolly marched through Deh Afghan, his baggage sent on in front under a guard. Jenkins' evacuation of the Asmai position was conspicuously adroit. Baker held a covering position until all the other details had steadily made good their retirement, and he was the last to withdraw. By dusk the whole British force was safely concentrated within the cantonment, and the period of the defensive had begun. The casualties of the day were serious—35 killed and 107 wounded. During the week of fighting the little force had lost altogether, in officers and men, 83 killed and 192 wounded.

Although overlarge for its garrison, the Sherpur cantonment possessed many of the features of a strong defensive position. On the southern and western faces the massive and continuous enceinte made it impregnable against any force unprovided with siege artillery; but on the eastern face the incomplete wall was low, and the northern line of defence on the Behmaroo heights was defective until strengthened by a series of blockhouses supporting a continuous entrenchment studded with batteries. The space between the north-western bastion and the

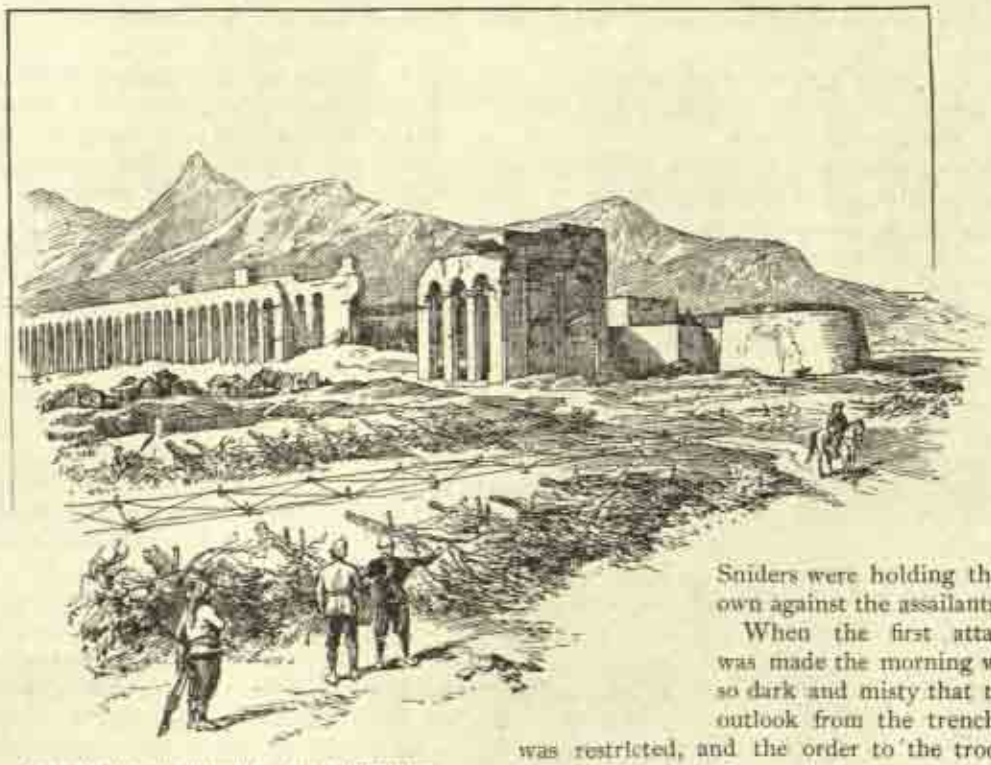
heights was closed by an entrenchment supported by a laager of Afghan gun-carriages and limbers; the open space on the north-eastern angle was similarly fortified; the unfinished eastern wall was heightened by built-up tiers of logs, and its front, as elsewhere, was covered with *abatis* wire entanglements, and other obstacles. The enceinte was divided into sections, to each of which was assigned a commanding officer with a specified detail of troops; and a strong brigade of European infantry was under the command of Brigadier-General Baker, ready at short notice to reinforce any threatened point. Before the enemy cut the telegraph wire, in the early morning of the 15th, Sir Frederick Roberts had informed the authorities in India of his situation and need for reinforcement.

During the 15th and 16th the Afghan troops were busily engaged in sacking the Hindoo and Kuzzilbash quarters of Cabul, in looting and wrecking the houses of chiefs and townsfolk who had shown friendliness to the British, and in fiercely quarrelling among themselves over the spoil. On the 17th and 18th they made sundry ostentatious demonstrations against Sherpur, but these were never formidable. Although they made themselves troublesome with some perseverance during the daytime, they consistently refrained from night-attacks, to which ordinarily the Afghan hillmen are much addicted. There never was any investment of Sherpur, nor indeed any approximation to an investment. The Afghan offensive was not dangerous, but annoying and wearisome. It was pushed, it was true, with some resolution on the 18th, when several thousand men poured out of the city, and skirmished forward under a cover of the gardens and enclosures on the plain between Cabul and the cantonment. Some of the more adventurous were able to get within four hundred paces from the enceinte, but could make no further headway, although they long maintained a brisk fire. The return fire was chiefly restricted to volleys directed on those few of the enemy who offered a sure mark by exposing themselves; and shell-fire was chiefly used to drive the Afghan skirmishers from their cover in the gardens and enclosures. On the morning of the 19th it was found that in the night they had occupied the Meer Akhor fort, a few hundred yards in front of the eastern face of the enceinte. Baker went out on the errand of destroying it, with 880 bayonets, two guns, and a party of sappers. In the approach through the mist, a sudden volley struck down several men, and Lieutenant Montenaro, of the mounted battery, was mortally wounded. The fort was heavily shelled, its garrison was driven out, and it was blown up.

For the moment circumstances had enforced on Roberts the wisdom of accepting the defensive attitude, but he nevertheless knew himself the virtual master of the situation. He had but one anxiety—the apprehension lest the Afghans should not harden their hearts to deliver a real assault on his position. That apprehension was not long to give him concern. On the 20th the enemy took strong possession of the Mahomed Shereeff fort on the southern face of Sherpur; and they maintained themselves there during the two following days against the fire of siege guns mounted on the bastions of the enceinte. On the 21st and 22nd large numbers of Afghans quitted the city, and passing eastward behind the Siah Sung heights, took possession in great force of the forts and villages outside the eastern face of Sherpur, which should have been destroyed previously. On the afternoon of the 22nd a spy brought in the intelligence that Mahomed Jan and his brother chief had resolved to assault the cantonment early on the following morning. His tidings were true; and the spy was even able to communicate the details of the plan of attack. The 2,000 men who were holding the King's Garden and the Mahomed Shereeff post had been equipped with scaling-ladders, and were to make a false attack, which might become a real one, against the western section of the front. The principal assault, however, was to be made against the eastern face of the Behmaroo village, unquestionably the weakest part of the defensive position. The 23rd was the last day of the Mohurrum — the great Mahomedan religious festival—when fanaticism would be at its height; and further to stimulate that incentive to valour, the Mushk-i-Alum was his holy self to kindle the beacon fire on the Asmai height which would be the signal to the faithful to rush to the attack.

The information proved perfectly accurate. All night long the shouts and chants of the Afghans filled the air. Purposeful silence reigned throughout the cantonment. In the darkness the soldiers mustered and quietly fell into their places. The officers commanding sections of the defence made their dispositions. The reserves were silently standing to their arms. Every eye was toward the Asmai height, shrouded still in the gloom of the night. A long tongue of flame shot up into the air, blazed brilliantly for a few moments, and then waned. At the signal a

fierce fire opened from before one of the gateways of the southern face, the flashes indicating that the marksmen were plying their rifles within two hundred yards of the enceinte. The bullets sped harmlessly over the defenders sheltered behind the parapet, and in the dusk of the dawn reprisals were not attempted. But this outburst of powder-burning against the southern face was a mere incident. What men listened for and watched for was the development of the true assault on the eastern end of the great parallelogram. The section-commanders there were General Hugh Gough, in charge of the eastern end of the Behmaroo heights, and Colonel Jenkins from the village down past the native hospitals to the bastion at the south-eastern corner. The defending troops were the Guides from Behmaroo to the hospital, in which were 100 Punjaubees; and beyond to the bastion the 67th reinforced by two companies of the 92nd. From beyond Behmaroo and the eastern trenches and walls as day broke, there came a roar of voices so loud and menacing that it seemed as if an army 50,000 strong was charging down on our thin line of men. Led by Ghazees, the main body of Afghans, who had been hidden in the villages and orchards on the east side of Sherpur, rushed out in one dense horde, and every throat was filling the air with shouts of "Allah-il-Allah!" The roar surged forward as the line advanced, but it was answered by such a roll of musketry that it was drowned for the moment, and then merged into the general turmoil of sound that told our men with Martinis and Sniders were holding their own against the assailants.



NORTH END OF SHERPUR ENTRENCHMENTS, CABUL.

When the first attack was made the morning was so dark and misty that the outlook from the trenches was restricted, and the order to the troops was to hold their fire until the enemy should be distinctly visible. The Punjaubee detachment in the hospital opened fire prematurely, and presently the Guides, holding Behmaroo and the trenches on the slopes, followed the example, and sweeping with their fire the terrain in front of them broke the force of the attack when its leaders were still several hundred yards away. Between the hospital and the corner bastion, the men of the 67th and 92nd awaited with impassive discipline the word of permission to begin firing. From out the mist at length emerged dense masses of men, some of whom were brandishing swords and knives, while others loaded and fired when hurrying forward. The order to fire was not given until the leading Ghazees were within eighty yards,

and the mass of assailants not more than two hundred. Heavily struck by volley on volley, they recoiled, but soon gathered courage to come on again; and for several hours there was sharp fighting, repeated efforts being made to carry the low eastern wall. So resolute were the determined to take them in flank, and with this intention sent out into the open through the Behmaroo gorge four field-guns escorted by a cavalry regiment. Bending to the right, the guns came into action on the Afghan right flank, and the counter-stroke had an immediate effect. The

"THE ROAR SURGED FORWARD" (*p.* 243).

Afghans that more than once they reached the *abatti's*, but each time they were driven back with heavy loss. About ten o'clock there was a lull, and it seemed that the attacking force was owning the frustration of its attempts; but an hour later there was a partial recrudescence of the fighting, and the assailants once more came on. The attack, however, was not pushed with much vigour, and was soon beaten down, but the Afghans still maintained a threatening attitude, and the fire from the defences was ineffectual to dislodge them. The General then enemy wavered, and soon were in full retreat. The Kohistanee contingent, some 5,000 strong, cut loose and marched away northward with obvious recognition that the game was up. The fugitives were scourged with artillery and rifle fire; and Massy led out the cavalry, swept the plain, and drove the lingering Afghans from the slopes of Siah Sung. The false attacks on the southern face from the King's Garden and the Mahomed Shereef fort never made any head. Those positions were steadily shelled until late in the afternoon, when they were finally

evacuated, and by nightfall all the villages and enclosures between Sherpur and Cabul were entirely deserted. Some of these had been destroyed by sappers from the garrison during the afternoon, in the course of which operation two gallant Engineer officers, Captain Dundas and Lieutenant Nugent, were unfortunately killed by the premature explosion of a mine.

Mahomed Jan had been as good as his word: he had delivered his stroke against Sherpur; and that stroke had utterly failed. With its failure came promptly the collapse of the national rising. Before daybreak of the 24th the formidable combination, which had included all the fighting elements of North-Eastern Afghanistan, and under whose banners it was believed that more than 100,000 armed men had mustered, was no more. Not only had it broken up—it had disappeared. Neither in the city itself nor in the adjacent villages, nor on the surrounding heights, was a tribesman to be seen. So hurried had been the Afghan dispersal that the dead were left to lie unburied where they had fallen. His nine days on the defensive had cost Sir Frederick Roberts singularly little in casualties; his losses were eighteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded, from first to last of the rising, was reckoned to be not under 3,000.

On the 24th the cavalry rode far and fast in pursuit of the fugitives, but they overtook none, such haste had the fleeing Afghans made. On the same day Cabul and the Balla Hissar were reoccupied, and General Hills resumed his functions as military governor of the city, *vice* the old moulla Mushk-i-Alum, departed precipitately to regions unknown. Cabul had the aspect of having undergone a siege at the hands of an enemy; the bazaars were broken up and deserted. After making a few examples, the General issued a proclamation of amnesty, excluding therefrom only five of the principal leaders and fomenters of the recent rising. This policy of conciliation bore good fruit; and a durbar was held on January 9th, 1880, at which were present about 300 sirdars, chiefs, and headmen from the various provinces. Although the country remained disturbed, there were no more outbreaks. Cabul and Sherpur were strongly fortified, military roads were made, and all cover and obstructions for the space of 1,000 yards outside the enceinte of Sherpur were swept away. In March the Cabul force had increased to a strength of about 11,500 men and twenty-six guns; and General Roberts formed it into two divisions, one of which he himself commanded, the other being commanded by Major-General John Ross.

On 2nd May, Sir Donald Stewart arrived at Cabul from Candahar, and took over from Sir Frederick Roberts the command in North-Eastern Afghanistan.

[*Photo., Lock & Whitfield, Regent St., W.*

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS IN 1880.

CUSTOZZA.

By A. Hilliard Atteridge.

WHEN Nicholas Nickleby suggested to Mr. Vincent Crummles that the "terrific broadsword combat" on his stage would look better if the two adversaries were more of a size, the veteran manager replied that the remark showed how little he knew about the business. What the public really liked to see was the little fellow getting the better of the big one. And Mr. Crummles was right. Most men have a "weakness for the weaker side," and if there is one thing they like better to see than a fair and even fight, it is the spectacle of a victory won by skill and pluck against superior strength. Such was the victory that splendid old soldier the Archduke Albert of Austria won at Custozza during the brief campaign of Northern Italy in 1866.

As it happened, it was—so far as tangible results were concerned—a barren success. The prize that was fought for was the possession of Venice and its territory; and by the course of events this went to Italy at the close of the war, notwithstanding her defeats by land and sea. But for all that, Custozza and Lissa were a solid gain to Austria, for they enabled her to yield to fate without losing heart and hope for the future. Broken as her power was on the wider field of the struggle with Prussia, she could yet trust to sailors of the stamp of Tegethoff, soldiers like the Archduke Albert, to secure for her the respect even of the victors, and to ensure that before long she would again be a factor to be reckoned with in the councils of Europe.

The Archduke Albert was the son of a famous soldier, the Archduke Charles, who was one of the most formidable opponents of the Great Napoleon, and who by the victory of Aspern brought him within sight of ruin many years before Waterloo was fought and won. The Archduke Albert had distinguished himself in the campaigns of Italy in 1848 and 1849, taking part in more than one hard-fought action on the very ground which he held in 1866. When, in that year, Italy began to prepare to take the field against Austria as the ally of Prussia, the Government at Vienna concentrated the bulk of its forces on the northern frontiers of the empire to meet the more formidable attack that was threatened from Berlin, and the Archduke was left to hold Venetia against the Italians with very inferior forces. It was this marked inferiority that gave special interest to his successful campaign against the great armies that were marshalled against him.

At the end of the month of May the Italians had concentrated a main army of 140,000 men in Lombardy, and a second force of about 60,000 between Ferrara and Bologna in the Romagna. The army in Lombardy was commanded nominally by the King, Victor Emmanuel; really by his chief of the staff, the veteran General La Marmora, the same who had commanded the Sardinian contingent in the Crimea. The army was divided into three corps under Durando, Cucchiari, and Della Rocca. The King's eldest son, Prince Humbert, then Crown Prince and now King of Italy, commanded a division in Della Rocca's corps. His brother, Prince Amadeo, afterwards King of Spain, commanded a brigade of Grenadiers in the first corps. This army was destined to cross the little river Mincio, which formed the boundary between Lombardy and Venetia, thus attacking the Austrians in front; while the second army of 60,000 men under Cialdini would be in a position to cross the lower course of the Po, and fall upon their flank. On the left of the royal army Garibaldi was assembling a third force of between 30,000 and 40,000 men, with which he was to invade the Tyrol.

To meet these three armies—amounting in all to at least 235,000 men—the Archduke Albert had nominally at his disposal a force of 135,000. Thus he had a majority of 100,000 against him at the very outset, but even this does not represent the whole deficiency. First he had to detach 12,000 men for the defence of the Tyrol. These were expected to be able to deal with Garibaldi's 30,000 or 40,000 volunteers; 12,000 more were assigned to the defence of Istria and the neighbourhood of Trieste and Pola, where, considering the strength of Italy on the sea, there was supposed to be some danger of a naval descent; 40,000 were employed in the garrisons of the Quadrilateral (Mantua, Verona, Peschiera and Legnago) and in the fortresses of Rovigo and Venice; finally 6,000 had to be left to guard his communications with Austria. This reduced the field army to a little over 60,000 men, and with these he had to meet the 200,000 of Italy.

The Italians had divided their forces, and the Archduke saw that his best chance of success would lie in an attempt to deal with one of their armies before the other could come to its assistance. In order to do this it would be necessary from the very outset to conceal his own position and movements, and be fully informed of those of his opponents. Therefore, concentrating his army in a central position behind the Adige, a little to the east of Verona, a point from which he could move either against the King or against Cialdini, he left only a screen of cavalry outposts along the Mincio, between Peschiera and Mantua, and along the north bank of the Po, opposite Ferrara. Once war was declared they allowed no one to pass the frontier in either direction, and even before that only those few privileged persons who had obtained a special passport from the Austrian military authorities were allowed to cross.

The cavalry scouts and vedettes did their work to perfection. They prevented the Italians from obtaining any information as to the plans or movements of the Archduke, and they kept him well informed as to all that was going on upon the Lombard shore of the Mincio. The Archduke had in the last few days before the declaration of war made up his mind to attack the King's army. If Victor Emmanuel crossed the Mincio he would fall upon him on the ground between that river and the Adige; or if the Italians remained in Lombardy he intended himself to cross the Mincio, trusting to be able to defeat them, and then return in time to deal with Cialdini. In both cases he would have the advantage of being able to make one or other of the four fortresses of the Quadrilateral the base of his attack. On June 20th he received notice that war had been declared. On the same day he had reports from his cavalry outposts to the effect that both the Italian armies were preparing to advance. From the westward the King's army was closing in upon various points on the Mincio, and to the southward Cialdini was collecting material to construct bridges across the Po at Francolinetto, and had actually occupied an island in the middle of the wide stream at that point. The Archduke remained quiet near Verona for nearly two days longer. His plan was to lull his enemy into a false sense of security, and then strike swiftly and sharply. All the bridges on the Mincio were left standing, and the screen of cavalry posts received orders not to oppose the Italians seriously at any point when they tried to cross. When the invaders entered

Venetia the Austrian horsemen were to fall back before them, to do as little fighting as possible, but never to lose sight of them.

On Thursday, June 22nd, the royal army of Italy was concentrated on the right or Lombard bank of the Mincio. At Monzambano the engineers were at work constructing bridges. At Valeggio and Goito the cavalry of De Sonnaz was ready to seize the existing bridges as soon as the word was given to advance. In the grey of the early morning of Friday they crossed the river at both points. The Austrian cavalry, under Colonel Pulz, fell back without firing a shot. Avoiding the hills that lie northward towards the Garda lake, Pulz retired across the level ground of the plain of Villafranca. The plain is thickly populated. There are numerous villages and hamlets, and plenty of roads, footpaths, and tracks; but it is difficult country to manœuvre in, for everywhere the ground is cut up with small watercourses and irrigation channels—hedgerows, orchards, and plantations restrict the view. Along the course of the streams are swampy rice-fields, and on every stretch of sloping ground there are thickly-planted vineyards. Pulz was able to make the Italians very slow and cautious in their advance. It was the afternoon before he retired from Villafranca, and behind the little country town he made a stand with his horsemen and a battery of artillery; and though he again retreated after a short skirmish, the result was that the Italian cavalry of De Sonnaz did not push their explorations any further that day. They reported to the royal headquarters that the Austrians had no force between the Adige and the Mincio beyond a couple of regiments of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; and this confirmed La Marmora in his idea that the Archduke would be compelled by his inferior numbers to remain on the defensive near Verona.

VERONA.

All day the Italian army had been pouring across the bridges of the Mincio, and advancing by the hot, sandy roads—the right into the plain of Villafranca, the left towards the low hills that border it on the northward, stretching from the lake of Garda to Custozza and Somma Campagna. General La Marmora was confident of victory. He was occupying the very ground where the allied armies of France and Italy had stayed their onward march in 1859. He was

going to take up the work of conquest where Napoleon III. had left off, and he hoped to complete it by entering Venice as a victor. North and south and away to his front lay the famed fortresses of the Quadrilateral, the keys of Northern Italy; but their garrisons were cowering behind the ramparts, and doing nothing to disturb his movements.

On the Saturday night about half the Italian army was across the river, and the rest was close up to the bridges, ready to follow in the morning. The troops were to be moving by 3.30 a.m., and La Marmora had issued orders for an advance upon Verona. The right was to move by the plain of Villafranca to the hills round Somma Campagna; the left was to enter the hill country, more directly marching from Monzambano and Valeggio on Castelnuovo and Sona. The object of the movement was to occupy the mass of hills to the south-east of the lake of Garda, cut off Peschiera from Verona, and threaten the positions held by the Archduke near that fortress.

On the Sunday morning the Italians were under arms at half-past three, and soon after their columns were on the move. The men had no breakfast before starting, beyond a piece of bread or a biscuit taken from the haversack and eaten as they waited for the order to march off. It was intended to halt later on for breakfast, but the Italian staff was anxious to get the march over as early as possible, as it was expected that it would be a very hot day. So sure were they that the enemy would not be encountered in force that no cavalry were sent out to scout in front. In front of each column there was an advance guard; but so badly was the march arranged, and so loosely was the connection between the advance guards and those that followed them kept up, that the vanguard of Sirtori's division, consisting of some 2,500 men with six guns, took the wrong road, and got in front of the vanguard of Cerale's division; while, by a blunder of the leading portion of Cerale's column, his main body wandered on to the road assigned to General Sirtori. Thus there was the singular spectacle of two advance guards following each other on one road, while their main bodies calmly marched in long procession along another.

The start had been made shortly before four o'clock. The march had proceeded for a little more than an hour, and five had just struck from the village bell towers, when General La Marmora, who was riding with centre, was surprised at hearing far away to the right, in the direction of Villafranca, the roar of guns in action. The two divisions of the Italian third corps, commanded by the Crown Prince Humbert and by General Bixio, had been attacked by Austrian cavalry and horse artillery. The Italians behaved well. The infantry formed into squares, and beat off three cavalry charges: the artillery galloped up, unlimbered, and drove away the Austrian guns with a few well-aimed shells. By six o'clock the fight was over, and the enemy was in retreat. La Marmora had ridden towards the firing, and when he received the report of what had happened, he at once made up his mind that the affair was of very little importance. He felt sure that the Austrian force consisted only of Pulz's regiments, the same which had been watching the river two days before, and had retired through Villafranca when the Italians advanced on the Saturday.

The divisions of his first corps on the left had now entered the hilly country, and at half-past six, a good half-hour after the last shot had been fired at Villafranca, there was a still more startling incident on the left. Sirtori was marching his division across the deep little valley through which the Tione flows, and the leading regiment was ascending the slope beyond its left bank. Sirtori himself rode near the head of the column. Suddenly a volley was fired at the leading ranks by riflemen lying in ambush among the trees and enclosures of a farmstead at the top of the slope. Sirtori, pulling up his horse, looked through his field-glasses at the wreaths of smoke that hung in the still, clear morning air; but so well hidden were the riflemen that he could not make out their uniforms. Nevertheless, he felt so sure that the Austrians were not in front of him, and he so little suspected that his vanguard was on another road, that he told those near him that the ambushed foes must be their own comrades of the vanguard firing on them by mistake, and he sent two of his officers galloping forward to stop the fire. They came careering back down the slope to tell him that they had narrowly escaped being killed or captured by a regiment of Austrian Jagers, and the next minute the sight of guns unlimbering on the ridge told the startled Italian general that he had come upon a hostile army in battle array. A minute more and the deep voice of the first gun told even La Marmora that he had made a terrible mistake, and that the Austrians were in action on his left as well as his right.

What had happened? The Italian columns working their way into the hills—one by this road, another by that, with no connection between them, with no concerted plan of action, and, what was worse, with the men fasting and unprepared for a long day's battle, were one by one coming into collision with the army drawn up to receive them under the cover of the first ridges of the hills. Late on the Friday the Archduke had learned of the Italian advance, and had given orders for the crossing of the Adige, near Verona. On the Saturday, while the Italians believed he was still inactive behind the river, he had got his whole army across it, and he bivouacked for the night within striking distance of the royal army, in which no one, from the King to the youngest soldier, had an idea that 60,000 foes were so close in their front. Considering how densely peopled the whole district is, it is a marvel that none of the inhabitants warned the Italians of their danger. If any of them made an effort to pass the Austrian outposts, the attempt was a failure. At midnight the Archduke received a telegram from General Scudier, who commanded on the lower Po. It informed him that Cialdini's vanguard was crossing the river, and the Austrians were slowly retiring before his advance. But this made no change in the arrangements for next day. The Archduke still counted on smashing up the King's army before the two Italian armies could get near enough to help each other. He believed the King's plan would be to march direct through the plain of Villafranca to the Adige; and his own orders for next day were that the various corps were to face southward and westward, moving from their camps at 2 a.m., gaining the hills, and then sweeping round, so as to descend on the flank of the Italian advance. Although he had not completely divined the plans of the Italians, his own plans were so sound that they met even their altered arrangements. Instead of falling on their flank, he struck the heads of their ill-connected columns as they strove to gain the hills. His own march had begun at 2 o'clock, in the darkness of a midsummer night. There was soon enough light to move rapidly and surely. At five the sound of guns engaged in the brief action at Villafranca led the Austrians for awhile to believe that the main Italian advance was in the plain; but their scouts soon brought them news of the real direction in which the enemy was moving, and when the Italians entered the hills they blundered into a fight for which they were not prepared, while the Austrians met them with a well-organised battle line, every unit in which worked well with those to the right and left of it, and proved once more that even enormous numbers count for less than discipline and union under one strong will directed by a clear and well-trained mind.

So far as the Italians were concerned, Custozza was a series of detached fights; for the Austrian commander it was a tremendous struggle, of which he controlled and co-ordinated all the parts.

Let us return to the fight at the point where it began on the Italian left. As soon as Sirtori found that he had an Austrian force to deal with, he got his division into line on the very unfavourable ground on which its leading battalion stood when the first shots were fired, and made repeated efforts to drive the enemy from the farm and the ridges round Pernisa. Soon he heard firing away to the left and right. The battle was becoming general. To the left, about a mile and a half away, his advanced guard, under General Villahermosa, had come upon the Austrian reserve division holding the slopes of Monte Cricol, a bold ridge over which the Valeggio road runs about two miles to the south of Castelnuovo. The fight here had a very important effect on the fortunes of the day. Villahermosa, believing that he had the whole of Sirtori's division close behind him, resolved to clear the way for it by driving the Austrians from the hill, and sent forward his riflemen—the famous Bersaglieri—whose ordinary marching pace is a smart run. They made a gallant dash at the Monte Cricol, but the attack was a failure. Outnumbered and over-weighted, the Italian riflemen fell back, and then the Austrians came charging down the hill after them, and began to drive Villahermosa and his vanguard along the Valeggio road. More than an hour had passed in this fight in front of Monte Cricol, when again the tide was turned by the arrival of the leading troops of General Cerale's division, which had marched towards the firing. The division consisted of some 12,000 men, with eighteen guns. First came General Villarey, a Savoyard soldier, with two battalions of Bersaglieri as the vanguard. Then came the rest of Villarey's brigade—eight battalions—and behind it the guns and a brigade of eight more battalions under General Dhò. As Cerale brought his division into action he saw not only the victorious Austrians in front, but other white-coated columns moving on the hills to his right,

beyond the Tione. These were part of the corps that was attacking his colleague Sirtori, but they brought their guns to bear even upon the Valeggio road, so that Cerale had to turn some of his own artillery upon them. His main force he threw against the Austrians in front, in order to rescue Villahermosa, and for the moment superior force was on the side of the Italians. They cleared the road, captured two guns, and, pushing boldly on, got to the crest of the Monte Cricol, and also turned the enemy out of

ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

Mongabia on the right of the road. It looked as if here, on the extreme western edge of the battle, the Italians were winning.

But now came an incident which shows how, even in modern war with tens of thousands in the field, a handful of brave men can change the whole aspect of a battle. Across the Tione, to the right of this portion of the fight, there was a regiment of Austrian cavalry, known as the Sicilian Uhlans (lancers, who had formerly had the King of the Two Sicilies for their honorary colonel). Colonel de Berres, who commanded the lancers, had been watching through his field-glass the fight for the Monte Cricol, and seeing that the Austrian brigade, which was now retiring before the Italians, was hard pressed, he thought he could help his friends by a sudden charge on Cerale's flank. One Italian brigade was in line of battle driving in the Austrians; the other was in a long marching column on the road. Berres called up one of his captains—Bechtoldsheim—and ordered him to take three troops and attack the enemy on the road. The three troops numbered exactly 103 officers and men. The brigade of General Dhò was at least 5,000 strong, but the hundred without a moment's hesitation trotted off to charge the 5,000. They descended the slope to the Tione, found a ford, got across, and quietly made their way up the hill to the right of the Italians. These seem not to have had the least warning of the coming attack. They were moving slowly forward in column when the handful of splendid horsemen came rushing down the hill like a hurricane. Generals Cerale and Dhò, with their staff, were riding at the head of the column. The Uhlans, falling on the flank of the foremost regiment, crashed through it with levelled lances, and then rode for the crowd of officers, and scattered them right and left. The two generals escaped with difficulty. Cerale was hit by a revolver bullet in the *mêlée*, and Dhò received three lance wounds. Two guns which were on the road just behind the staff were galloped back to the rear by their teams, and battalion after battalion broke and ran as the lancers dashed down the road cheering and striking right and left with their lances, the retiring guns being now the main object of their charge. At last the frightened gunners cut the traces, and the guns were overturned in the press. But, with the exception of one battalion, Dhò's division was now a panic-stricken mob. On both sides of the road the valley was full of men who had thrown away their arms and were running for their lives. Two thousand of them did not stop till they had put the bridges of Monzambano and Valeggio between them and the enemy. And yet that enemy consisted only of a handful of lancers. If one company had stood its ground and fired one steady volley the charge would have been stopped. When the lancers at last pulled bridle and turned to ride back they had not lost a score of their small number. Captain Bechtoldsheim, their brave leader, had had his horse killed under him, but close by an Italian major had just been run through with a lance, and Bechtoldsheim caught the horse of his fallen foe and again put himself at the head of his men. But as they rode back they found the one Italian battalion that had kept together had lined the ditches on both sides of the only

possible track. The lancers had to gallop through a sheet of flame from the hostile rifles, and the road was strewn with men and horses. When Bechtoldsheim regained the hill there were only sixteen of his brave Uhlans beside had just witnessed the charge of the lancers. The Italians tried more than once to make a stand, but they were driven from position after position, and their commander, Villarey, was shot dead while forming the 30th Regiment for

THE CHARGE OF THE AUSTRIAN LANCERS (*p.* 252).

him. They had left two officers, eighty-four men, and seventy-nine horses in the valley, killed and wounded; but they had done their work, and their charge had decided the fortune of the day.

Villarey's brigade was now all that was left of Cerale's division. The Austrians had been reinforced, and they promptly attacked and retook the Monte Cricol, and drove the Italians down the hill and along the same valley which a counter-attack on the victors. After his fall there was nothing but wild confusion on the Italian left. Here and there, however, handfuls of brave men acted in a way that did something to redeem the honour of the Italian arms. A little group of ten officers and thirty men of the 44th Regiment, finding that they were abandoned by their panic-stricken comrades, threw themselves into a farmhouse, taking the flag of

the regiment with them. They held it for two hours against the Austrians, and only surrendered it when the building was set on fire. But their flag was not captured. They had cut it into forty pieces, and each of them took a piece. When they came back from Austria after the war the pieces were sewn together, and the flag was restored to the regiment.

The village of Oliosi, between the Valeggio road and the Tione, was held by the Italians, and afforded some protection to their retreat from the disastrous fight before the Monte Cricol. It was stormed by a column of two Austrian regiments under General Piret, which crossed the river, and cleared the village without much difficulty. In one house—the presbytery, near the village church — the Italians held out for nearly two hours. When the house was all but demolished the little garrison surrendered, and five officers and forty-nine men were made prisoners.

What was left of Cerale's division, together with part of Sirtori's vanguard, now rallied on the bold ridge of Monte Vento. To their left General Pianelli's division, which had just crossed the Mincio, was coming up from the bridges of Monzambano, bringing some 12,000 fresh men to support them. The Austrians were pushing in between the hill and the river; and one of their rifle regiments advancing over-boldly, was surrounded by Pianelli's troops, and the 700 Jagers were all either shot down or captured. The reserve of the Italian 1st corps, consisting chiefly of Bersaglieri, was also directed upon Monte Vento. On the possession of this ridge the safety of the whole army depended, for if the Austrians took it they would be in a position to cut off the Italians from the bridges over the Mincio.

So far the fight on the left had gone by ten o'clock. On the rest of the field it was the same. Everywhere the Italians had come into action piecemeal against solid masses of Austrians, and in every one of the detached fights that was in progress from left to right they were being pushed back. In the Tione valley Sirtori had failed to carry the ridge near Pernisa. He had himself been routed and driven across the river by the advancing Austrians, and had lost three guns. He had rallied his men and crossed the stream a second time, only to be a second time driven back. Still further to the right among the hills towards Custozza Brignone's division had come to grief. The Italians had fought well and lost heavily, Prince Amadeo and General Gozzani both falling severely wounded at the head of their brigades. About ten, La Marmora was so alarmed by the reports that reached him from every side that he told the King he thought it was a lost battle, and was on the point of giving the order to retire to the bridges when an encouraging message from Durando, who was bringing the reserves into action on the left, led him to change his mind, and continue the fight. Having made at the outset such a terrible mistake as to the position of the Austrians, he seemed all day to be expecting some new surprise and disaster; and though really there were only Pulz's cavalry in the plain to his extreme right, he was so anxious about a possible attack in that direction that he kept Bixio and Prince Humbert's division inactive all day at Villafranca. They had not fired a shot since the short skirmish with the cavalry in the early morning, and all through the blazing heat of the day the men sat or lay stretched in the shadows of the trees, listening to the roar of the fight in the hills, while their officers impatiently waited for orders to move. The only order they got was a message that all was lost, and the moment had come to retreat. But this was some hours later. By eleven o'clock the Austrians had disposed of Sirtori's division, and crossing the river after his retreating

battalions, they stormed the strong position of Santa Lucia, thus almost interposing between the Italian left and right. Artillery was massed against Monte Vento, and further westward a column of attack moved forward to attempt to seize the bridges on the Mincio at Monzambano. On the right the two fresh divisions of Cugia and Govone strengthened the Italian line, and delayed for a while the advance of the Austrians, whose object in this quarter was the capture of the village of Custozza, which stands on a bold hill overlooking the plain of Villafranca.

The loss of Santa Lucia made it very difficult for the Italians to hold on to Monte Vento. General Durando was actually discussing the question of retiring when he was shot down, and General Chilini, who had assumed the command in his stead, abandoned the position as soon as the Austrians advanced upon it. This made the defeat of the whole Italian army inevitable, for the Austrians could now advance and seize the ground between Monte Vento and the Mincio, the very ground over which the Italian army must retire if it was to withdraw to its own territory, and across which it would have to keep up its communications with Lombardy, even if it could maintain itself in Venetia.

On the right the Italians had been driven back upon Custozza. It was near four o'clock. The Austrians had every available man and every gun in action. Their men were weary with the night march and the long fight among the hills under the blazing midsummer sun, which shone in a cloudless sky. But it was worse for the Italians. Most of them had eaten nothing all day, and they had none of the inspiration of success. They had been losing ground all day, and they had lost all confidence in their chiefs and in themselves. Yet they had still forty thousand men who either had not fired a shot or had not been seriously engaged. These were the two divisions at Villafranca (Bixio's and the Crown Prince's) and the two reserve divisions of Cucchiari's corps, which were struggling along roads so encumbered with a confused mass of baggage and ammunition waggons that it was only when all was over that they approached the field. It would be difficult to find more striking proof of the hopeless incapacity of La Marmora and his staff.

At five o'clock the village and hill of Custozza were stormed with a fierce rush by the columns on the Austrian left. The hills were now completely in the possession of the Archduke. He had driven the last of the Italians on to the low ground, and everywhere they were retiring towards the river, thousands having already streamed across the bridges in a confused and disorderly march. The Austrians were so exhausted with their nineteen hours of marching and fighting that there was no pursuit. If the Archduke had had a few thousand fresh troops he might have captured whole masses of the fugitives, who were huddled together along the Mincio, waiting to cross. Next day the Austrian cavalry pushed into Lombardy, and such was the impression made on the Italian army by the collapse of Custozza that La Marmora made no effort to stop them, but retired first behind the Chiese and then behind the Oglio, abandoning a considerable part of Lombardy. Meanwhile, the Archduke had marched from the scene of his victory back to the Adige, in order to be able to fall on Cialdini if he persisted in his invasion of Venetia. But the lesson of Custozza was enough to make the second Italian army withdraw into the Romagna.

The Austrians lost in the battle 960 killed, 3,690 wounded, and some hundreds of prisoners, chiefly the Jagers captured by Pianelli's division. The Italian loss in killed and wounded was not quite so heavy, the killed being 720 and the wounded 3,112, but they lost in prisoners and missing 4,315 officers and men. On the Italian side General Villarey was killed, and Generals Dhò, Durando, Gozzani, and Prince Amadoe were wounded. But a mere comparison of losses can give no idea of the effect of the battle on the two armies. The Austrian army was for all practical purposes intact, full of confidence in itself and in its leader. A great part of the Italian army had degenerated into something like an armed mob, all confidence in the generals was gone, and, instead of talking of a march upon Venice, men were asking themselves if they could hold Northern Italy against an Austrian invasion. Custozza had given one more proof of the fact that victory is not always with the big battalions, and that a skilful leader can bring to nought the onset of less ably handled troops, though they outnumber his own by tens of thousands.

ON the 16th of March, 1812, when the poplar trees that fringed the Guadiana were bending under a tempest of wind and rain, a British force some 15,000 strong, with a battering train of fifty-two guns, reached Badajoz—a strongly-fortified Spanish town near the frontier of Portugal—the bugles of the "95th" playing "St. Patrick's Day" as they faced the furious equinoctial gale.

About a year before, the scoundrel Imas had delivered up the place to Marshal Soult, whose clubfoot did not prevent his being one of the most active men and fearless riders in the French service; and although we had made two attempts to retake it, we had failed on each occasion after heavy losses, our battering train being shamefully insufficient, and the enemy very much on the alert; the third time we were successful, and it is of this I am about to tell.

Badajoz was the *pax augusta* of the Romans, and a granite bridge with twenty-eight arches, dating from Roman times, still spanned the sluggish river on the north-west; but, save that the town had been frequently taken and retaken by Moors, Goths, and Spaniards, and was the birthplace of Morales, the painter, there was nothing very remarkable about its quaint, crooked streets and massive cathedral beyond the natural strength of its position, rising some 300 feet above the marshy plain, with eight bastions and their connecting curtains to protect it from attack.

It remained for Philippon and his gallant garrison, and our veteran troops under the Earl of Wellington—as he was then styled—to render Badajoz immortal, and bring a flush of pride and a thrill of horror to future generations who may read the tale.

The General of Brigade Philippon, colonel of the 8th of the French Line, and member of the Legion of Honour, commanded in Badajoz with a force of 4,742 men—composed partly of the 9th Light Infantry, the 88th Regiment, the Hesse-Darmstadt, some dragoons and chasseurs, artillery, engineers, and invalids, and seventy-seven Spaniards who ought to have been fighting on the other side.

Although somewhat short of powder and shell, Badajoz presented a formidable task to a besieging army, being protected on one side by the river, 500 yards wide in places, and having several outworks, or forts, notably one called the Picurina, on a hill to the south-east, whose defenders could be reinforced along a covered-way leading to the San Roque lunette close to the town walls.

Philippon had, moreover, taken every means possible to strengthen his post: mines were laid, the arch of a bridge built up to form a large inundation, ravelins constructed and ramparts repaired, ditches cut and filled with water, and that he should have no useless mouths to fight for, the inhabitants were ordered to lay up three months' provisions or march out there and then.

Such was Badajoz when Picton's 3rd, or "Fighting," Division; Lowry Cole's 4th—or, as they were nicknamed at the close of the war, "Enthusiastic"—Division; and the Light, known as "*The*" Division, invested it in the rain.

The rest of the army watched Soult's movements closely, and prepared to oppose the relief of the town if that should be attempted, and the 5th Division was on its way from Beira to assist the siege.

As soon as darkness had fallen on the night of the 17th, 2,000 men moved silently forward to guard our trenching parties, and, with mattock and shovel, we began to break ground, 160 yards from the Picurina, the sentinels on the ramparts hearing nothing, as the howling of the wind drowned the sound of digging, and the sputtering rain fell incessantly into the works. So well

THE 5TH DIVISION STORMING BY ESCALADE THE RAMPARTS OF SAN VINCENTE (p. 263)

had the volunteers from the 3rd Division laboured, for we had no regular sappers, that the light of the misty March morning revealed 4,000 feet of communication, and a parallel 600 yards long, on perceiving which the garrison opened a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry. The deafening roar of the heavy guns and the crack of rifles and smooth-bores continued with little cessation for many days, increasing as we finished battery after battery and brought them to bear upon the doomed town.

The condition of our siege artillery would hardly be credited were it not borne out by the unanimous published statements of credible witnesses.

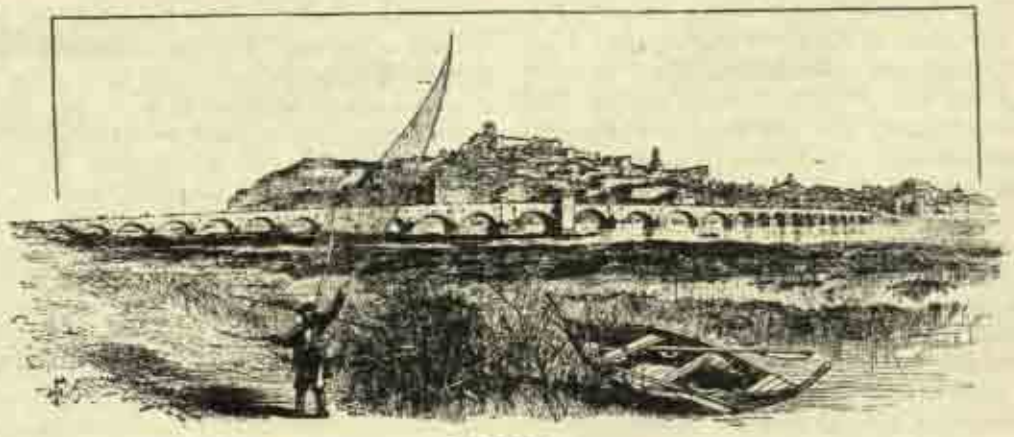
Of the fifty-two pieces, some dated from the days of Philip II. and the Spanish Armada; others were cast in the reigns of Philip III. and also John IV. of Portugal, who reigned in 1640; we had 24-pounders of George II.'s day, and Russian naval guns; the bulk of the extraordinary medley being obsolete brass engines which required seven to ten minutes to cool between each discharge, lest the overheating should cause the muzzles to drop.

The ammunition was little better, and an engineer officer tells us that his 18-pound shot was of *three* distinct sizes, which had to be sorted out and painted different colours, while it was often possible to put a finger between the ball and the top of the gun, when the former was placed ready for ramming. Yet, with this miserable *matériel* we were expected to fight the most intelligent army in Europe!

Wellington learned from his spies that the garrison were to make a sally on the 19th, and at 1 o'clock the Talavera Gate suddenly opened, a little body of horsemen jingling out, followed by 1,300 infantry, who concealed themselves in the covered trench connecting San Roque with the Picurina.

The cavalry pretended to skirmish, and, dividing into two parties, one pursued the other towards our lines, where they were challenged, and allowed to pass, on replying in Portuguese.

There was some excuse for the conduct of our pickets, as the French dragoons, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring new uniforms from France, were allowed to use the brown cloth so general all over the Peninsula, and were thus easily mistaken for our Portuguese allies, some of whom also dressed in brown. But we were soon undeceived, for the troopers dashed at the



BADAJOZ.

engineers' park, cut down some men, and galloped off with several hundreds of the entrenching tools, for which Philippon had offered a large reward.

Simultaneously the infantry sprang out of the covered-way with a part of the Picurina garrison, and, rushing forward, began to destroy our works.

We drove them back almost to the walls of Badajoz, killing thirty and wounding 287. But we lost heavily, for it was a sharp encounter; and, unhappily, our chief engineer, Colonel Fletcher, was badly hit, a bullet striking a silver dollar in his fob and forcing it an inch into the groin, confining him to his tent until the latter end of the siege, the Earl going each morning to consult about the day's operations.

Our movements were by no means faultless, Wellington having great difficulties to contend with in many directions; in fact, during the whole of the Peninsular War he may be said to have fought the French with one hand, and

Spanish pride, obstinacy, and selfishness with the other—fortunate indeed in possessing a genius which was ever at its best the more trying the emergency. We stationed a cavalry regiment to prevent any further surprises, and continued our digging, the pitiless rain slanting unceasingly on the trench guards in their grey overcoats and oilskin shakoe-covers, while the working-parties shovelled and measured, and piled up long ridges of earth, standing ankle-deep in the water which filled the saps and trenches.

Many a man of the 3rd Division spun round and fell on the wet ground, for the enemy kept up a steady fire, and one shell dropped, fizzing, into a parallel and exploded, killing fifteen of the workers in a moment.

The Guadiana, too, rose in full flood and tore away the pontoon bridge which connected us with our stores at Elvas: it was replaced, however, and the garrison of Badajoz saw us creeping nearer and nearer to their walls, until, at last, our men finding the fire from the Picurina terribly galling, it was decided to storm that fort on the 24th.

The rain had ceased, and the dark mass of the fort, held by some of the Hesse-Darmstadt Regiment, loomed up, stern and silent, as five hundred of Picton's Division mustered before it about nine o'clock on a fine night.

A hundred men were kept in reserve, while the remainder, divided into two bodies, were to advance against the right and left flanks, also securing the communication with San Roque to prevent any succour coming from the town.

Scarcely had the word to march been given, when soaring rockets went up from the ramparts, port-fires illuminated the darkness in places, and the stillness became a babel of sounds, as shells came hissing towards us, drums rolled, and the bells of Badajoz rang wildly amid the deep booming of the heavy cannon. Red flashes streamed through the openings in the palisading, the Hesse-Darmstadt opened a murderous fire, but we swarmed irresistibly up the rocks and groped for the gate, the pioneers of the Light Division leading with their axes.

Down in the communication our fellows repulsed a battalion coming to the rescue, but it seemed for a time as if we had been baffled; the sides of the hill were dotted with our dead. Oates, of the Connaught Rangers, three engineer officers, with Majors Rudd and Shaw, who commanded the attack, and many a private soldier had fallen there. But as Powis, of the 83rd, brought up the reserve and forced the palings in front, the pioneers discovered the gateway on the town side, and, battering it down, rushed in with a shout.

Nixon, of the 52nd, was shot two yards within the entrance, and we fought with gun-butt and bayonet against a most heroic resistance; but at last they were overpowered, and half the garrison slain. One officer and thirty men floundered through the inundation and gained Badajoz in safety, but brave Gaspard Thierry, with the eighty-six survivors, were compelled to surrender, and the death-dealing Picurina was ours.

The firing from the town ceased at midnight, but with the dawn of day they turned their guns on to the captured fort, driving us out and crumbling it to pieces.

Philippon had hoped to have held the work for four or five days, while he completed certain partially-finished defences, and its capture and destruction were a severe blow to him. But he urged his garrison to fresh efforts by reminding them of the English prison-hulks, which, as Napier justly says, were a disgrace to our country.

Three breaching-batteries were now constructed, one against the Trinidad bastion, another to shatter the Santa Maria, and the third—which consisted of howitzers—was to throw shrapnel into the ditch, and so prevent the garrison from working there. We had been eleven days before the town, and in spite of all the obstacles had made considerable progress, although latterly a bright moon had interfered with our nocturnal operations.

Overcoats were laid aside, and our men appeared in the well-worn scarlet coatee with white-tape lace, and the black knee-gaiter, which was the dress of a British infantry private at that time. Pigtails had been done away with four years previously, and the well-known grey trousers were not issued to the troops until the following September. The Rifle Corps wore dark green, and used a wooden mallet to drive the ball down the grooved barrel; fusiliers and the grenadier companies of the line had bearskin caps, and light infantry were distinguished by green tufts in their felt shakoes, while our Portuguese friends were mostly clad in blue or brown, with green for the *caçadores*, or riflemen, each man carrying—including knapsack, accoutrements, kit, and weapons, etc.—a weight of seventy-five pounds twelve ounces, or ten pounds more than their opponents. The soldiers were enraged at the inhabitants of Badajoz for admitting the French, a sentiment

which boded ill to them if we took the town. But, in the meantime, many instances of pluck on both sides were exhibited. One morning, early, before the working-party arrived, a brave fellow crept out of Badajoz and moved a tracing-string nearer to the walls, so that when we began digging in fancied security, their guns suddenly opened and bowled the men over like nine-pins. Another time, two of our officers and some men stole forward in the night, gagged a sentry, and laid barrels of powder against the dam which confined the inundation, and got back in safety; but the explosion did not have the desired effect.

At last, the stones began to fall from the Trinidad bastion, amid clouds of dust, as ball after ball went home with terrific force; the Santa Maria also crumbled under the cannonade, but, being casemated, it resisted better than the other, which, by the 2nd of April, yawned in a manner that must have dismayed the garrison, for they commenced to form what is known as a retrenchment, or second line of defence, within the walls, by levelling houses behind the growing breach. In places where the fortifications had not been completed the energetic Frenchman hung brown cloth which resembled earth, and his men were able to pass freely along; they also made a raft with parapets and crossed the inundation to our side. But all their efforts were useless: the breaches became larger as masses of stone and rubbish fell like mimic avalanches into the fosse below; and, on the 6th, a tremendous gap showed in the ancient masonry of the curtain between the two bastions which had not been renewed when the bastions themselves were rebuilt about 1757.

Then came a moment's pause. Soult, Drouet, and Daricau were advancing: a battle was imminent, and would need all our forces. In twenty-one days we had expended 2,523 barrels of gunpowder, each barrel containing ninety pounds, and we had fired 35,346 rounds of ammunition. Badajoz must be taken at all risk; and orders were now given for the most terrible of all species of warfare—*the night-attack by storm!*

Wellington's commands were precise and to the point, but they were terribly eloquent to those who read them. I have extracted a few paragraphs from the original memorandum, and give them word for word:—

"1. The fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at 10 o'clock this night (6th of April). 2. The attack must be made on three points—the castle, the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria. 3. The attack of the castle to be by escalade; that of the two bastions, by the storm of the breaches. . . . 20. The 4th Division must try and get open the gate of La Trinidad; the Light Division must do the same by the gate called the Puerta del Pillar. 21. The soldiers must leave their knapsacks in camp. . . . 24. Twelve carpenters with axes, and ten miners with crow-bars, must be with the Light, and ditto with the 4th Division."

The time had been altered from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, and during that interval the French placed the celebrated *chevaux-de-frise* of sharpened sword-blades in the gap we had made in the connecting curtain; piles of shot and shell were laid along the ramparts, with beams of wood, old carriage-wheels, and every conceivable missile that their ingenuity could devise; each soldier had three loaded muskets beside him, and, as the unusual stillness in our trenches warned them that something was in preparation, an officer tried to reconnoitre us with a little escort of cavalry, but we drove him back, and all was quiet once more.

It was the calm before the storm, and men grew silent and thoughtful as the time drew near.

Letters were written home by hands that would never use pen again; absent friends were talked of in hushed voices, wills hastily made as in the presence of death; the married soldiers lingered in their quarters till the last moment, and then gave it out that they were "going on guard"!

The April day drew into evening; a grey mist rose from the river and stole among the trenches and the marshy ground, where frogs piped dismally and field-crickets kept up their perpetual chirp; then night came, still and cloudy, not a star visible, but here and there lights flitted along the ramparts, and the challenge of the sentries could be distinctly heard.

There was no bustle to show that eighteen thousand men were forming for a desperate attack; company after company they mustered and got under arms silently, words of command being given in a whisper.

Picton had been hurt by a fall, and his famous 3rd Division was led by Kempt in consequence.

Its destination was the castle, whose walls were from eighteen to twenty-four feet high; and the regiments which formed it were the 5th, 45th, 74th, 77th, 83rd, 88th, and 94th British, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese.

The 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General

Leith—composed also of English and Portuguese—had to make a feint upon the Pardaleras outwork to the left, and then march round and storm the San Vincente bastion in rear of the town, while General Power made a false attack on the bridge-head beyond the Guadiana.

in, and about 9 o'clock four companies of the 95th Rifles crept forward and lay down, under the crest of the glacis, within a few yards of the French sentinels, whose heads could be seen, passing to and fro, against the sky.

Not a word was spoken as they crouched,

The Light Division and the 4th, under Generals Colville and Barnard, were to tackle the trenches, and were composed of the following corps—the Light having the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th British, the 1st and 3rd Portuguese Caçadores; and the 4th Division, the 7th, 23rd, 27th, 40th, 48th, and 97th British, with the 11th and 23rd Portuguese, and the 1st Battalion of the Lusitanian Legion.

The trench-guards and the "forlorn hope" fell unnoticed, in the mist that veiled their dark uniforms. They waited the arrival of the "forlorn hope" to begin the attack. At length a sentry peered over the parapet: something had caught his quick ear, for he cried "*Qui vive?*" and there was a moment of keen suspense.

Not satisfied, he again challenged, and, receiving no reply, fired his musket into the darkness; and instantly the drums of Badajoz beat to arms.

Still, for ten minutes more the riflemen lay

motionless, until the "forlorn hope" came up, and then, each man sighting carefully at the heads above the rampart, they poured in a volley, and the attack began.

It was unfortunate—as it happened—for Wellington wished all our assaults to take place simultaneously, but it could not be undone; moreover the garrison threw a huge mass of combustibles, called "a carcass," from the walls, and by its powerful blaze they saw the 3rd Division drawn up under arms; so, "Stormers to the front!" was our cry, and we rushed on with an uproar of cheers and shouting.

The ladder-parties and those carrying the grass-bags ran forward, scrambling across the trenches and broken ground, and, filing over the Rivillas by a narrow bridge, reached the foot of the castle wall under a heavy fire.

Brave Kempt, who afterwards fought at Waterloo, fell, badly wounded, and as they carried him back he met Picton hurrying to take command with his sword drawn.

The 3rd Division had only twelve ladders, and eighty to a hundred men were all that could mount at a time; but they reared them against the masonry, and fought with each other who should be first to ascend.

"THE NEXT THEY WERE LEAPING, SLIDING, CLIMBING" (*p.* 262).

Stones, earth, live shells, beams, heavy shot, and a rain of musket balls poured down; those who reached the top were stabbed and flung on to the others behind them—here a cheer as a man grasped the coping—there a howl of rage as the ladder was hurled broken from the wall and all its occupants flung in a heap below.

"Forward the 5th Fusiliers—Come on, Connaught Rangers." A corporal of the 45th fell wounded on hands and knees, a ladder was placed on his back in the confusion, his comrades mounting above him, and he was found next day crushed to death, the blood forced from his ears and nose.

Several of the ladders were broken, and those that remained were flung off repeatedly by the garrison on the ramparts, until the French cried "Victory," and the 3rd Division retired for a moment, to re-form under the crest of the hill.

Meanwhile, the 4th and Light Divisions, after a double allowance of grog had been served out, marched quickly on to the breaches, and the trench-guard rushed at San Roque with such fury that they bayoneted its defenders and carried the lunette without a rebuff.

As the stormers of the Light Division moved off, Major Peter O'Hare—who had risen from the ranks to a commission in the 95th (a most unusual thing in those days), and who was, moreover, one of the ugliest men and one of the bravest in the army—shook hands with George Simmonds, of the Rifles, saying—"A lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours!" They found him next morning stone dead and stark naked, with nearly a dozen bullets in his gallant frame. Officers were divided into two categories by the Peninsular soldiers—the "Come on" and the "Go on." O'Hare was one of the former.

As the firing commenced at the castle, the heads of the double columns reached the glacis to find all quiet and the place wrapped in profound gloom.

The ditch yawned beneath them, and the stormers threw their grass-bags, which measured some six feet by three feet, into it, lowered the *five* ladders which did duty for both divisions, and the "forlorn hope" of the Light Division descended into the chasm, doomed to a man!

A musket-shot told them that the silence was a treacherous one; but none were prepared for the awful scene that followed. The ditch was crowded with the stormers, and men waited their turn to follow down the ladders, when all at once a tongue of flame lit up the darkness, a terrific explosion seemed to rend the earth itself, and five hundred brave fellows were blown into eternity under the eyes of their comrades on the glacis above them.

One second's space the Light Division stood aghast, the next, they were leaping, sliding, climbing, never heeding the depth, into the gory grave that lay between them and the breaches, with a roar that went echoing along the walls of Badajoz—a roar of fury never to be appeased until bayonet should meet bayonet on the towering ramparts, fringed with the foe, beyond.

Down poured the 4th Division and mingled with them: the ditch was full of shouting redcoats, all struggling, regardless of rank, to get at the French, who, yelling defiance in their turn, showered grape, round shot, canister, hand grenades, stones, shells, and buckshot upon them; rolling huge cannon-balls from the parapet, sending baulks of timber thudding into the tumult, and coach-wheels that acquired a fearful velocity as they bounded down the rocks into the living mass of British valour pent up in the death-trap below.

Bursts of dazzling light were succeeded by moments of intense darkness; for an instant the huge bastions showed, bristling with armed men, to be lost again in a Stygian gloom, re-illumined the next minute by the flashing guns—by wavering port fires, and trailing rockets. A hundred Albuera men of the Fusiliers were drowned in an unexpected water-ditch; the air was heavy with gunpowder smoke and the sickening stench of the stagnant pools; individuals and regiments alike surged and scrambled to find a passage; until at last, getting on to an unfinished ravelin, mistaken in the confusion for a breach, both divisions were jumbled together, and great disorder ensued.

Wellington, watching from a hill, and seeing the pause, exclaimed repeatedly: "What can be the matter?" sending aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to report progress, as the glare revealed the faces on the ramparts and the peculiar hollow booming reached him, caused by the garrison firing down into the cavernous depths of the ditch.

At length there was a rush for the great breach. Officers and men, having extricated themselves from the carnage below, rushed on, to find an impenetrable barrier of sword-blades fixed in wooden beams and set firmly across the opening, while the *débris* in front was strewn with planks covered with spikes: if a soldier trod on one of them it slid down, either

throwing him on the spikes or sending him back on to the bayonets of his comrades; and, to crown all, the garrison rolled barrels of powder into the middle of us, which exploded with shocking effect, filling the nostrils with the smell of burning flesh and singed hair, and strewing the breach with scarlet figures in every conceivable attitude of agony and death!

Our gallant fellows charged madly in masses, in groups, and even singly, one private of the Rifles forcing himself among the sword-blades, where the enemy shattered his bare head with their musket-butts.

It was not until the cruel slaughter had lasted *two hours* that the diminished divisions withdrew to the bottom of the slope and stood furious and exhausted, but powerless to effect their aim, and still under a fire that was thinning their broken ranks, while the enemy cried mockingly down to them, "Why don't you come into Badajoz?" Captain Nicholas, of the Engineers, gathered a few men and made frantic efforts to force the Santa Maria breach, and he was joined by Lieutenant Shaw, of the 43rd, who collected fifty men from various regiments and struggled over the broken masonry with them, but, two-thirds of the way up a hail of balls and hissing grape-shot mowed them nearly all down, and the divisions remained stolidly confronting inevitable death, unable to advance, unwilling to retire, for the bugles sounded twice unheeded, while, strange irony it seemed, a bright moon shining peacefully overhead, the Santa Maria, or "Holy Mary," looking down upon them on the one hand, La Trinidad, "The Trinity," on the other, and all around an Inferno such as Dante never dreamed of! About midnight Wellington ordered them back to re-form for another attack, and in the meantime Picton's Division, whom we left also re-forming, had rushed forward again, led by Colonel Ridge, who placed a ladder against the castle wall, where an embrasure offered a chance of foothold. A grenadier officer named Canch reared a second one alongside it, and the two mounted together, followed by their men, securing the ramparts after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, and driving the enemy out of the castle into the town.

The garrison sent a reinforcement, and there was a sharp passage of arms at the gate, our redcoats firing from one side almost muzzle to muzzle with the blue-clad, square-shakoed French on the other; but we kept the castle, though, unhappily, the gallant Ridge was slain.

Our reserves found the two ladders still standing, the top rungs of one being broken; and when the 28th Regiment practised storming a dry bridge with these, a couple of months afterwards, they were even then covered with blood and brains!

It was about half-past eleven when the 3rd Division succeeded in their escalade, and, retarded by unforeseen obstacles, it was not until the same hour or thereabouts that the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, came under the breastwork before San Vincente at the west end of the town. As the 1st, 4th, 9th, 30th, 38th, and 44th Regiments, with a Portuguese brigade, halted, undiscovered, a few yards from a guard-house where the French could be heard talking, the roar of a distant explosion sounded, and the men whispered among themselves, "It is at the breaches!"

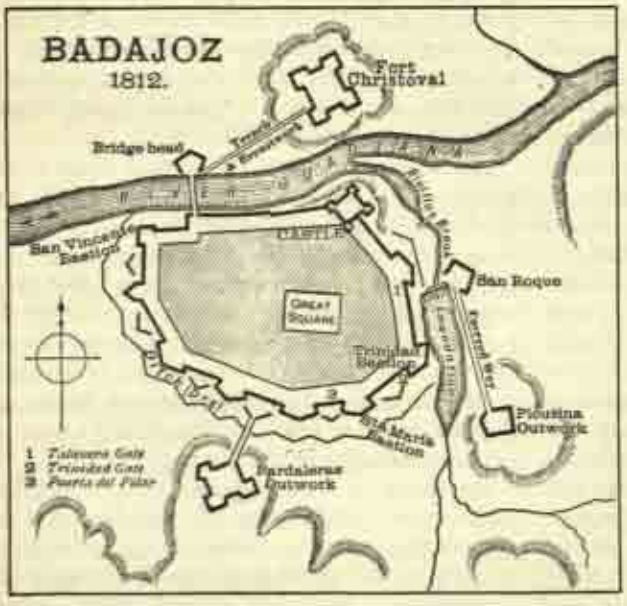
All was intensely silent around them; the murmur of the river rose on their left, the fortifications showed clearly before them as the moon came out; they knew that their comrades far off on the other side of the citadel were engaged, and an eager thrill went through the ranks. A sentinel discovered the mass of men and the glint of the moonbeams on the bayonets at the moment when our engineer guide exclaimed "Now's the time!" and as he fired we ran forward against the gateway.

Seized by a sudden panic the Portuguese ladder-party bolted, but we snatched up the heavy ladders and our axemen chopped fearlessly at the gate and wooden palings that fringed the covered-way, while from the walls which towered thirty-one feet overhead, the same tempest of beams, and shot, and bags of powder showered down on the heads of the 5th Division.

We cleared the paling and jumped into the ditch, crossing the cunette with difficulty and finding the ladders too short for our purpose; the engineer was killed, and a small mine exploded under our feet, but, as luck would have it, the ramparts at San Vincente had been thinned of some of their defenders, who had gone off at the double to attack Picton's men in the castle, and we placed three ladders under an embrasure where there was a gabion instead of a gun, and where the scarp was only twenty feet high.

Hand over hand, the troops clambered up under a concentrated fire that dropped them off by dozens, and the topmost stormers had to be pushed up by those behind before they could

reach the embrasure, as the ladders were all too short; but at last the bold fellows got a foothold, and pulled the others up alongside them, until the redcoated mass grew larger and larger, and half the King's Own charged the houses while the rest of the division went roaring along the ramparts, Brown Bess in hand, hurling the stubborn garrison out of three bastions in succession. There was a great shouting, mingled with the scream of the grape-shot and the whistling hum of shells; yells, howls, prayers and curses were drowned or half-heard amid the boom of cannon and the incessant bang-bang of the deadly muskets fired at close-quarters.



The awestruck watchers on the hill above our camp stood in an agony of suspense, spectators of the terrific struggle; the entire citadel seemed full of flame and noise, as mine after mine exploded, and fire-ball after fire-ball was flung over the walls to light the besieged in their heroic resistance: never had Napoleon's soldiers fought with more determined gallantry, officer and man vying with each other in their efforts to keep us out, and as we drove them from one defence they retired into another and stood once more at bay.

Philippon, and Vielland, the second in command, though both wounded, flew from rampart to rampart, sword in hand, encouraging their brave fellows by word and deed, while the solemn chime of the cathedral rang out unnoticed hour after hour of that night of horrors.

A strange incident occurred at San Vincente when General Walker fell riddled with balls on the parapet: either by accident or design, he made a masonic sign as he staggered backwards, and a brother-mason in the French ranks dashed aside the threatening bayonets of his countrymen and saved him: afterwards, it is said, the general found his preserver a prisoner-of-war in Scotland, and procured his exchange in remembrance of his chivalry on the ramparts of Badajoz.

The 5th Division had obtained firm hold, knowing nothing of what was happening at the castle or the breaches, and as a portion of them were pursuing the enemy along the walls they rounded an angle and came upon a solitary gun with one artilleryman, who flung a port-fire down as they approached.

Instantly there arose a cry of "A mine! a mine!" and our fellows retired helter-skelter, followed by a fresh body under Vielland, who drove them back to the parapet again and pitched several over into the ditch, but a reserve of the 38th, under Colonel Nugent, about two hundred strong, poured a volley into them, and we rallied and charged along the wall towards the breaches.

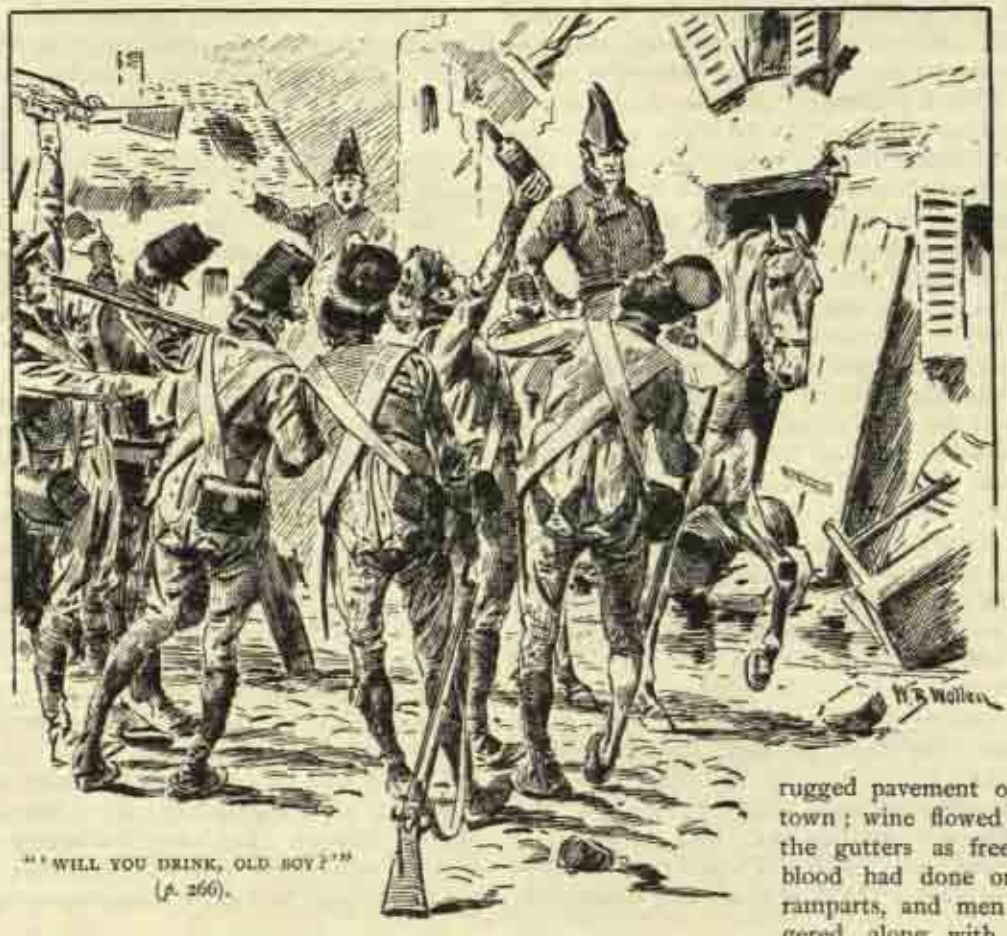
The King's Own had entered the town at the first onslaught of Leith's Division, and a strange contrast they found it to the uproar of the bastions, as, with bayonets fixed and bugles blowing, they filed through the streets, silent and deserted as the tomb; every door shut, lamps alight in many of the windows, but not a soul abroad, except some soldiers leading ammunition mules, who were promptly taken prisoners.

Sometimes a window opened and was immediately closed again; voices were heard, but the speakers were invisible; a few shots came from beneath the doors, but they were unheeded, and the adventurous 4th continued its march into the great square, where the same silence reigned, although the houses round it were brilliantly lighted.

The renewed fury at the breaches turned their steps in that direction, and they hurried off to take the garrison in rear: the attempt was well meant, but they were met by a fire that repulsed them, and they continued their wandering

down streets and lanes, but the French began to be disheartened, as well they might.

The castle in our possession they could possibly have besieged from the town side, as there was only one gate by which the 3rd Division could have issued; the Trinidad and Santa Maria were also well-nigh impregnable in spite of their shattered condition, had the garrison been able to concentrate there, but the forcing of San Vincente had let us in *behind* them, and the struggle was only a mattter of time; so, brave Philippon and Vielland, with their remnants, forced the bridge and shut themselves up in San Christoval across the Guadiana, sending a few horsemen on the spur to carry news to Soult, and, the bleeding 4th and Light Divisions scrambling up again and rushing the breaches, BADAJOZ WAS OURS!



"'WILL YOU DRINK, OLD BOY?'" (*p.* 266).

As the heavy firing died away towards morning, a mighty shout arose inside the walls, caught up and echoed far and near by our victorious soldiery, "Hurrah! hurrah! the town's our own, hurrah!" and the carnage-maddened men, breaking from all control, began a wild orgy, which lasted for two days and two nights, indelibly sullying the glory of our triumph.

Churches and mansions were entered and pillaged; costly sacramental plate and silver money from the military chest strewed the rugged pavement of the town; wine flowed down the gutters as freely as blood had done on the ramparts, and men staggered along with their shakoes full of liquor. One bestrode a cask with a loaded musket and compelled officer and private alike to drink as they passed him; here a group fired aimlessly down a street, caring little whom they hit, others blazed away at the convent bells, while some masqueraded in court-dresses, in French uniforms, and monks' cowls, howling, singing, dancing, like men possessed.

Many of the wretched inhabitants placed lighted candles and flasks of aquadienta on their tables and sought to hide themselves, hoping the marauders would drink and go away; they drank, but every cranny of the house was ransacked before they took their leave, and things

were done of which we cannot speak, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the army.

"The town is ours, hurrah!"

Women and children ran shrieking to the officers for protection, which, alas, it was not always in their power to afford. Many an indignant subaltern risked his life among his own men in frantic attempts to recall them to order; an officer of the Brunswickers was shot while struggling for the possession of a canary bird; one party was seen tormenting a wounded baboon that had belonged to the colonel of the 4th French Regiment. And breaking open the jail, they liberated the prisoners, some of the 5th and 88th holding candles aloft as the scum of a Spanish prison poured out to add to the disorder. Wellington himself was surrounded by a mob of drunkards, who fired their muskets to his infinite peril, shouting as they brandished bottles of wine and brandy—"Will you drink, old boy? The town's our own, hurrah!"

At length a gallows with three nooses reared its ominous form in the square, and a man named Johnny Castles, of the 95th, was placed beneath it; but no one was hanged, and by degrees the troops were drawn out of the town, credited with having murdered eighty-five of the inhabitants—in actual fact, the number being thirty-two. In fearful contrast to the licence within the walls was the scene outside. Philippon had surrendered to the future Lord Raglan, and retired from the service, in 1816, a General of Division, Baron of the Empire, and wearer of the Legion of Honour and the Order of St. Louis. The ditch, the slope, from the edge of the glacis to the top of the bastions, resembled a huge slaughter-house, nearly 2,500 of our men having fallen between the Santa Maria and La Trinidad alone, within a space of a hundred square yards; the 43rd and 52nd, respectively the gayest and the most sedate regiments in Spain, losing 670 men between them, and the place presenting an unusually shocking appearance from the explosions which had taken place there.

In one place the wife of a grenadier of the 83rd moaned over the corpse of her husband; in another a little drummer-boy of the 88th lay with his leg broken beside his dead father; the most heartrending sights were witnessed as the women and children sought frantically for their dear ones amid thousands of bodies, and the mangled fragments of what had once been living men.

Amid the horror of it all, two Spanish ladies came out of the town and implored two officers of the Rifles to assist them: one of them, Donna Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon, afterwards married her protector, who became Sir Harry Smith, of Aliwal fame, and was long a prominent figure in English society—a curious instance of the "romance of war."

We took the colours of the garrison and the Hesse-Darmstadt, but there were no eagles in the town. The first man to die at the Santa Maria was a Portuguese grenadier, and there was a story current in the army that José de Castro, bugle-boy of the 7th Caçadores, had sounded the French "recall" at a critical moment, for which he received a hundred guineas from the Earl of Wellington: certain it is that when a very old man, gaining a bare living by teaching the cornet in the town of Golega, he was still petitioning the Portuguese Government for a pension.

Five generals wounded, five thousand officers and men fallen during the siege—that is the story of Badajoz. And when Wellington stood in the breach and looked around him, stern Spartan though he was, he burst into tears.

THE BLOCKADE OF CALLAO

BY W. B. ROBERTSON

AT the invitation of the newly-created Republic of Chili, Admiral Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, sailed from England in the month of August, 1818, in the *Rose*, merchantman, to organise and take supreme command of the Chilian navy. With him he took, besides his wife and two children, English naval officers upon whom he could rely in the arduous fighting he was soon to engage in against the superior armaments of Spain. He landed on November 28th at Valparaiso, whither General O'Higgins, Supreme Director of the Chilian Government, had come to receive him. His reception was so warm both at Valparaiso and at Santiago, the capital, and the continuation of proposed festivities in his honour threatened to be so prolonged, that he had to remind his Excellency O'Higgins that he had come to Chili to fight, and not to feast.

Preparations were accordingly pushed forward to get such ships of war as the Chilians possessed into some kind of fighting order. These ships were the *O'Higgins*, formerly the *Maria Isabel*, a Spanish frigate of 50 guns, which the Chilians had captured and re-named after their adored chief; the *San Martin*, formerly the *Cumberland*, Indiaman, with 56 guns; the *Lautaro*, also a purchased Indiaman, with 44 guns; the *Galvarino*, recently the British sloop-of-war *Hecate*, with 18 guns; the *Chacabuco*, with 20 guns; and the *Araucano*, with 16 guns. This modest squadron of seven vessels was to contend with and conquer the Spanish fleet, made up of four frigates—the *Esmeralda*, 44 guns, the *Venganza*, 42 guns, the *Sebastiana*, 28 guns; four brigs—the *Maipo*, 18 guns, the *Pezuela*, 22 guns, the *Potrillo*, 18 guns, and another, whose name is not known; one schooner, name not known; six armed merchantmen—the *Resolution*, 36 guns, the *Cleopatra*, 28 guns, *La Focha*, 20 guns, the *Guarmey*, 18 guns, the *Fernando*, 26 guns, and the *San Antonio*, 18 guns; and twenty-seven gunboats.

Such were the opposing forces, whose operations for the next two years now were to command the attention of the civilised world. Under any other but Cochrane's leadership the result could never have been doubtful. Cochrane, however, had already shown under the British flag that odds made no difference to him—a reputation that he was still further to maintain.

It is necessary here to say that though Chili had vanquished the Spanish forces in the interior and had overthrown the Spanish Government, her long line of coast was still exposed to attacks from the Spanish fleet. Besides, the enemy still held the impregnable forts that commanded the port of Valdivia. These advantages, added to the fact that her power in Peru was still intact, made Spain even yet a formidable foe to the newly-acquired liberties of the Chilians. Thus, before Chili could rest assured that Spanish dominion would not again be re-asserted over her, she must break the power of the Spanish navy, clear the Spanish garrisons out of Valdivia, and see her neighbour, Peru, liberated. It was to contribute to the accomplishment of these ends that Admiral Cochrane had now conferred upon him by commission the titles of "Vice-admiral of Chili" and "Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of the Republic."

On December 22nd, nearly a month after his arrival at Valparaiso, Cochrane hoisted his flag on the *O'Higgins*, named, as already mentioned, in honour of the Supreme Director, who was the son of an Irish gentleman of great distinction, who had risen so high in the Spanish service as to occupy the position of Viceroy of Peru—the highest post at that time in South America. The son, however, on the outbreak of revolution, joined the patriots, and, as a reward for his

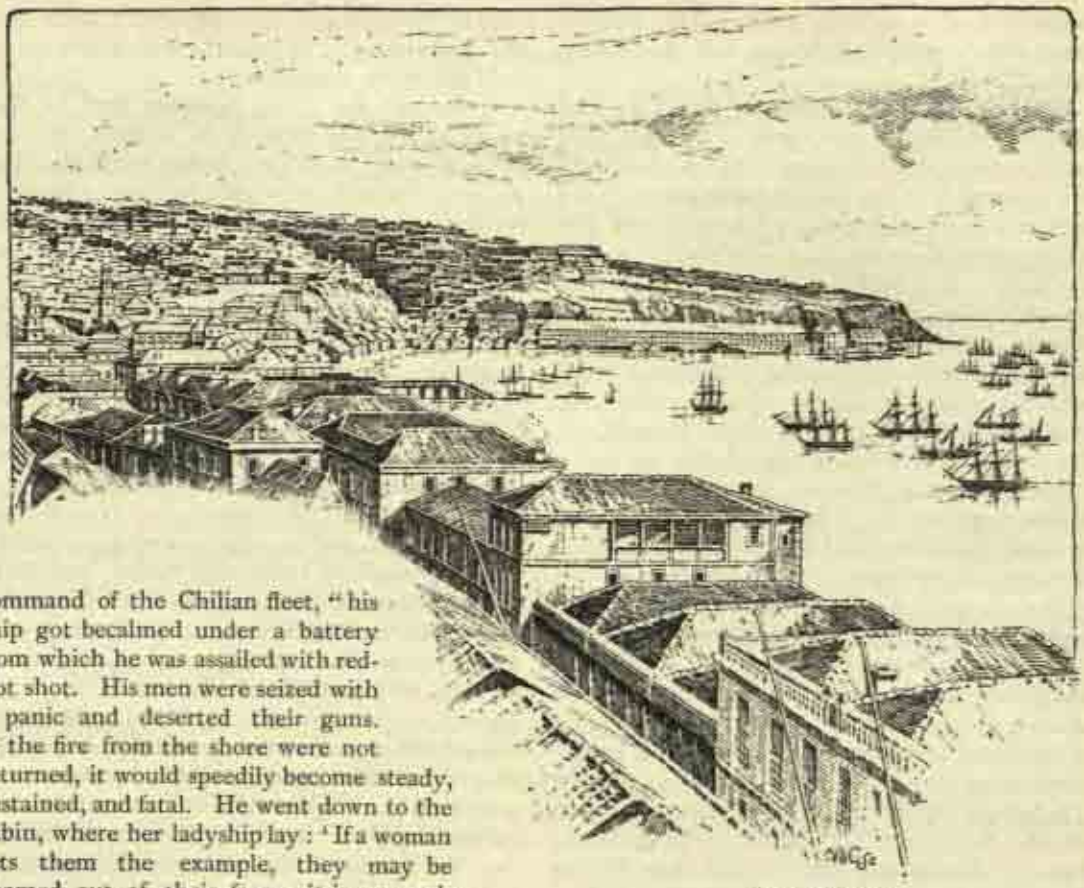
signal services in the field, was chosen head of the young Republic.

Resuming our narrative, we find Cochrane sailing from Valparaiso on January 16th, 1819, with only four ships—the other three being not yet ready. On that day Lady Cochrane with the children had come on board to bid him adieu. She had gone ashore, and the last gun to summon all hands on board had been fired, when suddenly a loud hurrah near the house in which she was residing made her go to the window to see what the matter might be. She was petrified at the sight that met her gaze. Her little boy of five years, who had slipped away from her unperceived, was perched on the shoulders of Cochrane's flag-lieutenant who was hurrying with him down to the beach. The excited populace were shouting and hurrahing, while the little fellow, who had begged of the by no means unwilling lieutenant to be taken aboard, was waving his cap over their heads and crying "*Viva la patria.*" Before Lady Cochrane could interfere, the two were being rapidly rowed off in a small boat to the flagship which was already under weigh. It was thus impossible, to the delight of the sailors as well as the youngster, for him to be sent back; and though he had only the clothes that were on him, which were altogether insufficient, the sailors said that didn't matter—they would make him others!

LORD COCHRANE.
(From the Painting by Stroehling.)

During this cruise Cochrane inflicted so many disasters upon the Royalist cause, as to become known amongst the Spaniards by the title "*El diablo.*" These disasters cannot be given in detail: so we pass to the end of February, when he entered the port of Callao with the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro* under American colours. In this port was practically concentrated the naval force of Spain in the Pacific; yet such was the terror with which Cochrane had already inspired them, that the Spaniards dared not go out to meet him. Instead of this they dismantled their ships of war, and with the topmasts and spars made a double boom across their anchorage to prevent his approach. An unimportant action, however, took place, and at the commencement of the firing Cochrane locked his little boy in the after-cabin. In the middle of the engagement a round shot took off a marine's head. This attracted Cochrane's attention to the spot, where he was horror-stricken to see his son, close by the decapitated marine, and covered with blood. The boy had escaped from his confinement through the quarter-gallery window, and throughout the fight, in the little midshipman's uniform that the seamen had made for him, had been busily engaged in handing powder to the gunners. His father now thought him killed. But it was only the blood and brains of the unfortunate marine that he was bespattered with, and up he ran to his agonised father. "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me: Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mama's boy." "Mama's boy," however, was forthwith ordered to be carried below.

It may here be pardonable to cite a few words as showing what kind of "mama" that boy had. By a writer in the *North British Review*, we are told that one night whilst Lord Cochrane was in



VALPARAISO.

command of the Chilian fleet, "his ship got becalmed under a battery from which he was assailed with red-hot shot. His men were seized with a panic and deserted their guns. If the fire from the shore were not returned, it would speedily become steady, sustained, and fatal. He went down to the cabin, where her ladyship lay: 'If a woman sets them the example, they may be shamed out of their fears: it is our only chance.' She rose and followed him upon the deck. We have heard her relate that the first object that met her eye was the battery with its flaming furnaces, round which dark figures were moving, looking more like incarnate demons than men. A glance at her husband's impressive features and his 'terrible' calmness reassured her. She took the match, and fired the gun when he had pointed it. The effect on the crew was electrical: they returned to their posts with a shout, and the battery was speedily silenced."

One more glimpse at Lady Cochrane. General Miller—subsequently the hero of Ayacucho, and as brave an officer as ever unsheathed sword—was on one occasion sent on a secret service under the orders of Lord Cochrane. With his force, comprising 600 infantry and sixty cavalry, he proceeded to Huacho, a little to the north of Lima. "On the day after his arrival there," the account proceeds, "and whilst he was inspecting the detachments in the Plaza, Lady Cochrane galloped on to the parade to speak to him. The sudden appearance of youth and beauty on a fiery horse, managed with skill and elegance, absolutely electrified the men, who had never before seen an English lady. '*Que hermosa! Que graciosa! Que linda! Que airosa! Es un angel de cielo!*' were exclamations which escaped from one end of the line to the other. Colonel Miller, not displeased at this involuntary homage to the beauty of his countrywoman, said to the men, 'This is our *generala*;' on which Lady Cochrane, turning to the line, bowed to the troops, who no longer confining their expressions of admiration to suppressed interjections, broke out into loud '*vivas*.'"

After the action in Callao Harbour, already referred to, Lord Cochrane, on March 2nd, sent Captain Foster with a Spanish gunboat and crew they had captured, and the launches of the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro*, to take possession of San Lorenzo, a small island about three miles distant. Here they found thirty-seven Chilians, who had been taken prisoners eight years before, and who, all that time, had worked in chains under the

supervision of a military guard. The military guard were now taken prisoners, and the Chilians released.

These showed their liberators the filthy shed in which, chained by one leg to an iron bar, they had been compelled to sleep. From them, too, it was learnt that the patriot prisoners in Lima were in a more deplorable plight still, and that the fetters on their legs had worn their ankles to the bone. The pitiful tale told by these men moved Cochrane to send a flag of truce to the Viceroy in Lima, with a request for an exchange of prisoners, and complaining of the harsh treatment accorded the Chilian prisoners, while the Spanish prisoners in Chili were well treated. To this message the Viceroy replied that he had a right to treat the prisoners as pirates, and that he was surprised that a British nobleman should be found in command of the maritime forces of a Government "unacknowledged by all the Powers of the globe." So he refused to treat for an exchange of prisoners. To the Viceroy, Cochrane replied that a British nobleman was a free man, and therefore had a right to adopt any country which was endeavouring to re-establish the rights of aggrieved humanity, and that he had, hence, adopted the cause of Chili with the same freedom of judgment that he had previously exercised when refusing the offer of an admiral's rank in Spain, made to him not long before by the Duke de San Carlos in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh.

So ended Cochrane's humane endeavour on behalf of the prisoners of both parties. Meanwhile, with the rather contemptible force and appliances at his command being unable to successfully attack the Spanish fleet, which lay under the shelter of the guns of the forts of Callao, he put to sea and made some important captures. Among these was a vessel laden with treasure lying in the river Barrança; another on the way from Lima to Guambucho with 70,000 dollars, the pay of the Imperial troops; and on April 10th the *Gazelle*, with 60,000 dollars. He also landed parties at various points on the Peruvian coast, routed the different Spanish garrisons with his marines, and captured their military stores. In this way he was able to make the enemy provide for the wants of his squadron, and his extraordinary success was due to his treatment of the natives. These he always paid for everything required from them. He also paid them highly for any information they might bring him regarding the movements of the enemy. Thus the natives became a kind of detective force working on his behalf. On June 16th he returned to Valparaiso, where, laden with the spoils of many victories, he was received with loud and warm acclamations.

It was not for these, however, that he had returned. It was to organise a more effective force, whereby he might not only blockade—that was too slow and luxurious a method of fighting for him—but even drive the enemy out of Callao, and so himself command the approach to Lima from the sea. His plan was, by means of rockets and explosives, to blow up the booms protecting the enemy's ships to seaward, and to burn the shipping. To superintend the making of the rockets Mr. Goldsack, principal assistant of Sir William Congreve, at Woolwich, was engaged, and to actually make the rockets the Government foolishly employed the prisoners-of-war. These prisoners, knowing that the explosives they were engaged in making were intended for the destruction of their own friends, put sand, sawdust, manure, and whatever other rubbish they could find, at intervals in the tubes, which should otherwise have contained a continuous packing of gunpowder. The result was that when, some months later, Cochrane again found himself before Callao, and proceeded to put his scheme into execution, the rubbish in the rockets prevented the progress of their combustion, and reduced his elaborate design to a fiasco. It was then the Spaniards fired red-hot shot upon him, and, after losing twenty men and a lieutenant, who was cut right in two by a round shot, he was forced to abandon the attempt.

However, he did not proceed home until he had gathered fresh laurels, equipped though he was with weapons more useless than toys. He captured one or two treasure-ships, of which one, the *Potrillo*, had on board 30,000 dollars, the pay of the garrisons at Valdivia; he also captured Pisco, in the square of which town General Miller was shot with three bullets—one entered the arm, another entered his chest and passed out at his back, while the third shattered his left hand. He even captured Valdivia itself—a feat that was considered impossible.

The result of all these achievements was that, when he again put in at Valparaiso, he was covered with fresh glory, to the discomfiture of those who had been sedulously seeking to discredit him and to put upon him the entire blame of the failure of the expedition against Callao. Strange to say—and, indeed, mortifying to those who would entertain favourable views of human nature—Cochrane's brilliant exploits and consequent popularity had awakened feelings of

jealousy against him amongst political intriguers at Santiago. Their machinations drove him to offer his resignation. Thereupon the officers of his fleet tendered him their commissions, with the assurance that under him, and him alone, would they serve. This brought his enemies to their senses. He was implored to withdraw his proffered resignation, and induced to do so by the promise of more earnest support.

The Chilian Government had not behaved well to the sailors who had been fighting so bravely for them under Cochrane. These sailors actually had not been paid their wages, and had not received their proper prize-money, though their captures of money and stores had been more than sufficient to keep the squadron afloat. The result was that, when preparations for the next expedition were nearing completion, seamen, naturally, refused to enlist. To overcome this difficulty the following proclamation was issued:

"On my entry into Lima I will punctually pay to all foreign seamen who shall voluntarily enlist into the Chilian service the whole arrears of their pay, to which I will also add to each individual, according to his rank, one year's pay over and above his arrears, as a premium or reward for his services, if he continue to fulfil his duty to the day of the surrender of that city and its occupation by the liberating forces.

"(Signed) JOSE DE SAN MARTIN.

"COCHRANE."

General San Martin signed this proclamation as commander-in-chief; but his signature alone would not have moved the men. They knew Cochrane was their friend. In him they had faith; on him they could rely to do whatever he promised, if it were humanly possible. Consequently, on the appearance of this proclamation the crews were immediately completed, and the squadron sailed, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, on August 21st, 1820.

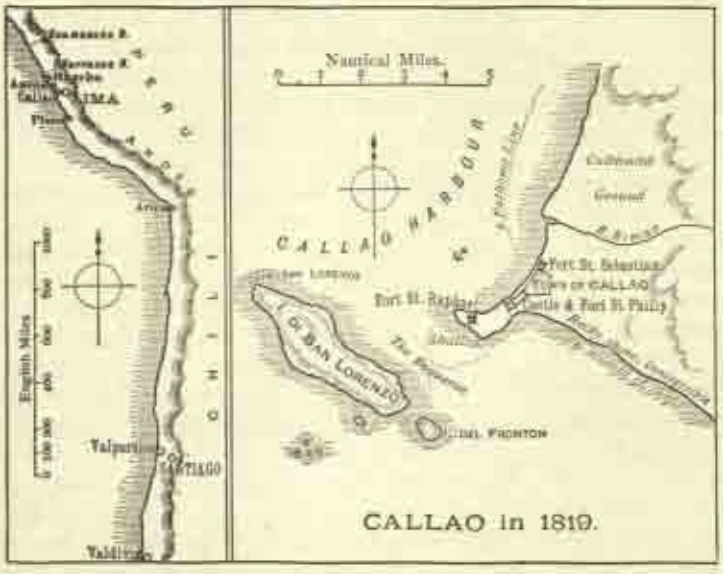
Under convoy Cochrane had transport vessels, laden with 4,200 troops under the command of General San Martin. These troops were to be disembarked in close proximity to Lima, and to march upon the city by land, while the ships-of-war engaged the enemy by water at Callao. Differences between Cochrane and San Martin early developed themselves. Cochrane was for an immediate attack upon Lima. San Martin delayed, and was landed, according to his varying wishes, now here and now there, all the while accomplishing nothing; so that at last Cochrane lost patience, and on the 30th of September they parted company in the roads of Callao. Cochrane had reconnoitred the fortifications, and urged San Martin to immediately disembark and storm the forts of Callao. He himself would see that the troops were safely landed. San Martin, however, shrank from the undertaking, and insisted on being landed at Ancon, a little to the north. Cochrane, having no power as regarded the disposition of the troops, detached from his squadron the *San Martin*, *Galvarino*, and *Araucano* to convoy the transports to Ancon. He himself retained the *O'Higgins*, *Independencia* (an American-built corvette that had been added to the squadron in the previous year), and *Lautaro*, under the pretence of continuing the blockade. In reality, he had, while reconnoitring the fortifications, formed a daring plan of attack, which he kept concealed even from the commander-in-chief. That plan was nothing short of capturing the brigs-of-war in Callao harbour, moored though they were beneath the ordnance of the surrounding forts, putting their crews to the sword, cutting adrift or burning the entire shipping of the enemy, and getting possession of a treasure-ship on which he had learnt was embarked a million of dollars, kept in readiness in case it should be necessary for the authorities at Lima to seek safety in flight. How far he succeeded in carrying out his ambitious design, it now remains for us to describe.

The attack was to begin on the *Esmeralda*—a frigate of 44 guns and manned by 370 picked sailors and marines, who slept every night at quarters in readiness against surprises. The *Esmeralda*, with two other frigates, lay under the protection of 300 pieces of artillery mounted in the batteries ashore. Surrounding her, in semi-lunar shape, were 27 gunboats and armed blockships; and exterior to them, as the first line of defence, was a strong boom with chain moorings. How on earth was Cochrane to capture this, the finest ship on the Pacific Ocean? How even was he to get near her, situated amid such defences? As well try, one would think, to capture the Castle of Callao itself by proposing to creep into the mouths of the cannon and pluck out the charges! However, Cochrane went to work; and for three days, without divulging his design to anyone, continued to make ready for the final *coup*. Let it here be said that two neutral warships were lying in Callao—the British man-of-war *Hyperion* and the American *Macedonian*.

On the evening of November 5th, Cochrane's

intentions were revealed with this proclamation, which was posted up on his own ship, the *O'Higgins*, and sent to be similarly posted up on the other two, *Independencia* and *Lautaro*, which comprised his squadron :

"Marines and seamen! This night we are going to give the enemy a mortal blow. To-morrow you will present yourselves proudly before Callao, and all your comrades will envy your good fortune. One hour of courage and resolution is all that is required of you to triumph. Remember that you have conquered in Valdivia, and be not afraid of those who have hitherto fled from you.



CALLAO in 1819.

"The value of all the vessels captured in Callao will be yours, and the same reward in money will be distributed amongst you as has been offered by the Spaniards in Lima to those who should capture any of the Chilian squadron. The moment of glory is approaching, and I hope that the Chilians will fight as they have been accustomed to do, and that the English will act as they have ever done at home and abroad.

"(Signed) COCHRANE."

While the men on the different ships, gathered in groups, discussed the proclamation, it was announced that Cochrane was to lead the attack in person, and volunteers were invited to come forward, as he would lead no man unwilling to go into so hazardous an undertaking. A buzz of excitement followed this, and the whole of the marines and seamen on the three ships stepped forward. As it was impossible to take them all, the captains of the ships were ordered to select men from each crew—the total not to exceed 160 seamen and 80 marines. These having been assembled on the flagship, Cochrane gave the signal for the *Independencia* and *Lautaro* to weigh anchor with all haste, and put off to sea as if in pursuit of some vessel in the offing. This manœuvre had the desired effect. The look-out on the *Esmeralda* reported the departure of the two vessels, and the officer in command, as he received the report, observed: "Ah, well, then we may sleep soundly to-night!" It had been all along the constant fear of the Spaniards that Cochrane would spring a night-attack upon them; and, in the case of such, an arrangement had been made with the two neutral vessels, the *Hyperion* and *Macedonian*, that they should display certain peculiar lights, so as not to be mistaken for the enemy by those directing the fire from the batteries ashore.

The Spanish officer had scarcely finished his comforting remark, "We may sleep soundly to-night," when the picked men from Cochrane's crews, who had been receiving minute instructions as to what each was to do, were paraded on the deck of the *O'Higgins*. It was now dark; so the enemy, however keen their vision, could see no movement. The men presented a ghostly appearance as they moved quietly to the ship's sides and dropped into the fourteen boats arranged below to receive them. Not a word was spoken, not even an order given. Besides, the men were draped in white with a blue band round each left arm—this, that in the conflict so soon to stain the waters of Callao Harbour, and in the blindness of their ferocity, with their blood boiling, they might not in mistake fall upon and slay one another. In each right hand was a gleaming cutlass and in each left a loaded pistol. In each man's ears, too, still lingered Cochrane's last command, given below: "Not a word, not a sound, not a whisper; use your cutlasses alone: now come and do your duty." It must have been a weird sight that band of 200 white-sheeted men, in the darkness of

"THE CHILIAN CUTLASSES SWEPT THE DECK" (p. 274)

night, dropping silently and stealthily into the boats.

By ten o'clock this strange company, every one with visage firmly set, began to move slowly towards the small opening left in the boom for the enemy's own convenience. Cochrane's boat led the way. The boats were in two divisions —the first commanded by Flag-Captain Crosbie, the second by Captain Guise. One division was to board the *Esmeralda* at different points on one side, while the other division was simultaneously to board her from the other side. Thus, in the same instant of time upon the unsuspecting Spaniards would rush from every point a couple of hundred armed and determined men. Meanwhile, these daring seamen have more than two hours' silent rowing—for the oars are muffled—before them, and during their progress to the scene of action we shall give an extract from the orders issued, as revealing somewhat of Cochrane's full design. "On securing the frigate," runs the order, "the Chilian seamen and marines are not to give the Chilian cheer; but to deceive the enemy, and give time for completing the work, they are to cheer '*Viva el Rey*.' The two brigs-of-war are to be fired on by the musketry from the *Esmeralda*, and are to be taken possession of by Lieutenants Esmonde and Morgell, in the boats they command; which, being done, they are to cut adrift, run out, and anchor in the offing as quickly as possible. The boats of the *Independencia* are to turn adrift all the outward Spanish merchant-ships; and the boats of the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro*, under Lieutenants Bell and Robertson, are to set fire to one or more of the headmost hulks; but these are not to be cut adrift so as to fall down upon the rest." This shows that Cochrane meant nothing less than clearing out the entire port so far as Spain was concerned in it.

Just on midnight, to return to our surpliced dare-devils, they are nearing the opening in the boom and are challenged by the vigilant gunboat set to guard it. Cochrane himself is well in front of his party, and in a low voice, but with a look that means all he says, gives the watch to know that instant death will follow any attempt at raising the alarm. So no alarm is raised, and in a few minutes the boats are in line alongside the unsuspecting frigate. Another moment and that peaceful deck is the scene of a hundred fights. The Chilian crews have swarmed up her sides, and their bare cutlasses are already drenched in blood. Cochrane, boarding her by the main chains, has been knocked back by the butt-end of a sentry's musket and has fallen on the thole-pin of his boat. The pin has entered his back near the spine, and inflicted a severe injury. He feels it not, however, and, recovering his feet, re-ascends. This time he reaches the deck, and is immediately shot through the thigh. Hastily a handkerchief is bound round the bleeding wound and he takes his place in the fight, hewing down Spaniards till he meets Captain Guise with his party hewing them down from the other side. Together they drive them back now, and the Spaniards retreat to take their final stand on the forecastle. Meanwhile Cochrane hails the fore-top, and receives an "Ay, ay, sir," from his own men; he similarly hails the main-top, and is similarly answered. So far his orders have been carried out, and his men have got possesion of the ship.

The Spaniards, however, entrenched on the forecastle have yet to be overcome. The Chilians charge them with their cutlasses, and are driven back scorched with their fire. The Spaniard, as the Chilian knows by experience, cannot face cold steel; so another charge immediately follows, and again the Chilians have to retire. It is only for a second, and, at the third charge, the Spanish musketry being spent, the Chilian cutlasses sweep the deck. At this juncture it became known that this scene of carnage had its onlookers. The British ship *Hyperion* was so near the *Esmeralda* that those on board witnessed the whole proceeding, and a midshipman standing at the gangway so far forgot his neutrality as to cheer at the way Cochrane cleared the forecastle. For this he was immediately ordered below by his commander, Captain Searle, and, further, threatened with arrest.

After the forecastle was cleared as described, the fight was renewed on the quarter-deck—only for a moment, however, the Spanish marines who did not leap overboard or into the hold being instantly cut down. Meanwhile, the last quarter of an hour's uproar had attracted the attention of the garrisons ashore, and these, presuming that what had been so much dreaded—viz., the capture of their frigate—had been accomplished, opened fire upon the *Esmeralda*. For this, however, Cochrane was prepared. He knew the arrangement made with the neutral vessels whereby they were to be distinguished by carrying certain lights, so he hoisted similar lights on the captured frigate. The result was that the garrisons were puzzled, and struck the neutral vessels oftener than they did the *Esmeralda*. This made these vessels cut their cables and move away.

Now it was that Cochrane's orders began to be departed from. Wounded twice, as we have already seen, he was at length obliged to retire from the direction of the conflict. The command, accordingly, fell upon Captain Guise, who gave orders to cut the *Esmeralda's* cables. This done, there was nothing for it but to loose her topsails and follow the retiring neutrals. Captain Guise's excuse for so violating his superior's commands was that he had lost all control of the men, who had burst into the spirit-room of the *Esmeralda*, and had otherwise broken up into disorganised bands bent solely upon pillage. But for this, seeing that they had succeeded in capturing the *Esmeralda*, with her picked and specially equipped crew, they might surely have chased the Spaniards from the other ships, one after another, as fast as their boats would take them, and so the whole fleet might either have been seized or burned. This was Cochrane's intention, and to this end all his previous plans had been laid. But Cochrane now lay a wounded and exhausted man, and perhaps, under any other leadership, his daring design—if attempted in full—would have ended disastrously.

As it was, their prize was no mean one. They certainly missed the treasure-ship with its million of dollars, which the captured frigate, provisioned for three months and with stores sufficient for a two years' cruise, was meant to convoy. Aboard, however, they found and made prisoner the Spanish admiral, with his officers and 200 seamen. The rest of the 370, who had originally manned her, had been either killed or drowned. On Cochrane's side the losses were eleven killed and thirty wounded. The whole affair, from the moment of boarding to the cutting of the frigate's cables, occupied only a quarter-of-an-hour. Yet in that quarter-of-an-hour, according to Captain Basil Hall, who at the time was commanding the British warship *Conway* in the Pacific—Cochrane had struck "a death-blow to the Spanish naval force in that quarter of the world; for although there were still two Spanish frigates and some smaller vessels in the Pacific, they never afterwards ventured to show themselves, but left Lord Cochrane undisputed master of the coast."

The bitter feelings aroused in the breasts of the Spaniards by the disaster of that night received brutal exemplification next morning. Then, as usual, the market-boat put off from the United States ship *Macedonian* for the shore for provisions. As the boatmen jumped ashore they were surrounded with an angry crowd, who began to accuse them of assisting the Chilians the previous night. The boatmen's denials were made in vain, and were answered with the confident and positive statement that, without such assistance, the feat had been impossible. Then the mob, their anger increasing and their belief in the charges they were making becoming more assured by the mere force of repetition, set upon the innocent boatmen and foully massacred them.

After this, Cochrane tried hard to draw the Spaniards from the shelter of their guns by placing the *Esmeralda* in positions that might tempt them to try to recapture her. Only once, when she was placed in a more than usually tempting position, did they venture out with their gunboats, and an hour's sharp firing followed. As soon, however, as they saw the *O'Higgins* manœuvring to cut them off, they hastily retreated. Thus, finding it impossible to draw the enemy into an engagement afloat, Cochrane induced General San Martin to lend him 600 soldiers, and with these and the ships of his squadron he so harassed the Peruvian coast from Callao to Arica, that he virtually compelled Lima to capitulate on July 6th, 1821. Three weeks later, on the 28th of July, the national flag was hoisted in the city of the Incas and in these words Peruvian Independence declared:—

"Peru is from this moment free and independent by the general vote of the people and by the justice of her cause, which God defend."

The Taking of the Gate Pah

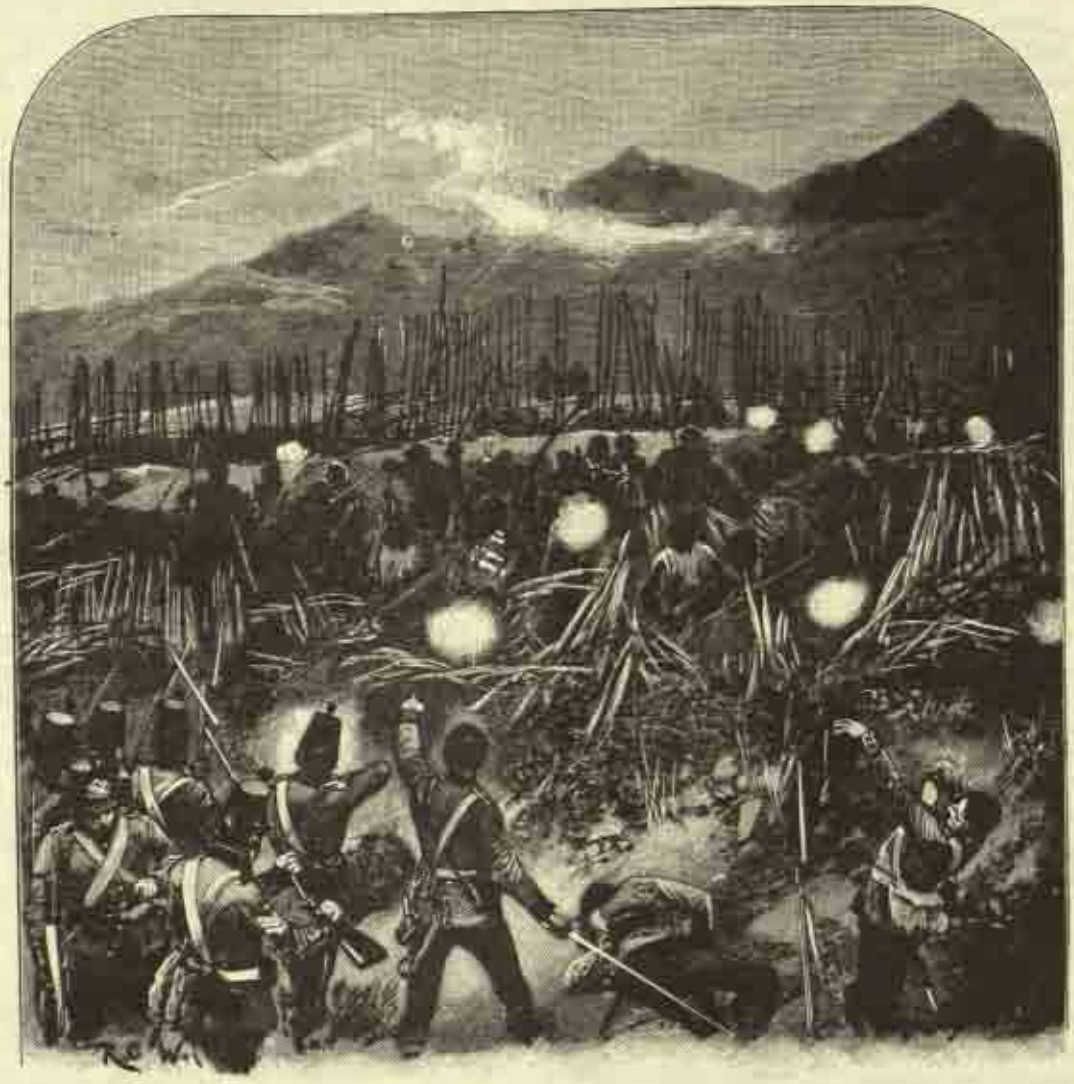
by A. Hilliard Atteridge

"A POOR benighted heathen, but a first-rate fighting-man," is the description of a savage adversary which Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts into the mouth of Tommy Atkins. The New Zealanders who fought against us in the sixties were not all of them "poor benighted heathens": some of them had been pupils in the mission schools, others had come into the mission stations as grown men to learn something of the religion of the white men. When the everlasting quarrel between natives and settlers over land rights led to strife and bloodshed, and the Maories, or natives, took to the bush, most of them forgot what Christianity they had learned, though some of them clung to the old observances; and it is said that when one of their forts was surprised on a Sunday morning, they told the victors that, had it not been for a service which they were holding, they would have been at their posts, and that the English must be strange Christians to fight on Sunday. But whatever were the opinions of the Maori tribesmen in such matters, there is no doubt the second part of the description applied to them. They were "first-rate fighting men." They had a skill in constructing earthworks which no other race has ever surpassed, and they held them with desperate courage. Frequently when they abandoned them it was not from any fear of their adversaries, for it was one of the principles of their mode of warfare that the rapidly constructed pah, or fort, was only to be held long enough to inflict labour, delay, and loss upon the enemy, and then it was to be secretly evacuated and another work of the same kind held further inland. Of all the battles they fought against us, none displayed their soldierly qualities in a higher degree than the fight at the Gate Pah, which for a time seemed likely to end in a serious disaster to a force that far outnumbered the Maori garrison of the pah, and that brought against it all the resources of modern civilised warfare.

The fight was one in a long series, all of which ended in successes for our arms. Sir Duncan Cameron, who commanded the British forces operating against the rebel Maories in the North Island of New Zealand, was a brave and skilful Highland soldier, and the temporary check at Gate Pah was no fault of his, for he had done everything to ensure success, and it was the first time that there was anything like failure in his whole career. In the spring of 1864, which in that southern climate is the late summer and early autumn of the year, he had made Auckland his base of operations, and while the navy blockaded the coast to prevent arms and ammunition being conveyed to the rebels, he had made a successful expedition up the valley of the Thames, and with very little bloodshed had broken up the Maori power on that river and on the Waikato.

Early in April all fighting was over in the province of Auckland and the district of the Thames. The natives who had been in arms against the Government had returned to their allegiance. General Cameron was discussing with the local authorities the steps to be taken for the further pacification of the North Island, when news arrived that there was a considerable gathering of armed natives near Tauranga, in the Bay of Plenty, and the General resolved to transfer the forces under his command from Auckland and the mouth of the Thames to this new centre of disturbance. A detachment of the 68th Regiment, under Colonel Greer, was already encamped near the mission station of Tauranga. With the help of the naval squadron on the coast, the troops were rapidly transferred from the Thames Estuary to the Bay of Plenty, and by April 26th General Cameron had collected at Tauranga a formidable little force of nearly

1,700 men, including a naval brigade of 400 men and officers, the 68th Regiment, 700 strong, the 43rd, nearly 300 strong, detachments of the 14th and 70th Regiments, each about 100 strong, and a small force of the Royal Artillery, with two 40-pounder Armstrongs, and two 6-pounders, two 24-pounder howitzers, and eight mortars. In the harbour, or close at hand and within call, was a strong naval squadron made up of her Majesty's ships *Curaçoa*, *Esk*, *Miranda*, *Harrier*, and *Eclipse*, under the command of Commodore Sir William Wiseman, and there was a small garrison at Maketu.



THE ATTACK.

The enemy had taken up a position about three miles and a half from the Tauranga mission station, on a neck of high ground about 500 yards wide, over which ran the road or track from Tauranga to the interior. The ridge was a swell of the ground about fifty feet high. On both sides it sloped easily to a tract of swampy land very difficult to pass anywhere, even by men on foot. To the right beyond the swamp was one of the inlets of Tauranga Harbour. The Maories had rapidly fortified the high ground, the spot where they fixed their pah, or earthwork, being evidently suggested to them by the fact that just below the highest swell of the ridge it was crossed by a three-foot trench,

which marked the boundary between the mission station property and the bush and native lands. They deepened and widened this trench, carrying it down to the swamp on either side. Behind it they dug out their pah—an oblong enclosure, about eighty yards long by thirty wide. The military despatches of the time describe it as a "redoubt," but the word is rather misleading. The Maori pah in this case, as in all others, was a series of trenches, one within the other, and communicating by cross cuts, and looking at first sight like a labyrinth. In the sides of the trenches shelters were hollowed out so that the garrison could crouch in them until the assault was actually begun. Further shelter was secured by roofing in the trenches with wattle hurdles, made with twigs and branches, thatching over this with ferns, and sometimes shovelling earth upon it. The eaves of the roofs were kept up by posts at a height of six or eight inches above the edge of the trench, so that the garrison could sweep the ground in front with their guns. At the Gate Pah, as this improvised fortress was called, there were three tiers of rifle-pits or trenches, one within the other, all having a zigzag trace, so that it was all the more difficult to make out at first sight their general plan. On either side of the ridge, a line of trenches or rifle-pits ran down the hill towards the swamps, so as to sweep with their fire the approaches to the flanks of the main work. In these rifle-pits, at intervals, traverses or banks of earth lying across the general direction of the trench, had been erected to protect them from flanking fire. In front of the works a light, open fence of posts and rails, a kind of loosely-constructed stockade, had been erected to impede the rush of a storming party. The whole was a work which would have done credit to European engineers. The garrison was certainly not more than 400 natives, perhaps less. They had very few rifles, their favourite firearm being double-barrelled shot-guns, which they were able to load and fire much more rapidly, and at close quarters quite as effectively, as the old-fashioned muzzle-loading Enfield rifle then carried by the soldiers. They loaded with slugs and bullets, and sometimes even with buckshot. For the fight at close quarters they had their spears of hard wood, small axes, or tomahawks, sometimes of stone, and the beautiful greenstone or jade war-clubs or *meris* of the chiefs.

On Thursday, April 27th, General Cameron began his preparations for the siege of the pah. The naval brigade had made a formidable addition to his artillery force by getting ashore from one of the ships an Armstrong 110-pounder gun, then the heaviest gun in the service, and probably the heaviest gun ever used on shore against a tribe of half-savage warriors. On the 27th the 68th Regiment, and a detachment of 170 men under Major Ryan, of the 70th, moved up to a point about 1,200 yards from the front of the pah and encamped there. As the Maories had no artillery, and no long-range rifles, and were not likely to risk a sortie, the camp was safe from disturbance. On that and the following day the guns and mortars were being got into position for the attack, the handy blue-jackets from the fleet lending, as they always do on such occasions, invaluable assistance. During the day it was ascertained that at low water it was possible to pass along the beach outside the swamp on the enemy's right, and so get to the rear of his position. Acting on this information, Colonel Greer, with the 68th Regiment, left the camp after dark on the Friday evening and slipped down to the beach, working along quietly in the dark, so as to outflank the Maories. To prevent the garrison of the pah from paying any attention to chance noises coming from the beach and so discovering this move, the main body at the camp pushed forward a few riflemen, who fired long-ranging shots at the stockade, from which the double-barrelled guns of Maori sentries answered with random shots fired in the dark, without much idea of range, or even of direction. This firing was soon over, and meanwhile Greer's men had got round the back of the swamp and were settling down for the night among the tall ferns to landward of the enemy's position. At the camp the sailors and gunners spent the dark hours making the last preparations for next day's bombardment. When the sun rose, the Armstrong guns, including the big 110-pounder, besides a battery of mortars, were in position, waiting for the word to open fire. Inland the 68th held a position from which they could shoot down any of the garrison of the pah who ventured out of the work to get water from the stream behind it, or who attempted to escape inland.

At half-past six a thin line of skirmishers pushed forward to the edge of the swamp on the left of the pah and in front of the British right. General Cameron thought it possible that the enemy would abandon the work and bolt across the swamp, and took this means of hemming them in on all sides. The natives in

the rifle-pits on the slope above thought this move must be the beginning of an attack, and fired ineffectually at the redcoats. This was taken as the signal for opening fire from the batteries, and guns and mortars began to send their shells roaring through the air. Over the pah a red flag waved on a tall mast. From the batteries this seemed to be the centre of the pah, and at first most of the gunners took it for their mark in laying their pieces. When the pah was captured, it was discovered that the flagstaff really stood, not in the centre of the pah, but further off, just behind its rearward stockade. The result of this mistake was that for the first two hours many of the shells passed harmlessly over the Maori position.

Not long after the artillery opened fire the Maori musketry ceased. The garrison had got under cover, but they were watching the proceedings of the besiegers, for when the guns were directed on the left angle of their fort in order to demolish the stockade and make a breach in the parapet, every now and then a brave rebel would creep up to the crumbling mound, shovel a few spadefuls of earth into the gap, and slip back again, heedless of the imminent danger of being blown to pieces by a bursting shell. Once a plucky fellow actually succeeded in hanging a blanket across the stockade, evidently to conceal the movements of those who were bringing up material to repair the breach close by. By this time the mortars had got the range, and were dropping shells into the work. The place was completely surrounded. The 68th and the naval brigade had closed in, and were firing at the pah on the right and in the rear. Twelve guns and mortars were blazing away at the front and breaching the left angle. A thirteenth gun had been got into position beyond the swamp on the left, so as to rake the rifle-pits on the slope, and thirty riflemen on the edge of the marsh were firing into the pah at a range of only 400 yards. Surrounded on all sides, and with shells bursting over the wattle roofs of their trenches, the garrison was in a position in which most European troops would have given up the defence as hopeless. The big Armstrong gun fired no less than a hundred 110-pound shells at the pah before it had to cease firing (towards 3 o'clock) for want of ammunition. The marvel is that the wretched little fort was tenable. But subsequent inquiry showed that the Maories had constructed their shelters so well, and lay so close in them, that they lost very few men. About noon they replied for awhile with musketry to the storm of bullets and shells that was pouring into the pah, but their fire was ineffectual. Indeed, in the earlier stage of the attack, the only losses of the assailants appear to have been three men of the 68th Regiment, wounded by shells that flew over the pah and burst close in their front.

Crouching in the hollowed sides of the trenches, or stealing round to the front to look out over the parapet, the Maories must have realised that before nightfall the storm of fire would suddenly cease to allow a superior force to rush their shattered fort with the bayonet. But they waited quietly for the supreme trial of strength, encouraged, doubtless, by finding that even the huge shells thrown by the white men, though they made a terrible noise, killed or wounded very few of the garrison against whom they were directed. It was an anticipation many years earlier of the experience of the Turkish garrison of the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna, who lost only a handful of men under the volcano-like fire of the great bombardment.

After three o'clock the bombardment slackened. The breach was considered to be wide enough to be rushed by a strong storming party on a broad front, and there were no obstacles on the slope before it. When, just before four o'clock, the stormers were drawn up behind the batteries and received the order to advance, the immediate capture of the Gate Pah seemed to be a certainty. The storming column was 600 strong. The vanguard, under Colonel Booth and Commander Hay, of H.M.S. *Harrier*, was made up of 130 men of the 43rd Regiment and as many more of the naval brigade. The support, which was led by Captain John Hamilton, of H.M.S. *Esk*, consisted of the rest of the seamen and

marines and of the 43rd—in all, 300 men. At four o'clock General Cameron gave the word to advance, and, with a cheer, the men dashed up the slope. A few shots were fired from the pah, and some heavy volleys from the rifle-pits, but, until they were almost in, a swell of the ground gave some cover to the stormers, and the loss they suffered was trifling. Still cheering, they streamed in through the wide gap in the stockade, poured like a flood over the shattered parapet, and found themselves almost without opposition masters of the left corner of the pah.

"THE BRAVE FELLOW BROUGHT HIM OUT AT CONSIDERABLE RISK" (*p.* 281).

What happened next will never be known with absolute certainty, for many of those who survived, after being in the thickest of the wild scene of slaughter that followed, give contradictory accounts of what occurred. It seems certain that a part of the garrison was attempting to retire by the back of the pah, when they were met by a sharp fire from the 68th Regiment, which was closing in upon the works, answering with a loud cheer the cheering of the stormers. The Maories, on this, rushed back into the pah, giving some of the stormers the impression that the garrison had been suddenly reinforced. When they first passed the parapet, all that the naval officers and those of the 43rd noticed of the garrison were a few wounded men lying near the breach. The openings of the trenches close by looked like a tangled labyrinth, and it was not easy to see which was the easiest way into the centre of the work. The roofs of the Maori shelters jutted up here and there, and the men seem in some cases to have broken their ranks, and even laid down their weapons under the impression that these were abandoned houses that could be safely entered in search of curios and plunder. Suddenly gun barrels were pushed out from under the eaves, and several officers and men dropped, struck by shots that appeared to come out of the earth. On all sides dusky figures sprang up as if from trap-doors, yelling, firing, flourishing spears and axes. From the rear of the work came a wild rush of spears and guns. The soldiers, especially those who had broken their formation, seemed seized with a sudden panic. They felt as if they had been led into an ambuscade. Instead of resistance being over, it was only beginning. Several of their officers had fallen at the first volley. A few men gave way to the surprise and terror of the moment, and then the panic spread with that mysterious suddenness with which it seems to be able to run through a mass of even individually brave men. What happened at the Gate Pah has happened in every army in the world; and if there was headlong panic among many of the men, there were many, too, who stood bravely. The officers and the sergeants of the 43rd, and the officers and leading seamen of the naval brigade, did their duty splendidly, and suffered losses that bore only too striking evidence to the tenacity with which they strove to restore the fortune of the fight. There was more than one cry to retire, though the officers were calling out to the men to push forward. At this moment Captain Hamilton brought up the reserve, pushed gallantly forward to the second line of trenches, and sprang upon the

bank above them, waving his sword and calling out, "Come on, my men!" A shot struck him in the head and he fell, closing by an heroic death a career of high distinction and great promise. His fall renewed the courage of the defenders, the panic of the assailants. The struggling mass of sailors and soldiers streamed back out of the breach, leaving nearly all the officers of the 43rd and several of the naval officers dead and wounded in the pah. Major Ryan of the 70th Regiment and Captain Jenkins of H.M.S. *Miranda* were among the last to leave the work, after hopeless efforts to rally what were left of the six hundred stormers.

How many brave deeds were done amid the wild panic in the breach of the Gate Pah would take a long time to tell. Two Victoria Crosses were won in the disaster, one of them by Surgeon Manley, R.A., who exposed himself most recklessly in order to remove and give first help to the wounded close under the fire of the victorious Maories. The other was secured by Samuel Mitchell, the captain of the foretop of the *Harrier*. He had entered the breach close beside Commander Hay, and when his officer fell mortally wounded, he took him up to carry him out of danger. Hay told Mitchell to leave him where he was, and take care of his own life; but the brave fellow brought him out at considerable risk to himself, and then dashed back into the fight. Watts, the gunner of the *Miranda*, charged by the side of Captain Hamilton. He marked out and cut down the Maori who had killed his leader, but the next moment he was himself brained with a tomahawk. James Harris, a seaman of the *Curaçoa*, actually dashed right through the pah. He chased a Maori out of the rear of the work, hunted him down to the position of the 68th Regiment, bayoneted him there, and was shot while making a reckless attempt to again traverse the pah and rejoin his comrades.

THE GATE PAH AFTER OCCUPATION.

While the storming column was engaged with the enemy in the pah, the 68th had made an

attempt to rush it in the rear, but were met with such a heavy fire that they gave up the attempt. The repulse of the attack was hailed with loud cheers by the garrison. The General with his staff rallied the storming column as it retired, and then rode forward to reconnoitre the pah. At this point someone told him that the troops had got into and were holding the rifle-pits on the left. Turning in this direction to verify the report, he was met by a volley which wounded his horse and put two bullets into the saddle of an officer who rode beside him. The enemy held all the works, from which they fired occasional shots at intervals for the rest of the evening. It was soon dark, and the night was cloudy and starless. In the dusk Captain Jenkins had a narrow escape. There had not been a shot for some time, and he went out to see if the pah had been abandoned. A volley fired at close quarters told him he was mistaken, and showed him that he had wandered into the lower part of one of the enemy's trenches.

Dispirited by the collapse of the 43rd Regiment, the repulse of the whole column and the loss of so many officers, the troops spent a wakeful, anxious night. More than once after dusk the Maories called out to them in English, daring them to come on again; but Cameron had resolved not to make an attempt in the dark, which might only end in confusion and renewed disaster, but to rush the pah at daybreak. Meanwhile, the men were set to work to throw up a line of advanced entrenchments within about a hundred yards of the stockade, so as to maintain possession of all the ground that had been won. During this work, all fire having ceased from the pah, Major Greaves, of the staff, crept up the slope to see if the natives were retiring from it. In the dark he could make nothing out for certain. Just before midnight he went up again and penetrated into the breach. All was silent within, but away landwards, to the rear of the work, some shots were fired. The natives had scattered in small parties and withdrawn towards the interior, and the shots came from the outposts of the 68th, some of whose sentries heard the Maories stealing by in the dark, but could not stop them.

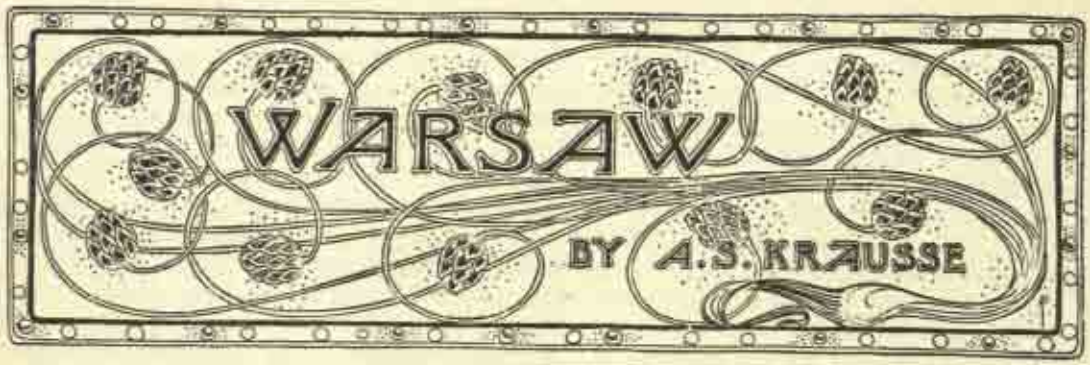
How little the officers relied upon their men after the previous day's experience is shown by the fact that they did not venture to lead them into the fort until the first light of the dawn appeared on the early morning of the Sunday, 30th. When the pah was entered a grim sight met the eyes of the victors. A few yards inside the breach four captains of the 43rd lay heaped together: two were dead, killed by bullet wounds in the head and neck, another had been slain at close quarters with a tomahawk, which had cut through his shoulder into the chest; a fourth, struck in the head by a bullet, was still breathing when his comrades found him, but died before he could be removed. A little further on lay Colonel Booth, of the same regiment, shot in the spine and the right arm, still alive after that terrible night, but not far from his death. Captain Muir, of the 43rd, and Captain Hamilton, R.N., lay dead together well forward in the second trench, with no other bodies near them. A little to the left lay Lieutenant Hill, R.N., of the *Curaçoa*, shot in the neck and through both cheeks. He had been alive some time after he fell, for he had tied his handkerchief round his wounded face. Watts, the gunner of the *Miranda*, lay dead with his head split from crown to chin with a tomahawk. Another seaman had had his head cut in two crosswise by the same weapon, scattering all the brains. The body of a Maori was found in the centre of the pah fairly cut in two by a bursting shell. There, too, the chief, Reweti, or Davis of Tauranga, was picked up, with seven bullets in his body and his legs broken by a shell-burst, but still not only alive but ready to talk to the white men, and wondering why his countrymen had not carried him off with the other wounded, whom they had removed. In all, during the attack, 9 officers and 23 men had been killed, and 5 officers and 75 men wounded, a total loss of 112 officers and men, nearly all of whom fell in the actual assault, and most of whom would have come out of the affair, safe in life and limb, if the advanced party of the 43rd had stood by their officers. At the moment of the panic there is no doubt the stormers were well into the work, and standing as most of them did on the high ground between the trenches, they could have bayoneted the Maories as they scrambled out, or shot them through the roofs. Of the British wounded many died within a week of the fight.

The garrison had lost very few in killed and wounded. Twenty dead and six wounded men were found in the pah. Ten more were picked up dead in the swamp, and the retreating Maories must have carried some wounded men with them. But their whole loss seems to have been under fifty. The chief, Rawiri, who commanded the defence, escaped unhurt. The

wounded chief, Davis, told the English that if his advice had been taken there would have been no such prolonged defence of the pah; but, he added, there were a lot of big chiefs present, and they wanted a fight. It is pleasant to be able to record that both sides acted with that chivalrous respect for each other which was worthy of brave men. The Maories had not touched the watches and chains or rings worn by the dead and wounded soldiers and sailors who fell in the pah, nor had they in any way injured the bodies. General Cameron showed his sense of this conduct on their part by ordering that the dead Maories should be given a respectful burial, and all possible care bestowed on the wounded men. Even the fragments of the body that had been torn by the shell were laid together in the row of dead outside the pah, and word was sent to some friendly Maories, belonging to a tribe which had helped to garrison the Gate Pah, that they might come in and bury their dead kinsmen, the messenger adding that, if they did not, the English would do it for them. Before noon on Sunday they came to the fort and dug a grave for the twenty dead warriors from the pah. In the bottom of it they laid the men of lower rank, that they might form a bed across which lay the corpses of the chiefs. "It is well that the warrior should die, to be a couch for his chief," runs an old proverb of the warrior Maori race.

Later in the day the English dead were laid in rows of graves at the Tauranga mission station, under a great tree, not far from the beach, and the volleys rang out their parting salute to the men who had fallen so bravely trying to stem the tide of disaster. The struggle between the white man and the Maori has, happily, ended years ago, and now both parties to the quarrel remember only that it was bravely fought out, and that in the tribes of the North Island even British soldiers and sailors found foemen well worthy of their steel. The last traces of the Gate Pah have long since been removed from the ridge above Tauranga. A monument commemorates the gallant dead. Hamilton has found another memorial in a flourishing town on the Waikato River, founded and named after him by the colonists, in the very year of his death, in admiration of his splendid valour.

A MAORI DWELLING.



THROUGHOUT the summer of 1831 the city of Warsaw lay like a city of the dead. Its magnificent palaces appeared as though deserted; its streets were lonesome, and the few who ventured from within their dwellings moved about as though smitten.

Although not declared, Warsaw lay in a state of siege. The struggle for liberty, long maintained by the brave nation of Poles, was drawing to a close, and all felt that though hitherto victorious in the field, they must fall before the countless hordes of Russia in the end.

There had been a rising in the previous year. Undeterred by the knowledge that they were a handful against millions, and encouraged by the recent examples of France and Belgium, the Poles of Warsaw had risen in revolt against the despotism of Russia, as personified by Constantine, the ferocious governor of their city.

The direct cause of the outbreak was, as is usual in such cases, slight—a bogus trial on a popular officer for an imaginary offence. A verdict contrary to the weight of evidence, a street row among the military students, a dozen of whom were promptly flogged with the knout, while others were imprisoned, and the mischief was done. The young Poles rose in November, and without ceremony broke into the prison and freed their comrades. The gates of the palace were forced, and the governor sought; but without success, he having escaped. But while Constantine evaded the vengeance of his victims, his lieutenants fared otherwise, and many of them fell into the hands of their relentless enemies. For the moment the Polish capital was in the hands of the Poles. The Russian aristocracy disappeared, and at every street-corner meetings were held at which the proceedings were constantly interrupted by cries of "Niech zyie Polska"—Poland for ever!

This state of things continued throughout the winter of 1830. The ice-bound steppes forbade the Russians taking action. But the Czar vowed vengeance, and he kept his vow. In the first days of spring a large army was despatched against the rebel Poles under General Chlopicki, who, while in command of the thirteenth and fourteenth Army Corps, had earned for his troops the nickname of the Lions of Varna. The war was waged to the death. The Russian troops, well drilled and ably commanded, elated with the successes of the past, met the untutored Polish soldiers with a confidence bred of conceit. The Poles, imbued with a sense of patriotism, and recognising that it was to do or to die, fought each man for his own hand, neither giving nor expecting quarter, and the slaughter was frightful. Even at Ostralenka, where the Poles left seven thousand dead on the field, the Russian loss was over fifteen thousand; and at Waror the Poles took ten thousand Russian prisoners, besides a number of cannon, which were exhibited in the streets of Warsaw, amid the enthusiastic applause of the inhabitants.

After being beaten all along the line the Russian army withdrew, leaving the flower of its surviving officers imprisoned in Warsaw, and for a while the Poles had rest. But only for a while. In the early summer another army marched on the capital, and at the end of June General Paskewitsch, who had been specially chosen by the Czar, took the command. This officer enjoyed the personal friendship of the ruler of Russia, and he took the field with the express instruction from his master to teach the rebels a lesson which they would not forget. He lost no time in resuming operations, but changed his predecessor's plans. Hitherto, all attempts on Warsaw had been made from the right bank of the Vistula. With the exception of the Praga suburb the city lies on the left or south bank, so that to capture it from the north the Russians

would have to fight their way across the Vistula either through the streets and across the bridges of Praga, or under the fire of the guns in the Polish works. Paskewitsch decided upon making a flank march down the right bank of the river, crossing it near the Prussian frontier, where he had secretly arranged to obtain supplies and bridging material from the Prussian fortress of Thorn, and then marching up the south bank of the Vistula he could attack Warsaw on the side on which it was not protected by the broad river which had hitherto barred the Russian advance.

The Polish Government was at this period presided over by General Skryznecki, a patriot of good family and education, and a man of the highest principle. Skryznecki recognised the danger too late. He hurriedly occupied a strong position on the line of the Bzura river with 30,000 men, in the hope of barring the Russian advance; but on August 15th the Russians, in overwhelming force, drove the Poles from the river bank and forced them back upon Warsaw. Their city was now threatened by 60,000 troops, who cut them off from the country to the south of the Vistula, from which they had hitherto drawn supplies and reinforcements. While Paskewitsch thus hemmed in the Poles on the south, another Russian army watched Praga; and thus by the end of August, while the roads for miles round were guarded by Russian legions, the Poles found themselves shut in like rats in a trap.

And now for the first time the Poles realised their position. Surrounded by a relentless horde, their supplies cut off, they realised the futility of the claims of a just cause against the exigences of necessity. The whole of the resources of Russia were against them; and while the sympathies of France and England went far to cheer the desperate band of patriots who yet fought for freedom, the fact that Prussia, though nominally a neutral state, was aiding the common enemy, was not reassuring. So far back as June this fact had been known, and General Skryznecki had written to the King of Prussia enumerating the various acts indulged in by his ministers, and demanding that they should cease. In this historic document the General

OLD TOWN, WARSAW.

proved that the Prussians were supplying the Russians with food from the storehouses at Thorn, that they had lent their skilled artillery to the Russians, that they had supplied ammunition and uniforms made in Prussia, and that most of the engineering works required by the Russians—including the bridge over the Vistula—had been executed by German engineers.

This letter was never answered, and Prussia continued in her breach of the laws of war, while the outlook in Warsaw became blacker every day. Nor were the dangers only from without. The Polish mob began to become turbulent, and necessitated the watching of soldiers who would have been better employed negotiating the enemy. But even these measures were insufficient to keep the rough element down. The irresistible descent of the Russian army was the excuse for an outcry against the noble Skyznecki; and in the hope of uniting the besieged he resigned his command of the Polish army, General Dembinski being appointed in his place.

But even this step did not succeed in quieting the rabble. On the night of the 15th August the mob rose and marched to the State prison, where Russian officers who had been taken prisoners in the war had been incarcerated. The excitement of the mob was intense. Their blood was up, and this is the only excuse that can be urged for the foulest deed that blemishes the history of Poland. The gates of the prison were forced, and the prisoners led out and shamefully ill-treated. The crowd behaved like wild beasts, chasing and attacking the unfortunate Russians; and after being tortured in every way that occurred to the imagination of their captors, the miserable beings were butchered in the streets, the gutters literally running in blood. Among the victims of this tragedy were four Russian generals and several ladies of high birth, who had been suspected of sympathising with the enemy. All were brutally murdered, the atrocities being continued for two days. At length order was restored by the military, who were withdrawn from the defence of the city for this purpose.

While these events were taking place within the city General Paskewitsch was pressing on in pursuit of the Polish army, which he had compelled to retreat from the Bzura. But even here the defenders were unable to hold their ground, and on the 1st of September they retired behind the entrenchments which had been thrown up immediately before Warsaw. Here the final stand had to be made. The headquarters of the Russians was only three miles away from the city walls, and the capital was threatened on every side. The position was, in short, so acute that it is a matter of some surprise that the Poles did not retire within the city and stand a siege. This question has been ably discussed by a trustworthy historian, who writes as follows:—

"It would have been very easy," says M. Brozozowski, "for the army to defend itself within the walls and from house to house. It had already performed more difficult feats, and Europe doubtless would have rung with its heroism if, after the example of Saragossa, it had buried itself under the ruins of Warsaw. But the Poles could not, for the sake of a mere empty renown, consent to the destruction of a city which is the hearth-stone of their patriotism and the centre of their nationality—a city which in future struggles is yet destined to play an important part,

for the Poles are far from succumbing under their present misfortunes—very far from abandoning the hope of again becoming a nation."*

But still, the attacking army waited before striking the final blow. Reinforcements from the south were expected. Several days were wasted pending their arrival, and when they arrived their pontoons stuck in the mud. But Paskewitsch did not mind the delay. He is reported to have said to one of his staff, "I await the aid of two armies—the army of the south and the army of famine." Nor were these expectations vain. While beleagured from without, the doomed city was ravaged within. Gaunt famine marched unchecked through the fine streets, and starvation claimed more victims than did shot or shell.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

Then it was that, recognising all resistance as futile, the Poles attempted to open negotiations with the enemy; but the mob would not have it, and the overtures made were cancelled in order to prevent a revolution, while an offer of terms made by Paskewitsch was rejected for a similar reason.

These preliminaries over, the attack upon Warsaw began in earnest on the morning of the 6th September. The fighting on this day was mostly at long range, but the Russian attack was so strong and the firing so fierce that the Poles had to abandon their first line of entrenchment. The assault then ceased, and both sides rested during the night; but at daybreak on the 7th the attack was renewed, and the slaughter was terrible. The Poles—especially the battalions occupying the redoubt on the Wola side of the Vistula—made an heroic resistance. The Russians had on this day no fewer than 386 guns in position, and the fire from them was so fierce and so continuous that nothing could stand before it. The Poles were ploughed down by the hail of projectiles, and those spared by the shells were despatched by small arms. After some hours of bombardment, when a mere handful of the garrison of the Wola redoubt remained, the Russians closed up in their strength and charged with their bayonets. The result was disastrous in the extreme. General Sowinski, who commanded the outpost, fell pierced through and through; and when the Russians finally occupied the redoubt only eleven men remained alive out of three thousand.

While this scene of carnage was being enacted outside, the city was itself the scene of intense excitement. The majority of the inhabitants foresaw that their fate was sealed. Their only chance of salvation—the interposition of England or France—had failed them. Were even that to come now it would be too late. The cannonade of the besiegers was continuous, and every now and again a stray shell would fall in the streets, scattering death and devastation around. And all that could be done in response was to fire occasional charges from the few guns left to the garrison. Men there were in plenty in Warsaw, and women, too, willing to play the man's part in fighting for their country; but the guns were few, and it was no uncommon sight to see eager, able men tear the rifles from the hands of the wounded as they fell, in order that the most might be made of the slender sources at their disposal.

Amid all this scene of horror there was one item of news which caused rejoicing. Marshal

* "La Guerre de la Pologne."

Paskewitsch had been wounded. It was said that he was, indeed, disabled. This was the one cheering event of the 7th September.

The 8th opened still and fine, but it was destined to be a bitter day in the story of Poland. The Russians had moved up to the very gates of the town in the night, and only the innermost line of trenches and the shaky walls stood between them and the inhabitants. The cannonade re-commenced soon after daybreak, and the attack was even more furious than on the previous day. At least, it seemed so to those within the doomed city. The men in the trenches were ploughed down like flies, but their bravery was indomitable, and as each man fell, another took his place, to be ploughed down in turn. The men finally stood upon the brink of their trenches, and used the dead bodies of their comrades as cover; but it was futile. On and on came the Russian host, back and back went the Poles, until only the gaunt walls of Warsaw stood between them and those they sought to save. The enemy fought with irresistible fury, carrying everything before them, inch by inch, at the point of the bayonet, while their guns were busied in sending missiles within the city, which spread fire and rapine in their train. The day was still undone when the walls were gained.

"THE RUSSIANS CLOSED UP IN THEIR STRENGTH AND CHARGED WITH THEIR BAYONETS" (*p.* 287).

The inmost line of defence was captured, its last defender slain. The plain for a mile around was strewn with the mutilated remains of what had once been brave men, and the tyrants of the North held Warsaw in their hands.

The city capitulated as the sun sunk in the west, and its inhabitants realised too late that their doom was sealed. What that doom was to be even the most imaginative failed to realise.

Having taken Warsaw, Paskewitsch spoke fair. He would, he declared, not enter the city till the following day, and meanwhile the Polish army, what was left of it, might retire to Plosk. The Marshal admitted to having 3,000 men and 63 officers killed, and 7,500 and 445 officers wounded, while the Polish loss was found to amount to 9,000 slain.

Defeated though they were, reduced in numbers, without the hope of succour, and exhausted by the events of the past few days, the Poles retained their heroism. The army, what was left of the 30,000 men of which the garrison had consisted, formed in order in the great place in the centre of the city, and marched towards the gate. But it did not march to Plosk. It went instead to the fortress of Modlin, and made preparations for a final stand—a forlorn hope—trusting to fortune to turn the Russians yet. But the scheme was foredoomed. Paskewitsch, whose wound was slighter than was supposed, heard of the move, and promptly despatched a brigade against the Polish remnant. The garrison of Modlin was promptly surrounded, all retreat cut off. Entrapped, defenceless, without guns or food, the band of heroes lay down their arms and sought refuge on neutral territory across the Prussian frontier.

It does not come within the province of this history to detail the events which followed the capture of Warsaw. So far as the military history of this, the last great struggle for Polish independence, is concerned, the battle of Warsaw brings the story to a close. The horrors that followed still linger in the memories of the very old. The fearful outbreak of Asiatic cholera which devastated Central Europe, the tragic fate of the thousands of Poles who, trusting in the charity of the King of Prussia, were hounded across the frontier into the hands of the Russians; the equally tragic fortunes of those who took the word of the Czar and gave themselves up to the authorities; and the bitter savageries committed by the Russians in compulsorily emigrating the bulk of the people of Warsaw, sending children away from parents and husbands from wives, even to the furthest parts of Eastern Russia, are all part of history. Of the civilising efforts of the Russians while in occupation of Warsaw, we have a sample in the fact that the conquerors took nearly a million volumes of books from the city—400,000 from the Zuluski Library alone.

THE JEWS' MARKET, WARSAW.

THE STORMING OF THE NILT FORTS.

BY E. F. KNIGHT.

OF our recent wars on the frontiers of India, the Hunza campaign was in many respects the most remarkable, and the storming of the enemy's defences at Nilt afforded an ample proof of what excellent material our Indian army is composed. At the extreme north corner of British India, or rather of the territories of our feudatory the Maharajah of Kashmir, buried amid the loftiest and wildest mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, hemmed in by glaciers which are the vastest in the world outside the arctic regions, and by hundreds of barren leagues of rock and snow, are two little States of hereditary robbers, the Hunzas and the Nagars, the first occupying the right bank, the second the left bank of the Hunza or Kanjut torrent. These people belong to what is known as the Dard race, and are supposed to be of the purest Aryan stock: many of them have the features and the fair complexions of Europeans.

This inhospitable region is the very cradle, some say, of the Aryan race; and the Hunza-Nagars present one of the most interesting ethnological problems in the world—a problem, however, which up till now could only be studied from a safe distance, for the half-dozen or so of Europeans who had penetrated the Hunza valley previous to the campaign I am about to describe had done so at considerable risk to their lives. From the earliest times the Hunza-Nagars have engaged in organised brigandage and slave-hunting; they were the most redoubtable warriors of the Hindoo Koosh. The head waters of the Hunza and its tributaries are on the slopes of the Pamirs, and the tribesmen, ascending the passes that lead from their valleys on to the "roof of the world," were wont to raid into Turkistan and fall on the caravans that carry on the trade between India and Yarkand. For hundreds of years they have thus amassed rich booty, and they sold all the prisoners they captured to the Kirghiz nomads. When the Kashmir State conquered the Gilgit district it did its utmost to quell these two lawless tribes, but all in vain: secure in their mountain strongholds, they successfully resisted the largest forces that were sent against them, and carried their forays both into Kashmir territory and into Central Asia, though a Kashmir garrison of 6,000 men was always stationed at Gilgit. It was estimated that the "thums," or kings, of these two valley States could muster 5,000 fighting men, fairly well armed with native matchlocks, Martini-Henrys, Berdans (supplied by the Russians), Sniders, and other rifles. They also had some smooth-bore six or seven pound guns of their own manufacture.

When the Indian Government undertook to exercise a more direct control over the affairs of the grossly mismanaged State of Kashmir, an agency was established at Gilgit which then became the northernmost outpost of our Empire in Asia. The Hunza river flows into the Gilgit river two miles below Gilgit fort, and the frontier of the robber States is some thirty miles up the Hunza valley. The thums, though jealous of the establishment of British influence in their close vicinity, were persuaded by Colonel Durand, our agent at Gilgit, to enter into a treaty by which they recognised Great Britain as the suzerain power, and agreed to desist from raiding and slave-hunting, while the Indian Government was to pay the thums an annual subsidy each. But the thums, stirred up by Captain Gromchevtsky—who had visited the Hunza valley with a party of Cossacks, and had done his utmost to damage British prestige in these regions—soon broke their faith with Colonel Durand; they recommenced their evil practices, and in the spring of 1891, having first greatly strengthened their defences in the

gorges near Nilt, they defied the Maharajah and the British agent, declared that they would renew their raids, threatened the Kashmir fortress of Chalt with a considerable force, and so endangered our position at Gilgit that the long-suffering Government of India found it necessary to send a punitive expedition into the Hunza valley.

At this time the Agent's bodyguard consisted only of a score or so of Pathans of the 20th Punjab Infantry, while the Kashmir troops who garrisoned the forts were scarcely to be relied on, for these were the same men who had been repeatedly defeated by the Hunzas. They belonged, it is true, to regiments of the recently organised Imperial Service troops which the Maharajah had set aside for purposes of Imperial defence, and which had been trained for some months by specially selected British officers; but they had never been tried in actual warfare since the new system had been inaugurated, and it was therefore considered advisable to despatch from Abbotabad 200 men of our 5th Gurkha regiment, and two seven-pound guns of the Hazara mountain battery.

The present road from Kashmir to Gilgit had not then been completed, and great difficulties had to be overcome in sending even this small force to the North. The distance from Srinagur to Gilgit is 240 miles, or twenty-two marches. The track winds among the mountains, and crosses two high passes, one being over the main chain of the Himalayas, which divides Kashmir proper from the northern possessions of the Maharajah. These passes are only open for about four months; for the rest of the year they are closed by deep snow and are exposed to violent gales of extreme coldness, which prove fatal to travellers overtaken by them. One of these storms sprang up while the 5th Gurkhas and a number of transport coolies were on the march, and nearly 100 men perished of frostbite. Captain Barrett himself, who was in command, lost several toes on this occasion, and was incapacitated from taking part in the campaign. This dreary road traversed for many marches a rainless and almost desert region. Of wild vegetation there is scarcely any: it is only by means of artificial irrigation from the glacier streams above that the sparse population succeeds in raising scanty crops here and there. There are signs of a more extensive cultivation in the past, but the forays of the Shinakas—raiding tribes who occupy a little-explored region beyond the mountains that border the Gilgit road on the west—have long since made these valleys desolate. The road, where not winding over the barren mountain ridges, follows the bottoms of the gloomy ravines where the discoloured torrents rush between cliffs and huge slopes of fallen boulders. The country affords no supplies to an invading force, and even the forage for our horses had to be imported from a distance.

During the four summer months of 1891 thousands of coolies were employed in carrying up to Gilgit the supplies required for the expedition; but despite all the efforts of our transport officers, a large quantity of necessaries never crossed the Himalayas: an early winter and heavy snowstorms suddenly closed the passes, and our little force was cut off from all chance of reinforcement or communication with the outer world for several months. Isolated by impassable mountains, we were now left to fight it out, not only with the 5,000 Hunzas, but probably also with the Shinakas, who could put 15,000 men in the field, for they were known to have a defensive alliance with the Hunzas, and our line of communication was open to their attack at several points.

The force at Colonel Durand's disposal consisted of three regiments of Kashmir Imperial Service troops, 188 men of the 5th Gurkha regiment, about thirty men of the Agency bodyguard, two guns of the Hazara mountain battery, and 160 irregulars from the mountains of Puneal—in all about 2,000 men. Of these 1,000 men were left to garrison the forts and to guard our long line of communication. The field force, therefore, numbered roughly 1,000 men, of whom more than 700 were untried sepoys of the Kashmir regiments (Dogras and Gurkhas), and quite untrained irregulars. Only thirteen British officers were with the field force. To Mr. Spedding, C.E., and his staff of six civilians, was entrusted the duty of opening out a road for the column: these civilians were on the roster, and had under them 200 Pathan navvies, who were armed with Snider carbines, and took part in the fighting.

Despite the rigour of the climate in these highlands, it was decided to prosecute the campaign in mid-winter, for it is only at that season that Hunza can be invaded with any hope of success. The tribesmen have purposely left the approaches to their country as difficult as possible. The awful gorges of the lower Hunza valley afford position after position that would be impregnable if properly held. A very narrow track, trying to the nerves of any but

cragsman, was then the one route by which the valley could be ascended in the summer months; for at that season the torrent, swollen by the snows melting on the mountains, rages deep and unfordable, filling the bottom of the ravines from the precipices on one side to those on the other, so that one has no choice but to follow the dangerous path high up the hill-side, in places crossing the precipices by frail scaffoldings of wood which a single man could in a moment dislodge and send tumbling into the torrent below, leaving impassable walls of rock to face the invader. But in the winter the difficulties are much lessened. The intense frost silences all the tributary streams, the Hunza torrent shrinks considerably in volume, is generally fordable, and it is possible in most parts of the valley to follow the dried margin of the river bed instead of scaling the precipices above.

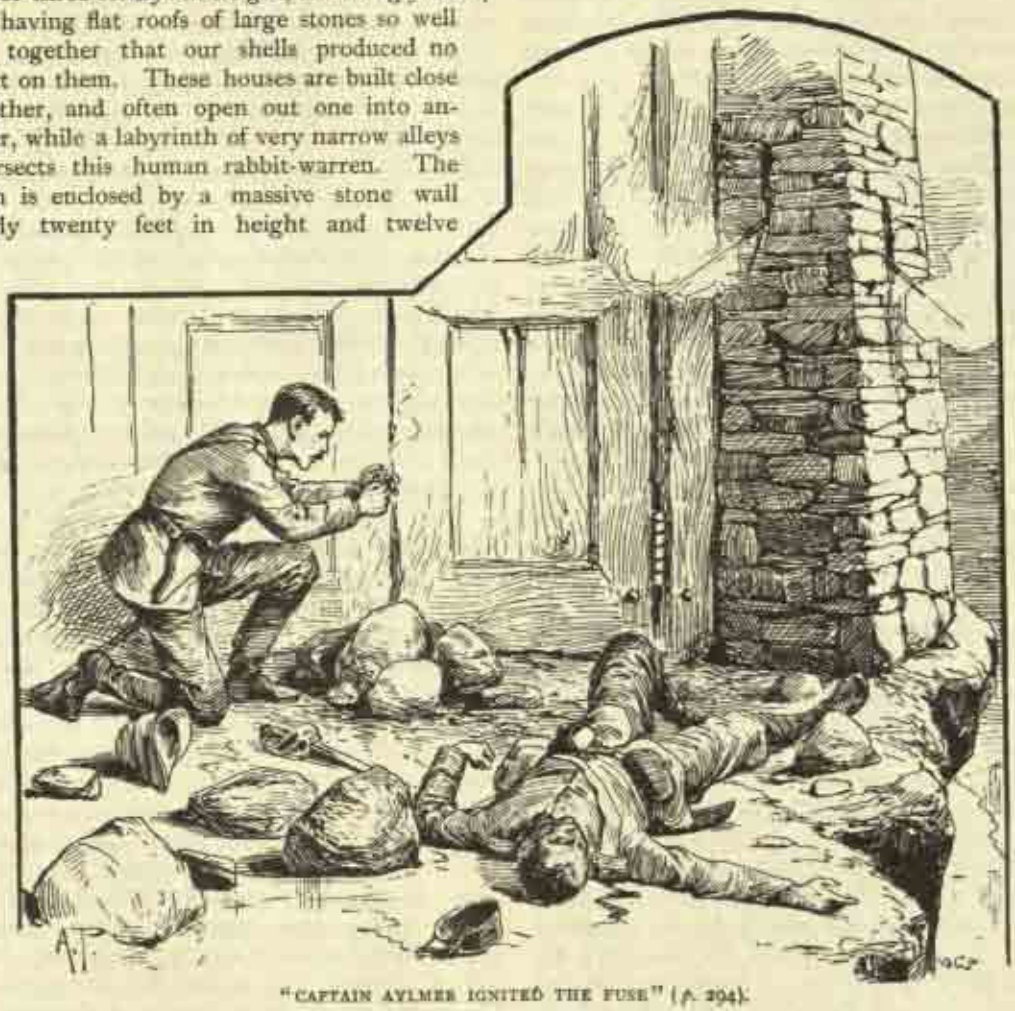
Mr. Spedding and his men quickly opened out a road, just practicable for a mule battery, to Chalt, the last Kashmir fort in the valley. Here the field force collected, and all being ready, we crossed the river on December 1st, and having formed a zereba, encamped for the night in the enemy's territory. The tribesmen were known to have gathered in force ten miles higher up the valley at a point where several large forts defended a naturally very strong position. It was Colonel Durand's intention to make an immediate attack on the most important and the nearest to us of these forts — that of Nilt.

Accordingly, at daybreak on December 2nd, our force advanced; but it was not until midday that we reached our destination, for our road lay across very difficult ground, and at some precipitous places the enemy had broken away the track, so that the column had to halt while Spedding's Pathans with pick, shovel, and gunpowder cleared the way. The enemy offered no opposition, and, indeed, we saw no signs of them until we had turned a rocky spur of the mountain side, when we suddenly beheld, right in front of us and only two hundred yards or so distant, the grey fortress of Nilt, with the quaint triangular flags of the Hunzas waving on its walls.

The illustration (on p. 297) will render clear the following description of the enemy's position at what the tribesmen have for centuries considered to be the impregnable gateway of their country. On the right and left are the great gorges of Nilt and Maiun, which pour their tributary waters into the Hunza river. At the mouth of the Nilt gorge stands the fortress of Nilt, while on the cultivated terraces beyond the two gorges are the large fortresses of Thol and Maiun and several smaller forts. The two gorges descend from the glaciers and snowfields of mighty mountains whose peaks attain a height of 25,000 feet. The cliffs that fronted us on the opposite slopes of both gorges are inaccessible in most parts, and were lined at their summits from the edge of the glaciers high above down to the river bed with *sangas*, or stone breastworks, filled with the enemy's marksmen ever ready to roll down avalanches of rocks on any foe that should attempt the scaling. The high cliffs also that fell from the cultivated terraces on either side forming the river banks were lined with *sangas* for several miles up the valley, so that an attempt to turn this formidable position by an advance up the river bed would be met by a withering fire on either flank. We were confronted, in short, by a line of defence which extended from the glaciers on one side to those on the other, held by some 4,000 determined men.

Our first object was to capture Nilt fort, the only one of the enemy's defences which was on our side of the tributary gorges. Our troops

had by no means an easy task before them. As the Hunzas and Nagars, when not united to raid on foreign soil or to repel an invader, used frequently to wage war on each other, all their villages are strongly fortified. Nilt consists of a congregation of stone houses, some of which are two or three storeys in height, all strongly built, and having flat roofs of large stones so well put together that our shells produced no effect on them. These houses are built close together, and often open out one into another, while a labyrinth of very narrow alleys intersects this human rabbit-warren. The town is enclosed by a massive stone wall nearly twenty feet in height and twelve



"CAPTAIN AYLMER IGNITED THE FUSE" (*p.* 294).

feet in breadth, loopholed for musketry, with towers at intervals. This wall is surrounded by another loopholed wall eight feet in height, distant some six yards from the first wall. This outer wall, where it does not hang over the precipice, has a deep trench outside it, at the bottom of which the enemy had placed a strong abatis of branches lashed together, and, lastly, another abatis lined the outer edge of the trench.

As soon as we turned the spur of the mountain the Hunzas opened fire upon us from their loopholes. Our troops deployed on to the flat terrace of irrigated fields and returned the fire. The 5th Gurkhas, who led the attack, made short rushes, section after section, availing themselves of the cover afforded by the low walls that divided the fields, and directed a brisk fire on the loopholes of the fort at 100 yards range. The Punialis and the men of the 20th Punjab Infantry scaled the steep mountain spur above the fort to the ridge on which we afterwards had our "ridge picket" (*see* illustration on p. 297), and fired down into the centre of the fort. The two seven-pounders took up a position about 150 yards from the fort, and opened fire upon it with shrapnel and shot, which appeared to produce no effect on the strong walls.

The action continued thus for about an hour. The loopholes of the fort offered but small targets to our riflemen, and the losses of the

enemy must have been slight. On the other hand, our own men began to drop pretty fast, and it was soon obvious that the enemy's marksmen were picking off the British officers, most of whom had narrow escapes. Colonel Durand himself was severely wounded in the groin, and the command devolved on Captain Bradshaw, 35th Bengal Infantry. The loopholes of Nilt were luckily but few in number, or our losses would have been very severe.

Just before he was wounded Colonel Durand ordered that an attempt should be made to blow up the main gate of the fort, and take the place by assault. The story of how this was carried out should be one to stir the blood of Englishmen, for few so gallant deeds have been recorded even in the glorious annals of our Indian warfare. Under cover of a very heavy fire opened upon the loopholes of the fort by the rest of the force the storming party of one hundred men of the 5th Gurkhas, led by Lieutenants Boisragon and Badcock, and accompanied by Captain Aylmer (on whom, as our engineer officer, fell the duty of blowing up the gate), made a rush on the outer abatis. Through this the kukris of the Gurkhas quickly clove a narrow opening, and then the three officers, followed by their men, leapt into the trench and began to cut their way through the other abatis at the bottom. The officers, with some half-a-dozen men at their heels, scrambled through first, climbed the side of the trench, and found themselves before the outer wall. They ran along it till they came to a small gate, through which they had little difficulty in hacking their way. Passing through this they found themselves between the two walls, and exposed to the fire from the lower loopholes of the main wall, which could not be silenced by the covering party. Turning to the right they followed the main wall till they came to a large and strongly-built wooden gate flanked by two towers. To cut through this gate, which had been barricaded within with a wall of stones, was impossible, so Captain Aylmer, accompanied by his Pathan orderly and a Gurkha sepoy, ran up to the foot of the gate, and as rapidly as possible made his preparations to blow it up, the enemy all the while firing at him through the loopholes of the towers and gate, and throwing large stones over the parapets upon him. His companions protected him as far as they could by firing into the loopholes at the range of a few feet, the officers using their revolvers. That a single man of this gallant handful escaped death is indeed marvellous.

Captain Aylmer, stooping down, removed some stones from under the foot of the gate, inserted his slabs of guncotton, packed them with stones, and ignited the fuse. While he was doing this he was shot through the leg from a loophole so near to him that his clothes and flesh were burnt; and of the two men who were in the gateway with him the Gurkha was shot dead, and the Pathan orderly was severely wounded in the head. Captain Aylmer and the orderly then crawled along the foot of the wall to a safe distance, and awaited the explosion. The given time elapsed, and there was no sound. It was obvious that the fuse had failed. So Captain Aylmer, wounded as he was, once more returned to an almost certain death, in order to complete his task. He cut the fuse with his knife, readjusted it, lit a match after several attempts, for the wind was strong, reignited the fuse, and again withdrew to safe shelter. This time while at work in the gateway he received a second wound. His hand and arm were very badly crushed by a large stone that was thrown at him over the walls.

This time, happily, the fuse did its work. There was a loud explosion; the stones came toppling down from the shaking walls, and it was seen that the gate and the barricade had been blown in. Then, even before the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared, the three British officers—for Captain Aylmer was ready for the fight, indomitable as ever, though streaming with blood from his wounds—and the five surviving sepoys rushed through the breach, and were within the fort. Here they at once engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand fight with the bravest of the enemy who flocked down the alleys leading to the gate. This handful of men, standing close together in this narrow place, resolutely held the position they had gained against the whole Hunza garrison. They gave a very good account of themselves, and killed a number of the enemy with bullet and cold steel: Lieutenant Badcock, with his revolver, shot the commander himself, Mahomet Shah, Wazir of Nagar. But the odds against them were too overwhelming: two more of the sepoys were soon killed, and nearly all were wounded. Captain Aylmer was now wounded for yet a third time, being shot through the arm with a jezail, while Lieutenant Badcock was severely wounded in the shoulder. It was evident that not one of the little party at the gateway would be left alive unless support came up quickly. They had thus been fighting for

about a quarter of an hour, when Lieutenant Boisragon volunteered to go out and find his men, thus exposing himself both to the fire of the enemy and that of the covering party. He got through safely, and was very soon back in the fort at the head of a number of Gurkhas, eager to avenge their fallen comrades. They fought, as is their wont, like little demons with their deadly kukris. The tribesmen defended themselves with desperate valour, but they could not long withstand the fierce attack of the Gurkhas, who at last drove them back with great loss, and hunted them panic-stricken through the labyrinth of alleys into the surrounding gorges.

That the Gurkhas had not more quickly followed their officers and six comrades to the gateway was not due to any unreadiness on their part, for Gurkhas are never backward in a fight. It seems that after they had cut through the abatis and crossed the trench they were unable to see which way their officers had gone before them, and turning to the left, instead of to the right, had missed the gateway, and had been checked by a great abatis which extended from the wall to the brink of the precipice.

The storming of Nilt only cost our force six men killed and twenty-seven wounded. The enemy left about a hundred dead behind them in the alleys of the fort, and many were shot down while escaping to their defences beyond the gorge. Captain Aylmer and Lieutenant Boisragon were both decorated with the Victoria Cross in recognition of their gallantry on this day, and Lieutenant Badcock, who was also recommended for a V.C., received the Distinguished Service Order.

Thus fell Nilt Fort; but its capture was only the first step towards the subjugation of the Hunza-Nagars. The real strength of their position lay before us, and the enemy, not in the least disheartened by their defeat, prepared to make a resolute stand along their line of defence beyond the two gorges. They omitted no precaution: not only did they break away all the roads across the ravines, but, taking advantage of the hard frost, they turned the irrigation canals over the river cliffs where they were assailable, and so formed smooth ramparts of ice to oppose us.

For eighteen days we vainly endeavoured to turn this formidable position. On December 3rd an attempt was made to repair the road and push across the Nilt gorge; but no sooner did our men appear in the open than they were driven back by a volley from the *sangas* opposite, which killed three men and wounded six others, among the latter being Lieutenant Gorton. We now had five of our officers *hors de combat*, and in all forty men killed or wounded. Several reconnaissances were made by day and by night, to find out a weak spot in the enemy's line of defence. Once a party explored the river bed for some distance, and found that it was obstructed by barricades that ran across the beach: a heavy fire from either bank compelled this patrol to beat a hasty retreat. It was quite evident that an attempt to advance that way would mean the annihilation of our force. On the night of December 8th another futile endeavour was made to force the mouth of the Nilt gorge. On one dark night a small party that had crossed the river to surprise Maiun was discovered and repulsed. We even attempted to find a way across the glaciers at the head of the gorge, but were frustrated by impassable crevasses. Whenever a night surprise was attempted at some point of the cliff that appeared accessible the ever-watchful enemy would roll down their avalanches of rocks and also great fire-balls of resinous wood, whose blaze disclosed the whereabouts of our men, and enabled the defenders above to open a deadly musketry fire.

Day after day our men were engaged in these perilous but fruitless efforts to force a way past these rocky bulwarks of the enemy. Still we were held in check, and our position became one of considerable peril. The Hunzas, emboldened by the success of their resistance, threatened our line of communication with Gilgit, and the Shinaka tribes also were mobilising with the intention of falling upon us from below. Had they done so our small force would have probably been caught in a trap and cut to pieces, even as was the fate of a far larger force of Kashmir troops some years before in this very valley. Shut out, as we were, from all hope of succour for several months by the wintry Himalayas, but one course lay before our commander—at all risks to force the enemy's position before their Shinaka allies could come to their assistance.

To Nagdu, a gallant Dogra sepoy of one of the Kashmir Imperial Service regiments, the credit is due for having discovered what was possibly the only practicable method of effecting our object. This man, like all his race, a good cragsman, volunteered to explore the precipices

on the further side of the Nilt gorge, with a view of finding a point at which they could be scaled by our troops. Night after night he did this at great risk, for the enemy, perceiving him, used to roll down rocks and fire upon him from above. At last on one dark night he actually succeeded in climbing quite alone from the bottom of the gorge to the top of the cliff, undetected by the enemy, and reached the foot of the four strong *sangas* indicated in the

"HE ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN CLIMBING QUITE ALONE."

illustration. The enemy evidently considered this to be a vulnerable point, for we had observed that they used to roll down their rock avalanches from these *sangas* at intervals each night, until at last a regular shoot was worn apparently as a light streak against the darker cliff. Nagdu climbed down again in safety, returned to camp, and propounded his scheme. Nagdu, of his own native wit, realised a truth the ignorance of which has on more than one occasion brought commanders to grief—namely, that an almost perpendicular cliff is but a treacherous position under certain circumstances, and proves a death-trap to those who would defend its summit. Nagdu pointed out that the cliff was so steep that the enemy would have to come out of their *sangas* and lean over the edge of the precipice in order to fire at a scaling party, and this, he said, we ought to be able to prevent them from doing with a covering party of picked marksmen posted on our side of the gorge.

Nagdu's plan was so obviously the right one that it was adopted, and it was decided to storm the enemy's position at this point in broad daylight. Captain Colin Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who was in command during Captain Bradshaw's temporary absence at Gilgit, despatched this forlorn hope without any delay. The 5th Gurkhas had borne the brunt of the first action; it was now the turn of the Imperial Service troops. Accordingly, Lieutenant Manners-Smith and Lieutenant Taylor, with 100 men of the Kashmir Bodyguard Regiment, left the camp noiselessly on the night of December 19th, which was very dark, and bivouacked in the Nilt gorge at a spot sheltered from rock-rolling, and just below the precipice that Nagdu had scaled. That night in camp we listened anxiously for any sound, for had the enemy detected the party as it ascended the gorge the rock avalanches would have wrought great havoc at several exposed places on the way. But we had luckily at last caught the tribesmen off their guard, and all was quiet.

Before dawn on the 20th the covering party, consisting of 135 marksmen selected from the different regiments, ascended the ridge and took up a position near the block house indicated in the illustration. Our men lined the edge of the cliff, having been divided into four parties, each of which was instructed to open a steady independent fire upon one particular *sanga* of the four that were to be stormed. I was in command of one of these parties, and was therefore a spectator of what I am about to describe. The enemy opened fire upon us from the four *sangas* (which were about 450 yards from our ridge) and from other *sangas* that dotted the hillside. It was not long before the four *sangas* were completely silenced by the fire we directed upon them: not a defender dared stand behind a loophole. Then Lieutenant Manners-Smith commenced the difficult ascent, followed by fifty of the sepoys, Lieutenant Taylor coming after with the other fifty. We saw the men, forming a long scattered stream, slowly and with difficulty scale the 1,200 feet of precipice, often coming to a check and having to return some distance to try again at some more accessible point. Only cragsmen,

such as these were, could have climbed this frightful wall of rock.

At last, when they were two-thirds of the way up, Lieutenant Manners-Smith came to a sheer precipice no man could scale: he tried to the right and left of it, but could find no way of getting by, and then, to our dismay, abandoned the hopeless attempt, and took all his men down again to the foot of the gorge. But Manners-Smith, himself an expert cragsman, was determined to scale the cliffs somewhere that day and to try conclusions with the enemy at close quarters. So he started again at a point higher up the gorge, and this time, as we fired over his head, we saw him and a few of the most active of his followers attain a ledge only sixty yards below one of the four *sangas*. Here he waited a few seconds until more of his men had come up, and then he rapidly clambered to the edge of the cliff.

NILT FORTS, FROM THE SOUTH.

It was only at this moment, when the storming party had all but effected its task, that it became visible to the defenders of Maiun and of the other forts below, who, hearing the unwonted heavy firing, had come out upon the roof-tops and were gazing upwards at the ridge. They shouted a warning across the river, which was taken up by *sanga* after *sanga* on the cliff side, till it reached the men in the four *sangas* that were the object of our attack, who for the first time realised that a party of men were scaling the cliff beneath them. They then, but too late, made a desperate attempt to defend their position. They threw rocks over the parapets, and some brave Hunzas rushed boldly out of the *sangas* and rolled down the ready-piled-up mounds of stone, whose falling stirred great showers of rocks, ever increasing in volume as they thundered down the gorge. From our side we shot down each man as he appeared in the open, in most cases before he had time to roll down a single stone. Luckily, our men had by this time passed the most dangerous part of the ascent, and the greater portion of the stones rushed harmlessly to the left of them. Some men, however, were wounded, and Lieutenant Taylor was knocked down, but not severely injured, by a rock. Had the enemy

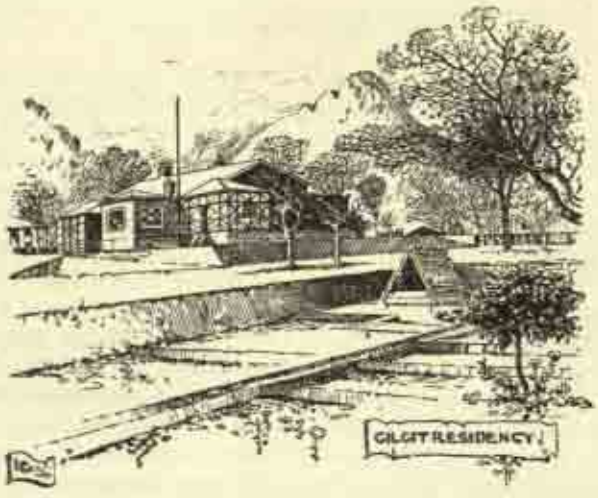
received their warning but a few minutes earlier, the cataracts of rock would probably have swept a large proportion of the scaling party off the face of the cliff.

And now the order was given to the covering party to cease firing, and, as the smoke cleared, we saw Lieutenant Manners-Smith and a few men reach the foot of the *sanga* to the right. They ran quickly round to the opening at the back of the *sanga*, a few shots were fired by the attacking party and the defenders, and then the former, rushing in, took the *sanga* at the point of the bayonet, slaying most of those within. The rest of the sepoys now came up, and, despite the gallant stand of many of the enemy, *sanga* after *sanga* was taken by assault, and the whole hill-side was covered with the flying tribesmen hurrying to the forts below. Upwards of 100 of them were shot down by our riflemen, but the greater portion escaped. This gallant forlorn hope had been rewarded with complete success, and the Kashmir Imperial Service troops had proved on this their first trial how well they could acquit themselves when properly led.

And now the defenders of Maiun, Thol, and all the fortifications on the plain below, seeing that their position—which they had deemed impregnable, and which from time immemorial had defied their enemies—had been actually turned, and knowing that we should cut off their retreat unless they escaped at once, lost heart, and, abandoning their posts, took to their heels. We saw the tribesmen in their hundreds fleeing up the valley for their lives on both sides of the river. They were not given time to recover from their panic and to organise a stand higher up. Our covering party was at once brought down the hill, our sappers quickly opened a rough track across the mouth of the gorge; we effected a junction with Lieutenant Manners-Smith's party; and then, leaving baggage and commissariat behind, our whole force pushed up the valley in pursuit of the routed enemy. A forced march of thirty miles over the most difficult ground, along the face of precipices, across frozen torrents, glaciers, and wastes of rocky *débris*, brought us to the capital of Nagar in about twenty-four hours—a most creditable performance. The enemy offered no further resistance, and on the following day we occupied the thums' hitherto inviolate citadel in the capital of Hunza.

The complete pacification of the country quickly followed. The Hunza-Nagars, having been treated with clemency, are now very well disposed to us. They acknowledge our suzerainty, but are ruled by their thums as of old; and we do not interfere with them in the least so long as they abstain from raiding and slave-hunting. The Hunza valley provides a new recruiting ground for India. When it was proposed to raise a Hunza levy for frontier defence, the young tribesmen gladly volunteered; and within a few months of the Hunza War, a small body of our recent foes, led by British officers, completely defeated a far superior force of Shinakas which had attacked our outposts on the Indus.

Lieutenant Manners-Smith, in recognition of his gallant leading of the forlorn hope on the 20th, received the Victoria Cross—the third that had been gained in the course of this short but memorable campaign.



ASPROMONTE

BY CHARLES LOWE

GIUSEPPE (or JOSEPH) GARIBALDI was for many years the most picturesque and interesting figure in all Europe. He might be called the William Wallace, or the William Tell, of Italy. His name (which is still a common enough one in Genoa among all ranks of life) is said to have been a corruption of Garibaldo, *i.e.* "Bold in War." At any rate, a warlike star presided over his birth (at Nice in 1807), for he first saw the light in the very house where, forty years before, Massena, one of the Great Napoleon's greatest generals, was born.

At the time of his birth his native country—Italy—was in a woful state of disunion, and much of it was under the yoke of the foreigner—the Austrians in particular. It was cut up into several conflicting monarchies; while the Pope, the spiritual head of the Roman Church, also claimed—and had his claim allowed—to be temporal sovereign of Rome. But as the century grew older, the Italian people began to be stirred with a deep desire for national unity, without which they knew they could never become great, strong, or respected; and of all who threw themselves into this movement, none did so with more ardour than the son of the humble Nice skipper who sailed his own little vessel all over the Mediterranean.

This son, Giuseppe, took to his father's calling, and began life as a sailor. Once, when second in command of a brig, he was attacked by Greek pirates, after which he landed at St. Nicholas to re-victual without so much as shoes to his feet. An Englishman taking pity on him, offered him a pair, and this touched him to the heart.

"When I look back upon it now," wrote Garibaldi in 1870 to *Cassell's Magazine*, "I cannot help remembering that it was the first of the many acts of kindness which bind me with such strong and lasting ties of gratitude to your noble nation."

In 1836 he had joined a revolutionary movement, which failed; and, after many privations and vicissitudes, he finally sailed for South America, where for the next ten years he led a life of the most stirring excitement and adventure among the quarrelsome young Republics of that continent—fighting now on one side and then on the other, like Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty in the Thirty Years' War, and gaining a name for the greatest personal bravery. The wanderings and adventures of Ulysses were nothing to those of Garibaldi, which would fill volumes of as fascinating reading as can be found in the pages of a novelist.

When the revolutionary movement of 1848 swept over Europe—including Italy—Garibaldi returned home with a knowledge of guerilla—or irregular—warfare such as was possessed probably by no other man alive; and then, with his volunteers, he threw himself heart and soul into the movement for "making Italy free," as the phrase ran, "from the Alps to the Adriatic."

With his Red-Shirt Volunteers, Garibaldi took a preminent part in the fighting of 1848 and 1859, and with his "Thousand"—as famous a fighting force as Xenophon's "Ten Thousand"—he, in 1860, attacked and conquered the Two Sicilies (*i.e.* the island of Sicily and Naples), and made a present of these kingdoms to his sovereign Victor Emmanuel, after which he returned to his solitary farm on the little island of Caprera. Here, on this rocky island—fifteen miles in circumference, and five in length—Garibaldi was monarch of all he surveyed.

"The absence of priests," he wrote, "is one of the especial blessings of this spot. Here God is worshipped in purity of spirit without formalism, free from mockery, under the canopy of the blue heavens, with the planets for lamps, the sea

winds for music, and the green sward of the island for altars."

This was the den, so to speak, into which the lion-patriot retired when no political prey was stirring. But no sooner did he scent the opportunity for action than out again he would rush with a roar, which was sometimes just as disquieting to his friends as to his foes. This was more particularly the case on the occasion which led to Aspromonte. But, before proceeding to the tragic scene of this encounter, let us see what sort of fighters Garibaldi and his red-shirted followers were.

"Garibaldi," wrote a correspondent of *The Times*, "was a middle-sized man, and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, since he sat in the saddle with such perfect ease, and yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampas. But his chief beauty was the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould: the forehead was high and broad, a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. The brow was open, genial, sunny; the eyes dark grey, deep, shining with a steady reddish light; the nose, mouth, and chin exquisitely chiselled, the countenance habitually at rest, but at sight of those dear to him beaming with a caressing smile, revealing all the innate strength and grace of his loving nature.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

"His garb consisted of a plain red shirt and grey trousers, over which he threw the folds of the Spanish-American *poncho*—an ample upper garment of thin white woollen cloth with crimson lining, which did duty as a standard, and round which his volunteers were bidden to rally in the thick of the fight, as did the French Huguenot chivalry round Henry of Navarre's '*panache blanche*.' His sword was a fine cavalry blade, forged in England and the gift of English friends, and with it he might be seen at his early breakfast on the tented field cutting his bread and slicing his Bologna sausage, and inviting those he particularly wished to distinguish, to share that savoury fare. The sabre did good slashing work at need, however, and at Milazzo, in Sicily, it bore him out safely from the midst of a knot of Neapolitan troopers who caught him by surprise and fancied they had him at their discretion. Garibaldi carried no other weapons, though the officers in his suite had pistols and daggers at their belts; and his negro groom, by name Aguyar, who for a long time followed him as his shadow, like Napoleon's Mameluke, and was shot dead by his side at Rome, was armed with a long lance with a crimson pennon, used as his chief's banner.

"His staff officers were a numerous, quaint, and motley crew, men of all ages and conditions, mostly devoted personal friends—not all of them available for personal strength or technical knowledge, but all to be relied upon for their readiness to die with or for him. The veterans he brought with him from Montevideo, a Genoese battalion whom his friend Augusto Vecchi helped to enlist, and the Lombard Legion, under Manara, were

all men of tried valour, well trained to the use of the rifle, inured to hardships and privations; and they constituted the nucleus of the Garibaldian force throughout its campaigns. The remainder was a shapeless mass of raw recruits from all parts of Italy, joining or leaving the band almost at their pleasure — mere boys from the Universities, youths of noble and rich family, lean artisans from the towns, stout peasants and labourers from the country, adventurers of indifferent character, deserters from the army, and the like, all marching in loose companies, like Falstaff's recruits, under improvised officers and non-commissioned officers; but all, or most of them, entirely disinterested about pay or promotion, putting up with long fasts and heavy marches, only asking to be brought face to face with the enemy, and when under the immediate influence of Garibaldi himself or of his trusty friends seldom guilty of soldierly excesses or of any breach of discipline. The effect the presence of the hero had among them was surprising. A word addressed to them in his clear, ringing, silver voice electrified even the dullest. An order coming from him was never questioned, never disregarded. No one waited for a second bidding or an explanation. 'Your business is not to inquire how you are to storm that position. You must only go and do it.' And it was done."

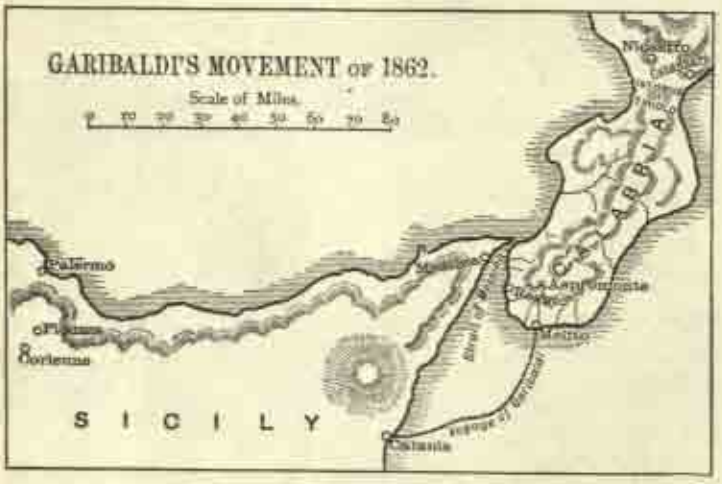
"EVERYWHERE THIS FREE-LANCE EVOKED ENTHUSIASM" (*p.* 302.)

"On the approach of a foe," wrote one of his Lombard volunteers, Emilio Dandolo, "Garibaldi would ride up to a dominating point in the landscape, survey the ground for hours with the spyglass in brooding silence, and come down with a swoop on the enemy, acting upon some well-contrived combination of movements by which advantage had been taken of all circumstances in his favour." And as this was his custom in the field of war, so it was ever also his habit in what must be called the field of politics. After finishing a campaign he would sheathe his sword and return to Caprera, there to stand and strain his eyes towards the mainland, watching for his next opportunity of action. Not an event escaped his notice, and he heard with a smile of contentment how Victor Emmanuel had stormed the fortress of Gaeta, and the two crowns of the Sicilies had been placed upon the head of the Piedmontese King. But the national unity was still far from complete. Above all things, Venice still remained under the yoke of the Austrians, while Rome was equally in the

power of the French, who remained there to champion with their bayonets the pretensions of the Pope.

They had been there ever since 1849, when the Romans rose against the Pope, declared a Republic, and were supported by Garibaldi and his Red Shirts. But then the French rushed to the assistance of the Pope, and after a three months' siege—during which the Garibaldians behaved with splendid bravery—at last stormed the city, restored the authority of the Pope, and compelled the Hero of Caprera to retire to the mountains.

"Soldiers!" he had said, on leading his men away from the Eternal City, "that which I have to offer you is this: hunger, thirst, cold, heat; no pay, no barracks, no rations; but frequent alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet;" and 4,000 men had readily answered to this appeal.



The memory of this defeat rankled ever after in Garibaldi's mind, and he determined to seize the first opportunity of retrieving it. This opportunity, he deemed, had at last come in the year 1862, soon after the death of the great statesman Cavour, who had been the Bismarck, so to speak, of Italian unity, as Victor Emmanuel had been its King William. But while Garibaldi had been their greatest support, he had also been the source of their greatest weakness. For he was not a regularly appointed servant of the Government, but the self-constituted soldier and champion of his country. He chose his own time for fighting, irrespective of what the King and his ministers wished, and thus often placed them in the greatest difficulty. So little, indeed, did Garibaldi consider his times and seasons for action, that he was said by many to have "an ass's head linked to a lion's heart." He was nothing but a headlong soldier, who scorned the arts of statesmen; and his head was turned with his extraordinary popularity among the masses of the Italian people, who paid him something like Divine honours.

Everywhere this free-lance hero evoked far more enthusiasm than was even shown the King, who, naturally enough, followed Garibaldi's movements with the greatest solicitude, whilst recognising that he had done so much for his country that the very greatest indulgence and forbearance had to be shown him.

But there came a time when it was thought that Garibaldi should not be allowed the free hand which had hitherto been granted him. This was when he announced his intention of placing the national flag on the walls of Rome, which still owned the dominion of the Pope, and was garrisoned by the French. However much Victor Emmanuel desired to see Rome become the capital of Italy, he could not forget the debt of gratitude which he owed the French, who had been his allies in the successful war against Austria in 1859; and when he heard of Garibaldi's proposed enterprise, he issued a proclamation to his subjects, saying: "It is painful to me to see deluded and inexperienced young men forgetting their duties and the gratitude we owe our best allies, and making the name of Rome a watchword of war. . . . Italians! beware of guilty impatience and incautious agitation. When the hour to finish the Government work shall have come, the voice of your King will be heard among you. A call which does not come from him is a call to rebellion and to civil war. The responsibility and the rigour of the law will fall upon those who do not listen to my words."

But this warning had no restraining effect on the eager Garibaldi, who only panted to recover for his country the Eternal City, exclaiming: "Rome! Rome! Who is not urged by thy very name to take up arms for thy deliverance?" At the same time, there is considerable reason for believing that the King and his Government had given secret encouragement to

Garibaldi to embark upon his mad enterprise, in order to have a pretext for arresting the lion-hearted but inconvenient rebel. In any case, away to Sicily he went to make preparations for his Quixotic expedition. He probably calculated that the news of his enterprise would induce his countrymen to rise *en masse*, and that the French Emperor, seeing the enthusiasm of the Italian people, would withdraw his troops from Rome.

He landed at Palermo, whence a body of his volunteers marched to Corleone, a town of the interior, where they overpowered the National Guard and armed themselves with their muskets. Then they took up their quarters in a camp at Ficuzza, a forest district about twenty miles from Palermo. Here they were visited on August 1st by Garibaldi, who thus addressed them :

"My young fellow-soldiers! To-day again the holy cause of our country unites us. Again to-day, without asking whither going, what to do, with what hope of reward to our labours, with a smile on your lips and joy in your hearts, you hasten to fight our overbearing dominators, throwing a spark of comfort to our enslaved brethren. . . . I can only promise you toils, hardships, and perils ; but I rely on your self-denial. I know you, ye brave young men, crippled in glorious combat! It is needless to ask you to display valour in fight. What I ask is discipline, for without that no army can exist. The Romans were disciplined, and they mastered the world. Endeavour to conciliate the good-will of the population we are about to visit, as you did in 1860, and no less to win the esteem of our valiant army, in order, thus united with that army, to bring about the longed-for unity of the country."

Garibaldi now went to Catania, where the royal troops already began to close round him with intent to take him prisoner. But many deserted to his side in the hope of sharing the martial glory which they believed to be again in store for the wayward Hero of Caprera. His force soon swelled to a very considerable body ; but here it was on the island of Sicily, and how was it to get across to the mainland in order to commence its march on Rome? Garibaldi had no ships ; but in the harbour of Catania there were lying three vessels—a French frigate, the *Marie Adelaide ;* a French steamer, *Le Général Abbatucci ;* and an Italian steamer, *Il Dispaccio*, belonging to the Florio Company. In addition to these vessels there was a royal Italian man-of-war—*Il Duca di Genova*—the commander of which gave out that he would fire on any of the other three ships which made bold to carry over Garibaldi and his Red Shirts to the mainland.

One day, however, the *Duca di Genova* took it into its head to go for a little cruise outside the Straits of Messina—probably, indeed, because it had received secret orders to do so, in order the better to lure Garibaldi into the trap which had been laid for him. On the disappearance of the *Duca di Genova*, Garibaldi stepped into a boat with several trusty followers, and was rowed off to the other three vessels above referred to, when he put their respective captains under arrest, and then proceeded to fill them up with his impatient Red Shirts.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon," says one of his biographers, "the embarkation commenced, and the good people of Catania crowded the harbour, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. Menotti" (Garibaldi's son) "and his 'Guides,' the Tuscans, and the flower of the Sicilian volunteers, moved off for *Il Dispaccio ;* General Corrao, with some more Sicilians, occupied *Le Général Abbatucci ;* whilst Garibaldi took the command of the former and put Burratini in command of the *Marie Adelaide*, with orders to get her filled with troops as soon as possible. During this time it had been growing dark, and each ship was filled to suffocation, no one being able to lie down, or get any rest, as boats were for ever arriving with their cargoes of men. About midnight the ships were got under way ; and after crossing the Straits in the dark, without any mishap, the troops were all safely landed at Melito next morning, on the spot celebrated as the one on which the former expedition had gone ashore."

Garibaldi landed in Calabria with a force of about 3,000 men—a very insignificant body, one would have thought, to march against walled and embattled Rome with its formidable French garrison. But by the time he came into collision with the royal troops, who had been sent after him to arrest his progress, his little army of Red Shirts had dwindled by about a half on account of the privations to which it was exposed and the rapid marches which had been exacted of it.

On hearing of Garibaldi's naval *coup-de-main* at Catania, and his crossing over to Calabria, General Cialdini at once gave chase, and in order to catch the Hero of Caprera, he sent two of his generals—Revel and Vialardi—with a body of royal troops to draw a cordon across the isthmus of Tiriolo at its narrowest point, between Nicastro

CATANIA.

and Catanzaro, so as thus to bar the Rome-ward march of the Red Shirts. Having done this, he next ordered three vessels of war to cruise about the Straits so as to prevent Garibaldi from re-embarking, and then despatched Major-General Pallavicini, at the head of a considerable force, from Reggio, with instructions to drive the Red Shirts northwards in the direction of the aforesaid cordon on the isthmus, as game is driven by the beaters towards the sportsmen—Pallavicini's instructions being to attack Garibaldi "anywhere and anyhow," unless he consented to an unconditional surrender.

Things had thus assumed a very serious aspect indeed for the disillusioned Hero of Caprera, who, on the evening of the 28th August, after a long and tiring day's march, had pitched his camp on the brow of the far-famed hill of Aspromonte, on a plateau overlooking the sea, with a wood behind which connected it with a high range of the Apennines, and would afford ample shelter for his troops. The men were encamped *al fresco* under cover of this wood whilst Garibaldi occupied one of two woodmen's huts which were on the plateau, and gave the spot the name of "*i forestali*." It was wet and gloomy, the rain put out the bivouac fires, every rag on their backs was soaked, and they had no provisions with them; so that the position o the volunteers was far from enviable.

Next morning General Pallavacini came up with the Red Shirts, and at once proceeded to carry out his orders. How he did this let us see from his own pen.

"On the morning of the 29th I set forth early, directing my course towards San Stefano, where I arrived at about half-past eight a.m. There, from secret information received, I knew that General Garibaldi had encamped with his force during the night on the plateau of Aspromonte. I ordered the troops to pursue the march until within a short distance of the plateau, and before allowing them to proceed I caused the troops to rest themselves, as they were excessively fatigued by a long march by abrupt paths. In the meantime I learned that only two hours previously General Garibaldi had encamped at the foot of the plateau of Aspromonte, and I saw that by two paths I could descend towards his camp.

"I then divided my troops into two columns, which arrived at the same time in view of the Garibaldian encampment, already abandoned by him, he having taken up a position on the crest of a rugged hillock to the east of the plateau of Aspromonte. I then sent an order to the commandant of the left column, while making the right column fall back by a rapid movement. I attacked the left flank of the rear of the rebels, in order to cut off their retreat. In the meantime, with a battalion, I caused the entrance of the valley to be occupied, that they might not regain the plateau. The left column, with the 6th Battalion of the Bersaglieri at their head, then attacked the rebels, and after a smart fire

carried the position at the point of the bayonet with cries of '*Viva il Re!*' '*Viva Italia!*' while the left side was also attacked by our troops. General Garibaldi and his son Menotti" (who had written to a friend in Liverpool, "In three weeks we shall be in Rome!") "having been wounded, and the rebels being surrounded on all sides, resistance became useless, whereupon the Garibaldians gave the signal to cease firing."

Their own account of the engagement was somewhat different. Garibaldi himself wrote:—"They thirsted for blood, and I wished to spare it. . . . Yes, they thirsted for blood. I perceived it with sorrow, and I endeavoured, in consequence, to do my utmost to prevent that of our assailants from being shed. I ran to the front of our line, crying out to them not to fire, and from the centre to the left, where my voice and those of my aides-de-camp could be heard, not a trigger was pulled. It was not thus on the attacking side. Having arrived at a distance of two hundred metres, they began a tremendous fire, and the party of *Bersaglieri* who were in front of me, directing their shots against me, struck me with two balls—one in the left thigh, not serious; the other in the ankle of the right foot, making a serious wound.

"As all this happened at the opening of the conflict, and I was carried to the skirt of the wood after being wounded, I could see nothing more, a dense crowd having formed round me while my wound was being dressed. I feel certain, however, that up to the end of the line (of troops) which was at my litter, and to that of my aides-de-camp, not a single musket shot was fired. . . . It was not so on our right. The *Picciotti*, attacked by the regular troops, replied by a fire along the whole line, and, although the trumpets sounded to cease firing, there was at that spot a smart fusilade, which lasted not more than a quarter of an hour. My wounds led to some confusion in our line. Our soldiers, not seeing me, began to retreat into the woods, so that, little by little, the crowd around me broke up, and the most faithful alone remained."

A Garibaldian officer who was present thus wrote: "When the general received the bullet he was passing along our front, ordering the men not to fire. I saw a slight shiver pass through his body; he took two or three steps, and then

"RAISING HIS CAP IN THE AIR, HE CRIED 'VIVA L' ITALIA!'" (*p.* 306).

began to stagger. We ran to him, holding him up; he was regardless of his sufferings. Raising his cap in the air, he cried '*Viva l' Italia!*' I had his poor foot resting on my thigh; he called out to his assailants, and asked what they were doing with his people. I felt a shivering in all his limbs; and, reminding him of his wounds, I implored him to be quiet."

While the surgeon was dressing his wounds, the sturdy soldier calmly produced a cigar and began to smoke, inquiring of the doctor whether he thought amputation would be necessary. Twenty minutes later he had an interview with his conqueror and captor, General Pallavacini, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that this was the most miserable day of his life. Yet he had received certain orders, and he had no choice but to obey.

It was the bitterest of all moments for the hero of Italian unity when, staggering from the effects of his double wound, he fell forward upon the Italian soil to which he had devoted his whole life. Generals Cialdini and Pallavacini had been his friends and comrades, their troops were his compatriots and brothers-in-arms.

Two bullets had thus put an end, sudden and complete, to Garibaldi's march on Rome, though he was to live to make another and an equally unsuccessful attempt upon the Eternal City. Meanwhile, the illustrious rebel was carried to prison at Spezzia, where he was, however, kept but a short time, and then removed to Pisa. There Dr. Nélaton, of Paris, who came all the way for the purpose, succeeded in extracting the bullet from Garibaldi's ankle, for which bullet a hero-worshipping Englishman offered as much as 30,000 francs.

Two years later, when he had recovered from his wounds, he visited England, a country which had always taken the keenest interest in his adventures, and even sent him volunteers, as well as a doctor to attend him in his illness. High and low welcomed him with the warmest enthusiasm, and the attentions that were rained upon the Hermit of Caprera culminated in a grand banquet given in his honour by the Lord Mayor and City of London.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

ONE must go back through centuries of history to find anything approaching the horrors of the Russian War of 1812.

Towards the end of June, 610,058 armed men and an enormous multitude of non-combatants—women and children—crossed the broad Niemen, joined afterwards by 37,100 more, making a total of 647,158; and on the 13th December—or rather less than six months later—16,000 alone repassed that river with weapons in their bruised and frozen hands, almost the sole remains of a magnificent army whose bones are to this day turned up by the plough of the Russian peasant.

* * * * *

The Niemen flows between Prussia and Poland; and in the forest of Pilwisky, behind the rocky heights on the Prussian side, a multitude of men lay concealed, speaking a score of tongues, and wearing a strange variety of uniform, many nations having sent their best and bravest to swell the ranks of the *Grande Armée*.

The famous Imperial Guard was sleeping in the green corn, dreaming of future conquests, and that mighty host awaited the word of one man to embark on a campaign whose disasters have had no equal—one little pale-faced man dressed now in a long grey riding-coat and a Polish cap—the man who, by the force of his own intellect and the marvellous power of using men and circumstances to his own ends, had ground the whole of Europe—England alone excepted—under the heel of his military boot!

At two o'clock in the morning of June 23rd Napoleon mounted his horse and rode off to reconnoitre the river, his charger stumbling and throwing him on to the sandy bank.

A voice exclaimed in the darkness: "That is a bad augury: a Roman would go back." But no one knew who had spoken, and, after ordering three bridges to be constructed for the following night, the little party returned to its quarters, the words sinking ominously into their hearts.

Next evening some sappers, with their white leather aprons and keen axes, crossed in a boat, and were met by a Cossack officer, who rode forward alone to inquire what they wanted in Russia.

"We are Frenchmen," said one of the sappers, "come to make war upon you—to take Wilna—to liberate Poland!"

The solitary horseman disappeared without a word, and the sappers fired their muskets into the silent woods.

For three whole days the tramp of men and the heavy rumble of guns filled the air as the army filed down to the banks, and poured across the bridges—Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs, and Dragoons, regiment succeeding regiment, corps after corps. Now the scarlet and green of the 8th Hussars; again the heavy squadrons of Sebastiani's Cuirassiers, smart Polish Lancers of the Guard and Line, Carabineers with brass body-armour and snow-white uniforms, long trains of lumbering artillery, waggons and field-forges, carriages, and caissons, the sutler's cart jostling the caleche of the general officer, a sultry sun overhead, and the river dancing in merry ripples beneath them as the bridges trembled under the tread of the marching thousands.

Napoleon crossed at Poniemon with his Guard, the corps of Marshals Davout, Oudinot, and Ney, and Murat's dashing cavalry; Prince Eugène, with the army of Italy, passed at Piloni on the 20th; and Jérôme Bonaparte's Westphalians advanced upon Grodno which they reached on the 30th.

To the north Macdonald attacked Riga on the Baltic, and Prince Schwartzenberg marched through Galicia in the south; but it is the army of the centre, under the Emperor himself, whose fortunes we shall most closely follow, omitting the marches of the thirteen divisions into which the invading forces were formed, and not pausing to notice the minor actions in which they were sooner or later engaged.

Hardly had Napoleon gained the enemy's side than a black cloud gathered in the sky, and a furious storm broke over the country for fifty leagues right and left. The rain descended with surprising violence, the air grew piercingly cold, and the flat land covered with tall black pine-trees became a swamp, through which they splashed dismally onward.

Ten thousand horses died, heated by the green corn which formed their forage, and then chilled by the rain as they stood shivering in their exposed bivouacs.

The bridge across the Vilia having been destroyed by retreating Cossacks, Napoleon impatiently ordered a squadron of the Polish Lancers of the Guard to swim the swollen stream, and, clad in crimson uniforms, faced with dark blue and laced with silver, they gained the centre, only to be carried away by the current, and many of them drowned, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" as their heads disappeared under water.

Beyond Wilna, Octave de Ségur (brother of the historian) and his 8th Hussars drew first blood from the Russians, and were sadly cut up; but Oudinot drove Witgenstein back at the same moment, and, sending Murat in pursuit, the Emperor returned to Wilma, to waste twenty days in raising unsatisfactory levies, and to disgust the Poles with disappointing hopes of liberty.

Russian proposals of peace were rejected by Napoleon, whose entire conduct during the campaign has baffled his friends and foes; and leaving Wilna at half-past eleven at night on the 16th July, he marched to attack Barclay de Tolly, provided he could find him.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Russians had been formed into three distinct armies—the First Army of the West under De Tolly; the Second, under Prince Bagration; and the Third, which was not then completed, under the cavalry general Tormasoff; 18,000 Cossacks being distributed among them, those of the Hetman Platoff especially destined to win a terrible renown.

ALEXANDER I., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The infantry wore green, with slate pantaloons and mud-coloured great-coats, the officers affecting wasp waists, tremendous curled whiskers, and gold rings in their ears. The Cossacks of the Line were dressed for the most part in blue, with fur caps and long lances; generally swarming with vermin, they were mounted on active little horses, which they urged on with whips, there being also bands of wild horsemen called Baskirs, who used *bows and arrows* with a precision that caused mourning in many a French home.

The war assumed a curious character: on through the swamps and lonely forests of Lithuania, interspersed here and there by deserts of choking sand, the long columns wound; the Russians burning their villages as they retired, the French in their turn destroying what the Russians had left, devastation and disorder marking every league of the way; the roads dotted with the bodies

of dead men and horses, who had sunk with fatigue, and the rear-guard of the enemy disappearing as the French advance-guard came in sight of it.

Napoleon derided the foe as arrant cowards; but the persistent retreat was all part of a wise policy, originated by De Tolly, to draw them into an unknown country, far from their magazines, until hunger, forced marches, the

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

burning heat of the days followed by nights of intense cold, and last of all the terrible winter of those latitudes, should crumble away the army and utterly destroy it.

The young blood of Russia naturally revolted at such a course and wished to fight, but results have justified its adoption, the significant fact remaining as additional proof of its wisdom, that in nearly every instance during the advance, where the two forces came into contact, the French proved victorious.

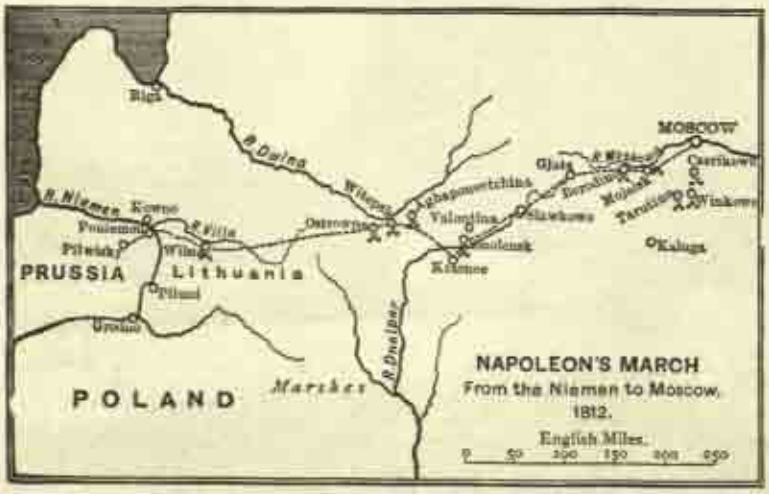
At Ostrowno the remnants of the 8th Hussars came up with three Russian cavalry regiments, and routed them in quick succession among the birch woods; Murat ordering some Poles of the Line to charge, and being obliged to lead them, although, as commander, he should have kept out of danger.

The lances were lowered in a glittering row behind him, and the troopers, gay in blue and yellow, came thundering on. From the nature of the ground escape was impossible, so, making a virtue of necessity, the King of Naples flourished his famous riding-switch, galloped at their head, and the charge was successful: the 106th took the Russians on one side, Piré's Hussars and 16th Chasseurs on the other. The French artillery resumed its fire; and falling back in disorder, the foe melted away into the forest that hid Witepsk.

At that place De Tolly made a stand, hearing that Bagration was about to join him; and Napoleon saw the sun glinting on the arms of eighty thousand men on a bright July morning, as two hundred voltigeurs of the 9th crossed

a narrow bridge and formed in front of the Russian horse.

Murat sent the 16th Chasseurs-à-cheval at the enemy, without any support; but though their skyblue facings had figured in almost every campaign since 1793, they had no chance single-handed on broken ground, and the Cossacks of the Guard put them to the rightabout, pursuing as far as a hill on which the Emperor stood, and only being driven off by the carbines of his personal escort. On their way back the Cossacks attacked the voltigeurs with great fury, the army holding its breath and regarding them as lost; but the little band took post in some brushwood, and routed the Lancers in full view of both forces, the French clapping their hands and cheering their comrades to the echo, Napoleon sending to inquire to what corps the heroes belonged.



"To the Ninth," was the reply; "and three-fourths of us are lads of Paris."

"Tell them that they are brave fellows," said the Emperor to his aide-de-camp, "and that they all deserve the Legion of Honour"—one account stating that every man received it.

Murat, Eugène, and Lobau rushed on the enemy's left, and compelled him to retire behind the Luczissa; but believing that De Tolly meant at last to stand his ground, Napoleon stopped the conflict, although it was only eleven o'clock, saying to Murat: "To-morrow at five you will see the sun of Austerlitz."

The morrow came; the sun rose redly through the mists; but the wise Barclay had vanished, having learned during the night that Bagration had been worsted, the French discovering *one* Russian asleep in a thicket, and not a reliable trace of the direction the others had taken.

The expedition had never been popular, either with officers or men, and they began to grumble with good cause; for an army that had conquered Prussia in fourteen days, and whose standards were heavy with the gilded names of a hundred glorious victories, had now penetrated for more than a month into a land teeming with discomforts. Many of the regiments were shoeless, the cavalry horses died by dozens every day, the hospitals were full of sick; extremes of heat and cold, bad food and little of it, blinding dust, a draught of muddy water to wash it down—all this and more had been their daily lot since they crossed the Niemen, and there had been no great battle to revive their drooping hearts; besides which, the rye bread seriously disagreed with them, and dysentery and deadly typhus laying its wasting hand upon them, had already sadly thinned their ranks.

Their pride, too, sustained a shock when news came that the advance-guard had been repulsed at Aghaponovtchina; and at length awaking from a lethargic dream, the Emperor sent the various corps into cantonments on the skirts of Poland, Russia proper still before them; and returning to Witepsk with his Guard, took off his sword and laid it on his maps, saying: "Here I halt. . . . The campaign of 1812 is over; that of 1813 will do the rest!"

But his ambition gave him no peace. Murat came riding in from the front, his green surtout all laced and bejewelled, and urged his brother-in-law to action; and although Napoleon went daily to inspect the huge ovens, where 39,000 loaves of bread were baked at a time, and arranged that theatrical companies should come from Paris to enliven the dreary winter months, his suite soon began to find him bending down to his maps again, turning his eyes towards Smolensk and Moscow.

Soon afterwards he came across a proclamation calling upon Russia to rise and exterminate the invaders, and containing some very forcible hometruths which enraged him; and hearing, to his great chagrin, that Alexander had made peace with Turkey, he gathered up his legions in four days, left Witepsk to join them on the 13th of August, and rushed headlong into difficulties and disaster, from which neither he nor his army ever recovered.

By one of those masterly movements of his (so conspicuously absent during the rest of the war), he crossed the front of the Russian army unknown to them, and two days later fell unexpectedly on their left flank at Krasnoë.

Ney forced the town, to find General Néwérowskoi beyond it, with 6,000 infantry and Cossacks belonging to Bagration, which formed into a square of such thickness that the French cavalry sabred its way far in without being able to break it, and the tall corn, now mellowed by Autumn's breath, saw some ghastly work as Néwérowskoi came to a strong palisade and had to halt; his rear ranks facing round to fire on the Wurtemberg Horse, while the front-rank tore down the obstacle; the body succeeding in their escape, although they left 1,200 dead, 1,000 wounded, and eight guns in the hands of the French, who fired a salute in honour of the victory, which happened to have fallen on Napoleon's birthday.

The good folk of Smolensk were coming out of church, where they had been returning thanks somewhat prematurely, when Néwérowskoi's fugitives poured panting into the city, closely followed by Marshal Ney, who, receiving a ball in the neck, lost his temper, and led a battalion at the charge against the citadel, under a hail of musketry that slew two-thirds of them.

Falling back to a hill whence he could reconnoitre, he conducted Napoleon thither, who exclaimed, "At last I have them!" as several immense columns of men were seen hastening towards them on the other side of the Dnieper, being nothing less than Barclay and Bagration with 120,000 troops, coming on at a run, after learning how the Emperor had outwitted them, and arriving out of breath to succour the threatened city.

Some sanguinary fighting took place, and a great battle was expected for the next day; but the wily De Tolly again retreated, his black columns being discovered on the opposite bank marching swiftly away, to the mortification of the invaders.

Even the fiery Murat tired of the campaign, and at length urged Napoleon to stop; but the Emperor persevered, and the King of Naples, exclaiming prophetically as he strode out of Napoleon's tent, "Moscow will be our destruction!" galloped to the front of a Russian battery, flung himself from his horse, and waited for a ball to kill him.

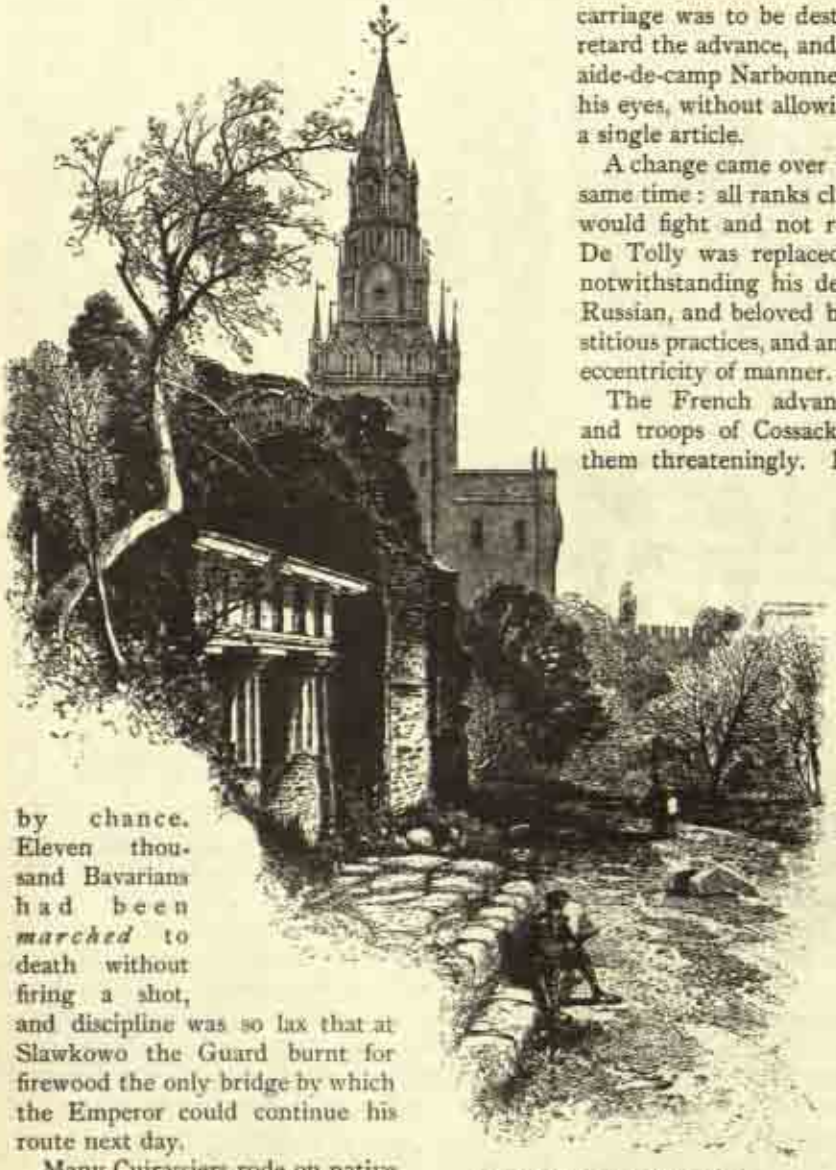
A violent attack was made on the city; twenty-two men fell by a single shot from a Russian gun, while Murat, who courted death, was unhurt. The gorgeous artillery of the Guard pounded unceasingly. An attempt to storm the place was baffled by the defenders, and when night descended, Smolensk was seen to be in flames, the army finally entering the city to find it a heap of smouldering ruins, and the state of the army itself truly terrible.

General Rapp, who had ridden post to join Napoleon, and who consequently followed their route, gave a vivid recital of the misery and devastation he had witnessed in the rear. Sebastiani revealed the condition of affairs in the heavy cavalry, and the Emperor could close his eyes no longer.

"It is frightful, I am fully aware," he said. "I must extort peace from the enemy, and that can be done only at Moscow."

At the hill of Valoutina a shocking conflict was waged by the gallant Ney far into the night, both sides fighting with terrible fury. Junot, Duke of Abrantes, the Emperor's old companion-in-arms, showed symptoms of the insanity that caused him to commit suicide not long after; and failing to charge at the right moment, the enemy saved his baggage and wounded. General Gudin was killed, the whole army mourning the loss of as gallant and good a man as ever fell in action.

Lieutenant Etienne, of the 12th, took the Russian General Toutchkoff, in the middle of his troops. Napoleon gave eighty-seven crosses to Gudin's regiments, and presented an eagle to the 127th with his own hands; but the misery of the troops outweighed the glory they had gained: they had seen seven hundred wounded Russians left untended for three days at Witepsk, and the French surgeons tearing up their own shirts for bandages; at Smolensk, fifteen large brick buildings saved from the fire were then full of groaning men, Lariboisiere's gun-wadding and the parchments in the city archives being used to dress their wounds. There, also, a hospital containing a hundred sick was overlooked for three days, until Rapp discovered it



GARDENS OF THE KREMLIN.

by chance. Eleven thousand Bavarians had been *marched* to death without firing a shot, and discipline was so lax that at Slawkowo the Guard burnt for firewood the only bridge by which the Emperor could continue his route next day.

Many Cuirassiers rode on native ponies, regiments straggled along and pillaged without check, Davout's corps alone preserving anything like its usual order: the popular impression that the French disasters began with the winter's snow is utterly false; the Army of the Centre alone, under Napoleon in person, having lost 105,500 in fifty-two days, and advancing on Moscow with only 182,000, after deducting 13,500 left at Smolensk.

Everything pointed to a decisive battle to restore the *morale* of the *Grande Armée*, and Napoleon seemed for the moment to pull himself together, if we may be permitted a homely phrase. Countless orders were despatched, every carriage was to be destroyed that was likely to retard the advance, and meeting with that of his aide-de-camp Narbonne, he had it burned before his eyes, without allowing the general to remove a single article.

A change came over the Russian tactics at the same time: all ranks clamoured for a leader who would fight and not retreat, and consequently De Tolly was replaced by old Kutusoff, who, notwithstanding his defeat at Austerlitz, was a Russian, and beloved by the army for his superstitious practices, and an affectation of Suvarrow's eccentricity of manner.

The French advanced in three columns, and troops of Cossacks began to hover round them threateningly. Beyond Gjatz, Murat became so annoyed at the hordes of those filthy, unkempt horsemen, that he rushed forward, and standing in his stirrups, with the very sublimity of conceit, waved them back with his sword, and they retired in astonishment and admiration.

But soon the high road debouched on to a natural battle-ground, and dark masses of troops were seen drawn up in solid bodies, there being no longer any doubt that the Russians intended fighting to cover "The Holy City," Moscow, a large field-work commanding the road itself, bristling with cannon in a threatening manner.

The army attacked without delay, and drove the foe back to a range of hills, General Compans leading the 61st, with bayonets fixed, against the fortification.

Three times they took it, and three times they were dislodged; but at length, other positions being forced in their rear, the brave garrison evacuated the blood-stained ramparts, and Compans retained possession.

Among the heaped-up slain inside, a Russian artilleryman, decorated with several crosses, lay beside his gun, grasping it even in death with one

hand, and clenching the hilt of his broken sword with the other; while next day, when Napoleon reviewed the survivors of the 61st, he asked, with surprise, what had become of the 3rd Battalion.

"It is in the redoubt," said the colonel grimly.

A cold drizzle began to fall that night, and Napoleon, through the striped curtains of his tent, pitched in a square of the "Old Guard," saw a great semicircle of fire from the Russian bivouacs.

He slept little, and went early in his grey riding-coat to reconnoitre once more, afraid even then that the foe might retreat; but when morning came the huge force was still in position, extending for six miles, the flanks retired, and the centre advanced towards him.

Its right was protected by a marsh, its centre strongly entrenched, a strong redoubt mounting twenty-two guns frowned near the left centre, and the entire left wing was on lower ground, terminating on the old Moscow road, with two more redoubts before it. To turn that left wing, storm the works, and drive the Russians into the marshes on the opposite flank was the Emperor's plan, the battle proving one of the most murderous ever fought by the *Grande Armée*, and known afterwards by them as the "Battle of the Generals," from the number who fell there, or, officially, the Mosqua, from the river flowing near—the Russians naming it after the village of Borodino, where some of the hardest fighting took place.

Marmont's aide-de-camp arrived with the news of that marshal's defeat at Salamanca, but the disaster was forgotten in another incident—namely, the unexpected receipt of a portrait of Napoleon's little son, the King of Rome, which he showed to the grenadiers at his tent door.

A proclamation was issued to the army, beginning: "Soldiers! behold the battle which you have so ardently desired! Victory now depends on yourselves," and concluding with the words, 'Let it be said of you —'he was in the great battle under the walls of Moscow';" but being distributed late, many regiments went into action without reading it.

It was the 7th September. A sky of cloudless blue stretched over the amphitheatre of hills, where the leaves were already falling, and at six o'clock Count Sorbier opened fire. Pernetty and Compans were in full march; the Russian processions of priests in glittering vestments that had chanted hymns and invoked the aid of Heaven retired precipitately, and an hour later

NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

Davout had his first horse killed under him as the fighting became general.

Compans' division found itself before one of the enemy's works, and Charriere, colonel of the famous 57th, gave the simple command, "To the redoubt!" the regiment running briskly forward up the slope with a shout.

Compans fell wounded, Dessaix had his arm broken a little later, and Rapp took command.

"Grape shot, grape shot—nothing but grape shot!" cried Belliard to the artillery, as a heavy column of Russians poured down to resist the attack. Within sixty minutes Rapp was hit four times, the fourth time on the left hip—the twenty-second wound received in his exciting career; and while Poniatowski struggled with his weak corps among the pine-trees on the Russian left, Delzon advanced with drums beating, on the village of Borodino, where Plauzonne was killed at the head of the 116th, and where the 30th had to fight its way out, leaving General Bonnomy badly wounded, Morand's eighty guns tearing the dense mass before him, and Ney seizing the heights of Chewarino.

The fiercest conflict raged about the redoubts. Two were retaken by the Russians, and the third was in danger, when Murat dismounted and, waving his plumed cap with one hand, laid about him with a private's musket.

So terrible was the carnage that one colonel ordered his men to retire, and Murat, seizing him by the collar, demanded what he was doing.

"We can stay here no longer," said the colonel, pointing to half his regiment dead on the trampled ground.

"I can stay here very well myself," exclaimed Murat.

"*Eh bien*," replied the officer, looking steadily at him: "soldiers, face to the foe—*to be slain!*"

Rapp, carried wounded before the Emperor, had said to him, "The Guard is required to finish it," but Napoleon shook his head, saying, "No, I will not have that destroyed—I will gain the battle without it."

It was noon, and though the Russian left had been forced, they still stood their ground obstinately. Murat sent four times for the Guard, but Napoleon paced slowly up and down, always returning to his chair, some cannon shot rolling almost to his feet; and it was obvious that he was not himself, he saying repeatedly during the day that "he did not see the moves clearly on his chess board," the old activity of mind and body having apparently forsaken the greatest warrior that Europe has ever produced.

The thunder of a thousand guns boomed and echoed far and near, the French alone firing ninety thousand rounds and many *millions* of ball cartridge.

The Russians re-formed for the third time, and General Montbrun, at the head of the heavy cavalry, was killed by a ball from the great redoubt.

"Do not weep," said Auguste Caulaincourt, who took command, to Montbrun's aides. "Follow me, and avenge him!" and crying to Murat, "You shall see me there immediately, dead or alive!" he placed himself at the head of the 5th Cuirassiers, whose long swords gleamed

in the bright sunshine, and turning to the left, entered by a gorge, and took the work, falling mortally wounded at the moment of victory, and dying within an hour. He was only thirty, and had left Paris to join the army on his wedding day.

Dense smoke clouded the heights, rolling into the ravines to shroud the wretched wounded; flames showed where villages were blazing, the crash of muskets and the shouts of 250,000 men only diminishing as they fell by thousands to redden the soil, or to crawl shrieking to the rear, where the surgeons, under Baron Larrey, were busy from morning until long after darkness came.

Kutusoff had made so sure of victory that he was feasting with his staff well out of danger, the bulletin announcing a French defeat already written, when officers came crying for reinforcements, the conceited old man at first refusing to listen to any details that differed from his own idea of what *ought* to be taking place, his long pigtail wagging incredulously the while. But the reports were true. The French had won the plain, and were battling for the heights with irresistible fury.

Eugène improved Caulaincourt's success; Belliard shattered the last Russian attack with the concentrated fire of thirty guns; Lauriston galloped up the reserve artillery, and did tremendous execution; and Grouchy—so well known in after years from the undeserved abuse showered on his brave head—had swept the high road and the plain beside it. The Russians, beaten in detail, retired to a second range of heights, from which the army was too exhausted to dislodge them without the assistance of the Guard, and night saw the two battered and bleeding forces still facing each other amid a fearful *débris* of slain.

On the French side Davout had been hit three times; Generals Montbrun, Caulaincourt, Plauzonne, Huard, Compere, Marion, and Lepel were killed; Nansouty, Grouchy, Rapp, Compans, Dessaix, Morand, Lahoussaye, and many more—some forty in all—had been hit; and of the soldiers 35,000 lay dead and wounded, mangled by the showers of grape and the large musket balls used by the Russians.

They, on their side, counted three generals, 1,500 officers, and 36,000 men killed and wounded, accounts varying greatly as to the number of prisoners taken by the French, some making them 5,000, others 700 or 800 at the most.

Riding slowly across the battlefield, when the surgeons and the burial-parties were doing their ghastly work, the hoof of Napoleon's charger brought a groan from a prostrate form, and one of the staff remarked in his hearing, that "it was only a Russian"!

"After a victory," exclaimed Napoleon severely, "none are enemies, all are men."

The army advanced and fought a sharp action at Mojaisk, where the Emperor lay for three days, burnt up with fever, and compelled, notwithstanding, to transact enormous arrears of business—dictating to seven people at once, and, when his voice left him, explaining with difficulty by writing and signs.

He left Mojaisk on the 12th of September to join the advance-guard in that famous travelling-carriage which Londoners know so well, his legions reduced to 198,000; and two days later, having mounted his horse once more, he saw the goal of his ambition, the ancient capital of Russia, glowing in the light of the afternoon sun.

In the centre of a vast plain, and built, like Rome, on seven hills, the two hundred and ninety-five churches and countless magnificent buildings of the "city of the gilded cupolas," twenty miles in circumference, with a river meandering through it, burst on the view of the army as it crested the "Mount of Salvation," and a shout went up of "Moscow! Moscow!" as the soldiers cheered and clapped their hands; whole regiments of Poles falling on their knees to thank the God of Battles for delivering it into their grasp.

Fairy-like it stretched before them, dazzling with the green of its copper domes and the minarets of yellow stone. Oriental in its architecture, and constructed in Asiatic style with five enclosures one within the other, it was like some fabled city of the Arabian Nights, sparkling with brilliant colours, the famous Kremlin towering above the palaces and gardens.

The advance-guard under Murat mingled with bands of Cossacks, who applauded him for his known valour, and the King distributed his jewellery and that of his staff among them; but an officer arrived from Miloradowitch with a threat of burning the city if his rear-guard were not allowed time to evacuate it.

Napoleon stayed his march therefore, and the day wore on. When Murat at last entered by the Dorogomilow Gate, he found that Moscow was deserted: the streets were empty, the houses closed, a few loathsome wretches released

from the prisons, and a handful of the lowest of the low, alone surged round their horses near the Kremlin; but the inhabitants were gone, in a cloud of dust that hid the retreating Russian army, towards Voladimir. The gates of the Kremlin were battered open by cannon shot, a convoy of provisions captured, some thousands of stragglers were afterwards taken, but that was all; and on the gate of the Governor's mansion at Voronowo, the following notice was found in French:—

"I have passed eight years in embellishing this retreat, in which I have lived happily in the bosom of my family; the inhabitants of this property, to the number of seventeen hundred and twenty, quit it at your approach, and I set fire to my house in order that it may not be defiled by your presence. Frenchmen, I have abandoned to you my two houses in Moscow, with furniture to the value of half a million of roubles. *Here* you will find nothing but ashes.—ROSTOPSCHIN."

GENERAL JUNOT.

With the army singing the "Marseillaise" Napoleon entered at night, and appointed Marshal Mortier governor, saying: "No pillage—your head shall be responsible for it." And though several French residents acquainted him with the Russian intention of burning the city—that the senate had agreed to it with only seven dissentient voices, that all the engines had been removed, and they were treading on the brink of a volcano—he refused to believe it, and tried in vain to sleep.

At two o'clock in the morning they brought him news that Moscow was on fire!

When daylight came he hurried to the spot to reprimand Mortier and the Young Guard, but the marshal showed him that black smoke was issuing from houses that had not been opened, and the whole affair had evidently been carefully planned.

He went to the Kremlin—a vast structure, half palace, half castle, surmounted by the great Cross of Ivan, and built on a hill—from which he wrote overtures of peace to the Czar, overtures that received no attention.

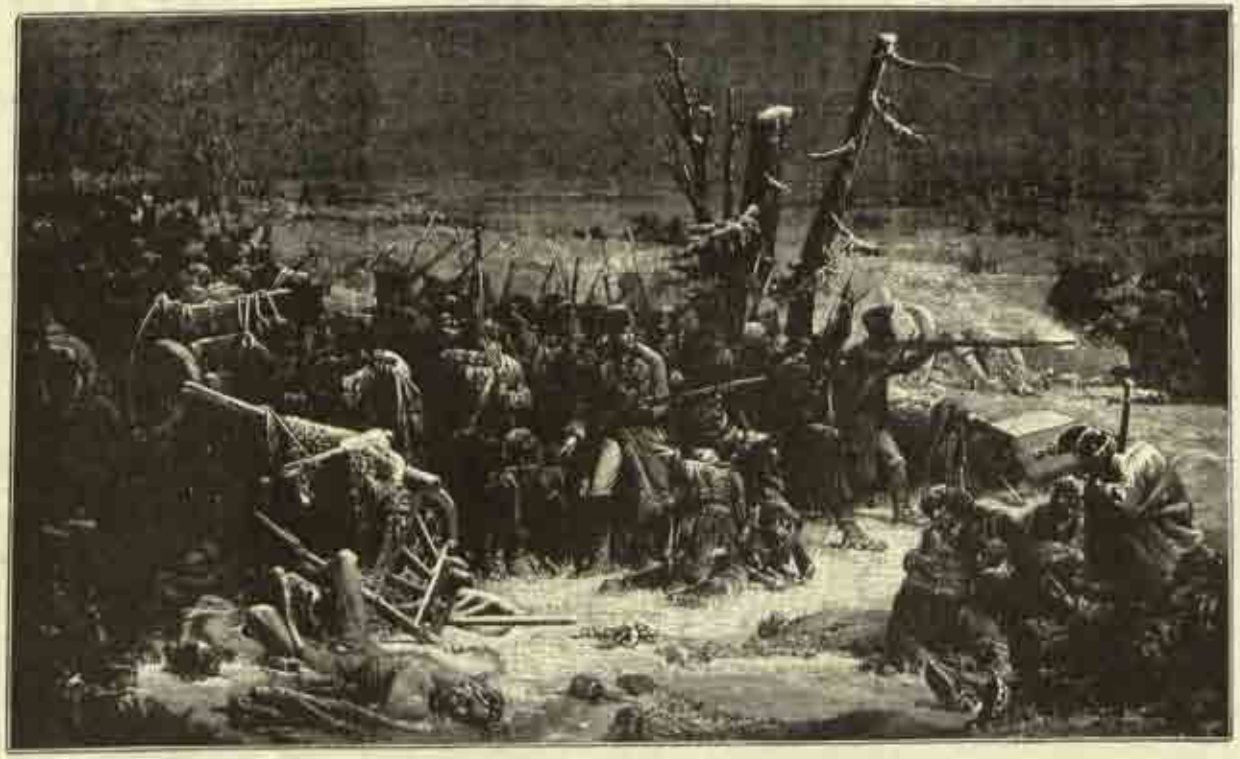
In spite of the efforts of the soldiers the flames spread, a ball of fire had been let down into Prince Trubetskoi's palace, the bazaar was in a blaze, and the strong north wind blew towards the Kremlin itself, which, report whispered, was undermined.

Murat, Eugène, and Berthier urged the Emperor to leave the city, without success: he had come there, and there he would remain—a conqueror in the very centre of the Russian empire. But the cry arose that the Kremlin itself was on fire: a police-agent was discovered near the burning tower, and bayoneted by the Old Guard almost in Napoleon's presence. There was no longer time for hesitation, or dreams of empty glory; and passing down the northern staircase, where the massacre of the Strelitzes took place under Peter the Great, he left the city for the castle of Petrowsky, a league on the St. Petersburg road.

The army also marched out, encamping in the fields, eating their horse-flesh from silver dishes and swathing their wounds with costly silks, the rain falling in torrents, and Moscow a sheet of fire for four days.

Much has been written of Napoleon's escape by a postern, of hurried wanderings through burning lanes, past convoys of powder, which the whirling sparks might have ignited at any moment, and various dramatic situations dear to the French historian. In point of fact, he ran little personal risk, and left the Kremlin by the great gate, returning thither when the flames had abated, and ordering the Guard to occupy the ruins of the city on the 20th and 21st.

About a tenth of the houses remained intact, especially in the Kitaigorod, or Chinese quarter; many rich merchants' dwellings, and here and there a palace or church reared their barbaric



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THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Yvon.)

forms amid the general chaos; gay flower-beds still bloomed in the suburbs, and the old red wall that surrounded the Kremlin was comparatively unharmed; but the aspect of the place, which should have furnished winter quarters for the *Grande Armée*, struck a chill into the hearts of all, and caused the Emperor to say that "the commerce of Russia was ruined for a century, and the nation had been put back fifty years." In *six*, however, a new Moscow had arisen and Napoleon was a captive in St. Helena!

Six thousand Russian wounded are said to have been in the city when the French entered: what became of them one dare not contemplate.

On the return of the troops universal pillage became the order of the day, and readers of the early French editions of Labaume's narrative will understand why I pass much over in silence. Some of the inhabitants had returned, others had been concealed in the vaults of churches and the cellars of their homes; but the grenadiers routed them out and committed unmentionable excesses.

In the camps and quarters all the wealth of the East lay scattered about under foot: priceless carpets, velvet hangings, lamps of gold and silver set with gems, ecclesiastical vestments and works of art, became the prey of settlers and the riff-raff of Parisian slums; choice wines and liqueurs flowed like water; lace, linen, and ladies' jewellery were taken from carved chests and coffers of exquisite workmanship, for the household effects had been left untouched when the city was abandoned.

Drunken sappers lolled on sofas covered with costly satin, and muddy boots were cleansed on rich furs and Cashmere shawls of enormous value: seldom had an army, famed for its rapacity, had such an opportunity for its gratification, while, with the Russian forces, white bread was six shillings a loaf, sugar ten shillings a pound, and butter unprocurable at any price.

In the midst of this disorder, the real originator of it all dated his correspondence from the Kremlin Palace, and thought of pushing on to St. Petersburg. A march of nine hundred leagues, with sixty conflicts *en route*, had produced nothing, difficulties were increasing, winter was coming fast. Still the Czar kept an ominous silence, and although an armistice had been declared, the Russians daily cut off the foraging parties, and the peasantry rose to arms.

"Take your three-pronged forks," wrote Rostopschin in his proclamation to them. "A Frenchman is no heavier than a sheaf of corn!"

Murat, always to the front, had followed Kutusoff in his circuitous march round Moscow, and lay observing him between that city and Kalouga, fighting two sharp but indecisive actions—Czerikowo and Winkowo.

During the truce the Russian officers asked the French if they had not corn, and air, and *graves* enough in their own country; adding, "In a fortnight the nails will drop from your fingers."

The little pale-faced man grew visibly paler with anxiety, and went on hoping against hope discussing poetry just arrived from Paris, drawing up regulations for the *Comédie Française*, and trying to reassure himself that the winter was still far off by poring over the almanacks for forty years back, and trusting to the hot sun that still shone in a blue sky above him.

Chef d'escadron Marthod, with fifty Dragoons of the Guard—*his* Guard, so seldom defeated—had been cut off while foraging. A slight fall of snow lay white for a few hours on the plain—a foretaste of what was coming. No message arrived from Alexander, and one day, to crown all, while he was reviewing some troops, young Beranger galloped in with the alarming news that Murat had been overthrown at Tarutina, near Winkowo, two generals being killed, the King wounded, and the advance guard almost destroyed.

It was clearly time to go, and dismissing the troops, Napoleon issued orders for immediate departure, leaving Moscow late the same evening, October 18th, or, as some say, before dawn on the 19th, Marshal Mortier remaining behind with the Young Guard to cover the retreat and blow up the Kremlin.

* * * * *

Where are the words that will paint that enormous and disorderly throng moving in a ragged column over the plain to the south of the ruined city? Coats and gaiters were patched and mended; shakoes assumed every shape but the regulation one; brass no longer shone, and steel had grown rusty, as the troops straggled onward, their knapsacks bulging with plunder; bearskin-capped grenadiers pushing wheelbarrows full of gold and silver plate, and the ambulance waggons creaking and groaning with costly brocade, household furniture, pictures, statuary, and every conceivable articles of value the pillagers could carry away.

Napoleon set the example; for the huge Cross of Ivan, torn down by his orders, lumbered along with many other trophies, under a strong

escort, and miles of carts of every description thronged the road and the fields on either side.

The French residents fled in the wake of the army; delicate ladies, clad in thin dresses and stuff shoes, peering at the strange procession from the windows of travelling-carriages; wounded soldiers jolted by, lying on piles of loot, their aching limbs ill-tended amid the lavish profusion of spoil, for never has man's selfishness displayed itself more forcibly than during that terrible retreat.

Night fell, and the host halted only a league from the city. With the 103,000 men who marched, more than 500 guns were dragged by lean horses, the Emperor insisting that they should not be abandoned; but at the present moment the bulk of them are ranged in rows in the great square of the Kremlin—a lasting memorial of that awful war.

Two roads led from Moscow to Kalouga, and Napoleon pushed along the old one, on which Kutusoff awaited him; but at Krasno Pachra, the Emperor turned off to the right and crossed the fields to the *new* road, in the rain, which hampered the artillery and lost much time; but once on the causeway, which they gained on the 23rd, they set their faces towards Kalouga again, trusting to pass Kutusoff undetected in one day's march.

Napoleon slept at Borowsk that night, and Delzons had occupied Malo Jaroslavetz, four leagues in advance.

In the early morning, however, Doctoroff, with the 6th Corps of Kutusoff's army, came shouting out of the woods, drove Delzons down the steep hill, and commenced one of the fiercest battles of the campaign.

At sunrise Delzons forced the town again, and the victory seemed won, but a ball through the head slew him. His brother tried to carry him out of the *mêlée*, and another ball laid *him* lifeless. Guilleminot placed a hundred grenadiers in the churchyard on the left of the road, and for hours it became a mimic Hougoumont, the Russians alternately charging past it and being driven up again, exposed to a hot fire from the loopholed wall.

The whole of the 14th Division was engaged, and the fight surged along the high road, now on the heights, now in the valley by the river; the wooden town ignited by the howitzers, and burning the wounded, while the guns, breasting the hill at a gallop, scrunched the charred corpses, grinding the living and the dead into a sickening pulp.

The 15th Division, mostly Italians, attacked the burning town and suburbs, and took it for the fourth time, but were driven back to the foot of the slope, and as a last resource, Eugène advanced with his Guard. The 13th, 14th, and 15th Divisions rallying, and Colonel Peraldi charging bravely with the Italian Chasseurs, they gained the heights for the last time, and the Russians, 50,000 strong (some say 90,000), retired from their vantage ground before 18,000 men, who had fought *uphill* against the most stubborn resistance.

All the eye witnesses speak of the awful sight presented by the high road and churchyard. The brothers Delzons were buried in one grave, and the Grenadiers of the 35th fired a salute over General Fontane; while Napoleon himself had a narrow escape as he hurried towards the sound of the cannonading.

The road was blocked by the baggage train; stragglers marched along in safety in the midst of the army, when the Emperor, Rapp, Berthier, and a few officers, having outstripped the escort, saw bands of Cossacks darting out of the woods, between the rear of the advance-guard and the head of the *Grande Armée*.

"Turn back!" shouted Rapp; "it is they!" and grasping the bridle, he pulled the Emperor's charger round.

Reining in by the roadside, Napoleon drew his sword, and they awaited the attack, Rapp riding forward to shield his Emperor.

A Cossack's lance penetrated six inches into the chest of Rapp's horse and brought him down, but the staff rescued him, and unconscious of the prize within their reach, the Cossacks rode for the baggage waggons, until the cavalry of the Guard came up and drove them into the woods again. They were 6,000 of Platoff's men, and Napoleon's life had hung in the balance!

That night, in a weaver's hut, filthy beyond expression, an emperor, two kings, and three marshals of France held a stormy council of war, at which Murat and Davout quarrelled, as was their wont, and which Napoleon broke up by saying, "It is well, messieurs—*I* will decide," electing eventually to retreat by the most difficult road—that which the army had wasted on its advance.

It was the last time that they had any option in the matter. A few days more, and the retreat became a disorderly rout—emperor, kings, marshals, and men glad to seize the first road that led them from their remorseless enemies.

On the 23rd, at half-past one in the morning, a hollow boom had startled their ears, even those who were expecting it. The *capitaine* Ottone, of the Naval Artillery, had fired his train. Mortier's orders were executed, and the Kremlin had been partially blown up by 180,000 lbs. of gunpowder, Mortier rejoining, to the surprise of all, at Vereia with 8,000 men, mostly dismounted cavalry.

At Vereia there was another brush with Platoff, and his son, mounted on a magnificent white Ukraine horse, was killed by a Polish trooper.

On a hill covered with sombre fir trees the Cossacks buried the dead boy, riding slowly round him with lances lowered, uttering wild cries of grief, and then filing silently away with vengeance in their hearts.

Every village at which the French halted was burned on their departure, each succeeding corps helping to complete the devastation, so that the route was marked by ruined homes, huge dogs from each hamlet following the army until they increased to enormous packs, *living on the dead* who lined the road, and adding a new terror to the retreating invaders.

At Mojaisk the sky lost its intense blue, and the landscape became gloomy, the cold wind sobbing and wailing down the avenues of melancholy pines, and the men drawing closer to each other as they marched.

The columns debouched on to the field of Borodino, and sad memories were aroused at every step; for, although thousands of bodies had been burned by the Russians, the plain, the heights, and especially the redoubts were littered with broken weapons and innumerable accoutrements, the hands and feet of the hastily buried slain protruding from the sandy soil in all directions.

"A MUTILATED SPECTRE CRAWLED TOWARDS THE STARTLED SOLDIERS."

One ghastly incident, vouched for by the great majority of writers, occurred as the head of the army traversed the field. Cries were heard, and a mutilated spectre crawled towards the startled soldiers. It was a Frenchman, whose legs had been broken during the battle more than *seven weeks* before, and who, unaided, had lived on the putrid flesh around him, sleeping in the stinking carcase of a disembowelled horse.

Taking him tenderly up, the army hurried on. The skeletons they were leaving behind grinned

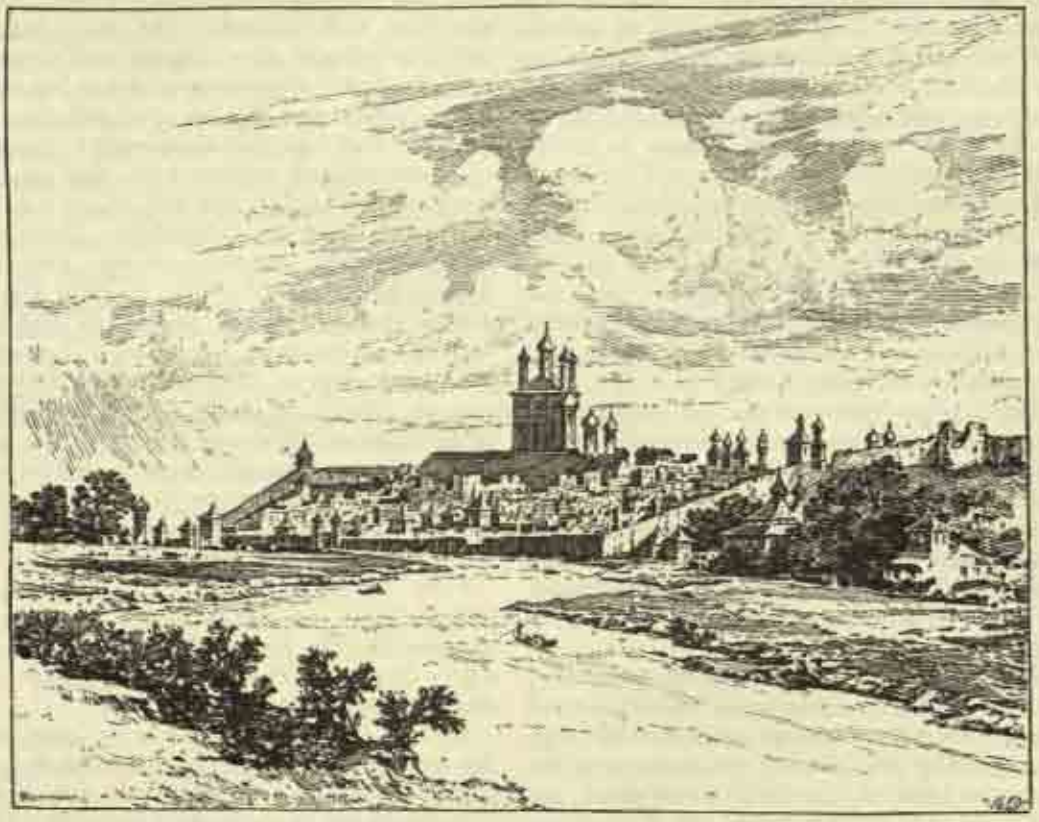
"WHEN THE REMNANT OF THE GUARD WAS SEEN CLEARING A WAY FOR THE EMPEROR, THERE WAS A RUSH" (*p.* 322).

silently as the straggling band passed by. A little further on, the wounded at the abbey of Klotskoi held out their hands beseechingly, and an order was issued that every vehicle should carry at least *one* of them, the weakest being left to the tender mercies of the Russians.

Every now and again a dull explosion came from the line of march as caisson after caisson was blown up when the horses became too weak to drag them; and a few miles on the road to Gjatz a terrible outcry arose as wounded men were found lying on the ground, having been thrown out of the sutler's carts in order that the vile wretches might save their plunder—one sufferer, *a general*, living just long enough to tell the tale.

As evening drew down and Napoleon approached Gjatz a fresh horror awaited him; for Russian dead, still warm, and with their brains battered out in a peculiar manner, were met with at every few yards. The escort of Poles, Portuguese, and Spaniards told off to guard the prisoners had chosen that method of ridding themselves of the weakly ones who lagged behind.

A stringent order went forth, and the murders ceased; but every night the miserable captives were herded together like cattle, without fire, on the bare ground, a meagre ration of raw horseflesh served out to them, and when that failed the frantic wretches *turned cannibals and devoured each other*.



SMOLENSK, FROM THE BANKS OF THE DNIEPER, IN 1812.

(From a Contemporary Print.)

The 4th Corps, under Eugène, meanwhile followed the Imperial column, and Davout commanded the rear-guard, five days' march behind.

Intense cold had now set in, and the land was icebound; violent winds fluttered the ragged uniforms, the fifteen days' rations brought from Moscow were exhausted, and the depth of misery seemed to have been reached. Yet all this was as nothing to the sufferings in store.

Napoleon waited thirty-six hours at Wiazma for the rear-guard to come up, and seeing no sign of it, left Ney there to relieve it, and

marched for Dorogobouje on the 1st November; while Eugène and Davout, arriving at Wiazma on the 3rd, found Ney hotly engaged with Miloradowitch, the Russian Murat, who opposed further advance.

A battle ensued, lasting many hours. Great heroism was displayed, especially by the 25th, 57th, and 85th Regiments, and at length Eugène got away through the town; Davout, in his turn, retiring step by step before 20,000 men and the crashing fire of twenty-four guns, was met by another force in the winding streets, and only extricated himself after tremendous loss, the bulk of the Russians under old Kutusoff remaining motionless within earshot, in spite of all the efforts of Sir Robert Wilson to induce him to attack.

During the fourteen days since the *Grande Armée* left Moscow it had lost 43,000 men, reducing its numbers to 60,000; and its condition may be understood from the fact that the day after Wiazma a little flour, carefully measured out in a spoon, formed the only food of the officers of the 4th Corps.

The dogs howled round the tail of the straggling columns, croaking ravens followed in black flocks. When a horse fell the hungry soldiers rushed upon it and tore it to pieces before life was extinct; and on the 6th November the sun disappeared, a grey fog enveloped the troops, the wind dashed them one against the other as they stumbled mechanically along, AND IT BEGAN TO SNOW!

Whirled on the storm wind, the flakes shut out the country on either hand. No sooner had a waggon—a gun carriage—a decimated regiment gone by than it was instantly lost to sight. The road vanished, the hollows were filled up; one could pass within twenty yards of a log hut and not see it. Everything became white—a pitiless, monotonous, dead level of snow, and strong men sobbed struggling onward—as they hoped—towards that *Belle France* that not a third of their number were destined to reach again.

Napoleon was on the heights above Mikelewska when the snow began, and news of the most serious import reached him at the same moment, Count Daru arriving with the account of General Mallet's attempted conspiracy in Paris.

Surrounded by a circle of his Chasseurs, shivering in their scarlet pelisses, the Emperor listened to the startling narrative, the storm howling round him as he bent over the neck of his horse; and even when he retired into a post-house to digest the alarming intelligence his cup of bitterness was not full, for Colonel Dalbignac came from the rear-guard, which Ney had taken over, with a terrible report of the disorder that the marshal had discovered at Dorogobouje.

"I do not ask you for these details, colonel," said Napoleon; but some waggons arriving from Smolensk laden with provisions, he waved Bessières, who wished to keep them for the Guard, aside, and sent them on to Ney, saying, "Those who fight shall eat before the rest," begging him, if possible, to check the foe, and allow the main body some time to reorganise at Smolensk.

The bulk of the Russian spoil, including the great Cross of Ivan, had been sunk in the lake of Semlewo, and cannon were abandoned at every mile. Generals and staff officers marched in bands, without men, without thought of anything but their own preservation. Twelve to sixteen horses were required to draw a single gun up the slightest hill, slippery as glass, and, with the thermometer registering twenty-eight and thirty degrees of frost, 10,000 wretched animals died in a single night—the terrible night of sixteen hours of darkness. In some Italian villages they still speak with horror of "the night of the fifteen hundred frozen"—that being the number of Italians that died on one occasion between sunset and sunrise.

Even the Russian Miloradowitch suffered from a frozen eye, and men who sat to rest a moment on the snow fell back in a stupor, a little blood gushed from mouth and nose, and their earthly woes were over.

Horrible the fate of those who straggled from the track and fell in with the villagers. Sir Robert Wilson at one place saw sixty naked Frenchmen laid in a row, their necks on a felled tree, while men *and women* hopped round them, singing in wild chorus, and battering out their brains in succession with faggot sticks.

At Wiazma fifty were *burned alive*; at Selino the same number, still breathing, were *buried*, the dog belonging to one of them returning daily to the graveside for a fortnight before the peasants slew it.

Yet amid all this misery, his men wearing bed-quilts, pieces of carpet, women's clothes from the baggage waggons which they began to pillage on the 7th November, and existing too often on the bodies of their comrades roasted by the flames of a burning log hut, Marshal Ney, well styled "the bravest of the brave," set his face to the foe, and fought for ten days and nights

against Cossacks—artillery, horse, foot, and dragoons—and, worst of all, the terrible *Général Moriavv*, as the Russians called the frost. Holding each wood, contesting every hill, knowing that he was virtually sacrificed to save the wreck of the army, his men deserting, despairing, dying, he fought on foot to give them courage, his face livid with the cold, and almost unrecognisable from the long red beard he had allowed to grow.

Some idea of the stubborn character of those wild Cossacks may be formed from one little incident. One of them came into the Russian camp, having ridden twenty miles after being hit by a cannon shot. His arm was taken out at the shoulder-joint by the famous Doctor Wiley, who afterwards amputated Moreau's legs at Dresden. During the operation, which lasted four minutes, the man never spoke, the next morning walked about his room, and drank tea, and, getting into a cart which jolted him fourteen miles over a Russian road, was afterwards heard of, many hundreds of miles on his journey homeward to the Don, doing well!

Small wonder, then, that the hoarse *hourra* struck terror into the fugitives, and that half a dozen of the barbarians would send a battalion of bleeding conscripts flying for their lives down the glittering aisles of drooping birches, whose fairy-like branches glistened with magic beauty in the wintry sunshine.

Eugène was attacked as his corps crossed the Wop with five or six thousand soldiers under arms, double that number of stragglers and wounded, and more than a hundred guns. The ford became blocked, the current was very rapid, and the river only partially frozen. A shameful pillage of the waggons took place, gold, silver, and costly plunder being scattered in the mud; and it was not until a brave Italian colonel named Delfanti crossed up to his waist in the floating ice that the others took heart and followed him.

Colonel Labaume tells us that he picked up a magnificent cup of splendid workmanship, drank some muddy water out of it, and flung it aside with indifference; but others, thinking only of gain, exchanged silver money for gold at a great sacrifice, secretly laughing at their comrades, who soon sank under the weight, while they escaped with the lesser bulk.

One officer, apparently lifeless, felt a man pulling off his boots, and exclaimed, "Ah, rascal, I have still need of them. I am not quite dead."

"*Eh bien, mon général*," said the soldier, coolly sitting down beside him, "*I can wait.*"

Napoleon rested five days at Smolensk; but so neglected had been his orders that no meat was found there—only rye flour, rice, and brandy—and the army fought desperately at the doors of the magazines, killing many men, raging at the Guard, whom they accused, with great reason, of being unduly favoured, and breaking out into excesses of every kind.

On the 14th November, at four o'clock in the morning, the main column left for Krasnoë, leaving little or nothing behind them for Eugène, Davout, and the valiant Ney, who had instructions to evacuate the city with a day's interval between each corps, Ney to blow up the place when he took his departure.

Out of 37,000 dashing cavalry who had crossed the Niemen only *eight hundred* remained mounted at Smolensk, the 20th Chasseurs being credited with a hundred; and this remnant was collected under Latour-Maubourg, a brave and very popular officer, who, on losing a leg at Dresden the following year, said to his weeping servant, "*Mon ami*, why do you grieve? In future there's only one boot to clean."

The army was now 42,000 strong, having lost 18,000 in the previous eight days; but it was estimated that 60,000 unarmed stragglers still impeded the march. Before leaving Smolensk, however, a reinforcement brought the force up to 47,000, to meet *four* Russian armies, one of them with 90,000, under Kutusoff, another commanded by Miloradowitch with 20,000 men.

The artillery of the Guard took twenty-two hours to do the first five leagues out of Smolensk. One company of sturdy Wurtembergers mustered *four* men, and when Eugène reached the abandoned city in a furious gale his men had to mount the slippery hill literally *on their knees*.

Beyond Korythnia Miloradowitch opened on the Imperial column, and Napoleon rode in the centre of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for three times a certain Captain Finkein had penetrated Moscow to kill him, and he was often under fire during the retreat. This time, however, he had to pass a hill bristling with cannon, and the band struck up a then well-known air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?"

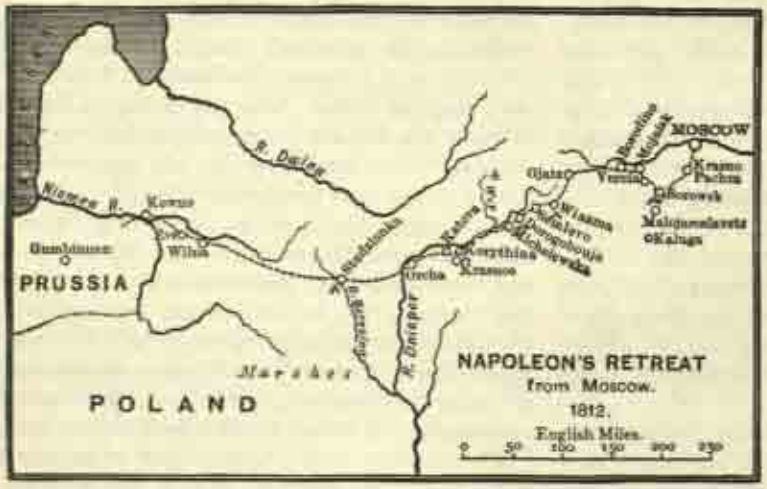
"Stop," cried Napoleon, fearful of the memories it might raise in the minds of the men. "Rather play, 'Let us watch over the safety of the Empire.'" And to that air they marched past the batteries, soon leaving the danger behind them.

When the column had gone, Miloradowitch descended from the hills, drew across the road, and cut off the rear corps, who had to fight their way through with terrible loss.

Eugène tried to force a passage, but failed; and leaving his fires burning—and what miserable fires they were!—turned the flank of the Russians, and got by in the night.

At the critical moment the moon shone out, and the wretched band was challenged.

"Hist, fool," whispered a Polish officer named Klisby in Russian. "Do you not see that we belong to Suvarow, bound on a secret mission?" And so, without interruption save from the Cossacks, the Viceroy joined his stepfather at Krasnoë, where Napoleon made a retrograde march to succour Davout, who came in, his baggage gone, his marshal's baton taken, his men reduced to a few platoons, and with no news of Ney, who was reluctantly left to his fate, the army moving on Orcha, Mortier and the wreck of the Young Guard retiring slowly in the rear, after holding Krasnoë as long as possible, Laborde saying to the troops, "The marshal orders the ordinary time—do you hear?—the ordinary time, soldiers," although under a heavy fire of balls and grape shot.



At Orcha Napoleon destroyed his papers. At Lubna the twenty-one staff officers of the 4th Corps crouched round a miserable fire in a cart-shed, with their horses behind them. At Krasnoë the brave Delfanti limped along on the arm of Villeblanche. A round shot struck him between the shoulder blades, carried off Villeblanche's head, and they fell dead on the snow.

Wherever one turned it was horror upon horror. Delicate women and little children lay by the roadside. The Cossacks stripped everyone they found.

Wilson has some dreadful details in his interesting diary. At one place a number of naked men sat round a burning hut, their backs quite frozen, when, turning to warm them, the fire caught the congealed flesh and roasted it in his presence.

Again, he saw four wretches huddled together, hands and limbs immovable, *but minds yet vigorous*, with two dogs snarling and tearing at their frozen feet; while nearly all the dead he came across seemed to have been "writhing with some agony at the moment their heart's blood congealed."

Woe to the man who lost his bivouac, and strayed to another fire. He was driven away with blows and curses from one after another until he sank and died. If anyone fell on the march, and implored a helping hand, the passers-by shook their heads and passed on, although many were still laden with plunder.

An awful thing occurred as Ney left Smolensk, showing the depths to which human nature can sink, a female sutler being seen to throw her little five-year-old boy off her heavily-laden sledge and leave him. Twice the marshal had him placed in her arms, and twice she flung the child from her, saying, "He had never seen France, and would never regret it, while she was resolved to see it again." The soldiers could stand it no longer. They carried the boy safely through the rest of the march, and left the unnatural woman to perish in the snow!

Ney's retreat with the rear-guard was one of the great events in French history, and has never been exceeded by any general for courage, determination, and self-reliance.

With barely 6,000 men, twelve guns, and 300 crawling skeletons—which it is a mockery to call horses—and burdened with 7,000 stragglers, whose wants and selfishness added greatly to the difficulties, he followed the traces of the *Grande Armée*, easily recognisable by

the burnt-out bivouacs with their circles of dead—the white mounds that indicated where a cuirassier, a dragoon, a barefooted voltigeur, slept his last sleep, and the patches of trampled, blood-stained snow strewn with helmets and corpses, over which the dogs wrangled and the ravens croaked in the dull light that showed a battle-ground.

Beyond the plain of Katova, where, three months before, they had driven Newerowskoi through the cornfields, they were summoned by an officer in the name of Kutusoff; but while he was speaking forty guns opened on the French, and Ney exclaimed, "A marshal never surrenders — you are my prisoner," the astonished Russian marching with them for twenty-six days without attempting to break his parole.

Ney boldly attacked the *eighty thousand* men, heading his feeble band in person. They broke the first line, and were rushing on the second when the guns began again, sweeping the columns and killing some women in the waggons.

The French fell back in confusion, but Ney rallied them again, replying with his *six* remaining guns, and showing his teeth with the *two thousand* ragged wretches who kept their ranks. If Kutusoff had sent a single corps against them, not a man would have survived to tell the tale. As it was, when night fell Ney turned his back on them, and retreated towards Smolensk.

"THE ENGINEER SET FIRE TO THEIR SOLE MEANS OF ESCAPE" (*p.* 327).

After an hour's dreary march they halted, Ney, as usual, in the rear; and breaking the ice on a streamlet to find which way the current ran, followed its course through the silent forests until they reached the Dnieper.

Guided by a lame peasant, they found a spot where the ice would bear them, although a thaw was setting in; and, after lighting fires to deceive the hovering Cossacks, the intrepid marshal rolled himself in his cloak and slept on the river bank for three hours.

At midnight they began to cross, the ice parting and letting many of them in as they crept in single file. An attempt was made to get the wounded over in the waggons, but the treacherous blocks gave way, and they were drowned with heartrending screams, Ney himself rescuing one survivor, an officer named Brigueville.

Using the cowardly stragglers as a shield, by placing them between his men and the foe, he pursued his way, taking advantage of the woods, surrounded by 6,000 Cossacks, and repeatedly played upon by cannon; lying in the forests by day, and marching when darkness had set in, until, with 1,500 men under arms, most of the stragglers slain or taken, and all his guns and baggage gone, he rejoined the wreck of the army at Orcha on the 20th November, Napoleon well saying before his arrival, "I have two hundred millions (francs) in the cellars of the Tuileries, and I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Oudinot and Victor also joined the wreck about this time, bringing up the total number to 30,000 or thereabouts, the Emperor's column mustering only *seven* thousand men and *forty* thousand stragglers, mingled with the enormous baggage train of the 2nd and 9th Corps that had escaped much of the previous disaster; and closely pressed on each flank by the immense armies of Kutusoff and Witgenstein, the doomed men prepared to cross the Berezina in the face of Admiral Tchitchakof, who lined the opposite bank.

Latour-Maubourg had only 150 horsemen left, and Napoleon formed 500 mounted cavalry officers into what he called his Sacred Squadron, Grouchy and Sebastiani commanding it, and generals of division serving in it as captains; but in a few days this last romantic idea had crumbled away.

Corbineau, with the remains of the 8th Lancers and 20th Chasseurs, saw a peasant riding a wet horse, and compelled him to show them the ford opposite to Studzianka; and while the French made all the parade they could lower down the river to attract Tchitchakof's attention, the brave engineer Eblé arrived at Studzianka in the dark winter evening of the 25th November with two field forges, six chests of tools, some clamps made from waggon tyres, and a few companies of pontoniers, and began to make a bridge, the water rising, the ice floating in blocks, and the men working up to their necks without even a draught of brandy to protect them from the cold.

As the grey dawn broke, the first pile was driven; eight hours' work was required before the bridge would be practicable, and the haggard fugitives waited with agonised hearts for the cannonade that would destroy their last hope; but to the astonishment of all, the admiral was seen in full retreat on the farther bank, disappearing into the woods with all his guns.

A caricature exists, showing Kutusoff and Witgenstein tying Napoleon up in a sack, while Tchitchakof is cutting a hole in the bottom of it; clearly indicating the Russian view of that individual's conduct.

Napoleon wished to question a prisoner, and two officers swam their horses across, through the ice, Jacqueminot, Oudinot's aide-de-camp, seizing a Russian, holding him on his saddle-bow, and *swimming back with him.*

When an old man he mounted to the top of Strasbourg Cathedral, and hung fearlessly from an arm of the cross with hundreds of feet of space beneath him: it was natures like his alone that survived the retreat.

Chef d'escadron Sourd, with fifty men of the 7th Chasseurs, carried some infantry over behind them, and two rafts conveyed four hundred more across to defend the bridge head. A second bridge for artillery and baggage was finished at four o'clock; it broke twice during the night, and again the following evening: all was confusion and disorder. The Russians were expected any moment on the heights that commanded the low-lying snow-covered shore, yet the stragglers waited fatuously until the morning of the 27th, and then all attempted to cross at the same time.

When the remnant of the Guard was seen clearing a way for the Emperor, there was a rush; the bridges were blocked—men, women, and children were crushed to death and many drowned. Yet that night—the panic over—thousands returned to the bivouacs of Studzianka, and the bridges were deserted again.

Victor, with 6,000 men, kept Witgenstein in check; Tchitchakof, a martyr to the cold, who had by that time warmed his toes thoroughly, returned to the opposite shore and began firing, and another terrible rush was made for the frail structures on the 28th, while Ney, across the river, was repulsing the admiral, and Victor fought all day long to give the wretches time.

The waggons and carriages were more than could have crossed in six days, said Eble—who died soon after from exposure. Ney wished them burned, but Berthier, who was little better than a writer of reports and a species of machine actuated by Napoleon himself, opposed it on his own responsibility, and caused the death of a multitude of sufferers in consequence; for when the shot and shell began to fall in the river and splinter the ice, the drivers charged down on the bridges, tearing their way remorselessly through the living obstacle.

Sword in hand, single horsemen cut a passage for themselves; women, waistdeep in the water alongside, were frozen with their arms raised to preserve their children, who were too often left to freeze there by the passers-by.

The Countess Alesio—a young Italian bride of eighteen, who had accompanied her husband on that ghastly wedding-trip—survived all these horrors, and *lives*, as I write these lines, full of terrible memories of the retreat.

Selfishness and heroism went hand in hand. An artilleryman jumped from the bridge to save a mother and her two little ones, succeeding in rescuing one boy; others pushed their comrades off to find room for themselves. And even when the early night settled down, the Russians knew where to point their guns by the screams and curses that rang over the waste amid a fearful snowstorm.

When the 4th Corps reached the other side, their only fire was a miserable blaze lighted for Eugène, of wood begged from some Bavarians, and his officers ran about *all night* to keep warm.

The artillery bridge had long since broken down—hundreds being engulfed—and only one remained, leading into a marsh choked with carriages, guns, waggons, wounded, dead and dying; across which, at nine o'clock, Victor's shattered battalions had to force their way over with their bayonets.

One instance of remarkable coolness is recorded of an artillery officer named Brechtel, whose wooden leg was smashed by a cannon ball. "Look for another leg in waggon No. 5," he said to a gunner; and when it was brought, he screwed it on, and calmly continued his firing.

Ney's pay-waggons were crossing at the same time under the care of Nicolas Savin, a hussar who had been at Toulon in 1793, in Egypt with Bonaparte, at Austerlitz, Iena, and in the Peninsula; but through a breakage of the bridge he and his gold were taken by Platoff's Cossacks, and marvellous to relate, the veteran died in Russia, during the winter of 1894, at the extraordinary age of 127.

In vain Eblé urged the fugitives to fly—many still lingering on, until at half-past eight on the morning of the 29th, the engineer set fire to their sole means of escape on the approach of the enemy.

Heartrending was the scene; language fails to describe it, though many men of many nations have poured forth all their eloquence upon the theme.

Snow, flames, round shot and shells; the half-frozen river, the army already passed on its way; France, friends, home, *everything* gone. A father on one bank, a mother on the other, never to meet again in this world; brothers, children, old men and young girls, the bridges blazing, and the hoarse "Hourra!" of the Cossacks as they tore down the bank among the forsaken crowd like vultures on a carcass.

A little while and the frozen land was still again; the wolves came out of the woods to sniff at the ghastly heaps; the white dogs, no longer lean and famished, wrangled with each other for the choicer morsels, finding the mother and the babe more to their liking, and leaving the war-worn veteran to the carrion crows.

When spring thawed the ice, *thirty thousand* bodies were found and burned on the banks of the Berezina; and happy they whose troubles had ended there. For the weather grew colder, the storms were more frequent, hundreds of miles had yet to be traversed; the Old Guard had lost from cold and missing a *third* of its diminished numbers, the Young Guard *half*, and the army was reduced to a wandering mob of *nine thousand*, twenty-one thousand having fallen in three days and four actions.

Over the marshes in the keen north wind they hurried, Ney still commanding the rear-guard; on the 30th, Oudinot, badly wounded, defended himself in a wooden house with *seventeen men* for several hours, and drove the Russians out of the village.

The sun shone out to mock them; there was hard fighting almost every day; and at length, when the main body reached Smorgoni, the Emperor resolved to put in practice an intention he had formed some time before of hurrying secretly to Paris to forestall the real truth of his disasters.

He has been unjustly accused of deserting his men when they were at their last gasp; but in reality no blame attaches to him, as his presence in France was absolutely necessary, and had he remained with the army he could have done nothing to restore it, for things had gone too far. To what extent he had contributed to those disasters is, of course, another matter.

After revising his 29th Bulletin, and appointing Murat to the chief command, he got into his carriage with Caulaincourt (brother of Auguste), Rustan the Mameluke, and Captain Wukasowitch sitting on the box, Duroc and Lobau following in a sledge, and escorted by some Polish lancers, drove off in the dark on the night of the 5th December.

Later on he exchanged the carriage for another sledge, the peasant driver of which died in Bavaria as recently as 1887, preserving to the last some of the coins Napoleon had given him.

On the 18th the Emperor arrived in Paris. The day after his departure the cold increased to a frightful degree; men lost their reason, and sprang into the burning huts. At Wilna, where there were great stores of food, they pillaged without check; and even the Old Guard paid no heed to the *générale*. All Napoleon's linen and his state tent were burned there, and the few remaining trophies, drawings being made of them before their destruction by his orders.

The Jews committed nameless cruelties on the French wounded, and although Durutte's division increased the army by 13,000, they died by hundreds, immense numbers having been frozen and suffocated at the gate of the city in their mad attempt to get in.

The day after their arrival the Russians were on them again. De Wrede's Bavarians were routed, Murat lost his head and bolted, and everything devolved on the heroic Ney, who volunteered again for rear-guard duty, keeping Kutusoff at bay while the army retreated on the road to Kowno, the last Russian town before they could reach the Niemen, 4,000 men alone preserving an orderly demeanour under arms.

At the hill of Ponari the Cossacks fell foul of them, and, while under fire, Napoleon's private

"IN A TOWERING PASSION THE MARSHAL DREW HIS SWORD" (*p.* 329).

treasure was portioned out equally among such of the Guard as remained, every man who survived afterwards accounting for his share to the last coin.

The final scene may be summed up by a brief narration of the fabulous gallantry of Marshal Ney.

It had been his invariable custom to halt and rest from five in the evening until ten, and then resume the march; but at Evé, near Kowno, he woke up to find his *fourth* rear-guard gone, their arms still piled, and glistening in the frosty night.

When he overtook them they were in disorder, and could not be rallied, Ney entering the town attended only by his aides, but instantly setting to work to form a *fifth* guard.

He found 2,000 drunken men dead on the snow, and the fugitives gone on to the river; but with 300 German Artillery and 400 others, under General Marchand, he set about to defend Kowno.

The last remnant, having crossed the Niemen, were flying through the Pilwisky forest, from which they had issued five months before in very different plight, only 13,000 in reality mustering behind that river. Kowno was attacked on the morning of the 14th December, and hastening to the Wilna Gate, Ney found the German artillery had spiked their guns and fled.

In a towering passion the marshal drew his sword and rushed at the officer in command, who still remained there, and, but for his aide-de-camp averting the blow, would have slain him. The officer escaped, and Ney summoned one of his two weak battalions, also German, and after a spirited address, formed them behind the snow-capped palisade as the enemy approached, but fate was against him.

A ball broke the colonel's thigh, and he blew out his brains before his men, who instantly threw down their guns and fled, leaving Ney alone.

Gathering all the muskets he could reach, the marshal fired them through the palisade—*one* man against *thousands*—until others came to his help; the town was attacked on the opposite side at the same time, and though he maintained his post with thirty ragged scarecrows until dark, he had to retreat step by step, through the town and across the Niemen, the last man, after forty days' and nights' incessant fighting with the rear-guard, to leave the Russian shore.

* * * * *

In Gumbinnen, Mathieu Dumas was sitting down to breakfast, when a man in a brown coat entered, his beard long, his face blackened and looking as though it had been burnt, his eyes red and glaring.

"At length I am here," he exclaimed. "Don't you know me?" "No," said the general. "Who are you?" "I am the Rear-Guard of the *Grande Armée;* I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown the last of our arms into the Niemen, and come hither through the woods. I am Marshal Ney."

* * * * *

Macdonald, in the North, was reduced by hardship and the defection of the Prussians; Schwartzenberg, in the South, had been obliged to retire, and the magnificent army of the Centre, led by masters in the art of war, under the Emperor himself, we have seen dwindled down to 13,000 in less than six months. It was not altogether the Russians, it was not entirely the frost, although both contributed to its destruction: when all laws, physical and moral, are transgressed, when flesh and blood are tried beyond the limits of possible endurance, and wild ambition takes the place of common-sense, something will give, and disaster is certain in the long run.

By one of the most careful of contemporary computations it is concluded that 552,000 unfortunate creatures who had marched under the eagles of Napoleon never returned from that campaign, and the medal struck by Alexander to commemorate it, sums up the whole case in a sentence of singular piety.

On one side, in a triangle surrounded by rays, is the Eye of Providence, with the date beneath it; on the other, the inscription: "*Not unto us; not unto me; but unto Thy Name.*"

RORKE'S DRIFT

BY C. STEIN.

AT the end of 1878 there stood upon a rocky terrace on the Natal side of the Buffalo River two stone buildings with thatched roofs, which had formed a Swedish mission station, one of them having been used as a church and the other having been the dwelling of the missionary. These two humble edifices were destined to be, on the 22nd January, 1879, the scene of the most brilliant feat of arms performed during the whole Zulu War—a defence by a small determined force against the attack of vastly superior numbers, an exploit whose lustre, relieving a period of disaster, maintained the prestige of British arms, and whose success, there can be little doubt, secured Natal from invasion when failure would have laid the colony open to the advance of a savage enemy. So perfect was the conduct of the officers and men concerned in the episode, and so well conceived and executed were the measures adopted, that even foreign military books quote the exploit as an example of the value of improvised fortifications when they are held by brave men.

When war was declared by Sir Bartle Frere, the High Commissioner for South Africa, against Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the conduct of operations was placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief. It was determined to invade Zululand, and all the forces available for this purpose were moved to the frontier. They were divided into five columns, of which three were to advance into the enemy's country from different points, with the intention of finally concentrating at Ulundi, the Zulu capital, while the other two were in the first instance to guard the frontier against possible Zulu raids. The third column, under the command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., the centre of the three columns of invasion, was to assemble near Rorke's Drift and cross the Buffalo River at that spot, within a mile of the old Swedish mission station.

The river at Rorke's Drift was, like most African streams, an impassable torrent after rain, but the flood quickly ran off, and a passage could then be effected by the "drift," or ford. There had also been established two ponts, or big, flat-bottomed ferry-boats, each of which could transport an African wagon or a company of infantry.

Colonel Glyn's column crossed the river on the 11th January, 1879, and from that time was engaged in operations in Zululand. Its line of communications with Pietermaritzburg, the chief city of Natal, was through Rorke's Drift to Helpmakaar, and thence by Ladysmith and Estcourt, or by the shorter, though more difficult, route through Greytown. Rorke's Drift, as the actual starting-point of invasion, was formed into a depôt of stores and a hospital. The deserted mission-station buildings were utilised for this purpose, the old church being converted into a storehouse and the missionary's dwelling forming the hospital. As a garrison for this important post and to secure the passage across the river, Colonel Glyn left B Company of the second battalion of the 24th Regiment, under command of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead. With him were also Major Spalding, who was in general charge of the line of communications, Lieutenant Chard, Royal Engineers, Surgeon Reynolds, Army Medical Department, and other officers. This garrison was encamped near the store and hospital.

For some days after the departure of the third column, which was also accompanied by Lord Chelmsford and the Headquarter Staff, the quiet routine of duty was pursued. Letters were passed to and from the front, necessary stores and supplies were sent on, and the men wounded in the first engagements were received

into the hospital. Among these last was one of the enemy, who had been shot through the thigh at Sirayo's kraal, and who was treated and nursed with the same care and attention as the Englishmen against whom he had fought. On the 20th January, however, a large portion of the second column, under Colonel Durnford, Royal Engineers, arrived at Rorke's Drift and encamped. Their stay was brief, for they were summoned to the fatal camp of Insandhlwana on the morning of the 22nd, Colonel Durnford leaving a company of the Natal Native Contingent, under Captain Stephenson, to strengthen the little post. It became evident from various circumstances that Colonel Glyn's column was encountering a stronger resistance than had been anticipated, and that, as the enemy were in force within a few miles, they might make a rapid descent upon the weakly-guarded line of communications. It was known that two companies of the first battalion of the 24th were at Helpmakaar, ten miles distant, and Major Spalding resolved to go there at once in order to bring them up as a reinforcement to Lieutenant Bromhead's force. In his absence, Lieutenant Chard became senior officer at Rorke's Drift, and responsible for its well-being.

Although on the 22nd January there was thus a feeling of uneasiness at the river post, nothing had occurred till some hours after mid-day to cause any special alarm to its garrison. We may believe that a general plan of action had been considered if an attack should be made upon it, but in the meantime all the officers and men were engaged in their usual employments. Lieutenant Chard was at the ponts, and Lieutenant Bromhead was in his little camp hard by the store and hospital. Shortly after 3 p.m. two mounted men were seen galloping at headlong speed towards the ferry from Zululand. There is little difficulty in recognising messengers of disaster, the men who ride with the avenger of blood close on their horses' track, and Chard, as he met them, knew that something terrible had happened. His worst anticipations were more than realised when the two fugitives—Lieutenant Adendorff, of the Native Contingent, and a Natal volunteer—told their story: the camp at Insandhlwana had been attacked and taken by the enemy, of whom a large force was now advancing on Rorke's Drift. The Natal volunteer hurried on to give the alarm at Helpmakaar; but one man was enough for this service, and Adendorff—gallant fellow!—said that he would remain at Rorke's Drift, where every additional European would be a valuable reinforcement, and cast in his lot with its defenders. Chard at once gave orders to the guard at the ponts to strike their tents, put all stores on the spot into the wagon, and withdraw to the main body of the post. Now occurred the first incident which testified to the spirit which animated the small force on the banks of the Buffalo. The ferryman—Daniells—and Sergeant Milne, of the 3rd Buffs (who was doing duty with the 24th), proposed that they should be allowed to moor the two ponts in the middle of the river, and offered, with the ferry-guard of six men, to defend them against attack—a brave thought, indeed, but it was put aside. Chard was too good a soldier to divide his few men in any way. He saw at once that the commissariat stores and hospital would require every available rifle for their defence, and that the safety of every other place was comparatively a very minor consideration.

While he was giving his orders an urgent message came from Bromhead asking him to join him at once. To Bromhead also had come several mounted men fleeing from Insandhlwana, bearing the same dread intelligence which Adendorff had brought to the ferry, and the trained officer of engineers was required to concert and decide upon measures of defence. But when the engineer joined the infantry subaltern he found that the latter, aided by Assistant-Commissary Dunne, had already begun the necessary work, and that there was nothing to change, if much was still left to complete. The three officers held a hurried consultation, and prompt use was made of all ordinary expedients of war, while materials never before employed in fortification were pressed into service. The store and hospital were loop-holed and barricaded, the windows and doors blocked with mattresses; but it was necessary to connect the defence of the two buildings by a parapet. There were no stones at hand with which to build a wall, and if there had been, there was no time to make use of them; the hard rocky soil could not be dug and formed into ditch and breastwork: but there was a great store of bags of mealies, or the grain of Indian corn, which had been collected as horse provender for the army. Assistant-Commissary Dunne suggested that these should be used in the fashion of sand-bags for the construction of the required parapet. Everybody laboured with the energy of men who know that their safety depends on their

exertions. Chard and Bromhead, Surgeon Reynolds and Dunne not merely directed, but engaged most energetically in the work of

LIEUTENANT CHARD.
(Photo, J. Hawke, Plymouth.)

preparation. When the alarm was first given it was intended to remove the worst cases from the hospital to a place of safety, and two wagons were prepared for the purpose; but it was found that the attempt to move the patients at the slow pace of ox-teams when the Zulus were so close at hand would only result in offering them as easy victims to the murderous assegai. The two wagons were therefore used as part of the defences, and mealie bags were piled underneath and upon them, so that each formed a strong post of vantage.

The ferry-guard had joined the rest of the force at 3.30 p.m., and a few minutes later an officer of Durnford's Natal Native Horse, with a hundred of his men who had been heavily engaged at Insandhlwana, rode up and asked for orders. Chard directed him to watch for the approach of the enemy, sending out vedettes, and when he was pressed, to fall back and assist in the defence of the post. So far it seemed certain that when the threatened Zulu attack developed itself against the Rorke's Drift fortifications they would be found, though hurriedly devised and executed, to be adequately defended by the company of the 24th, Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent, and about a hundred Basutos of the Natal Native Horse. But if the gallant English officers who had striven so hard and with so much military genius to make their position tenable looked forward to this amount of support, they were destined to grievous disappointment and mortification. At 4.15 p.m. the sound of firing was heard behind a hill towards the south, and told that the vedettes of the Native Horse were engaged with the enemy. Their officer returned, reporting that the Zulus were close at hand, and that his men would not obey orders. Chard and his comrades had the sore trial of seeing them all moving off towards Helpmakaar, leaving the garrison to its fate. Nor was this all. The evil example was only too soon followed. Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent also felt their hearts fail, and, accompanied by their commander, also fled from the post of duty. For the Native Horse there is some excuse to be made. They had been in the saddle since daybreak; they were the survivors of a terrible defeat and massacre; they had seen a large number of their comrades slain, and they were demoralised by the loss of their beloved commander, Colonel Durnford. If on this occasion their valour failed them, it is to be remembered that they had behaved nobly in the early part of the day, and that in later episodes of the war their gallantry and self-devotion were proverbial. But for the Native Contingent company nothing can be said. They were fresh, and as yet unscathed by war; they had the best example in the calm demeanour of their English

LIEUTENANT BROMHEAD.
(Photo, Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

comrades, and they had many causes of feud and quarrel with the enemy. But, as in all other occasions of the war where Natal Kaffirs were

employed, they gave way in time of stress, and the greatest shame of the matter was that their colonial European officer now shared their misconduct.

The garrison at Rorke's Drift was now reduced to Bromhead's company of the 24th—about eighty strong—and some men of other corps, the total number within the post being 139, of whom thirty-five were sick or wounded men in hospital. The original scheme of defence had provided for a much larger force, and Chard recognised that it would now be impossible long to occupy effectively the range of parapets and loopholes which had been prepared. There was nothing for it but to form an inner line of defence, to which the garrison might fall back when the outer line became untenable. He decided that, if necessary, the hospital must be abandoned, and that the defence must be restricted to the store and the space in front of it, including a well-built stone kraal or enclosure which abutted on it to the eastward. To carry out this plan he commenced an inner retrenchment, forming a parapet of biscuit-boxes across the larger enclosure. This was only about two boxes high when the expected flood of attack hurled its first waves against the frail solitary bulwark which stood between Natal and savage invasion.

RORKE'S DRIFT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

(From a Photo by Mr. G. T. Fernyhough, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa.)

About 4.30 p.m. five or six hundred of the enemy appeared, sweeping round the rocky hill to the south of the post, and advancing at the swift pace characteristic of the Zulu warriors against the south wall which connected the store and hospital. But they had to deal with stern men who were braced up for the encounter by feelings of duty, patriotism, and the long habit of regimental discipline and comradeship which makes each feel assured and confident that all are striving shoulder to shoulder, and that none will blench from his appointed place. From

the parapet of mealie bags and from the hospital poured forth a heavy and well-sustained fire, which was crossed by a flanking discharge from the store. No man wasted a shot, and the aim was cool and deliberate. Even Zulu valour and determination could not face the deadly leaden hail, and the onslaught weakened and broke within fifty yards of the British rifles. Some of the assailants swerved to their left, and passed round to the west of the hospital; some sought cover where they could, and occupied banks, ditches, bushes, and the cooking place of the garrison. But this first attack was only the effort of the enemy's advanced guard. Masses of warriors followed and flowed over the elevated southward ledge of rocks overlooking the buildings. Every cave and crevice was quickly filled, and from these sheltered and commanding positions they opened a heavy and continuous fire. It was fortunate that the spoil in rifles and ammunition taken at Insandhlwana was not yet available for use against the English, as at Kambula and later engagements, but the enemy's firearms were still the old muskets and rifles of which they had long been in possession. Even so, at the short range these were sufficiently effective, and, in the hands of better marksmen than Zulus usually are, might have inflicted crushing losses.

The first attack repulsed, a second desperate effort was made by the enemy against the north-west wall just below the hospital; but here again the defenders were ready to meet it, and again the assailing torrent broke and fell back. Such of the sick and wounded in the hospital as were able to rouse themselves from their beds of pain had by this time seized rifle and bayonet and joined their comrades; but though every man was now mustered, the total number was all too small for the grim task before them. The misfortune of the extreme hurry in the preparations for defence was now painfully apparent. In strengthening any position for defensive occupation one of the first measures taken by a commander is to clear as large an open space as possible round the parapet or fortifications which he proposes to hold. All ditches and hollows should be filled up; all buildings, walls, and heaps of refuse should be pulled down and scattered; all trees, shrubs, and thick herbage should be cut and removed; so that no attack can be made under cover, no safe place may be found from which deliberate fire may be delivered, or any movement can be made by an enemy unseen, and therefore unanticipated. At Rorke's Drift, not only were the buildings and parapets overlooked and commanded to the southward by a rocky hill full of caves and lurking-places, but there was a garden to the north, a thick patch of bush which was close to the parapet, a square Kaffir house and large brick oven and cooking trenches, besides numerous banks, walls, and ditches, all of which offered a shelter to the enemy, which they were not slow to profit by. The post was encircled by a dense ring of the foe, and from every side came the whistle of their bullets.

Up till this time, though several men had been wounded, no one had been struck dead. Suddenly a whisper passed round among the 24th, "Poor old King Cole is killed." Private Cole, who was known by this affectionate barrack-room nickname, was at the parapet when a bullet passed through his head, and he fell doing his duty—a noble end.

If the Zulu fire was telling, however, the steady marksmanship of the English officers and men was still more effective. Private Dunbar, of the 24th, laid low a mounted chief who was conspicuous in directing the enemy, and immediately afterwards shot eight warriors in as many successive shots. Everywhere the officers were present with words of encouragement, exposing themselves fearlessly and showing that iron coolness and self-possession which rouses such confidence and emulation in soldiery on a day of battle. Assistant-Commissary Dunne—a man of great stature and physique, with a long, flowing beard—was continually going along the parapet, cheering the men and using the rifle with deadly effect. There was a rush of Zulus against the spot where he was, led by a huge man, whose leopard-skin kaross marked the chief. Dunne called out "Pot that fellow!" and himself aimed over the parapet at another, when his rifle dropped from his hand, and he spun round with suddenly pallid face, shot through the right shoulder. Surgeon Reynolds was by his side at once, and bound up the wound. Unable any longer to use his rifle, he handed it to storekeeper Byrne, but continued unmoved to superintend the men near to him and to direct their fire. Byrne took his place at the parapet, and his bullets were not wasted. In a few minutes Corporal Scammel, Natal Native Contingent, who was next to him, was shot through the shoulder and back. He fell, and crawling to Chard, who was fighting side by side with the men, handed him the remainder of his cartridges. In his agony he asked for a

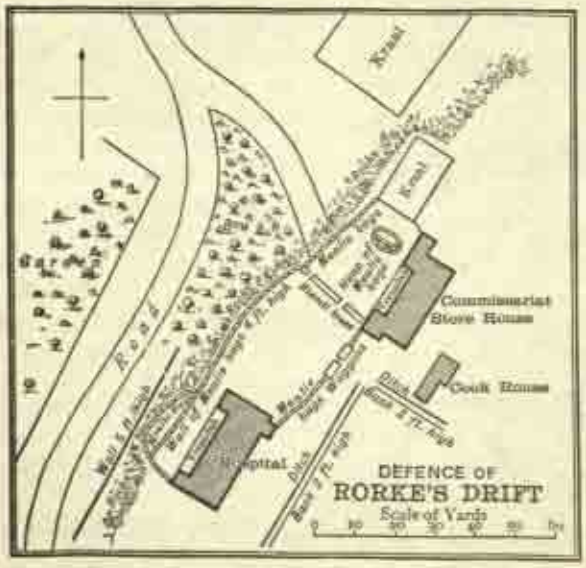
drink of water. Byrne at once fetched it for him, and whilst handing it to the suffering soldier, was himself shot through the head, and fell prone, a dead man.

While fighting was thus going on all round the post, a series of specially determined attacks was made against the northern side. Here the Zulus were able to collect under cover of the garden and patch of bush, and from that shelter were able to rush untouched close up to the parapet. Soon they were on one side of the barricade, while the defenders held the other, and across it there was a hand-to-hand struggle of the bayonet against the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stabbing assegai. So close were the combatants that the Zulus seized the English bayonets, and in two instances even succeeded in wrenching them from the rifles, though in each case the breechloader took a stern vengeance. The muzzles of the opposing firearms were almost touching each other, and the discharge of a musket blew the broad "dopper" hat from the head of Corporal Schiess, of the Natal Native Contingent. This man (a Swiss by birth), who had been a patient in hospital, leaped on to the parapet and bayoneted the man who fired, regained his place, and shot another; then, repeating his former exploit, again leaped on the top of the mealie bags and bayoneted a third. Early in the fight he had been struck by a bullet in the instep, but though suffering acute pain, he left not his post, and was only maddened to perform deeds of heroic daring.

The struggle here was too severe and unequal to be long continued. Besides the ceaseless attacks of their enemy in front, the defenders of the parapet were exposed to the fire which took them in reverse from the high hill to the south. Five soldiers had been thus shot dead in a short space of time. At six p.m. the order was given to retire behind the retrenchment of biscuit-boxes. When the defence of the parapet was thus removed, the dark crowd of Zulus surged over the mealie bags to attack the hospital; but such a heavy fire was sent from the line of the retrenchment that nearly every man who leaped into the enclosure perished in the effort. Again and again they charged forward, shouting their war-cry "Usutu! Usutu!" and ever the death-dealing volleys smot them to the ground.

The story has now been told of the struggle during the first hour and a half about the store-house and large enclosure, till the moment came when it was no longer possible to hold the whole of the defences as they were at first organised, and Chard was constrained to withdraw behind the biscuit-box retrenchment which his foresight had provided. All this time the enemy had been making fierce and constantly reiterated attempts to force their way into the hospital, which was at the west end of the enclosure. Here Bromhead personally superintended the resistance, and here such deeds of military prowess, cool presence of mind, and glorious self-devotion were performed as our nation may well inscribe on its proudest records. It has been said that the building had a thatched roof, and the Zulus not only strove to force an ingress, but used every expedient to set the thatch on fire, and thus to destroy the poor stronghold which so long mocked at their attempts to take it. While many of the patients whose ailments were comparatively slight had risen from their pallets and taken an active part in the defence, there were several poor fellows, utterly helpless, distributed among the different wards; and it is difficult to conceive a situation more trying than theirs must have been, listening to the demoniac yells of the savages, only separated from them by a thin wall, thirsting for their blood. At every window were one or two comrades, firing till the rifles were heated to scorching by the unceasing discharge. Bullets splashed upon the walls, and the air reeked with dense sulphurous smoke. The combatants may have been excited and carried away by the mad fury of battle; but to men depressed by disease, weakened and racked with pain, truly the minutes must have been long and terrible in their mental and physical suffering. Shortly after five o'clock

the Zulus had been able so far to break down the entrance to the room at the extreme end of the hospital that they were able to charge at the opening; but Bromhead was there, and drove them back time after time with the bayonet. As long as the enclosure was held, they failed in every fierce attempt. Private Joseph Williams was firing from a small window hard by, and on the next morning fourteen warriors were found dead beneath it, besides others along his line of fire. When his ammunition was expended, he joined his brother, Private John Williams, and two of the patients who also had fired their last cartridge, and with them guarded the door with



their bayonets. No longer able to keep their opponents at a distance, the four stood grimly resolute, waiting till the door was battered in and they stood face to face with the foe.

Then followed a death struggle. The English bayonet crossed the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stalwart Warwickshire lads met the lithe and muscular tribesmen of Cetewayo, and the weapons glinted thirsty for blood. In the *mêlée* poor Joseph Williams was grappled with by two Zulus, his hands were seized, and, dragged out from among his comrades, he was killed before their eyes. But now it was known that the hospital must be abandoned, and as the usual path was occupied by the enemy, a way had to be made through the partition walls. John Williams and the two patients succeeded in making a passage with an axe into the adjoining room, where they were joined by Private Henry Hook. John Williams and Hook then took it in turn to guard the hole through which the little party had come, with the bayonet, and keep the foe at bay, while the others worked at cutting a further passage. In this retreat from room to room, another brave soldier, Private Jenkins, met the same fate as did Joseph Williams, and was dragged to his death by the pursuers. The others at last arrived at a window looking into the enclosure towards the storehouse, and leaping from it, ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire till they reached their comrades behind the biscuit-box retrenchment. To the devoted bravery and cool resource of Privates John Williams and Hook, eight patients, who had been in the several wards which they had traversed, owed their lives. If it had not been for the assistance of these two gallant men, all the eight would have perished where they lay. These, however, were only some of the hairbreadth escapes from the hospital, and only some of the deeds of stubborn hardihood performed in it.

A few of the sick men were half carried, half led by chivalrous comrades across the enclosure to the retrenchment, but many had to make their own way over the space now swept by the Zulu bullets, and that that space was clear was due to the steady fire maintained by Chard, which prevented the Zulus themselves from leaving the spots where they were under cover. Trooper Hunter, Natal Mounted Police, a very tall young man, who had been a patient, essayed the rush to safety, but he was hit and fell before he reached his goal. Corporal Mayer, Natal Native Contingent, who had been wounded in the knee by an assegai-thrust in one of the early engagements of the campaign, Bombardier Lewis, Royal Artillery, whose leg and thigh were swollen and disabled from a wagon accident, and Trooper Green, Natal Police, also a nearly helpless invalid, all got out of a little window looking into the enclosure. The window was at some distance from the ground, and each man fell in escaping from it. All had to crawl (for none of them could walk) through the enemy's fire, and all passed scathless into the retrenchment except Green, who was struck on the thigh. In one of the wards facing the hill on the south side of the hospital, Privates William Jones and Robert Jones had been posted. There were seven patients in the ward, and these two men

"THERE WAS A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE" (p. 235).

defended their post till six of the seven patients had been removed. The seventh was Sergeant Maxfield, who, delirious with fever, resisted all attempts to move him. Robert Jones, with rare courage and devotion, went back a second time to try to carry him out, but found the ward already full of Zulus, and the poor sergeant stabbed to death on his bed.

It has been mentioned that a wounded prisoner was being treated in the hospital. So much had he been impressed by the kindness which he had received, that he was anxious to assist in the defence. He said "he was not afraid of the Zulus, but he wanted a gun." His new-born goodwill was not, however, tested. When the ward in which he lay was forced, Private Hook, who was assisting the Englishmen in the next room, heard the Zulus talking to him. The next day his charred remains were found in the ashes of the building. That communication was kept up with the hospital at all, and that it was possible to effect the removal of so many patients, was due in great part to the conduct of Corporal Allen and Private Hitch. These two soldiers together, in defiance of danger, held a most exposed position, raked in reverse by the fire from the hill, till both were severely wounded. Their determined bravery had its result in the safety of their comrades. Even after they were incapacitated from further fighting, they never ceased, when their wounds had been dressed, to serve out ammunition from the reserve throughout the rest of the combat.

When the defence of the hospital was relaxed, it had been easy for the enemy to carry out their plan of setting fire to the thatched roof, and now the whole was in a blaze, the flames rising high and casting a lurid glare over the scene of conflict. The last men who effected their retreat from the building had as much to dread from the spreading conflagration as from the Zulu assegais. We have seen that, from the want of interior communication, it had been necessary for those who did escape to cut their way from room to room. Alas! to some of the patients, it had been impossible for the anxious leader and his staunch, willing followers to penetrate. Defeated by the flames and by the numbers of their opponents, Chard records in his official despatch, "With the most heartfelt sorrow, I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate."

While in the hospital the last struggle was going on, Chard's unfailing resource had provided another element of strength to his now restricted line of defence, and had formed a place of comparative security for the reception of his wounded men. In the small yard by the storehouse were two large piles of mealie bags. These, with the assistance of two or three men and Dunne, who, severely wounded as he was, continued working with unabated energy and determination, he formed into an oblong and sufficiently high redoubt. In the hollow space in its centre were laid the sick and wounded, while its crest gave a second line of fire, which swept much of the ground that could not be seen by the occupiers of the lower parapets. As the intrepid men were making this redoubt, their object was quickly detected by the enemy, who poured upon them a rain of bullets; but Providence protected them, and unhurt, they completed their work. The night had fallen, and the light from the burning hospital was now of the greatest service to the defenders, as it illumined every spot for hundreds of yards round, and gave every advantage to the trained riflemen of the 24th. The Zulu losses had been tremendously heavy; but still they pressed their unremitting attack. Rush after rush was made right up to the parapets so strenuously held, and their musketry fire never slackened. The outer wall of the stone kraal on the east of the store had to be abandoned, and finally the garrison was confined to the commissariat store, the enclosure just in front of it, the inner wall of the kraal, and the redoubt of mealie bags. But the steadfastness of the defenders was never impaired. Still every man fired with the greatest coolness. Not a shot was wasted, and Rorke's Drift Station remained still proudly impregnable. At 10 p.m. the hospital fire had burnt itself out, and darkness settled over defence and attack. It was not till midnight, however, that the Zulus began to lose heart, and give to the garrison some breathing space and repose. Desultory firing still continued from the hill to the southward, and from the bush and garden in front; but there were no more attacks in force, and stress of siege was practically over. The dark hours were full of anxiety, and even the stout hearts which had not quailed during the long period of trial that was past must have had some feeling of disquietude for the morrow, lest wearied, reduced in numbers, and with slender supply of water, they should be called upon to meet renewed efforts made by a reinforced foe.

The dawn came at last, and the eyes of all were gladdened by seeing the rear of the Zulu

masses retiring round the shoulder of the hill from which their first attack had been made. The supreme tension of mind and body was over, and if the struggle had been long and stern the victory was for the time complete. How bitterly it had been fought out was shown by the piles of the enemy's dead lying around, and by the silence of familiar voices when the roll was called. There was yet no rest. The enemy might take heart and return, for, though many of their warriors had seen their last fight, still their numbers were so overwhelming, and they must have known so well how close had been the pressure of their attack, that they might well think that, with renewed efforts, success was more than possible. Patrols were sent out to collect the arms left lying on the field. The defences were strengthened, and, mindful of the fate of the hospital, a working party was ordered to remove the thatch from the roof of the store. The men who were not employed otherwise were kept manning the parapets, and all were ready at once to snatch up their rifles and again to hold the post which they had guarded so long. A friendly Kaffir was sent to Helpmakaar, saying that they were still safe, and asking for assistance. About 7 a.m. a mass of the enemy was seen on the hills to the south-west, and it seemed as if another onslaught was threatened. They were advancing slowly when the remains of the third column appeared in the distance, coming from Insandhlwana, and, as the English approached, the threatening mass retired, and finally disappeared.

Lord Chelmsford, Colonel Glyn, and that part of their force which, having been engaged elsewhere, had not been in the Insandhlwana camp when it was attacked and taken, had passed the night in sad and anxious bivouac among the dead bodies of their comrades and the *débris* of a most melancholy disaster. Full of disquietude about the fate of the post at Rorke's Drift, and the line of communications, they had pushed on with earliest dawn. Their advanced guard of mounted men strained eager eyes towards Rorke's Drift. The British flag still waved over the storehouse, and figures in red coats could be seen moving about the place. But smoke was rising where the hospital had stood, and, remembering that the victorious Zulus at Insandhlwana had clad themselves in the uniforms of the dead, there was a moment of dread uncertainty to the officer who was leading the way. But surely that was a faint British cheer rising from the post! A few hundred yards more of advance, and it was known that here at least no mistake had been made; here courage and determination had not been shown in vain; and that here something had been done to restore the confidence in British prowess which had just received so rude a shock elsewhere. What a sight was the spot in the bright morning sunlight! There lay hundreds of Zulus either dead or gasping out the last remains of life; there was the grim and grey old warrior lying side by side with the young man who had come "to wash his assegai"; there a convulsive movement of arm or leg, the rolling of a slowly glazing eye, or the heaving of a bullet-pierced chest showed that life was not quite extinct; and there were the defenders wan, battle-stained, and weary, but with the proud light of triumph in their glance, standing by the fortifications which they had so stoutly held—fortifications so small, so frail, that it seemed marvellous how they had been made to serve their purpose. The skeleton of the hospital still was there, but its roof and woodwork had fallen in, and in the still smoking pile men were searching for the remains of lost comrades. And there, in the corner of the enclosure, reverently covered and guarded, were the bodies of the dead who had given their lives for England and sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. Well might Lord Chelmsford congratulate the defenders of Rorke's Drift on the brilliant stand that they had made, and well might the colony of Natal look upon them as Heaven-sent saviours from cruel invasion.

In telling the story of the events of the 22nd, it has been said that Major Spalding left Rorke's Drift to seek reinforcements at Helpmakaar. There he found two companies of the 24th, under Major Upcher, and with them he at once commenced to march to the river post. On their way they met several fugitives who asserted that the place had fallen, and when they arrived within three miles of their destination, a large body of Zulus was found barring the way, while the flames of the burning hospital could be seen rising from the river valley. It was only too probable that if they went on, they would merely sacrifice to no purpose the only regular troops remaining between the frontier and Pietermaritzburg. Helpmakaar was the principal store depôt for the centre column, full of ammunition and supplies, and it seemed best that its safety should, at any rate, be provided for as far as possible. The two companies were

therefore ordered to return, and preparations for the defence of the stores were commenced.

Many names have been mentioned of men who, when all did their duty nobly, were particularly remarkable in the duty which they did and in their manner of doing it. Two men have not, in this narrative, been yet specially named, but they were each as heroic as any of those who stood behind Chard's improvised defences. Theirs was not the duty of handling deadly weapons; theirs was not the lot to meet the enemy hand to hand. It was for them to comfort the dying, to tend the sick, to give aid to the wounded—and right worthily they played their part. The Rev. George Smith, acting chaplain to the forces, and Surgeon Reynolds, Army Medical Department, were exposed to all the dangers that surrounded every man of the garrison, and to every man they showed the example of treating those dangers with a grand indifference. Besides performing to the full the tasks of their noble professions, they were constantly present among the soldiers with words of cheer and encouragement. They distributed such poor refreshment as was available, and were indefatigable in supplying reserve ammunition to those whose cartridge-boxes were empty. Never can British soldiers hope to have with them, in a time of trial, better men that the Rev. George Smith and Surgeon Reynolds.

According to the closest estimate, the number of Zulus who attacked Rorke's Drift was about 4,000, composed of Cetewayo's Undi and Udkloko regiments, and about 400 dead bodies were buried near the post after the attack. The wounded were all carried away from the field. The loss of the garrison was fifteen killed and twelve wounded, of whom two died almost immediately.

No military rewards could have been too great for the glorious actions at Rorke's Drift, and of rewards there was no niggardly distribution. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead became Captains and Brevet-Majors. The Rev. George Smith, a missionary chaplain in Natal, received a commission as Army chaplain. Every officer was promoted in his corps or department, and besides the decorations given to others, Chard and Bromhead, Corporal Allen, Privates John Williams, Henry Hook, William Jones, Robert Jones, and Frederick Hitch received the Victoria Cross; Colour-Sergeant Brown and eight men received medals for distinguished service in the field.

Many brave exploits have been performed by men of the English army, and we may believe that the scroll of glory is not yet complete; but whatever the future may have in store, it would be difficult to find in past history any action which excels in brilliancy the defence of Rorke's Drift.

"THE BRITISH FLAG STILL WAVED OVER THE STOREHOUSE" (p. 339).

Mars-la-Tour

By Charles Lowe

"LOOK out for cavalry!" Such was the cry that was raised on the sanguinary field of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour oftener than in any other battle of the Franco-German war.

When France declared war against Germany in July, 1870, she sent all her available troops—numbering about 300,000 men—as fast as ever she could to her eastern frontier, where they formed themselves into what was called the "Army of the Rhine," under the supreme command of the Emperor Napoleon. This "Army of the Rhine" was composed of eight separate Army Corps, or Corps d'Armée, commanded by Marshals Bazaine, MacMahon, and Canrobert, and by Generals Bourbaki, Frossard, Ladmirault, Failly, and Félix Douay.

On the other hand, the Germans divided their forces into three main armies—each also consisting of several Army Corps—of which the combined strength was about 384,000 men; and so quickly had the Germans—who are famous for their powers of organisation—done the difficult work of mobilising their forces (that is to say, preparing them to take the field), that, within a fortnight after the order for this process had been issued, no fewer than 300,000 helmeted defenders of the Fatherland stood ranked up and ready along the Rhine. Old King William of Prussia assumed the nominal command of all this tremendous fighting force; but in reality the man who directed and controlled its movements was Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, who was perhaps the most studious and scientific soldier the world had ever seen. He had divided all the field strength of Germany into three separate armies—each also composed of several Army Corps. The First Army, on the right, was commanded by General von Steinmetz; the Second, in the centre, by Prince Frederick Charles, known as the "Red Prince;" and the Third, on the left, by the Crown Prince, son-in-law of Queen Victoria.

The Crown Prince was the first to draw blood, on the 4th August (war had only been formally declared on the 19th July), when he won the great battle of Weissenburg, and on the 6th at Wörth, when he completed the defeat of Marshal MacMahon's army. On this very same day, too, Steinmetz, on the right, had stormed the heights of Spicheren at a very great sacrifice of life, causing Frossard, who held these heights, to fall back on the excessively strong fortress of Metz, which stands in the lovely valley of the Moselle. MacMahon had retreated towards the great training camp—the Aldershot, so to speak, of France—at Châlons; while the rest of the "Army of the Rhine" meanwhile retired on Metz, and thither the Germans now also began to push with might and main.

It was thought probable by Moltke, from all appearances, that the French meant to make a desperate stand in front of Metz. But he met with less resistance there than he expected; and on the 14th August a victory gained by the Germans at Colombey-Nouilly had the effect of making all their opponents in the open field thereabouts withdraw towards the fortressed city. This battle had been fought on the east of Metz, while on the west side ran the high road to Verdun and Paris. On the 15th the Germans came to the conclusion that the French in Metz, not wishing to expose themselves to the risk of being cooped up and rendered useless within their fortress, meant to escape towards Verdun, to join hands with MacMahon's beaten forces, and then give battle to the advancing Germans in the plain.

For the French were confident that they could give a good account of their hitherto victorious foes, could they but meet them on pretty equal terms in the open. The Germans

saw very well that the object of the French at Metz was to escape to the west, and they therefore determined to strain every nerve to prevent this. Yet they sadly feared they would not succeed, for they were on the right, or east, bank of the Moselle, while the French were on the left, or west side; and it was necessary for their pursuers to make a wide sweep in order to cross the river and insert themselves in good time between Metz and Paris, so as to have the retreating Frenchmen face to face.

As early as the evening of the 15th a Division of Cavalry—the 5th, under Rheinbaden—had crossed the Moselle, and pressed round and forward with prying intent as far as the village of Mars-la-Tour, on the Verdun road, where it bivouacked for the night. It had seen certain masses of French troops away in the direction of Metz, but was unable to conclude whether this formed the rear-guard of the French army retreating on Verdun, or only its vanguard. As a matter of fact, this army was still struggling with the difficulties of getting away from Metz.

Early on the morning of the 16th the French Emperor, escorted by two brigades of cavalry, had driven away to Verdun by the Etain road, which was still comparatively safe, leaving the command of the Metz army to Marshal Bazaine.

All the roads from Metz were blocked by heavy baggage, and the French army could not get away from the fortress with expedition and method. The left wing of the army was ready to march, but not the right; and so the left had been sent back to its bivouacs until the afternoon. Thus Bazaine lost much valuable time, and what he lost the "Red Prince" won. For by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 16th August, the 3rd, or Brandenburg, Army Corps—one of the best and bravest in all Germany—had come within sight of the Verdun road, marked at intervals of about a mile by the successive villages (coming from Metz) of Gravelotte, Rezonville, Vionville, and Mars-la-Tour, which the German soldiers punningly called *Marche-rêtour* after the French had been finally beaten back on Metz. It was an excessively hot day, the sun pouring down its rays on field and wood with almost tropical force; and by the time the brave Brandenburgers of General von Alvensleben, who had crossed the Moselle at Novéant the previous night, and resumed their forced march after a brief snatch of rest—by the time, I say, they had threaded the wooded glen of Gorze, leading right on to the Verdun road, they beheld to their great joy that a French force was in front of them.

After some preliminary skirmishing and wood-fighting, Alvensleben came to the conclusion that he had to deal with the whole, or at least the greater part, of Bazaine's army, which had thus not escaped after all. But before the arrival of Alvensleben's Corps on the scene, the action had been opened by the horse-batteries of Rheinbaden, which, advancing from Mars-la-Tour towards Vionville, opened a destructive shell-fire on Murat's dragoons, who, encamped thereabout, were engaged in cooking. A regular stampede ensued, the dragoons bolting through the camp. But the French infantry were quickly on their guard, and opened so heavy a fire on the audacious German horsemen—who had, of course, followed their guns—that the latter were soon driven to seek shelter in hollows and behind copses.

It was at this time that Alvensleben's Corps made its timely appearance, and began to enter into action, although it could not doubt that it had to contend against desperate odds. But it had been sent forward by its old commander, Prince Frederick Charles—who still wore the scarlet uniform of one of its Hussar (Zieten) regiments, and hence was known as the "Red Prince"—to seek out and hold Bazaine at bay, as a bulldog would a bull, until the arrival of reinforcements; and the doughty Brandenburgers were ready to resist to the very last man, if they must die for it. What would their beloved "Red Prince" say if they allowed the game to escape? Their only chance lay in the hope that Bazaine would not be able to concentrate all his colossal host and hurl it against them at once, and that the 10th Prussian Corps, with other parts of their army which they knew to have been despatched on the same errand as themselves, would meanwhile hurry up to their assistance and save them from complete annihilation.

The infantry part of the battle began on some wooded hills above the village of Gorze, about eight miles south-west of Metz, on a stream running from Mars-la-Tour into the Moselle at Novéant. "The Prussians," said a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "pushed into the woods, gradually, by dint of numbers and sheer hard fighting, driving the French skirmishers from them. What happened in this part of the battle no one knows or can know, as it was entirely in the woods and valleys, and no general view of it could be obtained. The French position here

was a most formidable one, and the wonder is not that it took the Prussians seven hours to take it, but that they ever got it at all. The woods above Gorze extend to within about two miles of Gravelotte, behind which village the French lay in the morning, as also at Rezonville, another village higher up on the road from Metz to Verdun. Nearly the whole of the Prussian second position was backed by the thick woods they had got possession of in the morning.

"The plain on which the battle was fought extends from the woods to the Verdun road, about one mile and a half, and is about three miles in length. On the French right the ground rises gently, and this was the key of the position, as the artillery, which could maintain itself there, swept the whole field. More towards the centre are two small valleys, one of which, being deep, was most useful to the Prussians in advancing their troops. In the centre of the field is the road from Gorze to Rezonville and Gravelotte, joining the main road to Verdun between the two villages.* From the woods to Rezonville, on the Verdun road, there is no cover, except one cottage midway on the Gorze road. This cottage was held by a half-battery of French mitrailleuses, which did frightful execution in the Prussian ranks as they advanced from the wood."

The Brandenburg Corps consisted of two Divisions, one (the 5th) commanded by Stülpnagel, and the other (the 6th) by Buddenbrock. The latter was on the right of the German line, and it fought its way to the front with desperate courage, but with varying fortune. One regiment in particular—the 52nd—lost heavily in recovering some ground which had been wrested from it by the French. Its first battalion lost every one of its officers, the colours were passed from hand to hand as the bearers were successively shot down by the bullets of the chassepôts, and the commander of the brigade, General von Döring, fell mortally wounded. General von Stülpnagel rode along the line of fire to encourage the men, while General von Schwerin collected the remnants of the troops bereft of their leaders, and held the most commanding point on the field of battle until reinforced by a portion of the 10th Corps.

But it was Buddenbrock's Division, on the left wing, which began to be so sorely pressed. This Division had been ordered to advance on the old Roman road, also leading from Metz to Verdun, on the assumption that Bazaine might choose this as his main line of retreat. But on approaching Tronville, near Mars-la-Tour, it was quick to see how matters stood, and then, wheeling to the right, it advanced with the most death-despising courage against Vionville and Flavigny.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to describe all the ins and outs of the tremendous conflict which now ensued; I can only give its salient points and incidents. When Bazaine had seen the Germans advance *from the direction of Verdun*, whither he himself was bound, he muttered to himself: "*C'est une reconnaissance*" ("It is only a scouting affair"). But he was quickly undeceived, and saw that he would have to fight and conquer before he could continue his westward march. The position of the French was one of great advantage, their left flank being protected by the fortress of Metz and their right by formidable batteries along the old Roman road, while they also had at their disposal a very strong force of cavalry (three and a-quarter Divisions to two German ones), so that they could thus afford to wait an attack on their centre.

The two Infantry Divisions of the Germans began to get very much mixed; but, by taking advantage of every rise in the ground for cover, the regimental officers got their men steadily forward in spite of the very heavy fire from the French infantry and guns. Flavigny was taken by assault, and one cannon, with a number of prisoners, fell into the hands of the brave Brandenburgers. Slowly, but surely, the Prussians made their way beyond Flavigny and Vionville, and, assisted by a heavy fire from their artillery, compelled the right wing of the 2nd French Corps to retire on Rezonville—a movement which turned into a perfect flight when the French generals Bataille and Valazé had been killed.

To regain the lost ground, the French Cuirassier Guards turned resolutely on their Prussian pursuers; but their charge was cut short by the *schnellfeuer* (or rapid fire) of two companies of the 52nd Regiment, drawn up in line (like the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava), who waited until the rushing horsemen, with their flashing swords and waving plumes, were within 250 yards, and then poured a murderous volley into the teeth of their assailants. The latter, parting to right and left, rushed past and into the fire of more infantry behind, leaving 243 of their horses and riders lying on the plain. These

* There is a slight inaccuracy here. The Gorze road runs into the main road to Verdun at Rezonville.

French Cuirassiers barely escaped complete annihilation; for scarcely had they turned to retire when they were set upon by Redern's Horse Brigade (of Rheinbaden's Division), consisting of the 11th Black Brunswickers—Prussia's "Death or Glory" boys—and 17th Hussars, who, emerging from a hollow behind Flavigny, dashed straight at the flying foe and cut many more of them out of their saddles.

But their pursuit was presently checked by a French battery in front of Rezonville, which began to blaze away at them; and for this battery, in turn, they went like the wind. Shots and sabre-cuts are exchanged in the wild *mêlée*, the gunners are cut down, and only a knot of mounted French officers remain. One of them—a short, broad-shouldered, bull-necked man, with drawn sword—is evidently a general of high rank from the richness of his uniform. As a matter of fact it is Bazaine himself, the commander-in-chief of the French army, who has placed this battery in position. A knot of the Black Brunswickers make a dash at him, but his Staff surrounds him, parrying the sabre-thrusts and cuts of the Hussars, till at last he is rescued by a timely charge of the 5th French Hussars forming his escort, and many of the Brunswickers straightway find death as well as glory.

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

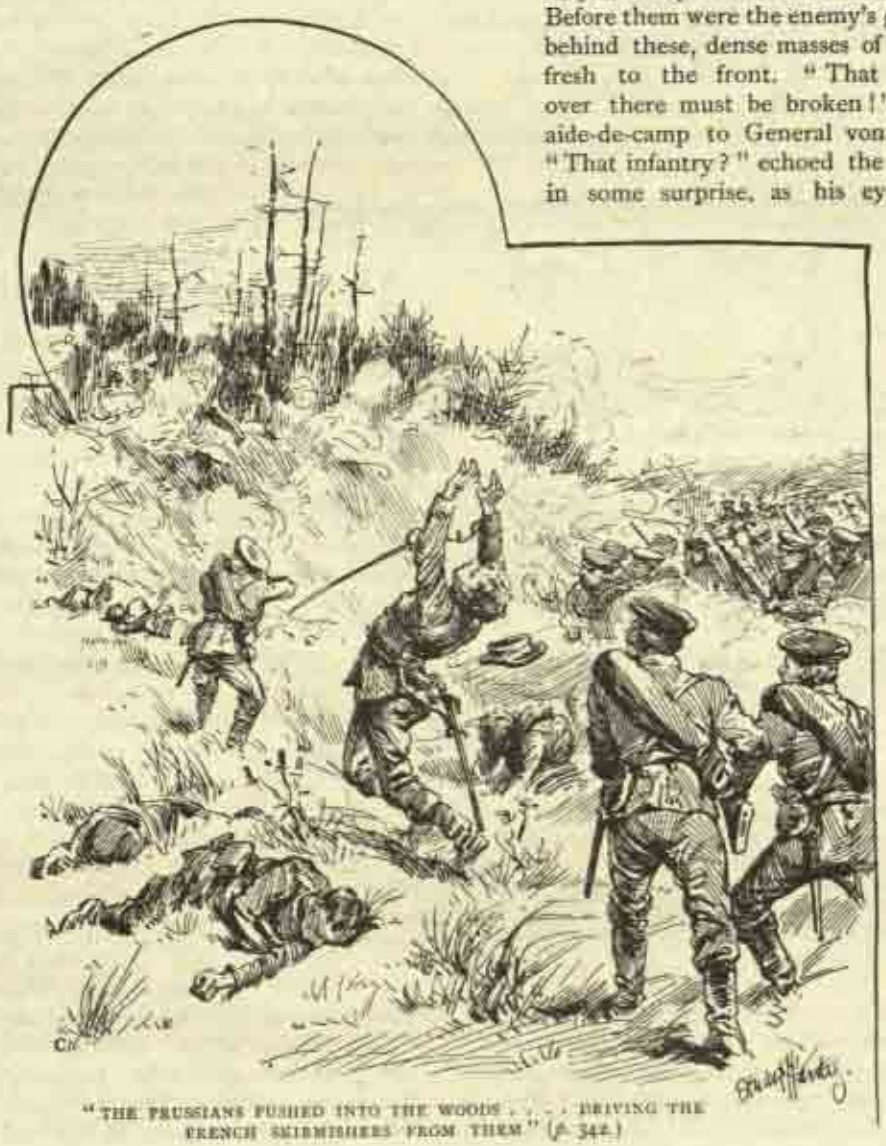
But now the 6th Cavalry Division of the Prussians—Cuirassiers, Lancers, and Hussars—led on by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, rushes up in turn to repel this cavalry counter-stroke of the French which had the effect of rescuing Bazaine; and then is seen another surging mass of mounted combatants mingling in a "murder grim and great." Presently the eye is diverted from this dust-enveloped spectacle by the sight of the red-tunicked Zieten Hussars—so called after the Great Frederick's greatest horse-captain—emerging from the dust-clouds and dashing themselves with a wild cheer at a line of French infantry—Grenadier Guards—in their front. But at about 500 paces distance they are received with a truly infernal fire from chassepôt, field-gun, and mitrailleuse, and their colonel—also a Herr von Zieten—falls dead out of the saddle, while Captain von Grimm is mortally wounded, and the horse of the adjutant, Lieutenant von Winterfeldt, is literally torn to pieces by a shell. The bravest men on earth cannot face such a fire; so the Zieten Hussars wheel round and rush back to their lines, leaving the ground strewn with scarlet uniforms, as if it were an English battlefield. The French fire is too murderous; the Germans must check their advance; the battle for some little time after becomes an artillery duel.

It was now two o'clock. So far, Alvensleben had skilfully deceived the enemy, with regard to the slender number of his troops, by incessant assaults. But the battle was now at a standstill, the battalions visibly thinned by four hours of the hardest and bloodiest fighting, while the infantry had almost exhausted their cartridges. There was not a battalion, not a battery, left in reserve all along the exposed line. Nevertheless the Brandenburgers would not yield a single inch of the ground they had so bravely won.

Presently, however, they were threatened with a new danger. Their left wing at Vionville was very much exposed to the French artillery on the Roman road, and they were threatened with a turning of this weakest flank. At the same time Marshal Canrobert, our old Crimean ally

discerned from his position in the centre the true moment to make a push for Vionville with all his forces. Ruin or retreat stared the Germans in the face. It looked as if they were going to be completely overwhelmed in this part of the field. The reinforcements from the 10th Corps, which they were so anxiously awaiting, had not yet made their appearance, and the French were assuming an ever more threatening attitude. What was to be done?

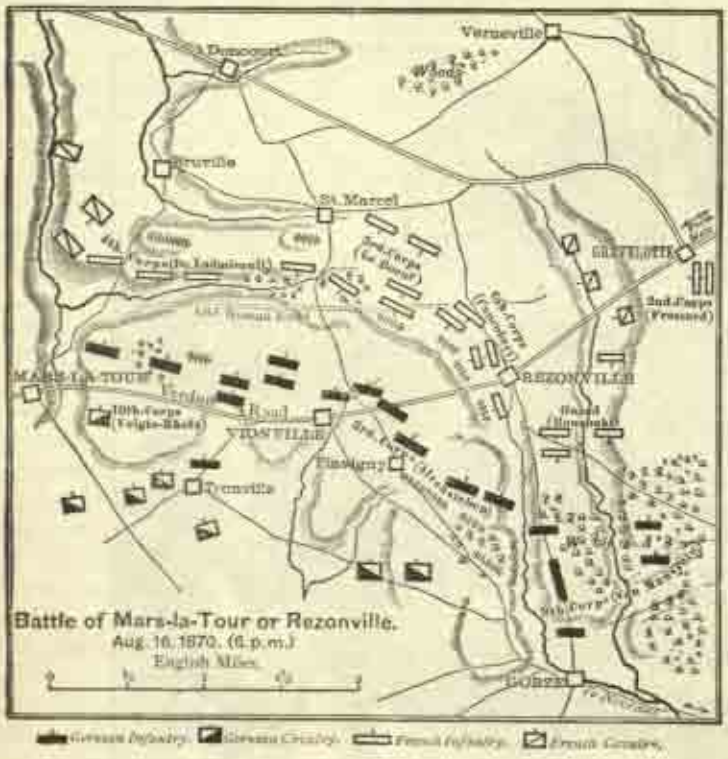
In a hollow behind Vionville was standing Bredow's heavy Cavalry brigade, consisting of the 7th Magdeburg Cuirassiers (Prince Bismarck's regiment) and 16th Uhlans, or Lancers, both of the Old Mark of Brandenburg. The former was commanded by Colonel Count von Schmettow, the latter by Colonel von der Dollen. The regiments were in a reduced condition, having only three squadrons each instead of five. Before them were the enemy's guns, and behind these, dense masses of infantry, fresh to the front. "That infantry over there must be broken!" said an aide-de-camp to General von Bredow. "That infantry?" echoed the General, in some surprise, as his eye ranged along its bristling front behind the guns. "The fate of the day depends upon it," was the brief reply.



"THE PRUSSIANS PUSHED INTO THE WOODS . . . . DRIVING THE FRENCH SKIRMISHERS FROM THEM" (p. 342.)

That was quite enough. Leading his brigade out of the hollow in column, he quickly formed it into line of squadrons—the Cuirassiers on the left and the Uhlans on the right, a little thrown back—and then, with a "Forward!" "Trot!" "Charge!" while their thrilling clarions rang out above the din of battle, away dashed the

devoted troopers with a loud and long-continued roar more than a cheer. It is Balaclava over again. In a few moments they are among the first French guns, sabring and stabbing the gunners; and then, in the teeth of a frightful hail of bullets from cannon, musket, and mitrailleuse, they storm across to the next infantry line, with which they play equal havoc. The second infantry line was next broken through by the ponderous horsemen, many of whom had already fallen, and the panic they created by their heroic *Todtenritt*, or ride to death, even spread to the remoter line of batteries, which prepared to limber up. In its excitement the brigade, like the Scots' Greys at Waterloo, rode far beyond its mark, and, like the gallant Greys, it suffered terribly for its excess of ardour.



After charging on thus for about 3,000 paces, it was set upon in the most furious manner by an overwhelming force of French horsemen—the cavalry brigades of Murat and Gramont, and the entire division of Vallabreque. Thinned as Bredow's ranks now were, and exhausted by their exertions so far, how were they to cope with such hordes of horsemen? Yet cope they did with them stoutly and gallantly, like Scarlet's Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, riding in and out of the ranks of their assailants and bearing many of them to the ground.

And as "Scotland for Ever!" was the cry of the "Greys," both at Waterloo and Balaclava, so Scotland is also again to the front on this battlefield of Vionville in the person of one of her adventurous sons. This is young Campbell of Craignish, in the shire of Argyll, who is serving as a lieutenant in the Bismarck Cuirassiers, and who, rushing where the fight is thickest, captures a French eagle after cutting down its bearer. Then he is set upon by a crowd of French troopers, who are determined to win this darling badge of honour back. It is the one French standard which has been captured, and at all costs it must be recovered. A pistol-shot shatters Lieutenant Campbell's hand, and he has to relinquish his trophy. But some of his men, hewing their way into the circle of his assailants, succeed in cutting him out of the *mêlée*.

All that the little remnant of the brigade could now do was to rally as well as possible and sabre its way back to its own lines. This it did, pursued by the masses of French horsemen, volleyed at by infantry, and rained upon by mitrailleuse bullets, but game to the last. Less than half of the men returned to Flavigny alive, where they were reorganised into two squadrons—two, instead of six. Of 310 Cuirassiers who had gone into action, only 104 came out of it; while only 90 Uhlans answered to the roll-call. Of our Light Brigade charge at Balaclava, Marshal Canrobert observed that it might be magnificent, but it certainly was not war. But the charge of Bredow's Heavy Brigade at Vionville, which was equally witnessed by Canrobert, was both one and the other, as the gallant Marshal himself must have been the first to admit. It had been beautiful to look at, and it had entailed a fearful sacrifice of life; but it had achieved its object, which was to save Buddenbrock's infantry Division and give it breathing-time. The French had received such a shock from

the charge of Bredow's Brigade that, for the present, they abandoned their attempt to encircle the German left and advance on Vionville and Flavigny. The loss of life had been immense, but it had been justified by the result; and, after all, that is the main thing in war.

General Henry, of Canrobert's Corps, afterwards said: "On taking position with my battery nothing was to be seen of Prussian cavalry. Where in the world had these Cuirassiers come from? All of a sudden they were upon my guns like a whirlwind, and rode or cut down all my men save only one. And this one was saved by Schmettow. The gunner ran towards the Cuirassiers, crying '*Je me rends! je me rends!*' But the Prussians, not understanding this, were for despatching him, and were only prevented from doing so by their colonel, Count von Schmettow." The man lived to tell the tale, and to receive the golden medal. General Henry continued: "It was only by the skin of my teeth that I myself escaped as the mass of furious horsemen swept past me, trampling down or sabring the gunners. But it was a magnificent military spectacle, and I could not help exclaiming to my adjutant as we rode away, '*Ah! Quelle attaque magnifique!*'"

On the other hand, Count von Schmettow, who commanded the Cuirassiers, gave the following account of their "death-ride":—"Every one of the gunners of the first battery on which the troopers fell were cut down or pierced" (the Count himself striking down the captain). "In approaching the second battery my helmet was pierced by two bullets, and my orderly officer thrown from his horse, wounded in two places. Lieutenant Campbell, the Scottish officer, when the French Cuirassiers fell in turn upon us, seized the eagle of the regiment in his left hand, which was at once shattered by a bullet, and he was surrounded by the French horsemen; but some of our own Cuirassiers cut their way desperately towards him, and saved him. Never shall I forget the moment when I gave the order to the first trumpeter I met to sound the rally. The trumpet had been shattered by a shot, and produced a sound which pierced us to the quick." This incident has been immortalised by the great German poet Freiligrath in the following ballad, entitled "The Trumpeter of Mars-la-Tour"—the spirited English version being by his daughter, Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker:—

Death and destruction they belched forth in vain,
We grimly defied their thunder;
Two columns of foot and batteries twain—
We rode and cleft them asunder.

With brandished sabres, with reins all slack,
Raised standards, and low-couched lances,
Thus we Uhlans and Cuirassiers wildly drove back,
And hotly repelled their advances.

But the ride was a ride of death and of blood;
With our thrusts we forced them to sever,
But of two whole regiments, lusty and good,
Out of two men, one rose never.

With breast shot through, with brow gaping wide,
They lay pale and cold in the valley,
Snatched away in their youth, in their manhood's pride—
"Now, Trumpeter, sound to the rally!"

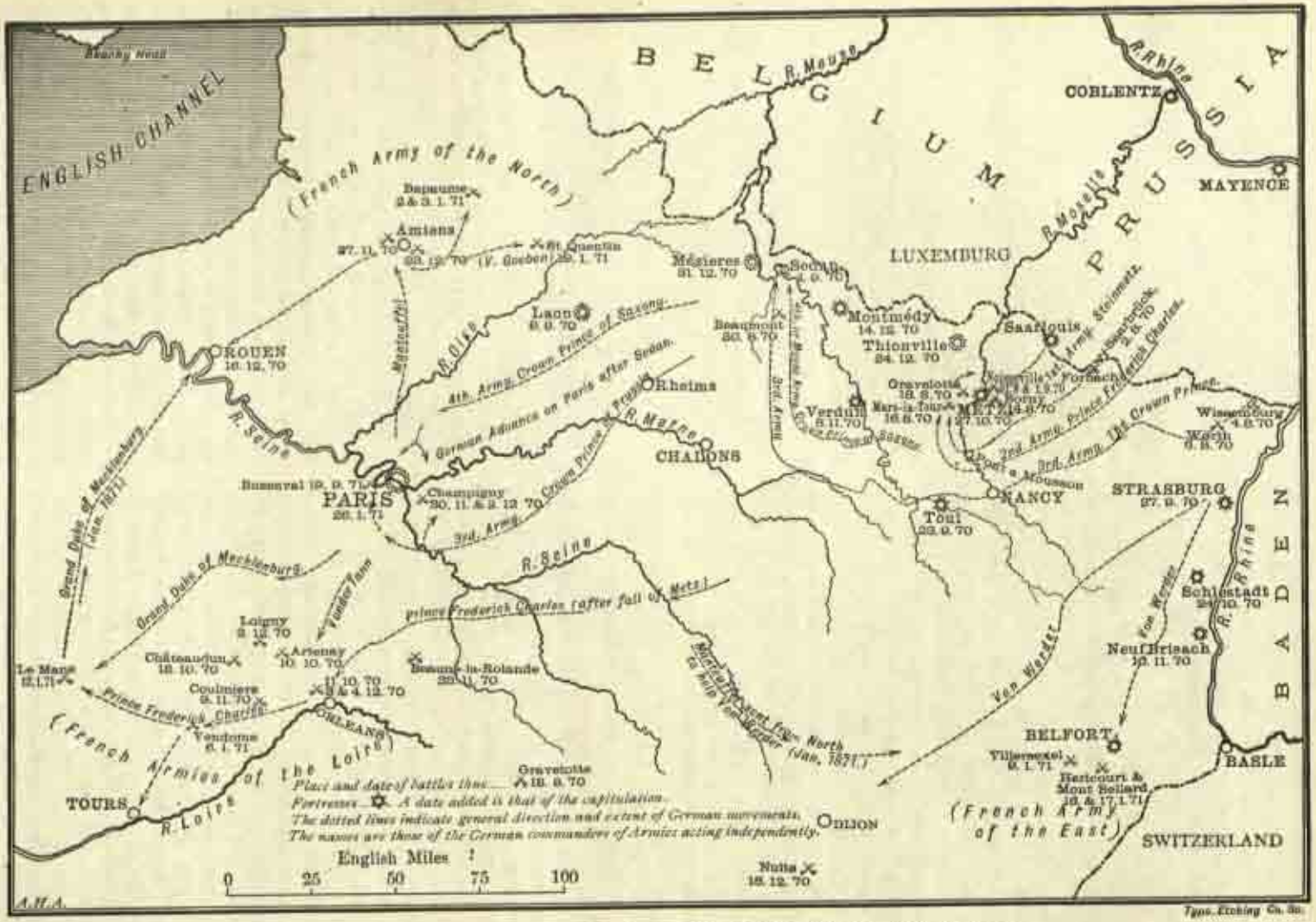
And he took the trumpet, whose angry thrill
Urged us on to the glorious battle,
And he blew a blast—but all silent and still
Was the trump, save a dull hoarse rattle;

Save a voiceless wail, save a cry of woe,
That burst forth in fitful throbbing—
A bullet had pierced its metal through,
For the Dead, the wounded was sobbing!

For the faithful, the brave, for our brethren all,
For the Watch on the Rhine, true-hearted!—
Oh! the sound cut into our inmost soul!—
It brokenly wailed the Departed!

And now fell the night, and we galloped past,
Watch-fires were flaring and flying,
Our chargers snorted, the rain poured fast—
And we thought of the Dead and the Dying!

Then take the following from a correspondent of *The Times*, who was a witness of the battle:—"The want of infantry caused a somewhat serious sacrifice of cavalry, which had repeatedly to charge both infantry and artillery to hold them in check. The men do not ride particularly well to look at, but the manner in which they ride into the jaws of death is really quite *à la* Balaclava. One regiment—the 7th Cuirassiers—was ordered to charge a battery of artillery, and actually got into it, one of the first in, I am proud to say, being a young Englishman, who has taken service in the Prussian army, and has just got his lieutenancy. It went in some 300 strong, and what its loss is I tremble to say. When I next saw it, it scarcely seemed to me a hundred all told. At 2.30 the reserve artillery was brought up, and the cannonade became heavier than ever. The sun, too, at this moment seemed to have come nearer to us, as if to see this fearful butchery of mankind, and the heat became tremendous. Then, wherever you went, came the pleading cry of 'Water! water! For pity's sake give me water!' The



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MAP SHOWING SCOPE OF OPERATIONS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71.

NOTE.—Many battlefields are called by some authorities by their German names and by others by their French names, thus: Spicheren=Forbach; Wörth=Reichshoffen; Colombey-Nouilly=Borny; Rezonville=Mars-la-Tour or Vionville; Gravelotte=St. Privat. In all these names the German precedes the French.

Krankenträger, or bearers of the sick, had now more than they could do, admirable as the whole machinery of the corps is worked. . . . The positions of both the combative forces were perfectly stationary for about an hour, a sort of duel being carried on between them, which, though at some distance, was quite near enough to have fearful results. I saw a whole string of (French) prisoners brought in of every description. There was the burly giant of cuirassiers beside the little French liner, the green-jacketed hussar, and the artilleryman—all chattering away, and seeming to me uncommonly glad to be out of the affair at any price.

"Seeing some of the infantry engaged on the extreme right, I went there, and met one regiment just coming out of action to recruit, being at that moment commanded by a youth of nineteen, having lost thirteen of its officers since the morning. The number of it was the 52nd, and to the usual inquiring glance that all officers who had not seen me before threw over my most unregimental attire, I replied by offering him a drink of some of the dirtiest water I ever saw, which I had procured from a pond, and which to both of us was better than the best iced champagne. There was no inquiring then. I was instantly the best fellow he ever saw, and he told me all about what fun it was to be in command, and that he was sure to get something now, and that he meant to have another go in directly, etc. He was the most thoroughly English-German boy I ever saw. We stood under a tree together, and I gave him some cigars and left him. Two hours afterwards I saw

MITRAILLEUSE (BACK VIEW).

his dead body laid out with others in a row, the cigars still stuck between the buttons of his coat. This one little anecdote—when I say it is but a fair sample of other regiments—will show how fearful the loss has been on the Prussian side."

At a subsequent roll-call near Tronville it was found that the 24th Regiment had lost 1,000 men and 52 officers, while every officer of the 2nd battalion of the 20th Regiment was killed. It was not till three in the afternoon that the

MITRAILLEUSE (FRONT VIEW).

3rd Corps, which had been fighting single-handed for five hours against a fivefold force, received any efficient assistance from the 10th Corps, which was now to the Brandenburgers what Blücher's army had been to Wellington at Waterloo. It was only the devotion of the artillery which had meanwhile saved the infantry from complete annihilation. For, after recovering from the shock of Bredow's brigade the French had again concentrated their attack on the German left, and compelled it to retire, fighting as it went.

But presently reinforcements from the 10th Corps began to come up, and these were followed by the arrival of a man who was a host in himself—Prince Frederick Charles. His headquarters were away at Pont-à-Mousson, about fourteen miles to the south; and on hearing rather late in the day that his own Brandenburgers were up to the hilt in action and so hotly pressed, he mounted his horse and galloped away, without ever once drawing rein, to the field of battle. And now let Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, give us one of his telling battle-pictures:—

"It was barely four o'clock when he" (the "Red Prince") came galloping up the narrow hill road from Gorze, the powerful bay he rode all foam and sweat, sobbing with the swift exertion up the steep ascent, yet pressed ruthlessly with the spur, staff and escort panting several horse-lengths in rear of the impetuous foremost horseman. On and up he sped, craning forward over the saddle-bow to save his horse, but the attitude suggesting the

impression that he burned to project himself faster than the beast could cover the ground. No wolfskin, but the red tunic of the Zieten Hussars, clad the compact torso; but the straining man's face wore the aspect one associates with that of the berserkar. The bloodshot eyes had in them a sullen lurid gleam of bloodthirst. The fierce sun and the long gallop had flushed the face a deep red, and the veins of the throat stood out. Recalling through the years the memory of that visage with the lowering brow, the fierce eyes, and the strong-set jaw, one can understand how to this day the mothers in the French villages invoke the terrors of 'Le Prince Rouge,' as the Scottish peasants of old used the name of the Black Douglas to awe their children wherewithal into panic-stricken silence.

"While as yet his road was through the forest, leaves and twigs cut by bullets showered down upon him. Just as he emerged on the open upland a shell burst almost among his horse's feet. The iron-nerved man gave heed to neither bullet-fire nor bursting shell; no, nor even to the cheers that rose above the roar of battle from the throats of the Brandenburgers through whose masses he was riding, and whose chief he had been for many years. They expected no recognition, for they knew the nature of the man—knew that, after his fashion, he was the soldier's true friend, and also that he was wont to sway the issues of battle. He spurred onward to Flavigny, away yonder in the front line; the bruit of his arrival darted along the fagged ranks; and strangely soon came the recognition that a master-soldier had gripped hold of the command as in a vice."

With the arrival of the "Red Prince" and of reinforcements, the battle now again took the form of a desperate infantry fight. Let me notice only one of its leading incidents, which was graphically described by Moltke. When General von Wedell's Brigade, no more than five battalions strong, advanced to the attack by way of Tronville, he found himself in front of the extensive line of the 4th French Brigade. The two Westphalian regiments advanced steadily under the storm of shell and mitrailleuse fire until they suddenly reached the edge of a deep ravine. This, however, they soon crossed; but, after scaling the opposite bank, they were met by a murderous shower of bullets from the French infantry, who were everywhere close upon them. Almost every one of the generals and officers were killed, the remnant of the broken battalions fell back into the ravine, and 300 men—unable to re-ascend the steep southern slope after the fatigue of a twenty-four-miles march, almost at the double—were taken prisoners. Those who escaped mustered at Tronville around the bullet-riddled colours which Colonel von Cranach—the only officer who still had a horse under him—brought back in his hand. Seventy-two officers and 2,542 men were missing out of 95 officers and 4,546 men—more than a half.

And now there occurred another of those magnificent cavalry charges in which the battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour was so sacrificially rich. Raising a shout of triumph over the repulse—almost the annihilation—of Wedell's brigade, the French infantry advanced at the double for the purpose of completing the wreck of the German left, and all seemed lost. But just at this critical moment out rushed the 1st Dragoon Guards in their sky-blue tunics and dashed straight at the pursuing foe, who poured into the ranks of their assailants a murderous bullet-fire, while shrapnel played upon their flanks. But "*immer vorwärts!*" stormed the devoted dragoons, and plied their sabres on the French *fantassins* with terrible effect.

Again this cavalry regiment had achieved its object—which was to save its own infantry from destruction—but at a frightful cost. Colonel von Auerswald was mortally wounded, and it was reserved for the youngest Captain, Prince Hohenlohe, to rally the remnants of the brave regiment and lead it out of action. Only about a third of the troopers afterwards answered to the roll-call. The regiment had left on the field 15 officers, 11 non-commissioned officers, 7 trumpeters, 103 privates, and 250 horses. The importance of this great sacrifice of life may be gathered from a remark made by the Emperor William two years later, on the occasion of a visit he paid to the barracks in Berlin. "Gentlemen," he said, "but for your gallant attack at Mars-la-Tour, who knows whether we should have been here to-day?" This gallant regiment afterwards became the "Queen of England's Own," and a higher military compliment could scarcely have been paid her Majesty by her German grandson, William II.

Among the ranks of the 1st Dragoon Guards at Mars-la-Tour were the two sons of Prince Bismarck, riding as private troopers; for this happened to be the year in which they were doing their compulsory term of military service. The Chancellor's sons—one in his twenty-first, the other only in his eighteenth year—behaved

in action with a courage worthy of their father. The elder, Herbert, had received no fewer than three shots, one through the front of his tunic, another in his watch, and the third in the thigh; while his brother William (Count "Bill" he was always called) had come out of the deadly welter unscathed. "During the attack at Mars-la-Tour," said Bismarck once, "Count Bill's horse stumbled with him over a dead or wounded Gaul, within fifty feet of the French square. But after a few moments he shook himself together again, jumped up, and not being able to mount, led the brown horse back through a shower of bullets. Then he found a wounded dragoon, whom he set upon his horse, and, covering himself thus from the enemy's fire on one side, he got back to his own people. The horse fell dead after shelter was reached."

But the charge of the 1st Dragoon Guards was scarcely over when it became apparent that the French were preparing for another attack on the invincible left wing of the Germans by hurling upon it a stupendous mass of their cavalry. Three regiments of Le Grand's Division, and both regiments of the Guards Cavalry Brigade, were seen trotting up to the west side of the Grayère ravine. Opposite to them stood the whole of the Prussian cavalry, concentrated to the south of Mars-la-Tour, in the first line being the 13th Uhlans, 4th Cuirassiers, and 19th Dragoons, and behind them the 16th Dragoons and 10th Hussars. The 13th Uhlans dashed straight against the foremost French cavalry line; but the regiment had become somewhat disordered, and the French Hussars rode right through it. Then, however, the 10th Hussars turned up for the second time, and repulsed the enemy's cavalry. The two evenly-balanced masses of horsemen rushed upon each other in an awful cavalry *mêlée*. But, as a mighty cloud of dust concealed the ensuing hand-to-hand encounter of 5,000 men swaying to and fro, it was impossible to follow with minuteness the incidents of the conflict.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

Fortune gradually decided in favour of the Prussians, for, man to man, they were heavier than their opponents. General Montaigu was taken prisoner, severely wounded, and General Le Grand fell while leading his Dragoons to the assistance of the Hussars. This, the greatest cavalry combat of the war, had the effect of making the French right wing give up all attempts to act on the offensive. But out of this gigantic combat of horsemen the victorious Prussians had again emerged with great loss; and among those who had fallen was Colonel Finckenstein of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who had been the midnight bearer of Moltke's momentous message from Gitschin to Königinhof during the Bohemian campaign of 1866.

Darkness was now approaching, and the battle had practically been won by the Germans. The troops were utterly exhausted, most of the ammunition spent, while the horses had been saddled for fifteen hours without anything to eat. Some of the batteries could only be moved at a slow pace, and the nearest Prussian troops on the left bank of the Moselle were a day's march off. Nevertheless the impetuous Red Prince, desiring to increase the moral impression of the day's endeavours, and, if possible, destroy altogether the internal cohesion of the French, ordered a general advance against their position. But the poor Prussian troops were too utterly fagged out by their incessant exertions during the day to do much more than make a formal response to this cruel and unnecessary command; and, again, they suffered great loss without inflicting a corresponding one on the French.

Fighting did not entirely cease till ten o'clock—that is to say, the bloody battle had lasted for twelve long hours, entailing a loss of about 16,000 officers and men on either side. But the Germans had won the battle. For they had achieved their object—which was to prevent the escape of Bazaine. Yet, in his despatch to the Emperor, Bazaine had made bold to assert

that "the enemy, beaten, retreated on all points, leaving us masters of the battlefield." Moltke, on the other hand, wrote that "the troops, worn out by a twelve-hours' struggle, encamped on the victorious but bloody field immediately opposite the French lines." And Moltke wrote the truth. Bazaine had evidently learned the habit of lying about his reverses from the Great Napoleon, and even from Napoleon the Little.

CHARGE OF THE 16TH UHLANS (*p.* 346).

Yet Mars-la-Tour was only the prologue to the still bloodier and more decisive drama of Gravelotte two days later. "The battle of Vionville," said the Emperor William II. once, "is without a parallel in military history, seeing that a single Army Corps, about 20,000 men strong, hung on to and repulsed an enemy more than five times as numerous and well equipped. Such was the glorious deed that was done by the Brandenburgers, and the Hohenzollerns will never forget the debt they owe to their devotion."

Several years later I visited the field of battle just described. Leaving Gorze, with its gilded statue of *la Sainte Vierge* on the brow, of a beetling cliff, I passed up the steep and wooded defile through which the Brandenburgers pressed on the 16th of August, and here the first affecting relics of the bloody strife appeared. In a little, lonely green valley skirted by the road, a few grassy mounds luxuriant with the crimson poppy and the wild fern, each being surmounted by a white wooden cross, told where the *tapfere Krieger* began to drop from the bullets of the chassepôt. But when the summit is reached, what a touching sight! The rising plateau on every side is dotted with white crosses, which thicken, thicken, thicken as you advance, and the not far distant horizon edge is bristling with obelisks and stone memorials of more pretentious and lasting form, making the whole region look like one colossal cemetery. An involuntary sadness comes over the traveller, and when approaching every tomb and commemorative tablet he feels instinctively moved by the mute

appeal contained in the inscription: "*Sta, viator, heroen calcas!*" The graceful obelisk, with its lengthy death-roll of officers and men, the railing-encircled and ivy-grown mound looking like a well-filled family vault, the silver-edged cross still hung with withered oaken wreaths and immortelles, the slender column snapped in twain to indicate the fate of hopeful youth suddenly cut off, the neatly-trimmed sepulture and the graveyard plot of flowers—conceive all these objects scattered over the summit of a bare plateau facing northwards to the west of Metz, and you will have some idea of the scene.

On an eminence behind Vionville, which formed the centre of the German position, is a pyramidal kind of monument of roughly-hewn stone, surmounted by the Hohenzollern eagle, and surrounded by a railing hung with shield-like tablets bearing the multitudinous names of those officers of the 5th Division who fell on that fatal day. The reverse and coverless side of the plateau—densely dotted with mounds and monuments testifying to the terrible losses of the brave Brandenburgers—leads you down to the village of Vionville, where tombstones on the public highway point to where the dust of Gaul and German is commingled in the reconciliation of death. "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" is the recorded warcry on the monument of one Teutonic soldier; while at its side there stands a marble cross, tastefully wreathed with flowers, to the memory of one brave and noble young lieutenant of the Empire who died on the field of honour with these words, preserved in golden letters, on his lips: "*Dites à ma mère*," he cried, "*que je meurs en soldat et en chrétien. Marchez en avant!*"—"Tell my mother that I died like a soldier and a Christian. Forward!"

FRENCH UNIFORMS IN 1870.

EAST of the kingdom of Portugal lie the great plains of Leon, bordered north and south by mighty mountain ranges; and in the short December days of 1808, when wintry winds swept howling through the passes and across the level land, and the red roofs of Salamanca were covered with snow, a small British army, some 23,000 strong, was preparing to assist Spain against Napoleon.

Led by the gallant Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, and wearing the red cockade out of compliment to the nation, we had been received with great enthusiasm, and were given to understand that the country burned with patriotic zeal and had large forces, perfectly equipped; but this was soon found to be untrue, for, while the Spaniards were ready for any amount of castanet playing and looking-on, the English were expected to do their fighting for them.

Their magnificent army dwindled upon investigation to half its supposed numbers, and, with a few honourable exceptions, proved itself one of the wretchedest collections of ragamuffins of which history bears any record, so that Sir John Moore found himself in as awkward a position as ever fell to the lot of a British general. Nevertheless, in spite of the severity of the weather, the impertinent meddling of Mr. Frere, the English Minister at Madrid, the poor equipment of our troops and the absence of Spanish aid, we marched boldly out of Salamanca on the 11th December to attack Soult in the north, and afterwards succour the capital if that should be practicable.

It was a brave little army, and its doings are deeply carved on the pillar of British fame. There were five cavalry regiments, all Hussars, dashing fellows in braided pelisses, and mounted on active nagtailed horses: viz., the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th, with the 3rd of the King's German Legion.

Artillery, Engineers, Waggon Train, and a detachment of the scarlet-coated Staff Corps filed out across the plain, white and monotonous under a gloomy sky.

Two battalions of the 1st Guards and thirty-two of the Line completed our force, including amongst others such splendid regiments as the Royal Scots, the 4th, 5th, and the 9th, nicknamed the "Holy Boys," because they afterwards sold their Bibles for wine; the Welsh Fusiliers and 28th "Slashers," the Black Watch, the Fighting 43rd, the 71st Glasgow Highland Light Infantry, now the strictest regiment in the service, the Cameron Highlanders, and the green 95th Rifles.

* * * * *

General Baird was hastening from Corunna to join us, and we had already advanced several marches towards the enemy, when a blustering French aide-de-camp got himself murdered in a village; his papers were purchased for twenty dollars, and Sir John Moore learned for the first time the true extent of the overwhelming odds against him.

Madrid, which was to have made such a brave defence, had held out *one* day; the shops were open and the people tranquil; Toledo, Ocaña, and the whole of La Manche were in the hands of the French; a strong force was about to march on Badajoz, and the Emperor Napoleon was reviewing 60,000 veteran troops, including part of his famous Imperial Guard, at the capital.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand men were mustering to oppose us; their cavalry alone exceeded our entire army by 12,000, and to linger on the plains with such a horde closing round us would have been absolute madness. There was nothing for it but to show a bold

front to Soult, and gain the sea with as much honour as possible before the others could come up; and though the word "retreat" has an unpleasant sound to English ears, when it is attended with as great a display of heroism as upon that unfortunate occasion, it becomes a page in British annals which we could ill afford to spare.

* * * * *

The Reserve, on whom, with the cavalry, most of the fighting devolved until the army reached Corunna, was formed of the 20th and 52nd, and the 28th, 91st, and 95th, under Generals Anstruther and Disney. First blood was drawn at Rueda, where the 18th Hussars took fifty prisoners, and the same evening the band of the 7th Hussars played the Reserve into Toro, on the Douro.

Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, whose brother, Lord Edward, was in command of the Reserve, marched the 10th and 15th Hussars on a bitter and intensely dark night to Sahagun, arriving in the grey dawn to find the place full of French cavalry. Without a moment's hesitation the 15th charged and overthrew them, taking thirteen officers and a hundred and fifty-four men in twenty minutes.

The 15th was the Duke of Cumberland's regiment, and one of the most expensive in the army.

Napoleon heard of our advance on the same day that Sahagun was fought, and, leaving 10,000 men to overawe Madrid, marched with 50,000 to cross the Guadarama range.

Pushing on in the depth of winter—the Spaniards forced to cut roads through the snow for them—they reached the passes, and toiled up for twelve hours without the advance guard being able to gain the summit; but so tremendous was the wind that the Emperor had to dismount and struggle forward on foot, holding on to the arms of Marshals Lannes and Duroc, the staff following linked together, with heads bent before the driving snow.

Half-way up they stopped, the generals exhausted in their heavy jack-boots, and bestriding some brass guns, Napoleon and his officers in that manner arrived at the top, seeing through the whirling flakes the plains of Leon far below them.

Scrambling down, he hurried the jaded troops ten and twelve leagues a day until he came within three miles of the river Esla—only to find that we had already crossed it, and had had two days' rest at Benevente.

Furious at our escape, he sent his favourite Chasseurs-à-Cheval of the Guard in hot pursuit, with a support of infantry; but without waiting for the foot-soldiers, the gallant Charles Lefebvre Desnouettes splashed through the fords with his horsemen into the open fields full of camp-followers, and drove our pickets back towards the town.

Six hundred of those splendid troopers, in green jackets and red pelisses, careered magnificently over the trampled snow; but behind some straggling houses Paget was waiting with the 10th Hussars, until they should have got sufficiently forward.

Then a line of blue and silver, and curving sabres and brown busbies, tore out of the concealment, gathered up the retiring pickets, and rushed upon the Chasseurs. There was slashing and shouting and riding down, and the French squadrons returned through the fords again at full gallop, leaving fifty-five killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners.

They re-formed on their own side, and for a moment it was thought they would charge us, but a couple of guns put them to the right-about, and their leader remained in our hands.

Private Levi Grisdale, of the 10th, saw him riding for the river, in a green frock, with a hat and feather, and, spurring after him, dodged a pistol-ball and cut him over the left cheek.

Grisdale was promoted, although the 3rd Germans claimed that a private of theirs, named Bergmann, had taken the general; but the uniforms of the two regiments were very similar then, both being in blue with yellow facings and white braid, and it is difficult to distinguish things accurately in the hurry of a combat.

Desnouettes lived at Malvern and Cheltenham, where he made many friends, until May, 1812, when, breaking his parole, he escaped to France, only to be taken again at Waterloo, where Grisdale also fought as a sergeant, and the unlucky general was eventually drowned off the Irish coast in 1822.

At Benevente the 3rd Hussars alone lost forty-six men and twenty-two horses, with forty-seven more wounded; but we had checked the Guard and shown our teeth; and when the night winds were howling among the porcelain friezes and broken porphyry columns of the old castle on the hill, we withdrew cautiously in a thick fog and continued our retreat.

Captain Darby and seventeen privates of the 10th died of fatigue during the march to Bembibre, and they shot sixty horses that could go no farther.

Deep snow lay on the ground, rutted and trampled by the passage of the guns and bullock carts; this had frozen like iron, and then been concealed by another snowstorm, so that men and horses stumbled and lamed themselves at every stride.

One officer lost a boot among the ruts on Christmas morning, and marched all day without it!

Every regiment had received a new blanket per man and a hundred and fifty new soles and heels, but the execrable roads quickly wore out the leather.

Astorga was found to be full of miserable Spanish soldiers, who had eaten up most of the stores, and whose condition was summed up in their own words: "Very hungry—very sick—very dry!"

A number of women and children followed the army, and their sufferings were truly terrible. Soldiers began to fall out, unable to keep up with the columns, and the rear-guard passed scores of poor wretches frozen to death in the snow, while at Bembibre, where there were large wine-vaults, discipline began to relax its hold, and shameful drunkenness stained the hitherto excellent record of the troops.

Meanwhile, Napoleon made the most strenuous efforts to overtake us.

He insisted on marching from Benevente to Astorga in one short winter day, a distance of thirty odd miles, under an icy rain, the infantry being obliged to strip five or six times and scramble through the streams, holding their clothing and ammunition above the water.

So exhausted was his army that three veteran grenadiers of the Old Guard blew out their brains, unable to go on, and knowing that the sullen peasants in their sheepskin *capas* would murder them if they lagged behind.

Napoleon was much affected, but he still pushed forward, and late at night, drenched to the skin, and attended only by Lannes, the staff, and a hundred Chasseurs, he dashed into Astorga. Had Paget, who was only six miles off, learned this, he might have swooped down with the Hussars and changed the future fate of Europe by capturing the Emperor himself. Napoleon had marched two hundred miles in ten days with 50,000 troops in the depth of winter, but for all his haste, we had eluded him and gained the mountains, and at Astorga the Emperor handed the reins to Soult, reviewed his legions, and returned to Valladolid, leaving the Marshal Duke of Dalmatia to drive us into the sea.

The features of the retreat now underwent a change: our columns began to ascend into a wild and dreary region, the road winding along the mountain sides halfway between the summits and the rushing water in the valleys below.

Here and there a solitary cottage showed its slate roof; at intervals the weary leagues were marked on stone pillars by the way; the droning hum of the axles of the bullock carts could be heard for a great distance, and slanting rain beat on the tired stragglers, whose numbers were by this time terribly increased.

Bembibre, when the Reserve entered it on New Year's Day, was full of drunken soldiers from Baird's divisions; officers and men grew careless, and thought only of themselves, and it was found necessary to flog and hang to restore some semblance of order, with an active enemy on our very heels.

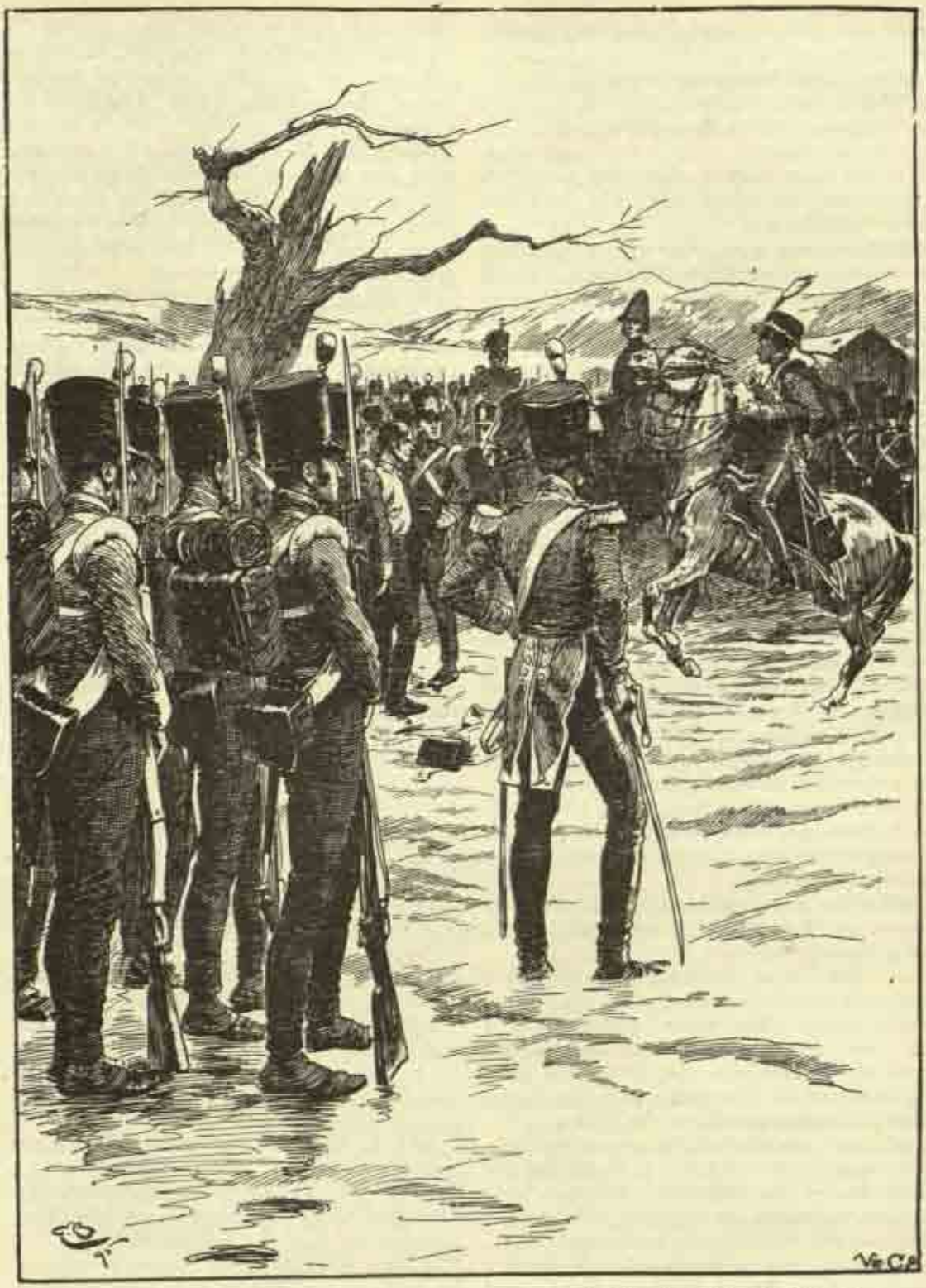
The light troops had marched for Vigo, whither Sir John Moore intended to follow; but at Orense a message overtook them, bidding them send the transports round to Corunna, and Captain Heisse, after a hard gallop through the snow, was just in time to despatch the vessels before an unfavourable wind set dead into the harbour mouth.

At Calcabellos, while Lord Edward Paget was haranguing the Reserve on the subject of the growing insubordination, two plunderers were caught in the act. The troops were instantly formed in hollow square round a tree to witness their execution, when a hussar dashed in with news that the enemy were upon us.

"I don't care if the entire French cavalry are here," roared the general; "I'll hang these scoundrels!"

They were lifted in the arms of the provost-marshal's men, the ropes were adjusted, and in another moment they would have dangled in mid-air, when a second hussar came up, and carbine shots rang out from the 3rd Germans at the bridge.

"Soldiers," cried Lord Edward, "if I pardon



"A HUSSAR DASHED IN WITH THE NEWS THAT THE ENEMY WERE UPON US!" (*p.* 356).

these men will you promise better behaviour for the future?"

"Yes," was the unanimous reply.

"Say it again!"

"Yes, yes!" from a thousand throats.

"A third time!"

It was done with a cheer, the men were released, and the troops went off at the double towards the firing.

Colbert attacked us there with a large body of cavalry, and our Rifles, posted in a vineyard, emptied a score of saddles as the French dragoons and light horse tore up the road to the bridge-head. Colbert was not only a splendid soldier, but a good man, in an army where, unfortunately, virtue was at a low ebb, and two days before, at the review, Napoleon had said to him, "General, you have proved in Egypt, Italy, and Germany that you are one of my bravest warriors: you shall soon receive the reward due to your brilliant successes."

"Make haste, sire," replied Colbert, "for, while I am not yet thirty, I feel that I am already old."

At Calcabellos, an Irishman of the 95th, named Tom Plunkett, ran out and threw himself on his back in the snow. Passing the sling of his rifle over his foot, he sighted and fired, and Colbert fell from his horse. Jumping up Plunkett cast about and reloaded, firing again and killing the aide-de-camp who had rushed to his general's assistance, after which the lucky marksman rejoined his comrades in safety (only to be discharged some years afterwards, without promotion, a victim to drink, that curse of our Peninsular armies).

Wherever the danger was pressing, Sir John Moore was to be found—nothing could exceed his personal exertions on the retreat.

At Villa Franca, romantically situated in a deep valley, with the pointed turrets of a Dominican convent rising against a background of bare hills, and where the ferocious Duke of Alva once had a castle, the army committed great disorders, and Sir John had a man shot in the market-place as a warning to the others.

Although we checked the enemy wherever the rear-guard faced about, the march had not been resumed long when their horsemen were again riding among the stragglers, cutting them down without mercy—man, woman, and child!

The 28th, with its brown calfskin knapsacks, taken from the French stores in Egypt, toiled over the snow, and the handsomest man of the Grenadier company, named McGee, fell lame and dropped behind, his comrades carrying his pack and musket for him, but two French troopers came up, and, unarmed as he was, slashed him to pieces almost in sight of his company.

Misery and disorder increased; the cavalry were sent on ahead, with the exception of a part of the 3rd Hussars, and the rear-guard fought every yard of the way until they reached Lugo, where Sir John drew up in order of battle, and discipline was again restored.

All day, in the drenching rain, we waited for the French to attack, but Soult was too wary; and at night, leaving the fires burning, the army continued its retreat, gaining several hours' start before the enemy became aware of it.

The pay-waggons, heavily laden with silver dollars, were abandoned, as the oxen were quite used up, and Lieutenant Bennet stood with a drawn pistol and orders to shoot any soldier who lingered there.

Hugo, of the 3rd Hussars, gave an equal proportion to each man of his detachment, and it was carried in their corn-sacks to Corunna and delivered to the Commissariat; but the rest—£25,000 worth—was pitched over into the valley, the barrels breaking on the rocks and sending a silver cascade far down beyond the reach of the marching army.

The stragglers crowded round and fought for the money spilled on the road, one woman—wife of Sergeant Maloney, of the 52nd—making her fortune for life; but, stepping from the boat on to a transport at Corunna, she slipped, and the weight of the stolen treasure took her to the bottom of the harbour, never to rise again!

While the miserable wretches were scrambling in the snow, the enemy came up and slaughtered without mercy, stopping in their turn to gather up the spoil, and giving us a little breathing-time.

Farther on we met some Spanish troops discharging their muskets briskly, as though skirmishing, and it was feared that the French had intercepted us, but on getting closer we were told that the contemptible riff-raff were "*only firing to warm their hands!*"

At Lugo Sir John Moore had issued an order in which he said: "It is evident that the enemy will not fight this army, notwithstanding the superiority of his numbers, but will endeavour to harass and tease it on its march. . . . . The army has now eleven leagues to march; the soldiers must make an exertion to complete them. The rear-guard cannot stop, and those that fall behind must take their fate!"

Many of the troops were now barefooted, and all were more or less in rags. Far too many camp-followers had been allowed to accompany us, and all were starving in a wild and sterile country, where a yellow fowl was often the only result of a plundered cottage.

The 28th found nothing at Villa Franca but one piece of salt pork, which Major Browne tied to his holsters—to lose it in the night-march to Herrerias.

The same officer, on embarking, exchanged his horse for a pig, but in the confusion the major was shipped on board one transport and the pig on to another!

Small wonder that the "Slashers," on finding some Spaniards frozen to death among the *débris* of two bread-waggons, moved the corpses to hunt ravenously for the crusts among which they were lying!

At length it was the custom to stop all stragglers and take from them a proportion of the food they carried, and by that means they collected sufficient to serve out a ration to every man of the rear-guard!

At Nogales—where the country reminds one of Glencoe—a private who had been sent on ahead found a quantity of potatoes, which he boiled, and as the 28th filed past the house he distributed three or four to officer and man alike, without distinction; and at the same place some officers of the "Slashers" went into a cottage where there was a fire, and where they stripped to dry their clothes.

A Spanish general was sleeping snugly in an inner room, well wrapped in furs, and his two aides-de-camp were standing by the fire.

One of the "Slashers" laid his valuable watch down, and, returning from the door, where he had been directing some stragglers, found that one of the aides-de-camp had walked off with it!

"I cannot be held responsible for all the people about me," was the grumpy remark of the Spanish general. What could be expected from an army whose officers were thieves?

The last halt was made at Betanzos, and while the rear-guard covered the partial destruction of the bridge there, the army marched in column to Corunna, only to find the Atlantic roaring on the rocks, but not a sail in sight!

The French were in great force at Betanzos, and furious at our continued escape. One sergeant charged *alone* in advance of his squadron, to the centre of the bridge, but a private of the 28th, named Thomas Savage, stepped out and shot him, securing his cloak before the others came up.

The Engineers bungled the bridge, and blew up one of their officers with it, while we had to fall back on Corunna before it was properly destroyed.

Fine weather now dried our rags. On the 11th January the Guards were quartered in the town, the Reserve near St. Lucia, and the other regiments posted in strong positions. Vast stores were meanwhile destroyed in Corunna, and two hundred and ninety horses of the German Legion shot in the arsenal square at St. Lucia, amid the tears of the brave troopers.

The 12th proved damp and foggy, and no trace of the fleet could be seen. The French still held back, our officers exchanging pot-shots with them until Paget put a stop to it; and on the 13th a terrific explosion from 4,000 powder-barrels caused something very like a panic in both armies. Corunna was shaken, its windows smashed, and a rain of white ashes fell for a considerable time.

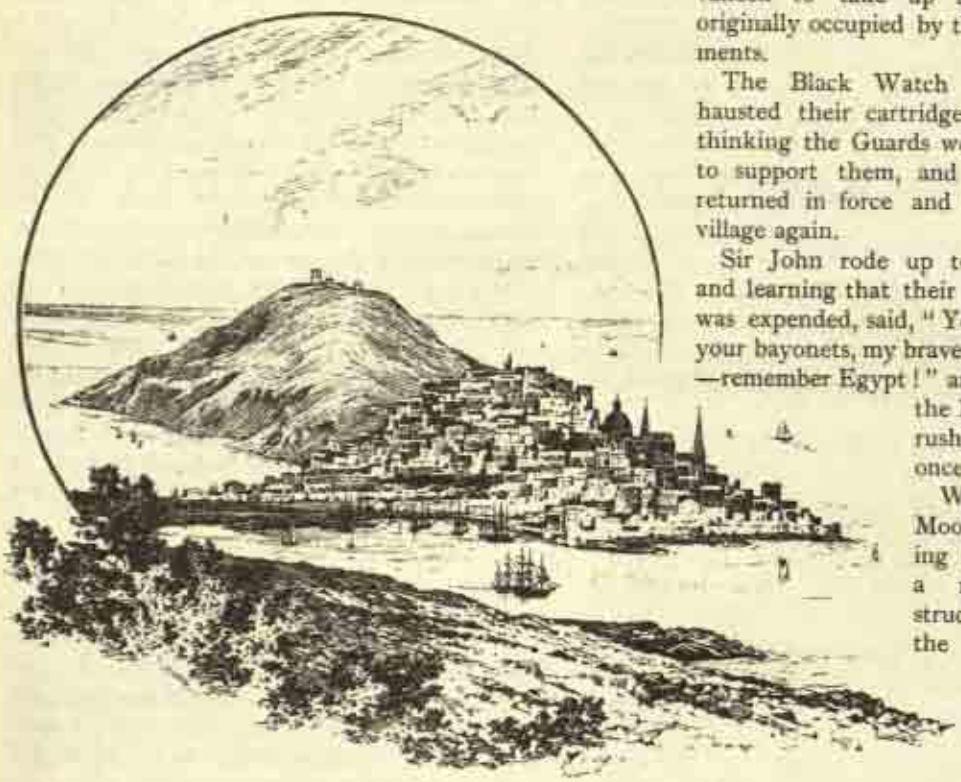
At last, on the afternoon of the 14th, the transports hove in sight, and as soon as they were anchored we began to embark the wounded and the guns, the cavalry being ordered to ship thirty horses per regiment and shoot the rest, as there was not time to get them on board with a heavy sea running. The 15th Hussars brought four hundred to Corunna, and landed in England with thirty-one! The 10th—the Prince of Wales's particular regiment, and the first in our service to wear the showy Hungarian dress, which its hussar troop had adopted in 1803 and the entire corps two years later—began the campaign with six hundred handsome chargers and took thirty home again.

The greatest confusion took place among the camp-followers, but by degrees the embarkation proceeded, our gallant tars going in some cases two days without food in their noble efforts to help us.

There was a little skirmishing, but no very decided movement, until the 16th—in fact, French officers were seen picking up shells on the sands at low water within range of our muskets—but at last the infantry alone remained on shore, and the 28th, among others, was ordered to fall in at two o'clock on the 16th to march down to the boats.

Scarcely had they mustered when, a violent cannonade being opened upon us, and a forward movement being observed, they went off at the double towards the enemy again. They had done

eighty miles in the last twelve days, standing several nights under arms in the snow; they had repulsed the French seven times, and the 28th alone had lost more than two hundred men; yet, when the battle of Corunna began, the Reserve had fewer men missing than any other division!



CORUNNA

Some of the generals wished Moore to come to terms with Soult, but nothing was farther from the brave Scotchman's thoughts.

Circumstances had compelled us to retreat, but it was no part of a British soldier's training to shirk a battle at the last moment; consequently, the low hills behind Elvina were soon echoing to the rattle of musketry as our black-gaitered infantry opened fire on the French columns.

There was little or no manœuvring during the engagement: Soult advanced in three masses, driving our pickets out of the village of Elvina.

Baird, of Seringapatam fame, held the right of our line, Sir John Hope formed the centre and left with his division, while Paget and Fraser were in reserve before Corunna: 14,500 men in all, facing 20,000.

Sir John Moore sent the 50th and 42nd to retake Elvina, which was rendered formidable by sunken lanes and stone walls, but after a brave scrimmage which lasted half an hour, the French were driven out and the Guards advanced to take up the position originally occupied by the two regiments.

The Black Watch having exhausted their cartridges fell back, thinking the Guards were marching to support them, and the enemy returned in force and entered the village again.

Sir John rode up to the 42nd, and learning that their ammunition was expended, said, "You have still your bayonets, my brave Highlanders—remember Egypt!" and with a yell the Black Watch rushed forward once more.

While Sir John Moore was watching the struggle, a round shot struck him on the left breast and dashed him out of the saddle; but without a groan, he sat up, resting on his arm and for a moment gazed intently at the Highlanders driving the French steadily back.

Then, as a happy look came into his handsome face, the staff crowded round him and saw the shocking state of his wound. The shoulder was completely shattered, and the left arm hung by a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, while the muscles of the breast were torn into shreds and strips, among which the hilt of his sword had got entangled.

"I had rather it should go out of the field with me," said the dying hero, as Hardinge made an attempt to disengage it.

Men of the 42nd and Guards carried him tenderly in a blanket, taking an hour to reach Corunna, the general frequently making them halt and turn him round.

Like Wolfe at Quebec, his anxiety was for the success of the army, and like Wolfe his last

moments were cheered by the knowledge that we had beaten the French.

Soult had fallen back, General Baird was badly wounded, and Hope carried out Sir John's original plans for the embarkation.

"I hope the people of England will be satisfied," said the dying man. "I hope my dear country will do me justice. Oh, Anderson!" he whispered to his friend, "you will see my friends at home; tell them everything—my mother——" then he broke down.

He was believed to be devotedly attached to Lady Hester Stanhope, eldest daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, famous alike for his eccentricity and his study of the electric fluid; and Moore's last recorded words were in remembrance of her, addressed to her brother, his aide-de-camp.

He passed away very quietly in his forty-eighth year, and England lost one of her most chivalrous soldiers.

His burial, in the citadel at night by some men of the 9th, has been described in a poem which does immortal honour to the Irish clergyman who penned it, and the gallant enemy flew the tricolour halfmast high on the citadel and fired a salute over his grave, Marshal Soult afterwards erecting a tomb to his memory.

Our loss at Corunna was 800, the French, from their own accounts, 3,000.

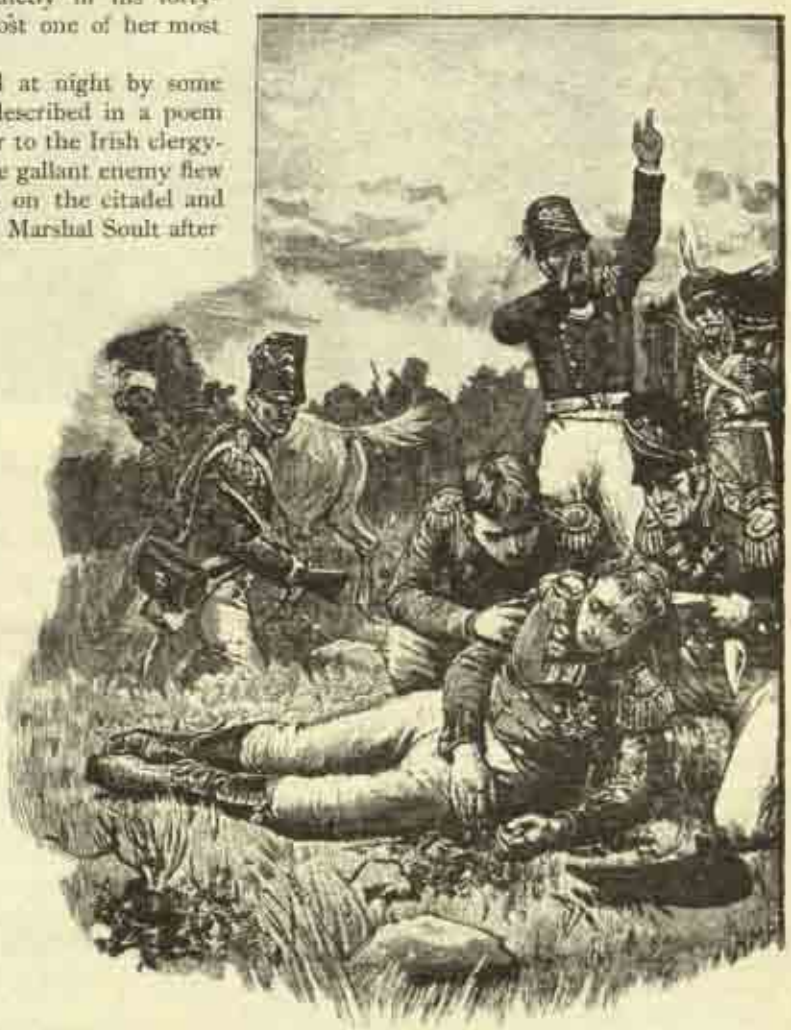
Six cannon, 3-pounders, sent on without Sir John's orders, had been abandoned during the retreat, and nearly 4,000 men left their bones to whiten the plains of Leon and the rugged roads of Gallicia; but the retreat won praise from Wellington and Napoleon alike, and not a regimental colour remained in the enemy's hands.

The 95th was the last regiment to enter Corunna, the 23rd the last to leave it.

Great confusion existed on board the vessels, and an attempt to transfer the men to their respective ships was prevented by the enemy opening fire from St. Lucia. The cables were cut, and the three hundred transports put to sea on the 17th, convoyed by several men-of-war, the old *Victory* amongst them, and after cruising about in the offing for two days, they put helm up for England, where the army landed in a wretched condition.

All the clothing of the Rifles was burned behind Hythe barracks, in a state that spoke volumes for the misery undergone.

The *Smallbridge* went ashore near Ushant, and over two hundred of the German Legion were drowned. Then the newspapers began to raise a disgraceful outcry against the whole expedition, and the good name of Sir John Moore was placed under a cloud by men whose information



DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

was false, and whose opinion was of no more value than a spent cartridge.

We have learned the true state of things since then, and ample justice has been rendered to Moore's noble character in the subsequent histories of that glorious period.

The last survivor of Corunna, Thomas Palmer, of the 23rd, died at the great age of a *hundred*, and was buried at Weston-super-Mare, with full military honours, in April, 1889—*eighty years* after his chief was laid to rest "with his martial cloak around him."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning."

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

NAVARINO

BY HERBERT RUSSELL

THE immediate causes which led to the battle of Navarin, or Navarino, are of a romantic and dramatic character. On the 6th of July, 1826—the Greeks having risen in revolt against the oppression of the Turks in 1820—a treaty had been signed in London on the part of Great Britain, France, and Russia, having for its object the pacification of the Levant by intervention between Turkey and Greece. Through the indiscretion of some unknown official the treaty found its way to the *Times*, which published it in its issue of July 12th, 1826—six days after its signature. It thus became fully known to all concerned before the official instructions which it rendered necessary could be delivered. As a result, Sir Edward Codrington, the British admiral in the Mediterranean, found himself in a situation of perplexity, and was directed to consult with the French and Russian admirals, and arrange a plan of action with them.

The instructions of the three admirals in question definitely required an armistice between Turkey and Greece, and limited the period for its acceptance to one month. If the result of negotiations should be—as was, of course, anticipated—acceptance by Greece and rejection by Turkey, the admirals were instructed to enter into friendly relations with the former country, and unite their fleets to prevent all Turkish or Egyptian reinforcements or warlike stores from being transported for employment against the Greeks. Each of the allied admirals had particular instructions to take care, if possible, that any measures they might adopt in restraining the Ottoman navy should not wear the aspect of open hostilities. They were directed to endeavour to carry their arguments rather by a display of force than by the employment of it. This, briefly, is a review of the situation whose climax was the battle of Navarino.

Sir Edward Codrington, the British admiral in the Levant, as we have already said, found himself in a situation of perplexity on the publication of the treaty. The French squadron was at Milo, and the Russians had not yet arrived. But with that instant resolution which has always been such a fine characteristic of the British naval officer's spirit, Sir Edward determined to take the initiative, and with three sail of the line he placed himself before Hydra to oppose, "when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot" the whole of the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. The "general order," which he issued to all his captains on September 8th, 1827, well illustrates the policy which the English commander-in-chief resolved to adopt.

"You are aware," he writes from on board the *Asia*, "that a treaty has been signed between England, France, and Russia for the pacification of Greece. A declaration of the decision of the Powers has been presented to the Porte, and a similar declaration has been presented to the Greeks. The armistice proposed to each, in these declarations, has been acceded to by the Greeks, whilst it has been refused by the Turks. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the allied naval forces to enter, in the first place, on friendly relations with the Greeks; and, next, to intercept every supply of men, arms, etc., destined against Greece, and coming either from Turkey or Africa in general. The last measure is that which requires the greatest caution, and, above all, a complete understanding as to the operations of the allied naval forces. Most particular care is to be taken that the measures adopted against the Ottoman navy do not degenerate into hostilities. The formal intention of the Powers is to interfere as conciliators, and to establish, in fact, at sea the armistice which the Porte would not concede as a right. Every hostile proceeding would be at variance with the pacific ground which they have chosen to take, and the display of forces which they

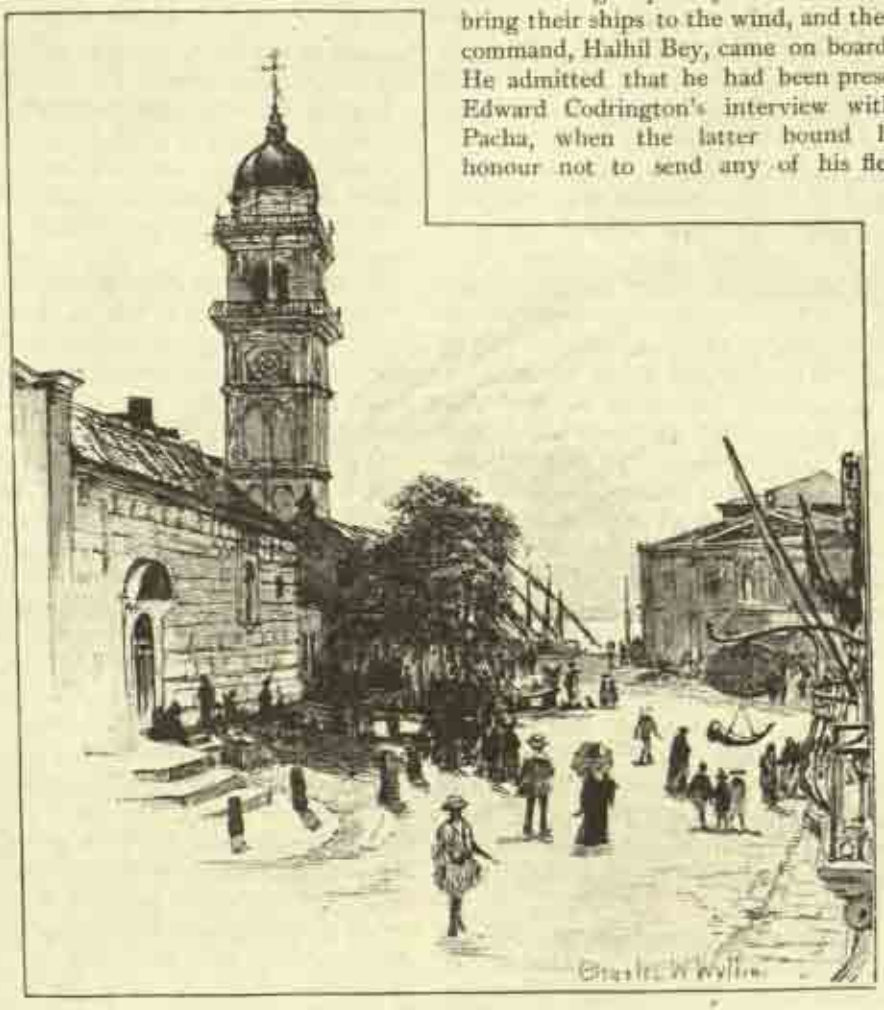
have assembled is destined to cause that wish to be respected; but they must not be put into use, unless the Turks persist in forcing the passages which they have intercepted. All possible means should be tried, in the first instance, to prevent the necessity of proceeding to extremities; but the prevention of supplies, as before mentioned, is to be enforced, if necessary, and when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot. In giving you this instruction as to the duty which I am directed to perform, my intention is to make you acquainted thoroughly with the object of our Government, that you may not be taken by surprise as to whatever measures I may find it necessary to adopt. You will still look to me for further instructions as to the carrying any such measures into effect."

On September 11th Sir Edward Codrington, with the *Genoa* and *Albion*, arrived off Navarino, and beheld the whole of the expedition from Alexandria at anchor in the harbour, where it had arrived two days previously. The English squadron hovered off this place for above a week, awaiting the coming of the allies. On the 19th September Sir Edward Codrington notified the admiral commanding the Ottoman force in the port of Navarino that he would be prevented—by extreme measures, if necessary—from attacking the Greeks. Notwithstanding, on the 21st a division of the Turkish expedition got under way, and came out of the harbour. Their intentions were clear, and the British ships cleared for action. What the issue of this incident might have been it is difficult to say, had not the sails of a strange squadron appeared upon the horizon to windward whilst the English and Turks were still manœuvring near the land. The vessels turned out to be the French fleet, under Admiral de Rigny, and whatever might have been the intentions of the commander of the Ottoman expedition, it retired back into the harbour immediately the strangers were near enough for the French colours to be visible.

By the arrival of Admiral de Rigny at Navarino, not only was Sir Edward Codrington's force largely augmented, but he was relieved of his isolated and critical responsibility by the certainty of a joint action in whatever steps might now be taken. The Russian squadron had not yet appeared: but the British and French admirals at once commenced proceedings by interviewing Ibrahim Pacha, the commander of the Turkish forces at Navarino, and clearly impressing upon him the determination of the allied Courts to carry out the spirit of the treaty, and the necessity imposed on them (the admirals) to enforce the armistice referred to in their instructions. The interview was a long one. Ibrahim said that the admirals must be aware he was a soldier like themselves, and that it was as imperative for him to obey orders as for them; that his instructions were to attack Hydra, and that he must put them into execution, it being for him merely to act and not to negotiate. The admirals replied that they quite sympathised with the feelings of a brave man under such circumstances, and that they congratulated him upon having a force opposed to him which it was impossible to resist. They reminded him that if he put to sea in defiance of their amicable warning they must carry their instructions into execution, and that if he resisted by force the total destruction of his fleet must follow, which, they added archly and significantly, was an act of madness the Grand Seignior could not applaud. Amidst a profusion of Oriental compliments, French politeness, and British bluntness was this interview between the warlike Turk and the allied admirals carried on; and, although in conclusion Ibrahim pledged his word of honour to observe the armistice, yet the actual result of the long palavar was to leave things very much in the same situation in which they had been before.

Admiral Codrington's description of Ibrahim, contained in a letter written by him to his sister Jane shortly after the interview referred to, is particularly interesting. After a very graphic description of the Turkish camp and of Ibrahim's tent, he proceeds:—"They first began with the ceremony of introduction, which, as there were a good many of us on either side, was proportionally long. . . . At length, however, I got settled, and began to look around me again. . . . This tent also was open, and from his sofa he looked down over the whole harbour, and really the sight was beautiful, covered as it was by the ships and boats of all sorts continually passing to and fro. His tent was *outside* the walls of Navarin; and, indeed, what force he had with him appeared to be outside of the town. Altogether, I thought he had chosen the coolest and most convenient place to pitch his tent in that could be found. But to return thither. He is a man of about forty years old, not at all good-looking, but with heavy features, very much marked with the small-pox, and as fat as a porpoise. Though I had no opportunity of seeing his height—as he was on his sofa, lying down or sitting the whole time—I should not think him

more than five feet seven inches. He was, *for a Pacha*, plainly dressed, I think, particularly as his followers and officers were covered with gold and embroidery; and, for *a Turk*, I think his manners were very good indeed. The conversation first began about the weather, and such common-place things; for I learnt (from the interpreter) he does not talk of business till *after coffee*."



ZANTE.

Ibrahim proved treacherous. He disregarded his own word of honour to accept the armistice, and there followed a long series of negotiations, in which the attitude of the allied admirals gradually grew more threatening and that of the Ottoman leader proportionately defiant. On the 2nd of October, in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm, the Turkish fleet boldly put to sea. This was a direct breach of the parole which had been passed, and the Honourable Captain Spencer, in the *Talbot*, was instructed to inform the Turkish admiral that he would not be permitted to proceed, and that if he allowed a single gun to be fired at the English flag the whole of his fleet would be destroyed. This message speedily caused the Turks to bring their ships to the wind, and the second in command, Halhil Bey, came on board the *Asia*. He admitted that he had been present at Sir Edward Codrington's interview with Ibrahim Pacha, when the latter bound himself in honour not to send any of his fleet out of the port, but pretended to believe that it had been sanctioned for a Turkish squadron to go to Patras. The British admiral bluntly informed Halhil that, having broken their faith with him, he would not trust them henceforth, and that if they did not put about and return to Navarino he would make them. This message was accompanied by the *Asia* firing a gun and filling her main-topsail; on which the Turkish fleet, by a signal from their admiral,

swung their yards afresh and stood back towards the harbour.

This little incident confirmed Sir Edward Codrington in his intention of summarily enforcing the treaty he had been despatched to uphold. Admiral de Rigny, on his part, showed no less a degree of determination to maintain the pledge which his nation had conjointly given to the Greeks. Down to this period, however, the Russians had not appeared upon the scene; but on the 15th of October their squadron, under Count Heiden, joined the French and British fleets off Zante. Sir Edward Codrington, from seniority of rank, was commander-in-chief of the combined fleet. On the 18th of October the three admirals held a conference for the purpose of concerting the measures of effecting the object specified in the Treaty of London — namely, an armistice *de facto* between the Turks and Greeks. They considered: "That Ibrahim Pacha having violated the engagement he entered into with the admirals on September 25th for a provisional suspension of arms, by causing his fleet to come out and proceed towards another point in the Morea; that since the return of the fleet, owing to meeting Admiral Codrington near Patras, the Pacha's troops had carried on a warfare more destructive and exterminating than before, killing women and children, burning habitations, etc., for completing the devastation of the country; and that all endeavours to put a stop to these atrocities by persuasion and conciliation, by representations to the Turkish chiefs, and advice given to Mehemet Ali have been treated as mockeries, though they could have been stopped by a word: Therefore the admirals found that there remained to them only three modes of action:—

"1st. The continuing throughout the whole of the winter a blockade—difficult, expensive, and perhaps useless, since a storm might disperse the squadrons, and afford to Ibrahim the facility of conveying his destroying army to different parts of the Morea and the islands;

"2nd. The uniting the allied squadrons in Navarin itself, and securing by this permanent presence the inaction of the Ottoman fleets, but which mode alone leads to no termination, since the Porte persists in not changing its system;

"3rd. The proceeding to take a position with the squadrons in Navarin, in order to renew to Ibrahim propositions which, entering into the spirit of the Treaty, were evidently to the advantage of the Porte itself."

Having taken these three modes into consideration, the admirals unanimously agreed that the last method was best calculated, without bloodshed, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadrons, to produce the desired end. Sir Edward Codrington had a considerable difficulty to contend with in the jealousy which existed between the Russian and French admirals, and it called for no small exercise of tact on his part to maintain harmony in the combined fleet. The allied force was as follows:—

English: Three line-of-battle ships, four frigates, four brigs, one cutter.

French: Three line-of-battle ships, one double-banked frigate, one frigate, two cutters.

Russian: Four line-of-battle ships, four frigates.

In all twenty-four ships of war.

The Ottoman force was as follows:—Three line-of-battle ships, four double-banked frigates, thirteen frigates, thirty corvettes, twenty-eight brigs, six fire brigs, five schooners, forty-one transports.

In all, one hundred and thirty sail of vessels. The Turks had in addition to this imposing force an army of 35,000 Egyptian troops in the Morea, of whom 4,000 were on board the transports.

On the 19th of October Admiral Codrington issued his instructions to his colleagues as to the manner in which the combined fleet was to be disposed on entering the port of Navarino.

"It appears," runs the order, "that the Egyptian ships in which the French officers are embarked are those most to the south-east.* It is, therefore, my wish that his excellency Rear-Admiral Chevalier de Rigny should place his squadron abreast of them. As the next in succession appears to be a ship of the line with a flag at the main, I propose placing the *Asia* abreast of her, with the *Genoa* and *Albion* next to the *Asia*; and I wish that his excellency Rear-Admiral Count Heiden will have the goodness to place his squadron next in succession to the British ships of the line. The Russian frigates in this case can occupy the Turkish ship next in succession to the Russian ships of the line; the English frigates forming alongside such Turkish vessels as may be on the western side of the harbour abreast of the British ships of the line; and the French frigates forming in the same manner, so as to occupy the Turkish

*It was known that a number of French officers were in the enemy's ships, and to these Admiral de Rigny addressed a letter of warning.

frigates, etc., abreast of the French ships of the line. If time permits, before any hostility is committed by the Turkish fleet, the ships are to moor with springs on the ring of each anchor. No gun is to be fired from the combined fleet without a signal being made for that purpose, unless shot be fired from any of the Turkish ships, in which case the ships so firing are to be destroyed immediately. The corvettes and brigs are, under the direction of Captain Fellows, of the *Dartmouth*, to remove the fire vessels into such a position as will prevent their being able to injure any of the combined fleet. In case of a regular battle ensuing, and creating any of that confusion which must necessarily arise out of it, it is to be observed that, in the words of Lord Nelson, 'no captain can do very wrong who places his ship alongside that of an enemy.'—Edward Codrington, Vice-Admiral."

The combined fleet made an attempt to stand into Navarino on the 19th of October, but the wind was too light and the current too strong to enable them to effect their purpose. On the following day, however, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the allied squadrons passed the batteries at the entrance to the harbour to take up their anchorage. The Turkish ships lay moored in the form of a great crescent, with springs upon their cables, the large ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, and the smaller craft filling up the intervals between them. The allied fleet was formed in the order of sailing in two columns, the British and French forming the starboard or weather line, and the Russian the lee column. Sir Edward Codrington, in the *Asia*, led in, closely followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, and anchored in succession close alongside a line-of-battle ship flying the flag of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and one of the large double-banked frigates, each thus having her proper opponent in the front line of the enemy's fleet. The four ships to windward, which formed a portion of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to Admiral de Rigny's vessels; and those to leeward, in the bight or hollow of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line covering those of the English line, and being followed by the frigates of their division.

Admiral Codrington had been very express in his instructions that no gun should be fired until some act of open hostility was committed by the Turks, and this order was strictly carried out. The three English ships were permitted to pass the batteries, and proceeded to moor in their respective stations with great celerity. But upon the *Dartmouth* sending a boat to one of the six fire vessels lying near the entrance to the harbour, Lieutenant Fitzroy and several seamen in her were killed by a volley of musketry. This immediately produced a responsive fire of musketry from the *Dartmouth* and likewise from *La Syrène*, the flagship of the French admiral, followed almost at once by the discharge of a broadside gun from one of the Egyptian ships, and in a breath almost the action became general.

The *Asia* was ranged alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, and equally close to that of Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian squadron. As neither of these ships opened upon the British flagship, notwithstanding the action was raging briskly to windward, Sir Edward Codrington withheld his fire. No interchange of hostilities between the vessels took place, therefore, for a considerable while after the *Asia* had returned the first volley of the Capitana; and, indeed, it was evidently the intention of the enemy to try and avoid a regular battle, for Moharem sent a message that he would not fire at all. Sir Edward Codrington, equally willing to avert bloodshed, sent the British pilot, Peter Mitchell, who also acted as interpreter, to Moharem with a message to the effect that it was no desire of his to proceed to extreme measures. As the boat went alongside, a discharge of musketry from the Egyptian ship killed Mitchell, and at the same time she opened fire upon the *Asia*. Upon this Admiral Codrington opened his broadside in real earnest, and so furious was the fire from his ship that in a very little while the ship of the Capitana Bey and that of Moharem were reduced to total wrecks, and went drifting away to leeward.

The French and Russian squadrons played their part gallantly and well. "The conduct of my brother admirals, Count Heiden and the Chevalier de Rigny, throughout," wrote Sir Edward to the Duke of Clarence, "was admirable and highly exemplary." In the British division the *Genoa* and *Albion* took their stations with magnificent precision, and maintained a most destructive fire throughout the contest. The *Glasgow*, *Cambrian*, and *Talbot* followed the example set by the intrepid Frenchman who commanded the *Armide*, which effectually destroyed the leading frigate of the enemy's line and silenced the batteries ashore. Captain

Fellows, in the *Dartmouth*, succeeded in frustrating the designs of the fireships stationed near the mouth of the harbour, and preserved the *Syrène* from being burnt. The battle was maintained with unabated fury for above four hours, and owing to the crowded formation of the Ottoman fleet, and the close quarters at which the allied ships engaged them, the havoc and bloodshed were prodigious. As the Turkish vessels were one after another disabled, their crews set them on fire and deserted them, and the lurid scene was rendered infinitely more terrible and weird by the flaming ships and

incessant explosions among the huddled and shattered craft. The resistance of the enemy then began to sensibly slacken. By the time that night had closed down upon the scene, the Turkish fleet was so crippled as to cease any longer to be a menace to the violation of the Treaty. "When I found," wrote Sir Edward Codrington, "that the boasted Ottoman's word of honour was made a sacrifice to wanton, savage destruction, and that a base advantage was taken of our reliance upon Ibrahim's good faith, I own I felt a desire to punish the offenders." And most terribly punished they were. Never did British arms bear part in a more complete and decisive victory. When the dusk of the Oriental evening, obscured into a pall-like gloom by the dense banks of smoke, descended over the terrific spectacle, the enemy's cannonade had grown feeble and scattered, and presently ceased altogether. Their vessels continued to blaze and to explode. Out of the proud fleet which in the noontide of that day had floated serenely upon the blue waters of Navarin harbour sixty ships were totally destroyed, and the remainder driven ashore in a shattered condition, with the exception of the *Leone*, four corvettes, six brigs, and four schooners, which remained afloat after the battle. The carnage was frightful. According to the statistics furnished by Monsieur Letellier, the French instructor to the Egyptian navy, to Commander Richards, of the *Pelorus*, the enemy's losses amounted to 3,000 killed and 1,109 wounded. The defeat, indeed, practically amounted to annihilation. At ten o'clock on the night of the battle, Sir Edward Codrington was writing an account of the victory to his wife: "Well, my dear, the Turks have fought, and fought well too, and we have annihilated their fleet. We have lost poor Smith, Captain Bell, R.M., and many good men. . . . I am entirely unhurt, but the *Asia* is quite a wreck, having had her full allowance of the work." The admiral, however, had a succession of marvellous escapes, and, indeed, almost seems to have borne a charmed life throughout the battle. Mr. Lewis, the boatswain of the *Asia*, while speaking to him early in the action, was struck dead. Mr. Smith, the master, was also shot down whilst talking with him. Sir Edward was a tall man, and in his uniform must have made a conspicuous figure upon the *Asia's* deck. Instead of his cocked hat he wore a round hat, which afforded better shade to his eyes; this was pierced in two places by bullet-holes. His coat-sleeve, which chanced to be rather loose, had two bullet-holes in it just above the wrist. A ball struck the watch in his fob and shivered it, but left him uninjured. Tahir Pacha afterwards admitted to Mr. Kerigan, on board the *Blonde*, that he himself posted a company of riflemen to aim at the British admiral and shoot him if they could.

The combined fleets quitted the harbour of Navarino on the 25th of October, having tarried awhile, unmolested, to repair damages. They were suffered to depart by the Turks without the firing of a single shot, although it had been quite expected that the batteries would open upon them as they passed the harbour mouth. On the 3rd of November they arrived at Malta. Here they spent some considerable time in refitting. For his services Sir Edward Codrington received the Grand Cross of the Bath; the King of France conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Military Order of St. Louis; and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, in an autograph letter, bestowed upon him the rare honour of wearing the second class of the Military Order of St. George.

"THE BATTLE WAS MAINTAINED WITH UNABATED FURY FOR ABOVE FOUR HOURS" (*p.* 368).

Navarino was fought without any declaration of war, and the news of hostilities created great surprise in England. Many questions were asked in Parliament as to whether the British Commander-in-Chief had done wisely to treat the Turks as enemies, and there was much vacillation displayed by the weak Government

—Lord Goderich's—then in power. In the following June Sir Edward Codrington received a letter of recall from Lord Aberdeen, dated at the Foreign Office, London, May, 1828. It was a most elaborate document of twenty paragraphs, embodying a number of charges of misconception and actual disobedience of his instructions, and concluded: "His Majesty's Government have found themselves under the necessity of requesting the Lord High Admiral to relieve you in the command of the squadron in the Mediterranean." He left Malta for England on September 11th, amid the hearty regret of his companions-in-arms, and arrived home in the *Warspite* on the 7th of October, 1828. A revulsion of public feeling had meanwhile taken place during the interval—indignation at his recall and general reprobation of the injustice with which he had been treated. The Duke of Wellington's ministry was now in office. His Grace summoned Sir Edward to an interview, but seems to have behaved in a very cavilling manner. The pride and sense of honour of the fine old naval officer were deeply injured by the treatment he was receiving from a country to whose annals he had just added fresh laurels. His resentment of the injustice done him is well illustrated by the following anecdote:—About a year after he had been recalled, Sir Edward Codrington was present at a party given by Prince Leopold, when the Duke of Wellington came up to him and said: "I have made arrangements by which I am enabled to offer you a pension of £800 for your life." The admiral's answer was ready, and immediate: "I am obliged to your Grace, but I do not feel myself in a position to accept it. . . . I cannot receive such a thing myself while my poor fellows who fought under me at Navarin have had no head-money, and have not even been repaid for their clothes which were destroyed in the battle." The duke remonstrated, said there was no precedent for head-money, and insisted that, as the pension was bestowed by the king, Sir Edward could not refuse it. But refuse it he did, stoutly and resolutely. Shortly afterwards one of the duke's political friends inquired: "What are you going to do with Codrington?" "Do with him!" answered the duke, "what are you to do with a man who won't take a pension?" But time rights most things; and Sir Edward Codrington lived to see full honour accorded to him, and those who had fought under him at the battle of Navarino.

NAVARINO.

LASWAREE AND ASSAYE

BY HERBERT COMPTON

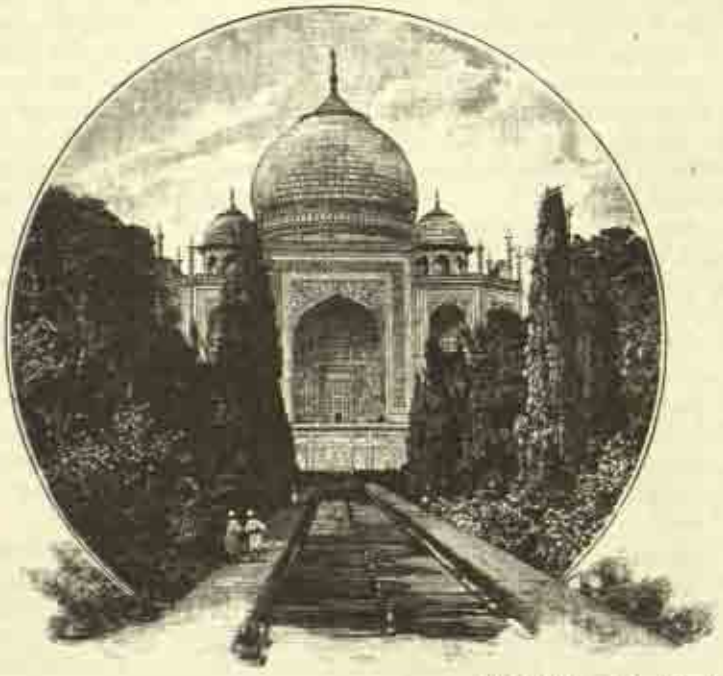
AT the beginning of the present century what was known as the Maratha Dominion had reached its zenith in India, and the progress of British policy brought the two powers into conflict. The Maráthas were a Hindu people whose home was on the tablelands of the Deccan. During the middle of the seventeenth century, under the guidance of a great national leader called Sivaji, they expanded into a martial race, and ultimately became one of the main factors in the downfall of the Great Mogul, as the titular head of the Muhammadan Empire over Hindustan was called.

In 1803 the Maráthas were masters from Delhi in the north to the confines of Hyderabad and Mysore in the south, and, excluding the Ganges provinces, from Cuttack in the east to the sandy deserts of Rajputana in the west. Their territorial or tributary possessions were probably five or six times greater than those of the English. Their government was merged in a confederacy of five powerful chiefs, of whom the principal, called the Peshwa, held his court at Poonah. Their national characteristics were strongly marked; for, although constantly warring and jarring with one another, it needed but the presence of a foreign foe to create immediate union in their ranks. Each of these great chiefs entertained an immense feudal army of predatory horsemen (not unlike the modern Cossacks, but without their discipline), and could bring literally hundreds of thousands of them into the field to carry on the system of guerilla warfare which enabled them to sustain their rule of terror. Their wild soldiery swept over Hindustan like a whirlwind; devastation followed their path; they never stopped to fight, but scattered when they could not secure submission at their first appearance. They were nomads of the nomads; their saddle was their home; they slept in the open, their horses picketed to their spears stuck in the ground, and with their swords at their sides, ready at a moment's notice for foray or for flight. They were invincible vagabonds, whose invulnerability lay in the impossibility of getting a blow at them.

They would have been wise had they remained true to the system of warfare which raised them to a great martial power. But towards the end of the eighteenth century one of their chiefs—Madhagi Scindia, a shrewd statesman and an experienced soldier — observed, during a period of war with the English, the superiority in battle their disciplined ranks of infantry gave them, and how easily their small but compact bodies of foot were able to repel the attacks of the freebooting lancers, who never dared to come to close quarters. Wherefore, he began to create a regular army of his own, under the command of a very remarkable soldier of fortune named De Boigne, who entered his service as a generalissimo in 1784, and raised and drilled troops for him after the European fashion—an example which was soon followed in a lesser degree by other chiefs in the Maratha Confederacy.

De Boigne and his brigades became famous passwords in their day, and won many notable battles for their master in Central and Western India. The adventurer entertained friendly feelings towards the English, but when he resigned Scindia's service, in 1796, his command passed to a Frenchman named Perron, who, at a time when England and France were engaged in war, was naturally antagonistic to the British power in India. Perron increased the Maratha regular army until it amounted to 40,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 464 guns, and encouraged Dowlut Rao Scindia—a vain, worthless, dissipated chief, who had succeeded Madhaji—to regard his troops as equal to those of the English, and himself as the strongest and greatest prince in Hindustan.

Scindia's enormous standing army, large detachments of which were stationed on the British frontiers, was a menace to our power, and absolutely overawed the Peshwa, who was constantly embroiled in troubles with his subordinate chiefs until his nominal ascendancy became a mere mockery, and it was they, not he, who directed his government and dictated his policy. At last, in 1803, matters came to such a crisis that the Peshwa threw himself on the protection of the English; and the Marquess Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, and one of the most far-seeing statesmen who ever ruled thereover, determined to seize the opportunity thus presented to disband these standing armies of regular troops and crush out the French interest that controlled them and, by direct intrigues with France, made them a source of grave political danger.



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA. [*Photo. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

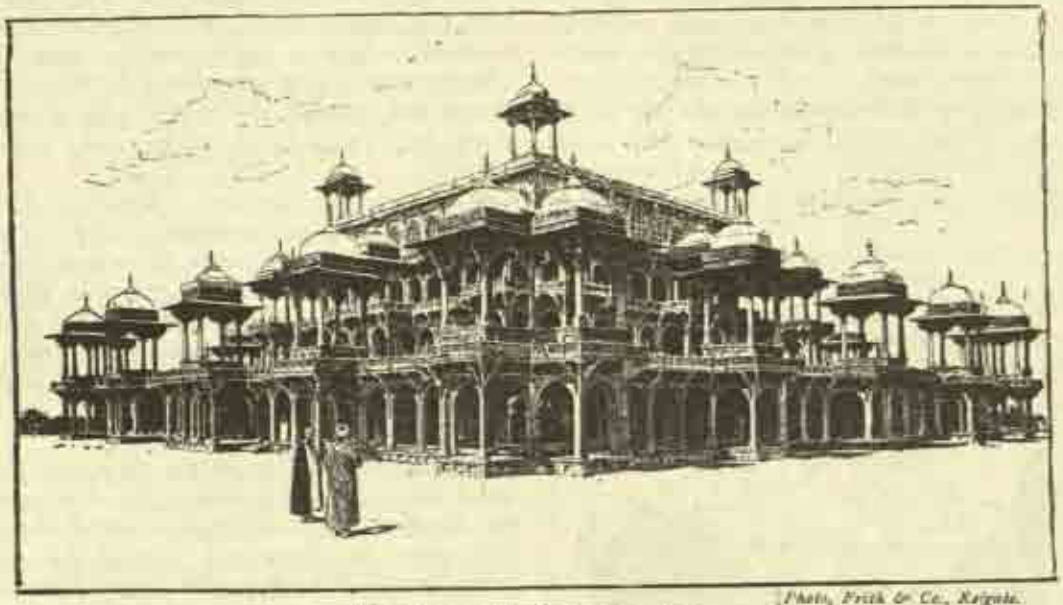
A treaty was entered into with the Peshwa by which he became dependent on the English, who, in return for a large cession of territory, contracted to furnish him with troops for his protection. Scindia and the other Maratha chiefs at once took alarm, conceiving—not unreasonably—that the independence of their nation was threatened. Called on to acquiesce in the new political arrangement, they insolently refused, bade us defiance, and accepted the gage of war.

There were at this time two remarkable soldiers in India—General Gerard Lake, Commander-in Chief of the British forces, and Colonel Arthur Wellesley, a younger brother of the Marquess Wellesley, and afterwards the great Duke of Wellington. Lake had seen service in the Seven Years' War in Germany, under Lord Cornwallis in America, and in the inglorious campaign against revolutionary France in 1793. Arthur Wellesley had recently won his spurs at the siege and storm of Seringapatam, where, "although he held only subordinate military command, his clear and commanding intellect, and his energy and skill in action, were displayed in the rapidly decisive operations with which he terminated the war." To these two great soldiers the chief conduct of affairs was now entrusted.

Scindia's influence extended from the Deccan, where he was himself, to Delhi, where General Perron governed Upper India in his name, as the nominal viceregent of the Great Mogul—a potentate represented at this time by a poor, harmless, blind old man, kept secluded in close and cruel captivity in the citadel of Delhi. At the time of the declaration of war Scindia had about 20,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry in

the vicinity of the Mogul capital, 14,000 infantry near Poonah, and an additional 6,000 marching up from the latter place to reinforce the army of Upper India. In addition to these trained troops he had command of countless

against Delhi. His first exploit was the reduction of the fortress of Aligarh, where the enemy proved their valour, for they "fought like lions," and 2,000 were killed before they surrendered to the stormers. Delhi fell a week later, after



[Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR, AGRA.

hordes of Marátha horse, contemptible as fighting material, but excellent as pure plunderers to harass an invading army and cut off its supplies. There were also several large contingents of irregular infantry belonging to the other chiefs in the confederacy, and to minor chieftains who owed them feudal obedience. The total force, disciplined and irregular, opposed to the English in what is known as the second Marátha war did not fall short of 150,000 fighting-men, of whom a third had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted career of victory for twenty years, during which they had never lost a gun, and were held to be—as indeed they subsequently proved themselves—little, if at all, inferior to our Sepoy troops. The strength of the English amounted to about 50,000 men, distributed in five armies over the length and breadth of India, at such widely-distant spots as Cuttack, Guzerat, Cawnpore, Poonah, and the southern Marátha country. Lake, in the north, and Wellesley at Poonah, were at the head of the most considerable divisions, numbering about 11,000 men each.

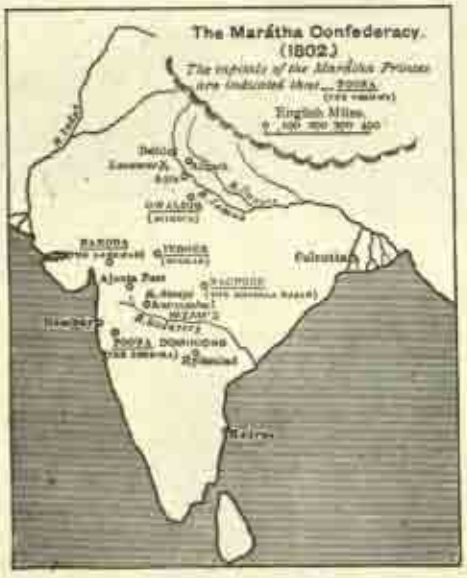
War was declared in August, the height of the rainy season, and General Lake advanced an obstinate battle fought in sight of its minarets, in which 3,000 of the enemy were killed or wounded, and 68 of their guns taken; and within a month the celebrated fortress of Agra, at that time considered the key of Upper India, was captured after a thousand of the garrison had been slain.

A foe who could sacrifice 6,000 lives, or nearly a third of their fighting strength, in three consecutive actions, was not one to be despised, and the resistance offered to Lord Lake was probably the most obstinate hitherto displayed by any native army in India. The fugitives from the three places—Aligarh, Delhi, and Agra—now formed a junction at a spot equi-distant from them to the westward, where they were joined by the brigade of regular infantry that Scindia had ordered up country at the beginning of the war, and who were known as the "Deccan Invincibles."

Just previous to the outbreak of hostilities that chief had summarily dismissed from his service all his European officers whose sympathies were, or were supposed to be, with the English; and after the first reverses the French officers of the force followed Perron's example,

and deserted their colours. In consequence, this army of fugitives found themselves at their most critical hour bereft of all their European leaders —a disaster sufficient to dismay the most daring. But there arose an able and gallant substitute from their own ranks in the person of a native named Surwar Khan, who assumed command, and proved himself a very capable, if unfortunate, general in the field.

Hearing of this rallying on the part of the enemy, General Lake determined to attack them, and annihilate the Maratha power in Northern India with one final blow. Leaving



a force to hold Agra, he set out from that city on the 27th October, and four days later learnt that the Marathas were encamped within a forced march of him. Ordering his infantry to follow, he pushed on at the head of his cavalry brigade of three regiments of British Dragoons and five of Native Horse, and at sunrise on the morning of 1st November, 1803, came upon the enemy at the village of Laswaree.

Of all the great and gallant generals whose names adorn the roll of British valour there is not one more distinguished for individual prowess than Gerard Lake. He believed in personal example in the leader, and dash and daring in the follower. As an ensign of foot he had seen and noted, during the Seven Years' War, the tactics of Frederick the Great, and been imbued with them. It was his creed that attacking troops enjoyed a moral superiority over a stationary enemy, and although the immediate loss of life might be greater, the battle was generally to the assailants. But the assailants had to be led, and Lake conceived it was the duty of their chief to lead them. However erroneous this doctrine may be considered now, it held good a hundred years ago. Throughout his active career Lake is ever to be found at the head of his men in battle, whether cavalry or infantry, encouraging them forward. Where the danger was greatest, the assault most arduous, there was Lake surely to be seen leading the van.

So it was with him now. Notwithstanding that the Marathas numbered over 14,000 strong, of whom 9,000 were disciplined troops and 5,000 irregular cavalry, and were advantageously posted, he determined to attack them instantly, and setting himself at the head of his little brigade, as any cavalry colonel might at the head of his regiment, he rode at the enemy's position.

He was successful in forcing their first line, but it was at a desperate cost of life. The troops he was opposing—swarthy mercenaries though they were, and they were nothing else—had learnt the art of war under De Boigne, a general as brave and able as Lake himself. On their standards were emblazoned the names of many hard-won, but now forgotten, victories, of which they were justly proud. They had made their first reputation in restraining and repelling the wild charges of the Rhator Rajpooto, then accounted the finest horsemen in Western India, and countless squadrons of gallant Mughals and fierce Rohillas had dropped away before their withering volleys, as they stood in close serried ranks, shoulder to shoulder, reserving their fire until those who taught them discipline gave them the word of command. They were as cool and resolute now, when Lake and his Dragoons dashed at them. It was the first campaign in which they had been brought face to face with the famous Feringhee warriors, but they were not daunted. They were prepared, for their guns had been linked together with chains, stretching from one battery to another; and these impeded Lake's cavalry, who blundered on to the unseen obstacles, for the grass of the plain was tall and rank, and before they could recover themselves were exposed to a frightful slaughter.

"Surwar Khan's battalions," writes Major Thorn, the historian of the war, "reserved their fire till our cavalry came within a distance of twenty yards of the muzzles of their guns, which, being concealed by the high jungle

grass, were perceptible only when a fierce discharge of grape and double-headed shot mowed down whole divisions, as the sweeping storm of hail levels the growing crops of grain to the earth. But notwithstanding this iron tempest, nothing could repress the ardour of our cavalry, whose velocity overcame every resistance. Having penetrated the enemy's line they immediately formed again, and charged backwards and forwards three times, amidst the continued roar of cannon and the incessant shower of grape and chain-shot, with surprising order and effect. The scene of horror was heightened and the work of destruction increased by the disadvantage under which our cavalry had to act; for no sooner had they charged through the artillerymen of the enemy—who to save themselves crept under their guns for shelter—than, directly our men had passed, they darted out, reloaded their pieces, and turned them on our rear."

In the face of this prodigal resistance Lake was at length compelled to retire, and drawing off his shattered brigade out of fire, he waited for his infantry and guns to come up.

They arrived about noon, after a forced march of twenty-five miles, during which the music of battle in front had quickened their footsteps and impelled them to extraordinary exertions. Their strength consisted of one regiment of European infantry and four of sepoys, with a few light guns, the greater part of their artillery having been unable to keep up with them in the heavy state of the roads consequent on continual rain. Two short hours were allowed them for rest and refreshment, during which Surwar Khan took up a new and stronger position, a little behind his former one, which brought a large tank, or artificial lake of water, into his front, whilst his rear was protected by the village of Mehálpur. Cutting the embankment of the tank, he flooded the space between the two armies and commanded it with his artillery. He was no common leader this, who could link his guns together, repulse a charge of British cavalry, and, on the spur of a moment, impede his enemy by transforming the ground they had to traverse into a marsh!

The Maratha army was drawn up in one long line, awaiting the attack, when, at two o'clock, Lake formed his infantry into two columns, one to support the other in turning the enemy's right flank, and ordered his cavalry to advance against their front. The renewal of the battle was ushered in with a tremendous cannonade from the Maratha guns, which had been posted with great judgment by Surwar Khan, who, directly he perceived the plan of attack, threw back his right wing with much adroitness, so as to bring it almost at right angles to his front, with the village wedged in the angle so made, and protecting both rears—seeing which the 76th Regiment, supported by the 12th Native Infantry, wheeled and advanced against the Maratha line; but, as they closed in, the admirably-served guns of the enemy mowed down their ranks, and for a time threatened them with actual annihilation.

It was just at this urgent moment that General Lake's horse was shot under him, and his son, dismounting to offer his own, was severely wounded before his father's eyes. Simultaneously a matchlock-man in the enemy's ranks aimed at the general, who fortunately happened to turn, and this accidental movement allowed the charge to pass under his arm, burning the side of his coat. But never for an instant did his cool judgment and resolute fortitude forsake him. With scarce a glance at his stricken son, he calmly remounted, watched for a moment the progress of the action, recognised it was too great a risk to wait for the reserves to come up, and determined to dare all and charge home with the bayonet.

No sooner had the command been given than, with a ringing British cheer, the 76th leapt forward, supported with praiseworthy alacrity by the Native Infantry corps. And now Surwar Khan, with consummate generalship, ordered his cavalry to charge, but even as he did so the British dragoons dashed up to the relief. Horse and foot met in one great shock of battle; sabre rang out against bayonet, and musket flashed against pistol and carbine. A short period of indescribable *mêlée* ensued, in which the fate of the day was decided.

But although defeated, the Marathas were not disgraced. They were veteran troops, and knew how to die with a dignity seldom displayed by mercenaries. True to the traditions of "De Boigne's Brigades," they fought to the end. Their breasts met the opposing British bayonets; their gunners yielded up their lives rather than desert the pieces they worshipped with a devotion that was fanatic, if it was not actually religious. Staunch and true to the discipline they had been taught, a little remnant of the infantry retreated in good order until they were broken in column by the dragoons, who detoured and took them in rear. Then came the end. The Maratha cavalry escaped, but

of their 9,000 infantry who stood in battle array that morning, only 2,000 survived to surrender as prisoners. In all the ghastly annals of war there have been few more dreadful instances of carnage, or more devoted sacrifices to the shrine of a soldier's duty, than that exhibited by this Marátha legion on the field of Laswaree.

The afternoon's battle was fought and won in less than two hours. The enemy's camp was captured, together with seventy-four guns and forty-four stands of colours. The British lost

LORD LAKE.
(From an Original Painting by Drummond.)

nearly nine hundred men, including forty-two officers, out of a total of about 6,000 engaged.

The credit of the victory was due to the presence of mind and cool daring of General Lake. "His masterly plans of attack were carried into instantaneous execution by his unrivalled personal activity; and he appeared with matchless courage in front of every principal charge." This was the tribute of the Marquess Wellesley to the conqueror, who paid one as noble to the gallantry of his foe. "All the sepoys of the enemy," wrote Lake the day after the battle, "behaved exceeding well, the gunners standing to their guns until killed by the bayonet. If they had been commanded by their French officers the affair would, I fear, have been doubtful. For these fellows fought like devils—or rather like heroes!"

And it is recorded by one who had a share in these stirring events that on the evening of the battle, as the general was returning from the field, the Europeans, who loved him as such leaders are loved, cheered him. Whereupon, taking off his hat, he thanked them, and then pointing to the Marátha artillerymen, who lay clustered thick around their guns, "Do," he cried, "as these brave fellows have done, and despise death!"

We must now turn our eyes to the south, where Scindia and the Rajah of Magpore, another chief of the Confederacy, took the field at the head of their united armies. General Arthur Wellesley was in command of the force sent to attack them. Crossing the Godavari river to the north-east of Poonah, he reached Aurangabad, where he learnt that Scindia had entered the territory of the Nizam, after evading Colonel Stevenson, who, with an army of 7,000 men, was watching the Ajunta Pass. In consequence of this information General Wellesley altered his route, and proceeded south, intending to intercept the enemy before they could reach Hyderabad. Whereupon Scindia, whose wild Marátha scouts kept him excellently informed, retraced his steps, and in this way managed to elude his pursuers for three weeks, in spite of several attempts to bring him to action. It was not until the 21st September that a chance occurred of doing so; and at a conference between Wellesley and Stevenson, who had formed a junction, they arranged to attack Scindia on the 24th. For this purpose the two divisions separated again, in order the more quickly to pass through some narrow and difficult defiles in the hilly country which barred their way to their objective point—a place called Bokerdun, where it was believed Scindia could be brought to bay.

In pursuance of this concerted plan of attack Wellesley, after a fatiguing march of twenty-two miles, found himself at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd September at the Kaitna river, and suddenly came upon the foe drawn up on the opposite side of the stream to dispute his passage.

So shifty were the tactics of Marátha warfare, and so often had Scindia decided to fight "another day," that now the chief was within striking distance the general determined to attack him without waiting for Colonel Stevenson. India has been won for us by the boldness of our generals, who from the days of Lord Clive to those of Lord Roberts have ever seized

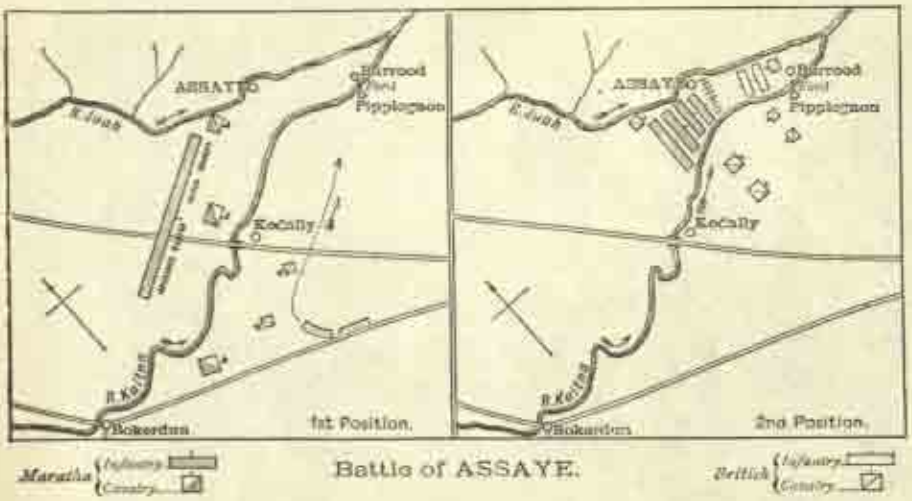
opportunity by the forelock, no matter what the peril or how great the responsibility. But seldom has such a daring decision been arrived at as that which led to the battle of Assaye. For Scindia's force of 17,000 foot contained 10,500 disciplined infantry. He was overpoweringly strong in artillery, being accompanied by his grand park of 115 guns; while his hordes of Marátha horse numbered not less than 30,000. Against such odds as these Wellesley prepared to lead his little force of 4,520 men, of whom 1,170 (the 74th and 78th Regiments) were British infantry, 2,000 native infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and 150 artillery. No wonder that "the Maráthas, numerous and daring as they were, stood astounded and appalled at the audacious spirit of this comparatively insignificant array that thus presumed to attack their formidable host." It was a prodigiously bold bid for fame and fortune, and laid Wellesley open to a charge of rashness. "But had I not attacked them," he is recorded to have said in answer, "I must have been surrounded by their superior cavalry, my troops have starved, and I had nothing left but to hang myself to my tent pole!"

"TURNED THEM ROUND AND POURED GRAPE AND CHAIN-SHOT INTO THE REAR OF THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH" (p. 378).

The Maráthas had taken up their position facing south, and in a triangular piece of ground

formed by the junction of the rivers Kaitna and Juah, which flowed from west to east, the former intervening between them and the English, and the latter protecting their rear. Wellesley, reconnoitring the position, perceived two villages almost facing each other on opposite banks of the Kaitna, and rightly surmised that a ford communicating between them must exist. Leaving his cavalry to watch and check a demonstration on the part of the enemy's horse, bodies of which had crossed the Kaitna towards his left, the general, turning to the right, led his infantry and guns through some ravines and broken ground, which hid their progress, until he reached the ford. Crossing it, with little or no loss, he began to form line of battle, facing westward. This necessitated a corresponding manœuvre on the part of the Maráthas, whose line had been facing south, and with all practicable speed they changed front, until their left rested on the village of Assaye and the Juah river, whilst their right extended to the banks of the Kaitna. Thus situated they faced the British, who were hemmed in between the two rivers, whose confluence was at their rear. Round the village of Assaye, Scindia massed a great number of guns, and, while our troops were forming, their shot fell like hail, and created great slaughter in our line, and especially amongst the artillery bullocks.

At this moment one of Wellesley's officers, who commanded on the advanced right, blundered, and, contrary to orders, attacked the village of Assaye. This brought the whole fire from the guns stationed there upon the 74th Regiment, who were so dreadfully cannonaded that they lost nearly 400 of their total strength of 569 men, whilst of their nineteen officers eleven were killed and seven wounded. Taking advantage of their distressed condition, a body of Marátha horse summoned sufficient courage to charge them, and in one wild, nervous scurry broke their gaping ranks. "This," writes a capable observer, who was present throughout the action, "was the critical moment of the engagement; and if the enemy's cavalry had pushed the sepoys, they would never have withstood that which overpowered the 74th." But assistance was at hand, for the general had already ordered up his cavalry, who had overawed the body of Marátha horse they were left to watch, and they were now sent to the relief of their comrades in distress. Forward dashed the 19th Dragoons, who drew 350 sabres, followed by a regiment of native cavalry. Nothing could resist their impetuous charge, and they drove the Maráthas pell-mell into the Juah river, followed them to the other side, sabred some of the enemy's infantry whom they stumbled across there, and then re-crossing, joined our main line.


ASSAYE
Barrood
Pipplegaon
R. Juah
Kaitna
Kaitna
Kaitna

storm the guns for the second time, but from an opposite direction—a movement that had so much the resemblance of a retreat that the Marátha infantry, who were still in good order, were encouraged to halt, face about, and come back to the attack.

Whilst the main tide of action was thus surging backwards and forwards, a body of the enemy's infantry, whose line in the first instance completely outflanked ours, having slipped past our flank, managed to reach some of our guns, which, owing to the destruction of the bullocks dragging them, had perforce been left behind. Observing this dangerous movement, General Wellesley—who throughout the whole battle had been riding everywhere, directing the officers and encouraging the men—placed himself at the head of the 78th foot and 7th Regiment of Native Cavalry, and led them to the spot. On the way his horse was shot under him, and himself exposed to the most imminent danger; but mounting another charger, he quickly achieved his object and drove the enemy off. This marked a phase in the battle, for the whole Marátha line now began to waver and fall back, fighting desperately notwithstanding, until they were brought to bay on the banks of the Juah river, which intercepted their natural retreat to the northwards. Here, huddled and cramped for room, they made their last stubborn stand, until they were finally defeated and scattered after a spirited and sanguinary conflict that had lasted for three hours.

Long before the end Scindia and the Rajah of Berar deserted them, flying at an early stage of the action, whilst the Marátha cavalry, after their one charge against the wrecked ranks of the 74th, never again adventured to face those "perfect war tigers" the British dragoons. "These dragoons" (wrote one of their captains) "were large, powerful men, the weight of whose sabres almost annihilated us, whilst they unhorsed numbers of my troopers by merely riding against them!" And so the Marátha horsemen contented themselves with hovering on the outskirts of the battle until they saw the day was lost, when they sought safety in flight, followed by the remnants of their infantry.

Thus ended one of the most important and, so far as British losses were concerned, most sanguinary battles ever fought in India. Our casualities amounted to 1,566 killed and wounded, of whom 600 were Europeans and 50 officers. The percentage was one in three of the total number engaged—probably the highest ever recorded amongst Europeans in a pitched battle. The enemy's loss was estimated at less than our own, but their 98 guns, 100 tumbrils, and entire camp and military stores were captured. It was a glorious victory, gloriously won by General Wellesley. "It is nothing to say of him," writes one who was by his side throughout the day, "that he exposed himself on all occasions, and behaved with perfect indifference in the hottest fire (for I did not see a European do otherwise, nor do I believe people do); but in the most anxious and important moments he gave his orders as clearly and coolly as if he had been inspecting a corps or manœuvring at a review."

The enemy that withstood us at Assaye were no common "country" foe—to use an adjective of disparagement indigenous to India—but a trained and disciplined army; and officers present who had witnessed the power of the French artillery in the wars of Europe, declared that the Marátha guns were equally well served, and that they fought with a prowess worthy of a European nation. Nor was it to be wondered at, for "De Boigne's Brigades" had won a reputation at that time in India as great amongst the native Powers as ever did the legions of ancient Rome in the countries they conquered.

This "matchless victory" (as his brother the Governor-General termed it) raised Wellesley to the first rank of British generals, and laid the basis of that great career of glory and renown which he subsequently increased on the plains of Spain and crowned on the field of Waterloo.

To the genius of Gerard Lake and Arthur Wellesley Great Britain owes the chief expansion of its empire over India. For their victories crushed out the last remnant of French influence in that country, broke down the powerful dominion of the Marátha, secured an immediate increase of territory that doubled our then-existing possessions, paved the way for future conquest, and obtained for us the mastery of the entire seaboard of India. For these advantages, which we have enjoyed for nearly a hundred years, and which have helped to raise us to our proud pre-eminence among the nations of the world, we are indebted to the British blood so freely poured out by Britain's gallant sons on the battlefields of Laswaree and Assaye.

The Fall of Vicksburg.

By Major Arthur Griffiths.

THE operations which ended with the fall of Vicksburg, on the great Mississippi river, constitute one of the most interesting and important episodes in the American War of Secession. The capture of that strong fortress, familiarly known as the Gibraltar of the South, was the turning-point in the long fratricidal struggle between North and South. Till then there were grave doubts as to the issue of the rebellion. The Confederates had been more generally successful than the Federals; the Union cause was growing rather hopeless; the North was disheartened at many failures; the latest elections had declared against the vigorous prosecution of the war, voluntary enlistments had ceased, and conscription—or forced recruiting—was most unpopular. Only a decisive victory could re-establish the fortunes of the North. This was the firm conviction of a general who now for the first time was to come prominently to the front—the famous Ulysses S. Grant. He was resolved to use every effort to bring about a change, and being in command of the national forces employed against Vicksburg, he meant, if possible, to reduce the fortress and open up the Mississippi.

The Vicksburg campaign is the more notable because it was the real starting-point in the triumphant military career of this remarkable man. It was now that General Grant showed his fine qualities, that his reputation rose till he was universally acknowledged as a great commander. In spite of his generalship at Shiloh and elsewhere, he had been but little appreciated; no one realised his genius for war. He had few friends; he was libelled as a confirmed drunkard; he would have been superseded in the command of this very army which he was soon to lead to victory but for the support of the President, shrewd old Abraham Lincoln, who, although personally unacquainted with Grant, replied to the many demands for his removal: "I rather like the man; I think we will try him a little longer." Six months later the wisdom of this forbearance was fully proved, and Grant practically saved the Union.

The possession of Vicksburg was of paramount importance to both sides: occupying a strong natural position, which had been carefully fortified, it commanded the lower waters of the Mississippi. This mighty river was the dividing-line between the Southern and Western States of the Confederacy, cutting them exactly in two. The North held it above and below, but Vicksburg and another fortress called Port Hudson blocked it in the middle, thus affording the Confederates a means of communication with their outlying territory beyond on the western side of the river. From this territory they drew their supplies: beef from the prairies of Texas, munitions of war that had run the blockade or entered by the Gulf of Florida, and by this route alone they had news from the outside world. If Vicksburg and Port Hudson surrendered it would be an irreparable misfortune: for the Confederates would be circumscribed within narrower limits—shut in and shut out—and the first serious blow would be struck at the secession.

But Vicksburg still defied its enemy, however pertinacious and enterprising. Its peculiar situation was its principal protection. It stood on high land on the eastern shores of the Mississippi, and was unapproachable except on that side. The ground upon the other shore was swampy, intersected with rivers and watercourses, overgrown with a dense growth of forest-trees at times an almost impenetrable jungle. It was a country nearly impassable in summer, and in winter generally submerged. The soil was soft and sticky, and the great

river was, with its numerous tributaries, for ever changing its channels. Before Grant could even attempt to take Vicksburg he must get at it, and this was impossible from any but the eastern shore. On this side, too, the Confederates were in strength; Vicksburg was in communication with, and drew its supplies from, Jackson, the State capital further to the eastward, where a considerable Confederate army also kept the field.

During the winter and early spring months prepared for the still more arduous work that was awaiting them.

What Grant wanted, and what he knew he must have, was a firm foothold on dry ground and on the eastern shore. To secure it he conceived a new and original plan. This was to carry the bulk of his army to a point a long way below Vicksburg, and work up against it from down the river. The scheme was both daring and hazardous, for it meant the exposure of communications with a great fortress planted

GUNBOATS PASSING VICKSBURG.

many efforts were made by Grant against Vicksburg. The novel expedient was tried of isolating it by diverting the course of the great river. The effect of this would have been to have left Vicksburg high and dry—a so-called inland city. But the canal, planned on a stupendous scale for this purpose, was a failure when completed. So was a movement down a labyrinth of rivers and creeks which approached Vicksburg from the northward, and a third effort made by the afterwards famous General Sherman to ascend another set of watercourses from the south-west was also a failure. The only useful result of these tedious and unsuccessful operations was that the Federal troops grew hardened and acclimatised, well in between, the probable loss of the base of supply, and the fighting of the enemy perhaps on his flank, perhaps to his rear. But Grant had counted the cost, and was ready to face the risks for the great advantages they might possibly bring. He persisted in this plan, moreover, in the teeth of much opposition; his subordinates did not approve of it; his most trusted lieutenant, Sherman, directly opposed it as conceived in error and as false to military principles. But nothing could move Ulysses Grant from his purpose.

In order to rightly understand the movements of the campaign now imminent — one which, in truth, ranks with Napoleon's best— it is necessary to realise something of the lie

of the land and the positions of the opposing forces. The Mississippi, roughly speaking, flows from north to south. On its western bank was the low ground which Grant, leaving his base at Memphis far behind him in the north, was about to descend in order to cross the river far south of Vicksburg. The fortress stood on the eastern bank, between the Mississippi and another river — the Big Black — which covered its rear. Jackson, the capital of the State, was east of Vicksburg; and behind it, still eastward, was the main strength of the Confederacy.

Grant commanded four army corps, each numbering, roughly, some 15,000 men. They were—the 13th Army Corps, under General McClernand; the 15th ditto, under General Sherman; the 16th ditto, under General Hurlbut; and the 17th, under General McPherson. Of these he desired to use the 13th, 15th, and 17th in the field, leaving the 16th under General Hurlbut at Memphis as a reserve. In the order of movement McClernand was to take the advance, McPherson to follow, and General Sherman was to bring up the rear. As the whole line of march was long, and extended to fifty or sixty miles, the troops were much spread out, so that Grant commenced the campaign with barely 20,000 men up at the front, and when it was nearly half over he had only 33,000. The Confederates were three times as strong; General Pemberton, who commanded in Vicksburg, had in all some 50,000 men, and in Jackson and beyond there were as many more.

The first indispensable step in the campaign was to get a portion of the Federal fleet from above to below Vicksburg. Steamers were needed to ferry troops across the river, and to keep them supplied. There were, however, fourteen miles of batteries to run past—a perilous undertaking; but it was accomplished in the teeth of a terrible fire from the fortifications of Vicksburg, and without serious loss. The steamers and transports were protected by great bales of hay and cotton and by sacks of grain, against which the enemy's shot and shell did but little damage. This operation was twice carried out successfully, and nearly all the steamers and barges carrying freight got through safely.

Grant now hurried forward to take personal command of the advance. Throughout this enterprising campaign it was he himself who directed and controlled everything. He was the life and soul of the whole business, the centre and mainspring of every movement. He wrote all his own orders, giving brief but minute instructions to everyone—generals, commissaries, quartermasters; and often enough, when careful execution was vital, he was on the spot to see his orders carried out. There never was a man who knew his own mind better, or who, having once made it up, persisted in the course he had decided upon with such unshaken tenacity and confidence. He stood alone, too, in the most trying part of the campaign. Superiors and subordinates alike condemned his scheme as hopeless and doomed beforehand to inevitable failure. Grant knew all this, yet he never once faltered. He saw his whole danger, discounted any difficulty, and went straight ahead. When by superior generalship he had hoodwinked, outmanœuvred, and finally overwhelmed his enemy, his fame as a military leader burst forth brilliantly like the sun through clouds.

McClernand crossed the river with 10,000 men on the 29th April, 1863. They found a good landing at Bruinsberg, and on the following day his corps and part of McPherson's were disembarked. At last Grant found himself, as he himself tells us, "on dry ground, on the same side of the river with the enemy. . . . . When this was effected, I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since." Yet he was already in a position of danger. He was in the enemy's country with a fraction only of his force—a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and the rest of his army and his base of supplies. But his courage rose to the occasion, and he promptly proceeded to strike out. He had already committed a grave mistake. He meant now to do worse; and in defiance of all military principles he resolved to cut himself quite adrift from his communications, taking with him only his ammunition trains, and trusting to the country—fortunately a rich one—for his supplies of food. His troops carried a couple of days' rations in their haversacks, which they were told must be made to last seven. All baggage was reduced to a minimum. He (the general-in-chief) took nothing with him but a tooth brush. He had no tent; he picked up a meal where he could; and for the first week he rode on a borrowed horse, and his saddle, of unfinished workmanship, was provided only with stirrup leathers.

Time was the essence of the movement he now initiated. He had placed himself in between two fractions of the enemy, which, combined,

were far superior in numbers, but which he could tackle singly and in equal strength with his otherwise inferior force. This is considered a crowning triumph in strategy, and Grant set himself with extraordinary vigour to reap the benefit it afforded.

His movement, made with great rapidity, was now eastward. He aimed at Jackson, the capital, with the right, while his left hugged the Big Black River (behind which was Vicksburg), watching all the fords and bridges, and both shielding his advance upon the right flank, and securing it from attack by Pemberton. McClernand's corps—the first across—had fought and won the first action at Port Gibson on the 1st May, the effect of which was to open up Grand Gulf, a point upon the river which became the only base which Grant possessed for three weeks, but which he never greatly used. This Grand Gulf was now evacuated by the enemy as untenable; but still, the Confederates had no clear notion what Grant was at. They were the more confused, looking rather to an attack from the northern side in consequence of the feint ordered by Grant and executed by Sherman upon Haines Bluff, above Vicksburg. This was only a diversion, but it was made with so much energy that Pemberton was led to believe that Grant was coming on in force in that direction. This mistaken idea was further encouraged by a most successful cavalry raid which had just been accomplished by Colonel Grierson, and who had traversed the whole State of Mississippi in sixteen days from north to south, marching six hundred miles in that time, having inflicted incalculable damage, and incurring only the most trifling loss.

SKETCH SHOWING GENERAL SITUATION IN 1863.

So, while the Confederates were looking for him elsewhere, Grant pushed on to the east. He could have approached Vicksburg at once from where he stood, and his scouts got within six miles of it; but he knew Gregg, the Confederate commander, was alone at Jackson, and he wanted to hit him before he could concentrate with Pemberton. Having changed the positions of his army corps, so that McClernand, supported by Sherman, who was now coming up into line, held the Big Black River, while McPherson took the extreme right, he directed the latter general to reach out towards Jackson. On the morning of the 12th May, McPherson encountered the enemy in position at a place near Raymond, not eighteen miles from Jackson, and promptly gave battle. Being in overpowering strength, he won an easy victory. This opened the road to Jackson, and while Pemberton, still deceived, was expecting him at Edwards Station, on the Jackson-Vicksburg railway, Grant put out his whole strength to capture the State capital with all conceivable despatch.

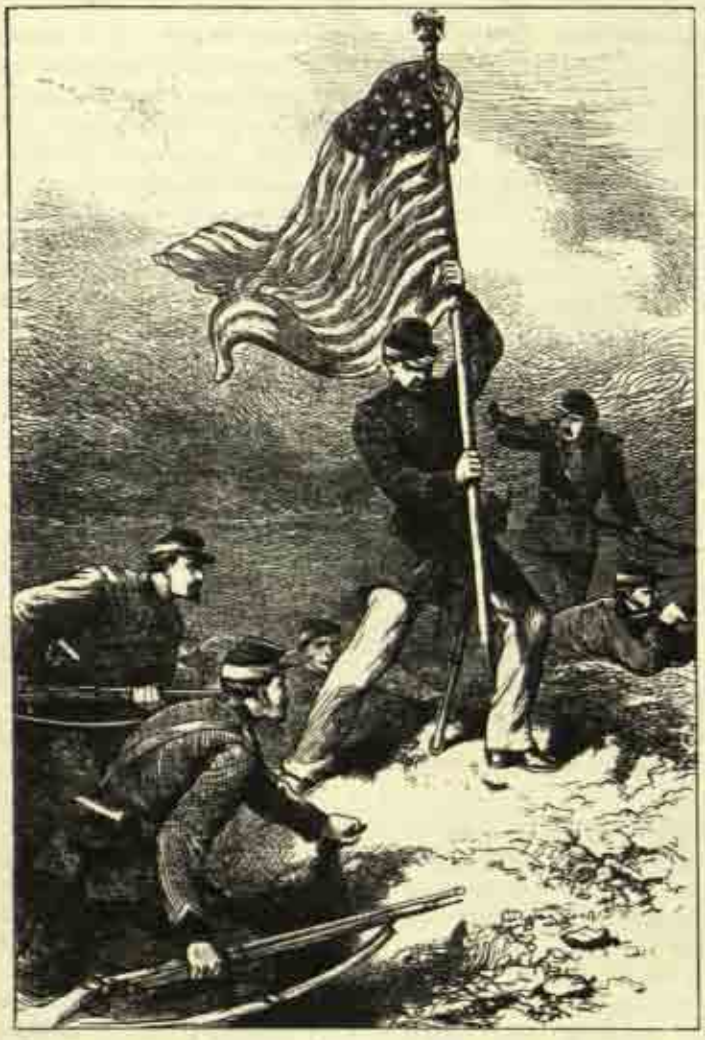
A new Confederate commander, General "Joe" Johnson, had replaced Gregg, and was now at Jackson. He was a leader of repute, and with a less doughty antagonist matters might have gone differently. Johnson desired now to detain Grant in front of Jackson, and on the 13th, the day after the battle of Raymond, he sent orders to Pemberton to come up in force and attack Grant's rear and supposed line of communications with Grand Gulf.

But Grant was too quick for him, too strong on the decisive spot. On the evening of the 13th McPherson was at Clinton, within fifteen miles of Jackson; Sherman was in front of Raymond; McClernand had withdrawn from in front of Pemberton at Edwards Station, and was coming up behind McPherson at Clinton.

On the night of the 13th both McPherson and Sherman were ordered to march straight on Jackson at early dawn. It was raining in torrents, and the roads were almost intolerable—sometimes a foot deep in water. But both generals pressed forward. By 9 a.m. on the 14th McPherson was in touch with the enemy's pickets, and drove them back; by 11 a.m. Sherman was up, and both were ready to attack. The onslaught was made with so much spirit, the opposition was so feeble, that by 3 p.m. both corps were in possession of Jackson. "Joe" Johnson had evacuated the city, and hurried off northward, hoping still by a long detour to effect

a junction with Pemberton. On the night of the 14th Grant slept in the very house which Johnson had occupied the night before.

Grant's first business was to dismantle the capital, to tear up the railways, destroy factories and arsenals, and render Jackson useless to the Confederates. While the work of demolition was in progress he learnt through an intercepted despatch that the enemy was endeavouring to concentrate, and that unless he forestalled them a junction between Johnson and Pemberton would speedily be effected. To allow this would be to lose all the advantages he had secured so far, and more, it might bring him into imminent peril. Grant acted with his usual promptitude, and at once faced round. Orders were issued to countermarch all his columns, and leaving Jackson city behind, to turn on Vicksburg—westward, that is to say—and fight back towards the Mississippi River.



"HERE AND THERE THE FEDERALS CROWNED THE WORKS WITH THEIR FLAGS" (*p.* 386).

This retrograde movement began on the 15th May. Grant directed all his forces to converge upon Bolton, a station on the Jackson-Vicksburg railway, twenty miles from the former, twenty-five from the latter place. Meanwhile, Pemberton, with his Confederates, had marched southward from Edwards Station, striking at Grant's communications; but, in deference to the positi' orders of his superior, Johnson had retired with the intention of attacking Clinton, whereat he imagined the rear-guard of Sherman was posted. Pemberton was quite unaware that the whole of Grant's army was in this neighbourhood, still less that it was on the move against him. But as he fell back he came in contact with Grant's advance, commanded by McPherson, and took up a strong position on the eminence known as Champion's Hill. The battle which followed was the most serious and hotly contested in this campaign.

On the morning of the 16th, Grant, having heard that Pemberton was marching east, and feeling certain that a great contest was imminent, summoned Sherman up from Jackson, and desired McClernand, who was south at Raymond, to close up, and support McPherson. Grant himself, in response to McPherson's urgent request, went up to the front, and assumed command. It was well that he did so, for McClernand, who was next senior in rank, was a disappointing man, of doubtful generalship; and had not Grant been present in person the battle of Champion's Hill might have ended badly for the national forces. As it was, McClernand,

"IT WAS A NIGHT ATTACK, AND THE FOE HAD CAUGHT THEM NAPPING" (*p.* 203).

through over-caution or ineptitude, was so slow in his movements that he was too late to take part in the action, the brunt of which fell upon McPherson. The opposing forces were in consequence very evenly matched, and it was long doubtful to which side victory would incline. But Grant's dispositions secured a tactical advantage, and by a well-directed movement he turned the enemy's flank. A precipitate retreat followed, and after four hours' hard fighting the battle was won. Had McClernand, who throughout was within a mile or two of the battlefield, come up in support, very few of Pemberton's men would have escaped. As it was, he lost 3,000 men, killed and wounded, and as many more were taken prisoners.

The battle of Champion's Hill was the last but one in the series of engagements that brought Grant under the walls of Vicksburg. It was also the most closely contested and the most costly in lives. Only one more was fought—at Black River Bridge, where a division of McClernand's, which had headed the pursuit, came upon Pemberton's rear-guard in an entrenched position, and carried it most gallantly. Lawler, a brigadier-general, was conspicuous in this attack, and led the final charge in his shirt-sleeves. After that the whole of Grant's forces swept forward, Sherman taking the right, McPherson the centre, and McClernand the left. In this order they quickly approached and encircled the city.

The goal now was in sight. Vicksburg was within striking distance, and the first aim of this hazardous campaign was accomplished. Grant was on firm ground to the eastward, and far more, he was once again in touch with the river and his base of supplies. The communications which he had practically severed in the south when leaving Grand Gulf he now reopened to the northward at Haines Bluff. The result was well worth the daring effort made. In less than three weeks, between the 30th April and the 18th May, Grant's victorious army was in rear of Vicksburg just where he had wished to place it. He had marched his troops, to whom in all only five days' rations had been issued, through an unexplored country for 180 miles; he had fought and won five battles. The capital of the Mississippi State had fallen; 6,000 prisoners had been taken, and the same number of Confederates killed or disabled. Above all, Grant had secured at length the ungrudging approval of all who had never anticipated such triumphant success. Sherman especially—the man whose opinion he most valued—came to him before Vicksburg and confessed that up to that moment he had no positive assurance of success. "This campaign," he added forcibly, "even although Vicksburg is not yet taken, is undoubtedly one of the greatest in history."

But it could not be called complete until the fortress for which so much had been risked was actually captured. Everything urged Grant to make a dash on it. Although still full of spirit, his troops had suffered much. They were short of food, in rags, and the hot weather was most trying. Johnson had been beaten off, but he was gathering his forces again, and in greater strength, to try conclusions afresh. So Grant resolved upon an immediate assault. The men themselves were eager to go in—anything rather than the tedious processes of a siege. Only two days were spent in strengthening their positions and in bringing up supplies, especially of bread and biscuit; and then, on the 22nd, another—the second—and most determined attempt was made to storm the much-coveted city. There were three columns of attack. Each corps was to advance against the works in its front. Sherman attacked on the right, the northern side of Vicksburg; McPherson, in the

centre, took the eastward defences; McClernand, on the left, was to account for the south side to the river. A murderous cannonade was to precede the onset.

At 10 a.m. the attack commenced, and simultaneously the stormers from the three army corps burst forward with magnificent hardihood. The ground was most difficult; it was necessary to cross a series of ravines, and beyond were earthworks and rifle-pits manned by desperate defenders. For four hours the assailants pressed bravely forward, undismayed by the most murderous fire. But no serious impression was made. The slaughter was terrible: the hillsides were strewn with the dead and dying, while the garrison, sheltered within their trenches, suffered little. Here and there, at isolated points, the Federals gained a foothold and crowned the works with their flags. McClernand at one time imagined his men had driven out the enemy, but he was mistaken. At no point had the attack succeeded, and as the afternoon drew on Grant was reluctantly compelled to withdraw. The assault had failed all along the line. The position of Vicksburg was too strong naturally, and it had been too well fortified, to be carried by storm.

This second and last attempt on Vicksburg has been counted unparalleled in modern war. No assault had ever been made previously on such fortifications except where the assailants had greatly outnumbered the defenders. At Vicksburg they fought on nearly equal terms. The fame of Vicksburg and its heroic resistance against this most persistent attack has outshadowed the memory of Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, San Sebastian, or Sebastopol.

Grant now realised that he could only reduce Vicksburg by investment and siege. It must be approached by trenches and hemmed in on all sides till it was starved out. For this the Federal general drew all his strength towards him, and filled up the long line of investment, fifteen miles in all, with troops. The men went into camp, whence they furnished large working parties to open trenches and conduct regular siege operations. There were eight principal lines of approach, all across difficult ground. The siege-train was very inadequate, but some heavy guns were borrowed from Admiral Porter's fleet. Engineer officers were also exceedingly scarce, and the want of them was made up by volunteers. It was the peculiar characteristic of the American armies in this war that men of all professions were to be found in the ranks. Skilled labour—that of mechanics, engineers, handicraftsmen of all kinds, and the higher proficients to superintend—was always forthcoming. Then Grant was a host in himself, and he was ever ready to give his personal attention to direct and control the engineering operations throughout the siege.

A month of incessant labour now passed, chequered with great trials: worst of all was the great scarcity of water and the intense heat of the weather. As the time passed, and Vicksburg still held out, a fresh danger grew imminent. Grant heard on undoubted authority that Johnson was determined to try a great effort to raise the siege. He was hovering around north of the Big Black River with a large army, in Grant's rear, and might, if he could combine movements with the beleaguered garrison, give very serious trouble. At this moment, indeed, Grant was in a strange, not to say dangerous position. He was between two fires. In front of him was the fortress which he was besieging; behind was Johnson's army, so to speak, besieging him, for Grant had constructed a strong line of works from the Big Black River to the Gazoo, so as to cover him from Johnson's attack. Sherman was put in command of these defences, and would no doubt have resisted Johnson; still Grant's anxieties were immense, and it seemed quite possible that now at the eleventh hour the great prize for which he had fought might elude his grasp.

Matters were, however, growing from bad to worse within Vicksburg. Ammunition had always been scarce, especially copper caps. Now food also ran short. Rations were reduced to half; there was so little meat left that the issue of sugar, rice, and beans was increased. Prices had gone up to a fabulous extent. Flour was a pound sterling per pound; beef eight and ten shillings per pound. The poor were on the verge of starvation. Every building in the city had been struck by shot and shell; so many non-combatants, women, and children had been killed by the besiegers' fire, that the inhabitants largely sought shelter in caves dug out of the clay hillsides.

At last, on the 1st of July, Grant had pushed his approaches so close that he touched the enemy's ditches in some places; at others he could move up under cover to within a hundred yards. All was ready for a third assault, and the date was fixed for the 6th July. But already Pemberton was thinking of making terms. He had canvassed the opinions of his leading

generals as to surrender, and on the 3rd July he sent out a flag of truce with proposals to Grant. The end was at hand.

Pemberton, "anxious to save the further effusion of blood," asked for the appointment of commissioners to arrange for the capitulation. Grant replied stiffly that he could accept nothing but unconditional surrender. Pemberton declined at first, and said hostilities would be resumed. "Very well," replied Grant, as he dismissed the bearers of the flag of truce. But in the end he gave more generous terms. The garrison was to lay down its arms and be paroled; the officers alone were allowed to retain their side-arms and private property. On July 4th —the anniversary of American independence— the Vicksburg garrison marched out, and the Federals entered and took possession of the town.

Thirty-one thousand men surrendered, among whom were 2,153 officers, fifteen of them generals, and 172 cannon were taken, "the largest capture of men and material," says Grant's historian, General Badeau, "ever made in war."

The news of the fall of Vicksburg was received with wild enthusiasm in the North. On the same day the Federals had won a great battle at Gettysburg, and the two victories "lifted a great load of anxiety from the minds of the President, his Cabinet, and the loyal people all over the North. The fate of the Confederacy"—I am quoting Grant's own words—"was sealed when Vicksburg fell. Much hard fighting was to be done afterwards, and many precious lives were to be sacrificed; but the *morale* was with the supporters of the Union ever afterwards."

It was Grant himself who did it.

GENERAL MACPHERSON.

THE CAPTURE OF SON-TAI

BY EDWARD L. GOODMAN

THE colonial history of France contains few episodes more striking or more dramatic than those which took place during the Tonkinese expedition of 1883-1884. It is of one of the most brilliant achievements of the Gallic arms during this campaign—the seizure by assault of Son-Tai—that we have now to tell.

In April, 1882, Hanoi, the capital city of Tonkin, was captured by the French; but they had a hard enough task to keep it. The Chinese made frequent attempts to regain it, and it was not until strong reinforcements entered in July, 1883, in the shape of the newly-formed naval brigade, under Admiral Courbet, who had been appointed commander-in-chief, that the holders of Hanoi felt at all secure.

Soon after his arrival in the city Admiral Courbet, who had received injunctions from his Government to conduct the campaign with energy, began to plan an extension of French conquests in the Delta—a considerable tract of country watered by the river Song-Koi and its affluents, containing several fortified towns—of which Son-Tai and Bac-Ninh were the chief—and considered as, in a military sense, the "key" to Tonkin.

The French commander had the choice of attacking first either of the two places mentioned; but after a little hesitation he resolved, for strong strategic reasons, to direct his attention to Son-Tai, leaving Bac-Ninh to be dealt with subsequently. Accordingly, active preparations were made for the expedition.

And here we must pause to give the reader some idea of the situation and defences of Son-Tai. The town is placed upon the Song-Koi—literally "West River," known to the French as the "Fleuve Rouge," or Red River—from whose bank it is distant about a mile due south, an almost straight road connecting the two points. Hanoi lies some forty miles up stream from it. Son-Tai is built at the central and highest point of a tract of low-lying country. Although it may be said to owe but little to Nature for its defences, yet its proximity to the river, while rendering it open to assault on that side by any force possessing gunboats, undoubtedly gives it protection from any army able only to attack landwise.

The main portion of the fortifications consisted, in December, 1883, of a citadel covering a square space about 400 or 500 yards either way, with a semicircular battery and gate in the middle of each side, and surrounded by a ditch some fifty feet wide, which was crossed by a permanent stone bridge on the north or river side. Along the bank of the Song-Koi was an embankment twenty feet high and thick, which had been transformed into a powerful entrenchment, extending for three or four miles, touching the river near the village of Tien-Loc and trending to the west. North of Tien-Loc the embankment had been doubled, owing to an influx of water, and the two dykes enclosed a triangle, with a base of nearly a quarter of a mile, and a length from base to apex of about a mile and a quarter. A third of this space was under water, and impracticable for troops, and at the apex end there was a strong triangular work with casemated guns. Upon the dyke nearest the river were three small redoubts, and from the central one, called Phuc-Sa, the French named the entire works. Other entrenchments, armed with guns and protected by ingeniously-contrived palisades of pointed bamboos and stakes, offered further resistance to an attacking force. A regularly-constructed enceinte ran around the citadel in an oval form at a distance of about 800 yards from it.

The garrison of Son-Tai totalled some 25,000 men. Of these 10,000 were "Black Flag"

soldiers, under their celebrated chief Luu-Vinh-Phuoc (or Liu-Jung-Ku, as he was variously called). These warriors originated with Li-Hung-Chang, a leader of rebels at Canton, who in 1863 took refuge with his followers in Tonkin, whom Admiral Courbet had at Hanoi he resolved to despatch about 6,000 fighting-men, together with 1,350 coolies. This force was divided into two columns. The left, comprising 3,430 troops and 250 coolies, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel

"THE 'BLACK FLAG' SOLDIER . . . . DIED WITH HIS FACE TO THE FOE" (A. 392).

and soon became a formidable power, establishing an independent government of his own. Ten thousand regular Chinese troops and 5,000 Annamites made up the rest of the force, whose effectiveness was greatly diminished by lack of concord between Luu-Vinh-Phuoc and the Chinese mandarins.

By December 10th, 1883, all preparations were complete for the expedition. Out of the soldiers Bélin, and was to go by land; the right, commanded by Colonel Bichot, consisted of 2,600 combatants and 1,100 coolies, and was to travel up the river. Each detachment included sections of Algerian Fusiliers (Turcos), marine infantry, engineers, artillery, and native (Annamite) auxiliaries. The river flotilla had at its head Captain Morel-Beaulieu, and comprised the gunboats *Pluvier*, *Trombe*, *Éclair*, *Hoche*, *Mousqueton*,

Yatagan, and *Fanfare*, three steam sloops, and over sixty merchant vessels and junks for the conveyance of troops and stores. Admiral Courbet commanded the whole expedition in person.

Early on the morning of December 11th the force set out. The vessels conveying the right column and its stores were soon under way, and at half-past three in the afternoon had reached the point of disembarkation, where the division was to await the co-operating troops. The land column marched steadily onward to the Day River, a tributary of the Song-Koi, which it was intended should be bridged by the engineer corps. Sufficient native craft and rafts, however, were not available, and the column, with its artillery, had to be ferried over. This slow process it was necessary to defer until the next day —the 12th—the whole of which was occupied in the operation. After a toilsome night-march the two columns became reunited on the morning of the 13th within a few miles of Son-Tai; but as the troops were very fatigued, there was nothing for it but to wait until daybreak on the 14th before resuming the march. Then the force proceeded, cheery and eager for the fray. The right column followed the dyke by the river bank, while the left pursued the Son-Tai road, the flotilla keeping abreast. A couple of hours' progress brought out the heads of the columns at Tien-Loc, at the junction of the dyke with the road, and after a brief artillery duel between the guns of the expedition and some Chinese in a small entrenchment the village was occupied by the French troops.

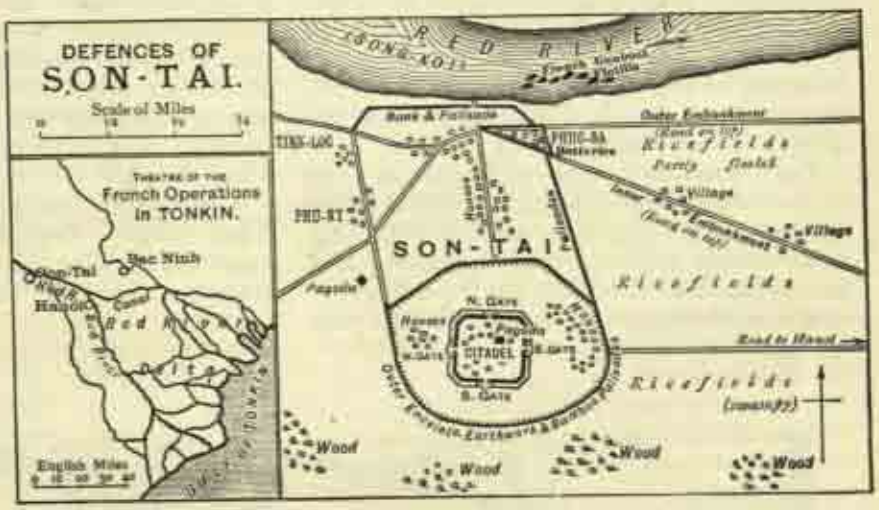
After carefully reconnoitring the ground, Admiral Courbet resolved to carry the Phuc-Sa works first of all, in order to secure a solid base for his subsequent operations against the town. Accordingly, at a few minutes before ten o'clock, the French artillery opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, whose outposts were quickly driven in, leaving the village of Linh-Chien in the occupation of the expeditionary force. Next, a severe cannonade was commenced both by the land artillery and by the guns of the fleet upon the central works of Phuc-Sa. The Chinese replied from a point some two or three hundred yards behind the embankment with a six-inch smooth-bore gun, which apparently was the only piece they could bring to bear upon the ships. This weapon, however, had hardly fired half a dozen shots before it was struck and dismounted by a well-directed shell from the gunboat *Éclair*. Henceforth a rifle fusilade was the sole means of the defenders wherewith to contend against the heavy fire of the flotilla.

In the meantime the land attack was being developed, but the marshy nature of the ground rendered rapid progress difficult to the troops. Suddenly the Chinese made a remarkably plucky sortie from the east gate of the citadel, catching the French on the left flank. For a few minutes it was touch-and-go. Panic-stricken, the Algerian troops broke. But Courbet promptly ordered forward all his artillery, and in the face of the storm of shot and shell which was poured into their ranks the enemy gave way and fled.

About half-past four in the afternoon so much ground had been gained that the admiral ordered the final assault upon the entrenchments to be given. The fire from the fleet ceased, and at a given signal the French troops dashed forward with desperate eagerness. A company of Turcos under Colonel Jouneau, assailing the north side of the works, essayed to mount into it. A fearful fire was poured into them by the defenders, and nearly half their number rolled over. For a while confusion prevailed; then, reinforced by other and cooler troops, they pressed on, not without serious loss. The south side was also hotly beset by the Annamite soldiers, led by Captain Doucet, who fell shot dead in the moment of victory. In a few minutes both sides of the entrenchment were in the hands of the French, and the defenders were forced into the triangular work at the apex, which they held with desperate valour, pouring in a close and deadly fire upon the attackers. Captain Godinet, cheering on his men with a shout of "Forward!" dropped with a bullet in his heart, and Lieutenant Clavé was also slain. Discipline and bravery prevailed: the Chinese were hurled from their fastness, and the works were won. At a heavy cost, however; for during the half-hour's struggle no fewer than twenty-two officers and two hundred men of the French force had fallen, killed or wounded.

The attack upon the citadel itself was reserved for the morrow. The troops were tired by their long day's work, and it was necessary that they should strengthen themselves within their new position by the construction of certain entrenchments. This done, the attacking party bivouacked for the night. But "it is always the unexpected that happens," and so it proved now. Soon after one o'clock in the morning, when all the camp was sunk in slumber save for the sentries pacing their beats, a shower of rockets was discharged from behind the embankment on to

the thatched roofs of the huts in which the French soldiers were sleeping. Then fierce volleys flamed out, and the still air of the night was broken by the savage war-cries of the Chinese. It was a night attack, and the foe had fairly caught the invaders napping, literally as well as figuratively. The French troops turned out hastily, the Turcos among the first; but they were repulsed, and a score of their number were captured and slain. Fortunately, a company of marine infantry hurried to the rescue, and succeeded in driving back the enemy temporarily; but the attackers came on again and again with the utmost perseverance and pluck. A number of Chinese rushed to the foot of the stockade armed only with axes, with which they attempted to cut their way past the tough bamboo fencing. The French troops, utterly fatigued by the heavy day's fighting that they had already gone through, and demoralised by the rapidity and suddenness of the surprise, began to despair and to give way, when to their joy they heard the Chinese trumpets blare forth the "recall" and the enemy quickly drew off his forces, leaving many dead and wounded to show with what determination the assault had been carried out.



A few months later a Chinese officer, captured by the French, claimed to have been the leader of this gallantly-conceived night attack. He declared that he had with him only 300 men, and that he was led to make the attack on account of a reward of 200,000 dollars which Luu-Vinh-Phuoc had promised to give to the man who should recapture the works. He calculated, with accuracy, upon the French being worn out by their labours, and that he would have a comparatively easy task. He had not, however, made allowance for the vigilance exercised by the sentries of civilised armies.

The next day—or rather, the same day—was devoted to burying the slain and caring for the wounded, and the final attack upon the citadel was further postponed. The French commander, however, in the afternoon made a flanking movement up the embankment, with a view to facilitating his assault upon the West Gate. No opposition was met with from the defenders, owing to dissension between Luu-Vinh-Phuoc and the Chinese mandarins as to the proper course to be pursued.

At daybreak on December 16th the French force began its attack upon the citadel. The outer enceinte was found to be a strongly-constructed earthwork, defended in front by a moat and a treble fence of bamboo. At the point where a gate led into it, the ditch was set with pointed bamboos, while a palisade of thick logs covered the entrance. A plank bridge afforded means of crossing the moat, but the approach to it was guarded by a *chevaux de frise* of pointed stakes. Some few pieces of cannon were placed at this point, but they were mostly antiquated specimens of artillery, and so badly situated as to be capable of firing only straight ahead. Poor as they were, however, had they been handled with anything like skill and pluck they would have caused serious loss among the attackers.

After a smart tussle, the outlying village and temple of Phu-Ny were captured, and then the main attack upon the Western Gate was commenced. Under cover of a terrific fire from their artillery, posted on a hillock a few hundred yards away, the storming party advanced. Shells crashed in scores through the stockade, and, bursting inside, wrought havoc among the Chinese soldiers, who nevertheless fought obstinately. At length the bridge was crossed, and the forces

of France approached the portal. And here was seen an instance of cool and devoted bravery hardly excelled by that which was displayed by that other "captain of the gate" who held the Tiber bridge against the Tuscan host. There, told off to guard the narrow passage between the stockade and the wall, stood a gallant "Black Flag" soldier. His Winchester repeating rifle was in his hand, its magazine filled with cartridges. Although half the French force were at the gate, he quailed not. Shot after shot he fired, deliberately and calmly, and each bullet found its billet. Down went brave Captain Méhl, leader of the Foreign Legion, with a ball through his heart, and other attackers were slain; and when the stormers rushed in at last the heroic "Black Flag," true to his trust, died with his face to the foe, as a soldier should die. The French, quick to recognise bravery either in friend or enemy, buried him with military honours when the day's fight was over, at the gate which he defended so well.

The expeditionary force was in the town, but its work was not yet at an end. Luu-Vin-Phuoc and his followers disputed every inch of the long street entered by the gate, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the "Black Flag" chieftain's house, round which the last rally centred, was taken and burnt. At the other—the east—side of the town the Algerian troops forced their way in after but slight resistance. In spite of this, and to the discredit of French arms, a regular sack took place, and it is impossible to say how many perished in the slaughter.

On the following day the victors formally took possession of the now deserted citadel. They captured over a hundred cannon, for the most part of ancient pattern and in dilapidated condition; a quantity of bar silver; rice and other provisions; rifles and ammunition; besides a number of horses and an elephant.

The French losses were heavy in proportion to the number of men they brought into action. Ninety-two officers and men were killed and 318 were wounded during the three days' fighting. Of these, three-fourths fell on the first day. The Chinese losses were never known with any accuracy, but probably at least a thousand soldiers perished, besides the people massacred by the Turco troops.

Thus was taken the town of Son-Tai, and this event, coupled with the previous capture of Hanoi and the subsequent storming of Bac-Ninh, firmly established the French in their occupation of Tonkin.

"LUU-VIN-PHUOC AND HIS FOLLOWERS DISPUTED EVERY INCH OF THE LONG STREET."

TALAVERA

BY D. H. PARRY

DENSE woods drooped under the burning heat of a Spanish July afternoon; the grass of the plain was scorched to a dull brown, and white dust lay thick on the roads that led to Talavera. The one-storied, red-tiled houses of the squalid town on the banks of the Tagus were reflected in the broad river, but the habitual siesta of its inhabitants was for once interrupted as, from the shadow of the ancient ramparts, they watched a British army drawn up in line of battle—a line stretching, with here and there a gap, until it rested on a steep hill, two miles away, beyond which again a chain of blue mountains rose against a cloudless sky.

It was a tattered line—patched, torn, and campaign-stained, and the dust of the roads had sullied it, dimming the scarlet of its coats. It was, moreover, a hungry, half-starved line, having lived for many days on a handful of *raw wheat* and a draught of water, or a species of field-pea called *corovanzen*, by way of rations. There were rough detachments and undrilled lads among its regiments, some still wearing militia badges on their appointments, as many of our men did afterwards at Waterloo; but nevertheless they were waiting for the French, who were somewhere across a little river hidden by the woods in their front, beyond the Casa de Salinas, where Sir Arthur Wellesley lay with the outposts, 10,000 Spaniards under Cuesta being strongly posted on the skirt of the forest, nearer to the town itself.

The plain that stretched before the line was level, and well grown with olives and handsome cork-trees; and on the 27th July, 1809, it was baked and dry, the passage of a single horseman being sufficient to raise a great cloud as the sun beat fiercely down.

King Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Emperor, was marching to oppose our further progress into Spain, and when the clocks of Talavera were striking three the divisions of Ruffin and Lapisse, having forded the Alberche, came through the forest, with their cartouche-belts and red epaulettes worn outside long white linen overcoats, and debouched so suddenly that our leader was nearly captured in the *Casa*, and the outpost was thrown into momentary confusion.

The young, untrained troops lost their heads, fired on each other, and were driven into the open, the gallant "Old Stubborns"—as the 45th were nicknamed—and the 5th Battalion of the 60th Regiment alone remaining firm, and receiving the French with a heavy fire from the well-known "Brown Bess" and the Baker rifle.

After 400 of our men had fallen, and a goodly number of the enemy, the French paused, and our two brigades retired step by step, under cover of our light dragoons, to take up their position in the main line, which had eagerly listened to the rattle of the musketry and watched the smoke drifting slowly away above the tree-tops.

With drums beating, and the sun pouring on them until the brass eagles on their shako-plates glowed like gold—with the bold assurance of men whose colours bore the magic names of a score of battles won beyond the Rhine against Germany, Austria, and Russia—the veteran soldiery of the Empire came proudly on, their artillery unlimbering to open a cannonade against our left wing, while their green Chasseurs trotted forward to discover the position of the Spaniards.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had taken great precautions in posting our allies, who were placed behind mud walls and high banks between our right and the town, screened still further by the cork woods and barriers of felled timber and the buildings of a large convent, whose musical chime went unheeded amid the strife; but he had no confidence in them, and events proved him to be right.

The character of their leader is well indicated in a perfectly true incident which happened some time before Talavera was fought. Sir Arthur, wishing to give battle on one occasion, sent to tell Cuesta and to desire his support. The ancient tyrant, thinking the enemy would make a stand, replied that, the day being Sunday, his conscience would not allow him to fight; but, hearing directly after that the French were retreating, his religious scruples vanished and he intimated his readiness to engage! No pen can picture the wretch in his true infamy, and his villainous countenance was a fit index to the craven soul within.

The Chasseurs soon discovered the Spaniards through the screen of leaves, and, cocking their carbines and pistols, sent some balls whistling among them.

For a moment there was a returning fire, but the next instant, without warning, *ten thousand* able-bodied cowards turned tail and fled helter-skelter to the rear, carrying with them artillery, stores, and baggage-waggons, Cuesta himself being driven hurriedly off in a lumbering coach-and-six, amid a crowd of grenadiers in white and linesmen in brown, tumbling over each other in their frantic fear, and spreading the report that we were beaten and all was over!

A few remained, and after a while a few more returned, driving off the enemy, who fell back in confusion; but six thousand of the scamps had melted into air—a fair sample of the Spanish valour of Peninsular days and the difficulties our general had to encounter.

We meanwhile were emptying many a saddle, and more than one bold chasseur was dragged away dangling to his stirrup iron in that encounter, which was the first of the three precursors of the sanguinary hand-to-hand battle of Talavera.

Close to a large field redoubt the Oporto road bisected our position, and Brigadier-General Campbell's division stood there in two lines, on their left being Sherbrooke's division—the 1st Battalion of the Coldstreams and 3rd Guards—with Mackenzie's men behind them, panting from their recent skirmish at the *Casa*.

To the left of the Guards were the King's German Legion, their artillery posted on the slope of the height that bounded our line, and which was also occupied by Rowland Hill's 2nd Division, with our cavalry in their rear—19,846 men only on whom we could depend, to oppose 50,000 veterans under Marshals Jourdan and Victor, with such well-known generals as Villatte, Lapisse, Ruffin, Sebastiani, Latour-Maubourg, and Milhaud to execute their commands.

* * * * *

The last gleam of the setting sun was fading from the spires of the town, and twilight had already begun to shroud the two hostile armies, when they came at us again, making a desperate attempt to seize the hill, Ruffin's division rushing forward with great rolling of drums on Colonel Donkin's brigade posted there.

Luckily, two regiments lost their way in a ravine, and the 9th arrived alone, thus giving us time to bring up reinforcements before Villatte and Lapisse reached our line; but as it was, some of the bold fellows got round in the dusk and climbed the height, from which they fired down on to Donkin's men, who were taken in front and rear.

Rowland Hill was ordering on the 48th when bullets began to rain round him, and thinking that some of our lads were aiming in the wrong direction, he rode up the rising ground with his brigade-major, Fordyce, to find himself instantly surrounded by the enemy.

A grenadier wounded his horse and grabbed at the bridle, but the general spurred so violently that he broke away, and, leaving Fordyce dead, galloped down again to meet the 29th, which he led back at the charge.

The Worcestershires, with bayonets lowered, made short work of the daring 9th, and pitched them over into the valley; but red flashes came from the darkness as two other French columns advanced. The whole of our line stood to arms, cartridges were bitten and ranks dressed, while the brass drums kept up their dull roar, amid cries of "*En avant!*" "Steady there!" "Make ready, present, fire!" and all the jumble of sounds and shouting that told of a deadly combat.

Villatte—who, to his immortal honour, refused in after years to sit in judgment on Marshal Ney—urged his horse forward and brandished his sword in vain; in vain the gallant Lapisse—formerly colonel of the famous 57th Demi-brigade—pushed his men on against the German Legion until his feint attack became a real one. The British kept their ground, cheering as they reloaded, and closing up the ranks as man after man sank bleeding on the withered herbage, until Victor drew off and silence fell over the plain. The wounded crawled towards their own lines, where bright bivouac fires were soon

blazing; but 1,000 Frenchmen and 800 of the allies lay stark and stiff in the starlight.

During the short summer night there were several alarms that kept us on the alert, though they arose principally from our Spanish friends, who suddenly began firing at nothing at all, with no object whatever; but with the dawn of the 28th the serious business of war recommenced. The French beat the *pas-de-charge*—known as "old trousers" by our men—and Ruffin again advanced to turn the coveted hill, followed by Villatte, and heralded by a cannonade that mowed us down by sections.

From the openness of the plain in front of our position—for the Spaniards had all the cover to themselves—we could see the enemy's masses and the French officers flying from one division to another. They, on the other hand, had a precipitous hill before them, dotted here and there with patches of dingy red above which the grey smoke floated—dangerous patches which resolved themselves into companies and battalions as they approached them at a quick step. There is something grim and soldierly in the clean-shaven faces of our Peninsular infantry, with the little tufts of side-whisker then in vogue as we see them in the prints of the time; and grim they must have looked to the enemy on that Talavera morning, with the sunrise lighting up their bayonets and the pikes of the sergeants, as they awaited the attack unflinching under the fire of the guns.

As the grenadiers and light infantry neared our position, the cannoniers turned their pieces on the centre and right of the British, leaving the hill to the stormers, who approached at a run on two sides, shouting loudly.

Rocks and ridges, grassy dips and hollows, broke the compact columns as they got within arm's length, and the attack became a series of little struggles where all formation was lost, and each man fought for himself.

Kentish Buffs clubbed their muskets and hewed at the moustached veterans of Jéna and Austerlitz; the Connaught Ranger and the *enfant de Paris* grappled with each other and rolled down the slope strewn with ammunition-paper and cartridge-cases.

The vicious little curved *briquet* of the French officer flashed in the sunlight and met the regulation sword of our subaltern, generally in favour of the former; for we were behind them in the use of small arms, as in many other things. Some of their men mounted the height, and were dislodged with difficulty. Hill was wounded, and many of our best and bravest met a soldier's death with the hurrahs of their comrades ringing in their ears. But inch by inch we forced them back, and after a fiendish forty minutes they retired in disorder, with the loss of *fifteen hundred*, to the shelter of their batteries.

Sir Arthur sent to Cuesta for artillery, but the cowardly Spaniard only responded with two guns, though the Duke of Albuquerque came up on his own account with a fine brigade of Spanish horse, disgusted at the conduct of the old tyrant, who after the battle began to shoot his runaways for following an example he had himself set them on many occasions.

King Joseph now reconnoitred our line with a glittering Staff, and held a council of war at which Jourdan and Victor violently opposed each other in a way that seriously embarrassed poor Joseph, at heart an amiable, good-natured fellow, but a mere cat's-paw in the hands of his ambitious brother.

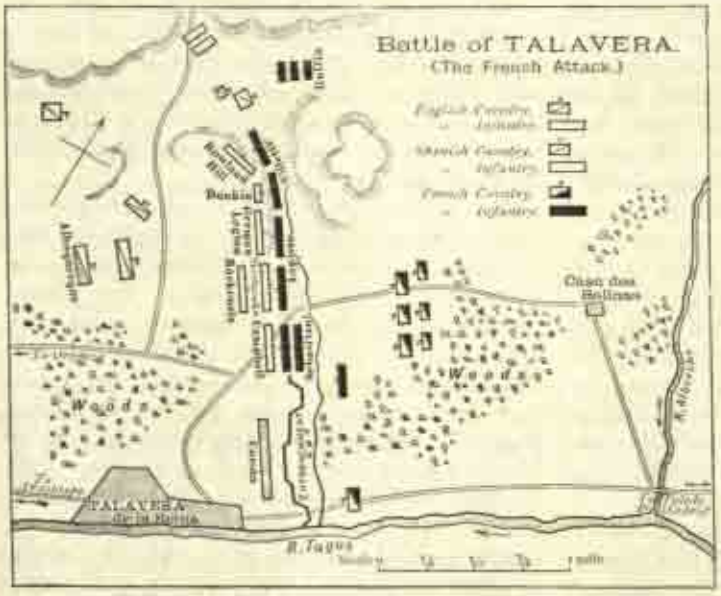
Marshal Jourdan, who had been so frequently beaten in battle that the soldiers christened him "the anvil," was in favour of taking up a position and waiting for Soult to arrive; but Victor, smarting under his three repulses, urged the king to reopen the conflict, promising to carry the hill if they would attack along our whole line simultaneously. The greatest indecision prevailed, but the king eventually gave in to Victor against his own better judgment, afraid lest Napoleon should rebuke him for neglecting an opportunity. Sir Arthur Wellesley sat on the summit of the hill, calm and cool under a fearful weight of responsibility, and when Albuquerque sent to tell him that Cuesta was about to betray him, he listened without turning his head and observed quietly to the officer: "Very well; you may return to your brigade."

Our "General of Sepoys," as he was contemptuously called in some quarters, had full confidence in his own powers, and continued to gaze across the plain, where our thirsty men mingled with the enemy at the stream, forgetting for a time their mutual animosity.

This may seem a strange statement, but the history of that war is full of generous instances on the part of both armies. Many courtesies were exchanged between brave fellows who, perhaps, next day met in mortal combat; sentries would often chat, and obtain a light for their pipes from each other, or the French bands give concerts for the benefit of our men. Readers who rely on such narratives as those of Parson Gleig are far from getting at the real truth.

The British cavalry, which had gone some distance to water their horses, had now returned and drew up behind the hill. Several hundred infantry came back from their duty of bearing the wounded to a place of safety, and were mistaken by the enemy for Sir Robert Wilson's corps; and now the drums and bugles recalled each army to its ranks, as the French eagles were uncased about half-past one.

The day was intensely hot; a blue sky stretched in unclouded brilliancy overhead, and every feature of the landscape showed with great distinctness, except where the dust rose round



the mustering men, whose accoutrements and flashing bayonets scintillated in the glare.

Eighty pieces of cannon stood ominously silent, waiting the touch of the dark-blue uniformed artillerymen to vomit death among us. Three strong brigades of infantry with mounted officers were drawn up in columns, the silk tricolours drooping in the breathless air, each ensign flanked by two *sergents-porte-aigles*, chosen from the most valiant in the ranks who could neither read nor write, and hence could not hope for promotion, and whose honourable duty it was to guard the eagle with their lives, carrying a formidable halbert and a brace of pistols for that purpose.

Behind the infantry were long lines of horsemen, the tall yellow-and-black plumes of the 5th French Chasseurs—whose first colonel, D'Andigeau, was a romantic Spanish brigand far back in the seventeenth century—and the crimson facings of the 10th, lending a touch of bright colour to the array, further increased by the brass helmets of the 1st and 4th Dragoons, with gay scarlet revers to their green coats.

In rear of Villatte a bunch of red-and-white pennons showed where the Polish Lancers stood, stern troopers from the Vistula with light yellow plastrons and blue uniforms, and a great cloud of the ubiquitous dust betrayed King Joseph's Guards marching up in reserve.

The people of Talavera, once more on the ramparts, saw a movement agitate the four French columns; eighty tongues of flame darted from the cannon behind them; eighty puffs of white smoke mingled into a dense pall which threw its shadow along the plain, followed by a mighty crash that set the horses rearing and made the Spaniards tremble in their security. Marshal Victor had given the signal, the enemy sprang forward, and the battle proper, to which the other affairs had been merely preludes, began.

The 4th Corps was the first to reach us, the active little *fantassins* scouring over the ground and flinging themselves upon *our* 4th Division, only to be impaled on the bayonets of the 7th Fusiliers and the "Old Five-and-Threepennies," which was the cant name of the 53rd Shropshire; while the 5th Battalion of the 60th, in whose ranks were many Germans, emptied their rifles into them again and again. The universal practice of Napoleon's armies was to send a cloud of light infantry against the enemy, preceded by a cannonade and followed by the line. It was the light infantry that Campbell's regiments had repulsed, and as the column behind came through the dust General Mackenzie's men and some Spaniards stepped out to help the 4th Division, reserving their fire until they came to close quarters.

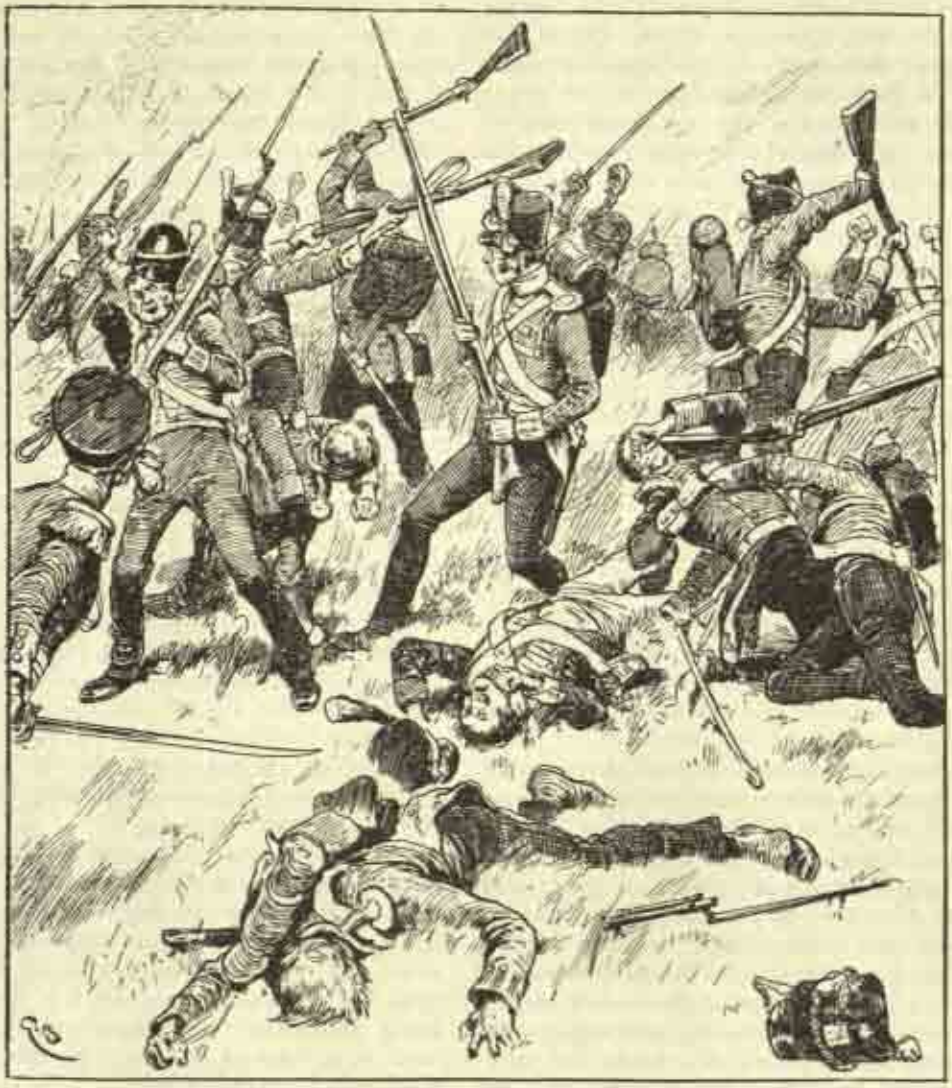
Sir Arthur watched the combat from the hill, and seeing Ruffin creeping round to turn our left, and Villatte advancing at the double in front, he sent orders to Anson's cavalry to charge down the valley which lay between the mountains and our friendly eminence.

"Squadrons, march!" rang the trumpets, and two gallant corps—the 1st King's German Legion Hussars and our 23rd Light Dragoons—moved off and trotted towards Villatte.

The 23rd, in blue with crimson facings and huge bearskin crests surmounting their helmets, rode on the right of the Hussars, whose yellow-braided pelisses and scarlet busby bags floated gracefully out when they got under way and the trot merged into a canter.

Villatte threw his men into three squares and began firing; steel scabbard and black sabretache clashed and jingled as the canter became a hand-gallop and the trumpets sounded "Charge!"—Hill's division cheering lustily as they thundered past the height.

Within thirty yards of the squares there lay a hidden gully, quite concealed by the long grass until you came close on to it, and which history has exalted into alarming proportions, like the very much overrated "sunken road of Ohain;" but, although it was only eight feet deep by from twelve to eighteen in width at its worst part, it was still an obstacle bound to disorder a charging squadron, and the watchers on the hill saw the Germans rein up, as Arentschild pulled his horse on to the crupper and cried, "Halt! I will not kill my young mens!"



"ALL FORMATION WAS LOST, AND EACH MAN FOUGHT FOR HIMSELF" (p. 395).

Some of the Hussars, nevertheless, jumped it and continued their way, and the 23rd, who arrived at a spot where the hollow was broader but much more shallow, dipped into it at full speed, lost their formation as some of the horses fell, and scrambled up the opposite bank in twos and threes, having lost their impetus and order, but not their hearts, for they rode right through the intervals of the squares before them, and laid about them gallantly with their half-moon sabres on the green Chasseurs.

Their triumph was short. Colonel Seymour was hurt, and Major Frederick Ponsonby led, gallantly as was his wont; but down came the Polish Lancers and the Westphalian Chevaux-Légers; the 23rd were outnumbered, cut down, and ridden over; and although a few got back, amid the redoubled cheering of our infantry, 207 lay under their horses, the loss of the 1st Hussars being also heavy—37 men and 64 mounts.

While this incident was enacted, Campbell and Mackenzie had closed with the main body of the 4th Corps, under the brave Corsican general, Count Porta Horace Sebastiani, and a furious struggle took place, the carnage on both sides being horrible.

At Talavera French and English fought hand to hand, the French having the advantage of length in their musket-barrels, although our Brown Bess bayonets were longer than theirs. We were half-starved into the bargain, but we possessed that historic characteristic of never knowing when we were beaten.

The huge silk colours were riddled with balls; writhing groups of mutilated wounded screamed piteously as they were trampled under foot. It was more like a *mêlée* of the Middle Ages than a nineteenth-century battle; for men got at each other and hit hard, the blood spurting right and left until the musket-butts, and the trodden grass, and every bayonet in the division was red with it, while the cannon-balls came *whanging* and tearing into the throng, and we smashed and smote blindly through the smoke and sand.

"Forward, forward!" was the cry, and with tremendous cheering we sent Sebastiani's veterans back and captured ten guns, a regiment of Spanish horse cutting in as they tried to rally, and driving the 4th Corps to the rear.

Sir Arthur thanked the 2nd Battalion of the Fusiliers; but Lapisse's drums turned all eyes on the hill again, and the German Legion, who were assailed with fury in their turn.

Magnificent as the Hanoverians always proved themselves while they were in our service—equal, and in some points superior even, to our troops, whose uniform they wore—the impetuosity of this attack shook them. Sherbrooke's Guards were shattered at the same moment by the French artillery, and the very centre of our line was broken.

The Guards charged valiantly, and were for an instant successful, but they advanced too far and there was great confusion. Von Rettberg's battery pounded steadily, and Bombardier Dierking won the notice of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who exclaimed, "Very well, my boy!" clapping him on the back as shot after shot fell into the middle of the enemy; but the situation was most critical.

Our leader ordered Stapleton Cotton up with his cavalry, sending to Colonel Donellan to bring the 48th from the hill; and soon the broad buff regimental banner was seen approaching side by side with the king's colour, as the Northamptons marched proudly into the disorder, wheeling back by companies to let the retiring jumble through and then resuming their steady line, shoulder to shoulder.

Gallant Lapisse lay dying on the grass, his life-blood welling out over the general's gold aiguillette; but his column, hot with victory, had penetrated our centre, and were making the most of a triumph destined to be short.

The sun had got behind us, for it was afternoon, and the band of purple shadow that preceded the scarlet line of the 48th was ominous of the disaster about to fall on the Frenchmen.

Taking the column on its right, the Northamptonshire poured a tremendous volley into it and closed with the bayonet.

Colonel Donellan fell mortally wounded near the gruesome masses of dead guardsmen, 600 of whom were slaughtered there; but even in his agony the fine old man remembered his regiment, and raising his three-cornered Nivernois hat—the last seen in our service—he desired Major Middlemore to take command, sinking back with dimmed eyes as the stout fellows faded from his sight for ever.

Like an avalanche the 48th fell on the column and checked its progress, giving the Guards and the Germans time to rally; then another hand-to-hand struggle began, fiercer if possible than the last, for we were fighting desperately to recover lost ground, and two of the bravest nations in the world strove for mastery, loud and long.

Those who could not get to the front held aloof, and fired shot after shot wherever they saw

an enemy; men wrestled and rolled over, clutching at each other; fists were used when weapons were broken; bearded Sapeurs in bearskin caps and white leather aprons hewed with their axes as though our men had been the walls of a fortress; officers in topboots shouted themselves hoarse; and Dermoncourt's 1st Dragoons slashed and pointed in the most frantic attempt to break us; but our order was restored by the example of the Northamptonshire, and our cavalry came up at a trot with sabres in hand.

Nearly all the Staff were either unhorsed or wounded, and Sir Arthur was hit on the shoulder, but not seriously. Ruffin hesitated beyond the valley, and was lost; Lapisse lay dead, and Sebastiani was in disorder. King Joseph's reserves and his Guard had not been engaged, but the French *morale* was shaken and we began to cheer—a pretty usual sign that we were conquering.

The artillery still continued; but little by little the enemy retreated to their own side of the plain, and about six o'clock the battle was over.

Towards the end, while the shot was plunging around Von Rettberg's battery, a distinguished act of heroism was performed by Sergeant Bostelmann, who was bringing ammunition up from the waggons in the rear. The dry grass caught fire, scorching the wounded and burning some of them to death, and it threatened the powder as the flames ran rapidly across the heath.

With four brave gunners named Luttermann, Zingreve, Warnecke, and Lind, the sergeant dragged each waggon, four in all, to a place of safety behind a trench, heedless of the fact that they might all be blown to atoms in an instant should *one* of the tempest of balls strike their dangerous charge; and after superhuman efforts all the waggons were saved and galloped down the road beyond, when the limber teams arrived, Bostelmann being publicly thanked, and afterwards receiving a commission.

Fearful was the slaughter when men found time to look around them.

Generals Mackenzie and Von Langwerth of the Legion were killed, and 31 other officers, with 767 rank and file; 3 generals, 192 officers, 3,718 sergeants and men wounded, and 652 of all ranks missing; or a total on our side of 6,268 during the two days. Of these the 7th Fusiliers lost 65, and the German Legion nearly 1,500 and 88 horses; while other corps counted their casualties in varying proportion.

One strange incident reaches us from the private journal of an English officer to whose friend it occurred: the enemy, seeing him to be badly wounded and in great pain, requested his permission *to put him out of his misery*. Needless to say, he declined with thanks!

The French are reported to have lost 10,000 men, 2 generals, and 17 guns, the prudent Napier giving the number at between 7,000 and 8,000. Truly an awful feast of blood and woe!

Again the bivouac fires flared up in the darkness, and the surgeons were busy on each side. We were too weary and too weakened to press in pursuit, and both armies remained all night within range of each other, ours suffering in addition from hunger—the commissariat, as usual, unequal to its duties, and death threatening any who attempted to plunder.

Bread had not been issued since the 22nd; men were pale with exhaustion and sick for want of food, but there was no grumbling; although in Talavera alone there was enough

corn concealed by the unspeakable Spaniards to have lasted our army a whole month!

In the morning the search parties of the German Legion discovered three blue standard-poles among their dead, and after a ghastly hunt Captain von Düring, of the 5th Battalion, found the brass eagles belonging to them.

A burst of military music rose unexpectedly, and shading their eyes from the sun which again beat down on the now corpse-covered plain, our army saw Craufurd's light division march proudly in, too late to take part in the battle, although their efforts to arrive in time have made their march historic. The iron warrior, whose stern discipline rivalled that of Martinet, the celebrated colonel of the Regiment du Roi under Louis XIV., had halted his men, after a twenty-mile tramp, near Malpartida de Placencia, and they were cooking their meagre rations when Spanish fugitives hurried up with a report of our defeat.

"Buglers, sound the 'fall in!'" cried Craufurd, buckling on his sword-belt; and there and then, after selecting fifty of the weakest to remain behind, he marched off with his three regiments—the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Light

Infantry—covering *sixty-two* English miles in *twenty-six* hours, every man carrying sixty pounds on his shoulders.

Although it was the hottest season of the year, only seventeen stragglers dropped behind—a glorious record of British endurance and

DEATH OF COLONEL DONELLAN.

eagerness for the fray, the division taking over the outpost duty immediately on its arrival.

Before this, however, with the first gleam of daylight, the French army left its gory bivouac.

For the last time the dust floated along the edge of the forest, and whitened the foliage of the cork trees; regiment after regiment, squadron after squadron, gazed with sullen anger at the tattered British line, now sadly thinned, which had maintained its position in spite of them, and which still stood to arms in the pearly haze of the morning. The dull tap of the drums grew fainter; the rumble of caissons, and waggons heavy with the wounded, died away; the Lancers wheeled in a cloud and followed, and the sunshine burned in a dazzling blaze on the brass helmets of the vanquished Dragoons. Then the woods hid them; the crows and the vultures settled undisturbed as the dust subsided—the French army was gone!

Castelfidardo.

By John Augustus O'Shea

WHEN Lombardy reverted to Italy after the war of 1859, the idea of a free and united peninsula became robust.

In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the popular dissatisfaction rose until it came to a head on the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, and it was felt that the seizure of Umbria and the Marches was the complement of the annexation by popular vote of the Duchies and the Romagna to Victor Emmanuel, pending the time when Venice could be wrested from the Austrians and Rome could be entered by the dynasty of Savoy.

The first overt act of hostility against the Pope had showed itself at Perugia, the chief town of Umbria, where Joachim Pecci, now Leo XIII., was bishop, by a street rising of the discontented on the 20th of June, 1859. This was put down by General Schmid, of the Pontifical army, and picked Swiss troops, with rigour and, some said, with a needless severity.

When the undreamt-of success of the Red Shirts in the South the following year startled the world, Cavour saw that to Garibaldi the credit would accrue of conquering Francis II., if Victor Emmanuel did not intervene to overawe the revolution and tie it to his own leading-strings. But the French were in Rome, and pledged by the Emperor Napoleon to hold the patrimony of Peter against all assailants; and to join the followers of Garibaldi it was imperative to transport a costly expedition by long sea, or to make a shorter journey overland by crossing the Papal territory in Central Italy.

La Moricière was entrusted with the defence of this territory. On the 3rd of May he had responded to an appeal of Pio Nono and had put himself at the head of the Papal army, which he at once proceeded to organise and strengthen for all adequate services, by which he did not contemplate resisting an invasion by a regular Power, but simply the maintaining of peace within and the guarding against revolutionary incursions.

La Moricière was a Breton, and a soldier of high military repute. He was the comrade of Bugeaud, Pélissier, and others in Algeria; had compassed the downfall of Abd-el-Kader in 1847; led the troops who drove the Red Republicans to the left bank of the Seine at Paris in June, 1848, but in the Assembly had voted against the expedition to Rome. However, when he was imprisoned for objecting to the *coup d'état* by the Prince-President, he seemed to have acquired an austere religious bias and a bent towards the Vatican.

As soon as Victor Emmanuel resolved to send his homogeneous and seasoned troops to invade the Pope's country, La Moricière saw that his task was hopeless. His heterogeneous levies were ill-equipped and badly-disciplined, and in far weaker numbers. His forces consisted of a few hastily-improvised batteries of artillery, on foot and mounted; some regiments of Swiss and Italian infantry (the latter of a sorry, scarecrow type); Austrians, who could be depended upon; a corps of Franco-Belgians, uniformed as Zouaves; dragoons, gendarmes, guides formed into a *corps d'élite* of the Legitimist nobility, each private ranking with a lieutenant of the line; and a body of Irish volunteers. These latter were called mercenaries, but so little of the hireling was in the majority of them that they refused the bounty of twenty *scudi* and were free-handed with their own small money. They were mostly peasants, with a sprinkling of students, clerks, and artisans, ex-policemen and be-medalled veterans of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. Beyond their not very luxurious rations they received only about twopence each day. The control of these men was given to Mr. Myles O'Reilly, a former captain in the Louth Militia, and under him served such captains as O'Mahoney and Murray of the

Austrian army, Count Russell de Killoghy, and O'Carroll, a former subaltern of the 18th Royal Irish. A Baron de Guttenberg, a Bavarian, acted as adjutant-major.

La Moricière hated the revolution, which he compared with Islamism, against which he had been arrayed for the greater portion of his previous career; but he bluntly admitted that to send him against a standing army with such resources as he had was like pitting one against ten, or asking a man with a pistol at 150 paces to match himself with an adversary armed with a carbine. And yet that was the task that was set him and his army of 11,000 men, many dispersed over widely separate stations.

On the afternoon of September 10th, Captain Farini, aide-de-camp to General Fanti, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Piedmontese army, arrived at the headquarters of La Moricière, at Spoleto, bearing a message from his chief intimating that by order of the king he would occupy Umbria and the Marches in any of three cases: Firstly, if the Papal troops had to use force to put down national manifestations (that is, manifestations on behalf of United Italy or Victor Emmanuel himself) in the cities held by them; next, if the Papal troops were ordered to march upon any city where manifestations had taken place; and lastly, if, such manifestations having been repressed, the Papal troops were not forthwith withdrawn, so as to leave the locality free to express its will.

La Moricière was indignant at this summons, and replied that he had no authority to reply to such a communication without reference to Rome, and explained to Captain Farini that he might have been spared the humiliation of being asked to evacuate the provinces without striking a blow. An open declaration of war would have been franker.

After dinner a telegram from Fanti arrived ordering Farini back without waiting for a reply, which was equivalent to the desired formal outbreak of hostilities; and on the following day a Piedmontese general—Cialdini, who led a brigade at the Tchernaya, in the Crimea—crossed *la Cattolica*, the imaginary frontier-line between Rimini and Pesaro, and advanced to the attack of the latter Papal fortress.

At the same time that this invasion was made by the coast, Fanti pushed into Umbria by a mountain pass and descended along the west of the Apennines, and a third column, spreading fan-like in the middle, preserved the connection between both. On the same evening Monsignor de Merode sent a despatch that Napoleon had written to Victor Emmanuel, broadly hinting that he would find France opposed to him if he entered the dominions of the Pope. A proclamation to this effect was made to the Papal army, by whom it was believed and hailed with satisfaction.

Pesaro was held by Colonel Zappi with about 400 men, including a half-battalion of Germans under Count Zichy, detached from Ancona, and three guns. For two-and-twenty hours he offered a stout resistance, and then, driven to the last extremity by the number of the enemy, computed at 8,000, he was compelled to surrender.

It leaked out that bands in the interest of the Piedmontese had broken in on the morning of the preceding 9th on the Pontifical territory at Fossombrone, Urbino, and Città del Piève, to the north of Ancona. A brigade of Papalini under General de Courten, a Swiss officer, was directed on Fossombrone, with orders to push on to Urbino, manœuvring to keep in touch with Ancona, which was the base of operations. This column, discovering that Senigaglia was occupied by a Piedmontese division, made a slight retrograde turn so as to pass the Misa stream at about two leagues from its mouth; and here occurred the first affair in the open in the brief campaign, which was brisk and nowise discreditable to the weaker side. The Piedmontese, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, bestirred themselves and attempted to intercept and enmesh the Papalini. The leading column of the latter, mostly Austrians, which was commanded by Colonel Kanzler, were not to be cowed without a stiff fight. Shortly after midday on September 13th they seized a position at Sant' Angelo, and, with their small force of 1,200 men and a couple of field-pieces, gave challenge to the enemy. Coherent accounts by eye-witnesses of this encounter are lacking, but it is agreed that it was sharp, that some brilliant onsets by the Piedmontese cavalry were baffled, and that the Papalini, having received word to fall back before the overwhelming clouds of the Piedmontese, retired doggedly until they finally wore out the pursuit. It was an overthrow most obstinately denied, not a rout; but 150 of Kanzler's force were left behind, after four hours' unequal strife. It was five before the last discharges died away, and the heated and tired combatants took up the line of retreat unmolested further. Harassed and leg-wearied, they

entered Ancona after their fatiguing trudge over hilly paths to the coast-road, where their hot cheeks were fanned by the Adriatic breezes. As the garrison was roused in the darkest small hours to the martial strains of their band, the writer, who was with those who welcomed their entry, is bound to say they stepped out with the elation of men who had done their duty.

As an example of how trivial matters, at such a moment, will impress themselves on the memory, the recollection of a great shaggy dog, with lolling tongue, shuffling under the big drum, will never be effaced.

In the meantime La Moricière, with the bulk of his small army, was prosecuting his way from the interior to the sea, under a sweltering sun, by steep and dusty courses. Of a necessity his progress was slow, as his guns were feebly horsed, he was without regular baggage train, and his vanguard had to be vigilantly warded from ambuscade. Perugia and Spoleto, in his rear, were both gobbled after short bites. Perugia was occupied by a company of the Irish and a battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the line. The germ of mutiny showed itself in a portion of the latter. After three hours' interchange of gunpowder—desultory skirmishing under cover in the streets for the most part—De Sonnaz, the Piedmontese general, sent word to General Schmid that it was useless to prolong resistance, as Fanti was nigh and would speedily reinforce him. A suspension of arms for five hours was stipulated, and at its expiration, Fanti having in the meantime arrived, terms were arranged and the fortress was handed over to the Piedmontese.

Spoleto, with 589 of a garrison—more than half of whom were Irish and the rest Italians, Swiss, and Austrians, with a handful of invalided Franco-Belgians—sustained a well-concerted attack almost from breakfast-hour to dusk. Major O'Reilly was in command, and although unaccustomed to fight, and allowed a truce early, made excellent play with his untried soldiers and his two old iron guns with worn carriages. He placed his own corps at the gate and a wall near it and a breach covered with palisades, and the Franco-Belgians in a post of vantage adjacent. General Brignone, having established four batteries, opened on the keep with shot and shell after eight o'clock on the 17th, his rifles keeping up an incessant peppering from the surrounding hills. Having exhausted seven hours with this preliminary pounding and popping, it was thought that the moment for assault had arrived, and a column of *bersaglieri* and grenadiers, led by Brignone himself, formed in the causeway before the gate. O'Reilly had but one of his iron guns available now, and having drawn it to the entrance, and loading it to the muzzle with grape-shot, he banged twice at the nearing Piedmontese, and a furious sheet of musketry swept their front and laid so many of them low that the rest had to seek shelter in retreat. The corpses of nine *bersaglieri* littered the soil. So vigorously had the offensive been pushed, that one Irish officer at the barrier, Lieutenant Crean, a burly stripling from Tipperary, was wounded in the arm by a bayonet-thrust from a pioneer. The assault was not renewed, but the batteries, to which another had now been added, resumed their attentions some companies of *bersaglieri* aiding with a well-nourished fusilade. Twice had the roof and the rooms near the powder magazine been set in flames by shells, and twice had the kindling conflagration been got under with some trouble. About seven o'clock, as the torrid warmth of the day was declining, capitulation was offered, the defences being much shattered and the ammunition beginning to fail. O'Reilly saw the wisdom of yielding, although he had had comparatively few casualties; for his own men needed

rest and food, and the Italians, who had been hiding in cellars during the hurly-burly, were not to be trusted in a night attack. But he was granted honourable conditions, in token of his valiant defence. Fanti by this was in undisputed possession of the entire upper valley of the Tiber.

Returning to La Moricière, he managed to send a despatch to Ancona, which was received there on the 15th, confirming his advance thither, and terminating with this warning: "Defend the approaches of the place courageously, and rally to the sound of my cannon." A proclamation was simultaneously posted in the town stating that the Marches had been invaded, that Zappi had been beaten, that a great battle was imminent, and that in prevision of emergencies the church of St. Dominic was about to be converted into a hospital for 400, to which the inhabitants were requested to contribute bedding.

ANCONA.

On the very day that Spoleto fell, news was brought that Ancona was likely to be beset by a powerful fleet under the Piedmontese admiral, Persano; therefore it was more than ever imperative for him to penetrate to that, the last stronghold of the Papal power outside of Rome. The Emperor of the French might at last relent, or Austria might interpose. To Ancona he was trending; that was his objective point all through. It could hold out against a large force on the land side. It was essential that he should get in there. But here, close to Loreto, at the point of effecting the hoped-for junction, he found that Cialdini had been beforehand with him. This advance guard of dragoons clattering into Loreto, a squad of Piedmontese lancers hurried off like hunters caught napping. De Paz, of the Guides, with a gendarme, having ventured as far as a barricade on the high road, was halted by a point-blank discharge of canister, fatal to himself

and wounding his comrade. He calculated that the Piedmontese general had hastened up three divisions of his army, and had lodged them in parallel lines on the direct passage between him and the tongue of land, with its circling eminences, on which Ancona was situated. The enemy was lying in strength, comfortably occupying the rising ground between the mamelon or mound of Castelfidardo, in front, and the plain spreading at the feet of Loreto. He mustered his weak columns, and took thought of his plan of action. The plain was within 500 yards of the Musone river, then run so dry as to be practicable for artillery. There was a ford here, and on each side a good country road. On the 18th it appeared to him that this point had been reinforced. A strong detachment rested on a farm midway, and a second farm about 500 yards to the rear, on the crest of a hillock crowning the first position. A wood was near, and there were numerous rifled cannon on the slopes in the neighbourhood. The ford of the Musone, by which the Papalini must pass to reach Ancona, was less than a mile and a quarter from the outmost ground of the foe, but to enable them to pass it was necessary to take and hold the two farms. The banks of the river were high, but might easily be climbed, and the bed of the stream was very shallow—nowhere knee-deep.

La Moricière, before engaging in the action, went to the shrine of Our Lady of Loreto, the holy house of Nazareth—said to have been wafted through the air by angels—and performed some devotional exercises.

De Pimodan, his second in command, who was no stranger to powder, got the order to cross the river, seize the first farm—the Crocetta—bring his guns to play upon the wood and the second farm—Cascina—and thus clear the way for the remainder to advance. For this arduous task he had at his disposal about 2,300 men—that is to say, four battalions and a half—8 pieces of light artillery 6-pounders, and 4 mortars, with about 250 cavalry, consisting of two squadrons of light dragoons, the troop of guides, and a section of gendarmes.

D'Arcy's company of Irish—who were inefficiently equipped, having neither pouches nor knapsacks, carrying their cartridges in their

"THE HAYCOCKS AND FARM-STEADINGS WERE CLUNG TO" (A 406)

haversacks—were attached to the artillery, to help them in moving the guns and afford them all necessary protection.

The battle began well for La Moricière. The first farm was assailed at a scamper, and gallantly carried in spite of a gallant defence, and 100 prisoners captured. Two guns were moved forward to the bottom of the slope, and the Irish, under a hot fire, helped to place two of the mortars in front of the farmhouse. Then, having fulfilled their mission, they mixed with the sharp-shooters and fought with them till the close of the engagement.

Then an advance on the second farm was essayed and spiritedly made by a column of Franco-Belgians, headed by Commandant Becdelièvre; but it was repulsed by a murderous fire, and though they rallied and faced the enemy with bullet and bayonet, it was useless. The Franco-Belgians—bare-throated, vain of their loose picturesque garb of silver-grey braided with scarlet, their wide scarlet waist-cloth, and the isthmus of gamboge buskin between Zouave trousers and gaiters—were as conspicuous by their eager martial bearing as by their cool resolution. Having gained their ground with a rush and a rallying cheer, they dropped on their knees and kept up a sputter of independent shots from behind a hedge. The Piedmontese held fast, and by smiting them with a steady but rapid flame of rifle-shots checked them, and, keeping up the rattle of death persistently, compelled their shattered ranks to fall back. To the shouts of defiance of onset succeeded a sullen retirement. Such was the impetuosity of these young warriors and the firmness of their bearing that many came to the white arms, and the onset was repelled with steel. The Viscount de Poli received a desperate bayonet-wound in the breast.

The troops sent to their assistance, several thousand led by La Moricière in person, behaved with shameful weakness. They occupied the centre, and carried with them on their flanks a battalion of Swiss Rifles and a boyish Roman corps. The indigenous regiment wavered as it deployed, and finally sought safety under the reeds by the river. Its want of steadiness was charitably attributed to youth and indiscipline. The drivers attached to one battery of guns cut their traces and fled, leaving their cannon behind them. The Franco-Belgians, with Major Fuchman's half-battalion of Austrian sharpshooters in support, were the only troops who did not show symptoms of resorting to leg-bail. The tough Piedmontese were very stubborn, especially that crack light infantry the little blue-jacketed *bersagliers*, to be marked by the constant bursts of smoke from the line defined by glazed round hats tipped with jaunty cocks'-feathers. The haycocks and farm-steadings of Crocetta were clung to with tenacity while a chance remained, but reinforcements poured down from the ridges opposite, and soon a general panic was caused, bearing away the brave with the faint-hearted. To add to the confusion, De Pimodan, who was mounted and daringly encouraging his men, was shot in the face and subsequently in the back—some said by his own followers, either through mistake or treachery—and fell from his saddle bleeding from four wounds. La Moricière gave him a farewell grasp before he died. The Piedmontese prisoners captured at an earlier stage of the combat got out of the toils, the captain, Tromboni, preventing retaliations. But the intrepid Franco-Belgians left a third of their 280 on the field, and trenches were dug for them by next day near the spot where they fell on the slopes of the Musone.

La Moricière was powerless to control or infuse courage into his force. There were acts of individual heroism, but what could they avail against the odds in numbers, discipline, and material? The disorder degenerated into something worse, and the mass of the Pope's army sought refuge in flight at the double-quick, while corps and fragments of corps, embracing men of different nationalities, tramped or trotted to Loreto, where some of them laid down arms in a hopeless muddle. The Piedmontese did not pursue: they saw it was not necessary. They had succeeded in their object, which was to prevent the relief of Ancona, and they had barred the road and caught their enemy in a trap from which there was no escape. The affair had not lasted quite three hours, the actual conflict being confined to one hour. Some of the vanquished made for the mouth of the Musone, and twenty Papal artillerymen, with two field-pieces, the military chest, and a flag of the Swiss, succeeded in coasting in a fishing-boat to Ancona. A few guides and a Swiss sapper also reached the same harbour in a skiff. But the army which had left Loreto in the morning—preceded by some of the banners of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, removed from the shrine of Loreto—was "ground down and beaten to pieces" before shades of evening fell. A few bold spirits talked of defending the town, but the majority were too much demoralised, and continued the retreat to

Recanati, where formal surrender was made. The Papalini marched out by torchlight to give up their arms, with bayonets fixed and bands at their head, between lines of Piedmontese infantry, who presented arms as they passed.

When the names of the Franco-Belgian prisoners and the guides—such as Rohan Chabot, St. Sernin, the Marquis d'Holland, the Count Bourbon de Chalus, and Prince Edward de Ligne—were being ticked off from the roll-call, before being sent into detention in the interior, General Cugia remarked with surprise that it was just like reading a list of invitations to a court ball under Louis Quatorze.

But La Moricière, who had directed the operations of the day on horseback with a cane, had disappeared. It will be seen that there was no strategy on his part in this brief, disastrous campaign. His plan was the obvious one of plain, straightforward fighting; and had he been seconded by the due valour and numbers the result might have been adjourned, but ultimate defeat could not have been averted. He had no allies whom he could trust. The Emperor Napoleon III. dared not stir out of Rome; in fact, he had advised his allies of the former year to "strike hard and promptly" if they would lift him out of embarrassment.

A PONTIFICAL ZOUAVE.

La Moricière, with his purpose grimly set, took the opportunity of the smoke and turmoil to assemble about 300 infantry and what remained of an escort of dragoons, and bent by a devious mountain path to Ancona. A peasant acted as guide, having first been sworn by all he prized as most sacred to point the right direction. At dusk attended by the horsemen he entered the ramparts and went to his countryman, the Count de Quaterbarbes. "You are welcome," said the governor; "and your army?" "You see it," said La Moricière, pointing to the few fugitives outside. "I have no longer an army."

It was his earliest experience of failure in war, but he did not expect miracles. He did not count on beating a well-armed force of 40,000 men, eager and inured to the field, with some thousand volunteers who were weighed down from want of rest and the long, forced marches. But all was not lost, although Persano's fleet of thirteen vessels, carrying 400 guns, was in the offing and had started the bombardment that day, without notice, contrary to the usages of war. After a stout defence of Ancona for over a week, Persano forced the boom at the entrance of the harbour, and blew up the battery at the lighthouse.

La Moricière hoisted the white flag upon the citadel, and repeated the signal of capitulation in the forts. The garrison ceased fire. Shortly after, the Piedmontese army resumed the offensive all along the line, and up to nine in the following morning the din of cannon lasted, notwithstanding the despatch of *parlementaires* and the landing of Piedmontese naval officers and marines. The garrison marched out of the city with the honours of war in the dusk of the following evening, gave up their arms, and were led under escort to Alessandria, where they were liberated under condition of not serving for a year against the king. La Moricière gave his sword to Persano, who handed it back to him, and the officers were embarked on a vessel for Genoa. Victor Emmanuel was free to advance to the Neapolitan border, and lend the prestige of his name and the aid of his arms to Garibaldi; in short, he was allowed the occasion of tipping the lance-shaft with a sharp steel head.

The Pope dismissed his troops to their homes, giving the Irish auxiliaries, in an order of the day, the highest praise. A medal of silvered bronze, girdled with a serpent with tail coiled in mouth, symbolising eternity, was issued to his legionaries, with an inverted cross on the hollowed middle in commemoration of the crucifixion of St. Peter, and the inscription on one side, *Pro Petri Sede* ("For the See of Peter"), and on the other, *Victoria quæ vincit mundum fides nostra* ("The victory which overcomes the world is our faith"). Thus ended with a decoration the tale of defeat not entirely without dishonour.

ALTHOUGH not remarkable either from the issues involved or the importance of the events dependent upon it—still less from the number of the troops engaged—the fighting before Magdala is notable as being the crowning success of one of the most remarkable expeditions of modern times.

Theodore, king of Abyssinia—a man of great natural talent—had seized some English and German missionaries, and had for a long time held them prisoners. Although crowned under the name of Theodore, the king's name was Kassa. He was nephew of a powerful chief, but his father had died early. His mother was reduced to great poverty, and he himself was brought up in a monastery with the intention of becoming a priest. The monastery was attacked and sacked by robbers, but Kassa escaped to the castle of his uncle. On the latter's death, quarrels arose between his sons: Kassa sided with the elder, who was, however, defeated, and Kassa became a robber chief. He soon afterwards raised the standard of rebellion, and one by one conquered the various provinces of Abyssinia, and was crowned in 1856 king of the whole country.

His power was as yet, however, by no means consolidated, for rebellions broke out in various provinces. These were all put down with an amount of ferocity and cruelty that rendered him odious to his subjects. When all resistance ceased Theodore sought to introduce European arts and methods. The education he had obtained in the convent had rendered him far in advance of the majority of his people, and had not his career been cut short by coming into collision with England he might have done great things for his country. His grievance against us was of a threefold character. In the first place Mr. Stern, the English missionary, had returned for a time to England, and had there published a book containing some very disparaging remarks on him. When Stern returned he had the rashness to bring one of his books with him; the remarks relating to himself were translated to Theodore, and from that moment Stern and his companions became virtually captives.

In the next place, Theodore wrote a letter to the Queen, and this letter, instead of receiving a courteous answer, was put into a pigeon-hole in a Government office in London, and forgotten. Lastly, he had requested that a number of artisans of various trades should be sent out to him, but this request also received no reply. Theodore, moreover, believed that the English were stirring up the Egyptians to invade his country. In this he was entirely mistaken, as, upon the contrary, our Government was anxious to cultivate friendly relations with Abyssinia, which country offered a wide field for trade; and had it not been for the gross carelessness of the Liberal Minister, who neglected to send an answer to Theodore's letter, we might by this time have been carrying on a very considerable trade with Abyssinia, and with so powerful an ally the course of events in the Soudan would have had a very different termination. Captain Cameron, our consul at Massowa, a town on the Red Sea, was appointed consul to Abyssinia, but upon his going up the country he was also seized by Theodore, and imprisoned.

At length a Mr. Rassam was sent as ambassador to the king; he was accompanied by Lieutenant Prideaux and Dr. Blanc. They also were seized, and after many attempts to obtain their release, an expedition was determined upon to rescue them from their captivity. No more generous effort was ever made by a nation. The distance from the coast to Magdala exceeded 400 miles; the country to be traversed was almost unknown; the heat on the sea-coast was terrific. Everything required in the way of transport would have to be brought either from India or Europe,

and in face of the serious opposition that was anticipated, it was necessary that the force should be a strong one. All these difficulties were surmounted. Mules were bought up by the thousand in Spain, Italy, and Asia Minor, camels in Egypt and Arabia. Transport trains were organised in India, where also were embarked elephants to carry mountain guns. A force some 10,000 strong, under Sir Robert Napier, was transported from India to Annesley Bay, and in spite of enormous losses among the animals from want of water at the landing-place, the expedition started from the coast, the advance-guard moving up on

Mr. Rassam. Mr. Stern. Lieut. Prideaux. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal and child. Dr. Blanc. Pietro. Capt. Cameron.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

to the plateau land 7,000 feet above the sea early in December, and the rest of the expedition during January.

No opposition whatever was met with during the long journey. Theodore, instead of advancing to meet us and harassing us on the march, remained in his mountain fortress of Magdala, and the only obstacles to be surmounted were those caused by the difficulty of obtaining forage or provisions of any kind in a thinly-populated country, and from the steady deterioration of the transport animals from the effects of fatigue and insufficient food. A considerable portion of the force was left at various points on the road, especially at the posts of Senafe, Adigrat, and Antalo. At last, on the 7th of April, the plateau of Dalanta was reached. The force consisted of the 4th and 33rd Regiments and a wing of the 45th, a Beloochee regiment, the Punjaub Pioneers, a wing of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, a company of Royal Engineers and one of Sappers, two batteries of mountain-guns, a naval brigade with rocket troughs, the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, the Scinde Horse, and two squadrons of the 3rd Dragoon Guards—in all some 4,000 men, of whom 460 were cavalry.

Two miles from the spot where they were encamped Magdala could be seen, some eight miles distant. The view was a grand one from the plateau. A precipice of some 600 feet fell sheer down, and from its foot was a steep fall down to the Bacheio River, some 4,000 feet below; beyond, the ground rose in a succession of

billows one behind another, higher and higher, to the foot of some lofty mountains some forty miles away. In the midst of these rounded hills rose the steep crags of Magdala, like a great ship on a stormy ocean. Its appearance from Dalanta was that of a three-topped mountain with almost perpendicular sides, two of which together resembled a saddle with high flat peaks. That to the right was called Fahla; that to the left, a few hundred feet higher, Salamgi. Magdala itself could be seen over the saddle between the other two hills. It was connected with Salamgi by a plateau known as Islamgi. Fahla and Magdala had both flat tops; that of Salamgi was more peaked. A few huts could be made out on the top of Fahla, and by the aid of glasses a number of guns. Native encampments could be seen on the terraces of Salamgi, and on the saddle between it and Fahla.

The ascent was by a zigzag road cut on the face of Fahla, and terminating on the saddle. It was altogether a very formidable position. Theodore was known to have a large number of cannon which had been cast by European workmen he had with him; he had 3,000 soldiers armed with percussion guns, and a great host of spearmen. From the Bachelo a steep ravine ran up through the hills almost directly towards Magdala, but making a curve at its upper end and passing round by the left of Salamgi.

At Dalanta the army had been able to purchase large stores of grain and a considerable amount of other provisions from the natives, but water had been very scarce, and the animals had all to be taken down to the deep ravine that had been passed before ascending to the plateau. On the 9th the force encamped on the edge of the plateau, and at daybreak began to descend into the ravine. It was not intended to attack Magdala that day, the commander-in-chief's plan being to encamp two miles from the fortress; and it was considered probable that no attack would be made before the arrival of other troops, who were coming up fast behind us.

General Sir Charles Staveley was in command of the advance. The road down to the ravine, which had been made by Theodore for the transport of his cannon, was an excellent one; but the sun shone down with great power, and the men during the descent pressed forward eagerly that they might slake their thirst in the waters of the Bachelo. A bitter disappointment awaited them. The river was some eighty yards wide, but the water was almost inky black in colour, and as thick with mud as a puddle in the streets of London. There was, however, no choice. It was improbable that any other water would be met with, and men and animals alike drank the turbid fluid. Water-skins and water-bottles were filled, and the march resumed. The baggage-train kept straight up the ravine, with a guard of 100 men of the 4th, preceded by 800 sappers and miners under Colonel Phayre, while the main body of infantry struck up the hill. It was a very stiff climb, and the mounted officers were unable to get up until the Punjaub Pioneers cut a track, up which the horses managed to scramble.

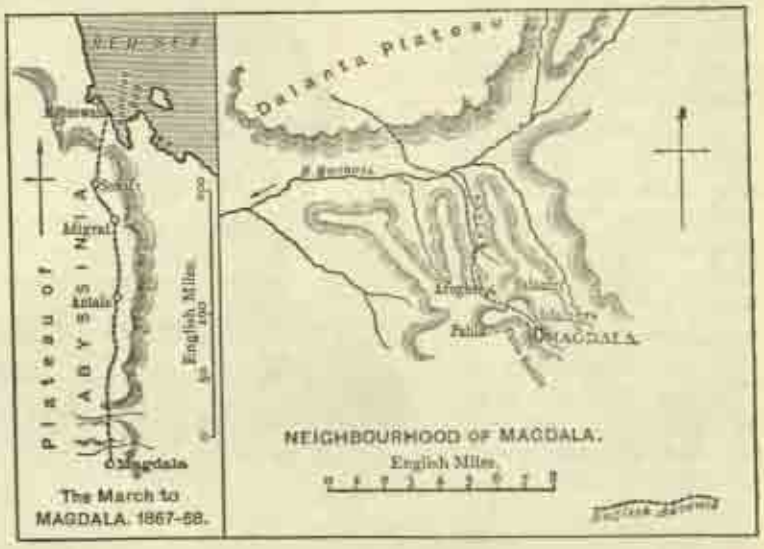
When it arrived on the first shoulder, the advance force, consisting of the 4th Regiment, the company of Royal Engineers, the Beloochees, the Punjaubees, and two companies of the 10th Native Infantry, halted, until a messenger arrived from Colonel Phayre saying that he held the head of the valley and that the road was quite practicable. General Staveley at once sent an aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Napier saying that the baggage and guns, which were waiting for the news at the river, might safely proceed. The force then marched four miles farther up a succession of rises to a place where the natives had stated that water would be found. There was, however, but one small pool of extremely dirty water. Here Sir Charles Staveley, to his astonishment and dismay, found Colonel Phayre and his 800 men, who were supposed to be guarding the head of the valley. As this was now crowded with baggage animals carrying ammunition and with artillery, and was open to the view of the enemy at Magdala, the situation was an alarming one indeed; for there was nothing whatever to prevent the garrison of Magdala from pouring down and falling upon the unwieldy body, defended only by a hundred of the 4th Regiment.

Had we been in face of a European enemy a terrible disaster must have occurred, and the whole of our guns, ammunition, and stores must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. General Staveley lost not a moment in endeavouring to repair the blunder that had been committed. The men, who had thrown themselves down on the ground, were at once set in motion, and pressed forward at the top of their speed to the spot that had been determined upon for their camping-ground. It lay a little behind the crest of a low hill: here the tired troops threw themselves down, while the general advanced over the crest to reconnoitre the position. It was divided by a small ravine from a plateau 100

feet or so, below the spot occupied by the troops, and extending to the foot of Fahla and Salamgi. The little ravine widened out to the left until it fell into the main valley, half a mile away. Sir Charles Staveley at once despatched the Punjaub Pioneers to this point, and there was then nothing to do but to wait. All listened most anxiously for the outburst of a roar of fire from the valley on our left, where we knew the baggage-train was making its way up.

While waiting, Sir Robert Napier and his staff rode up in haste, the news of the blunder that had been committed having been sent to him by General Staveley as soon as it was discovered. With glasses, a dozen guns in line could be seen on the flat top of Fahla and as many upon Salamgi. Presently some artillerymen were made out going from gun to gun, and loading them in succession. Still all was quiet, but it was a time of anxious suspense; for all knew that from the fortress they could see our long line of animals winding up the valley, and that the head of the train must be fast approaching. There was an exclamation of pleasure as the naval rocket brigade was seen advancing up the valley, where they halted and joined the Punjaubees at the point where the side-valley ran into it. Almost at the same moment a large body of horse and foot were seen pouring down the road from the saddle. Every glass was turned upon them, and a lively discussion began as to whether it was a peaceful embassy or an attack; but the doubt did not last long. A puff of smoke burst out from the brow of Fahla.

"Is it blank?" an officer exclaimed. The answer was supplied by a heavy thud as a 32-pound shot struck the ground a few yards from the Punjaubees, and a cheer broke from the officers clustered round the general. Still, the position was a most serious one. The second brigade was miles behind the baggage—undefended except by its feeble guard and by the Punjaubees—and it was easy enough for the enemy to avoid the latter by making a circuit. Sir Robert Napier instantly despatched an aide-de-camp to the Punjaubees to take up a position on elevated ground to their left, where they could better protect the baggage, and at the same time sent to the naval brigade to hurry up the valley to the spur on which he was standing. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent to hasten them on. The next five minutes were intensely exciting to those watching the scene. The enemy were coming down with great rapidity; they had already descended the road from the fortress and were scattered over the plain. The main body was making towards the road up which the baggage was coming; the rest were advancing in scattered groups,



The March to MAGDALA. 1867-68.

while the guns upon Fahla kept up a steady fire upon the Punjaubees.

The advance of the enemy was as pretty a sight as has ever been presented in modern warfare. Here and there among the groups galloped chiefs in their scarlet-cloth robes; many of the footmen, too, were in scarlet; the rest were in white. Numerous flags were visible among them. All kept on at a run without pause or hesitation, and advanced across the plateau with alarming rapidity, and it was for some time doubtful whether they would not reach the brow of the little valley along which the naval rocket train was still coming up in single file, before the latter could ascend to the higher ground where the general was posted, or the infantry arrived to check them. Had they done so there could be no doubt that the sailors would be terribly cut up, if not annihilated. The path up from the valley to the spur was steep and very difficult,

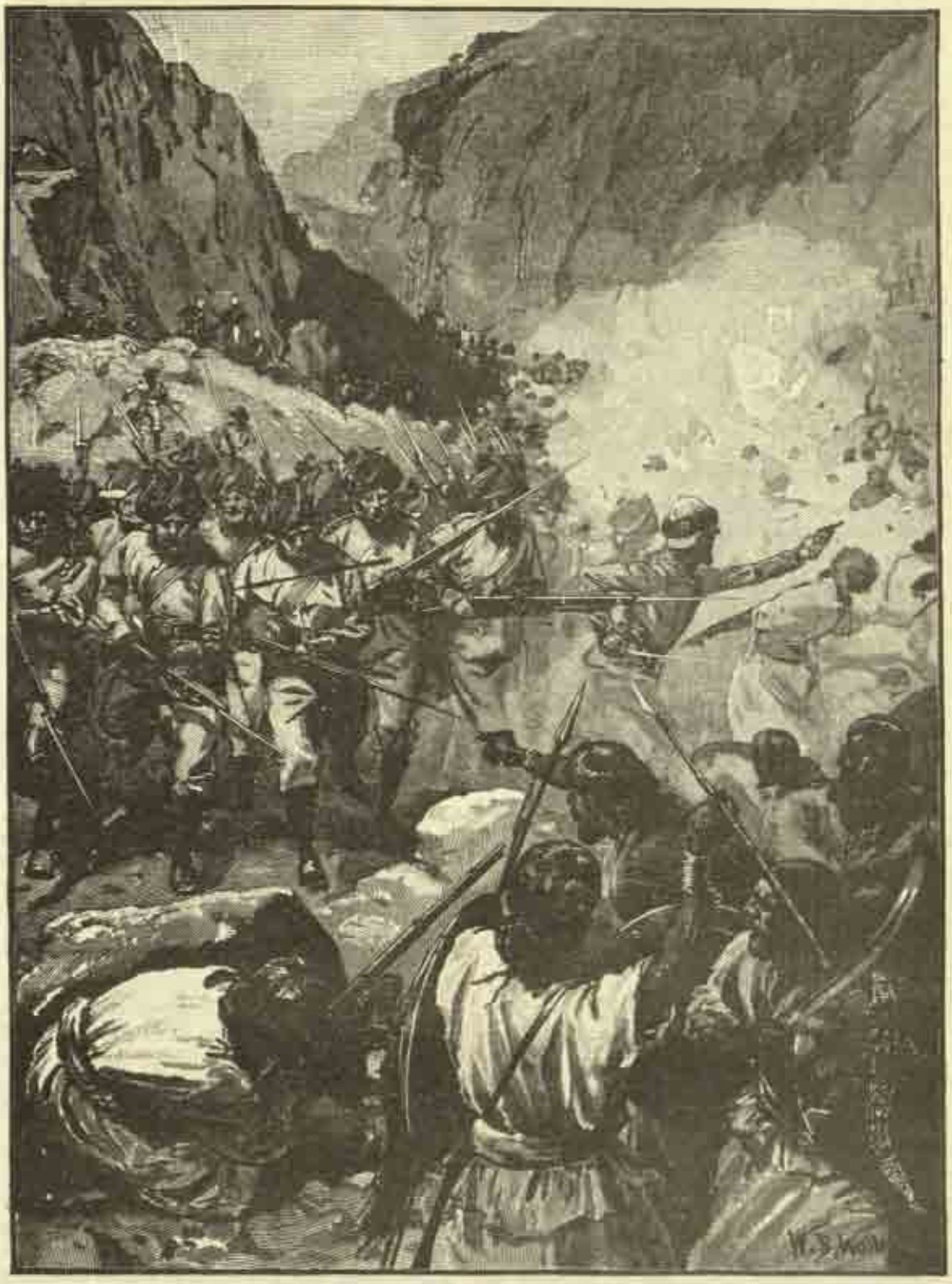
and considerable delay occurred in getting the animals up. The leading mules were still scrambling up the steep incline when the infantry came up from behind at the double.

The sound of the first gun had in a moment dispelled every thought of thirst, heat, and fatigue. Every face was lit up with animation, and they responded heartily to the cheer with which their arrival was greeted by the staff. The 300 men of the 4th came first, followed by the Engineers, after whom came the Beloochees, the two companies of the 10th Native Infantry, and the Sappers and Miners. As they came up the 4th were ordered to go on in advance in skirmishing order, and just as they dashed down into the valley the leading mules reached the top of the crest. It took the sailors but an instant to unload the rocket tubes and ammunition, and in less than a minute from the first mules arriving on the crest, a rocket whizzed out over the plain. It was the first answer to the fire which the guns of the fortress had kept up, and was greeted with a cheer by the troops. The race had been won; we had been saved from disaster, and there was no doubt as to how the combat would go henceforth. Rocket after rocket rushed out in rapid succession. Astonished at the roar of these novel missiles, the enemy paused in dismay; the horses plunged wildly, and many, in spite of the efforts of their riders, careered across the plain; but with animated gestures the chiefs encouraged the men to advance, and they came forward at a run. They were now but some four hundred yards from the crest from which the naval brigade were working the rocket tubes, and not more than a hundred from the edge of the ravine up whose side the 4th were rapidly climbing. As the line of skirmishers breasted the slope and set foot upon the plateau, they opened a heavy fire with their Sniders upon their enemy. The latter, taken completely by surprise, paused, discharged their muskets, and then retreated—slowly and doggedly at first, but increasing their speed as they felt how hopeless was the struggle against antagonists who could pour in ten shots to their one. Indeed, at this point they were outnumbered by the 4th alone, for they were in no regular order, but in groups and knots scattered over the whole plain. The 4th advanced rapidly, followed by the other regiments, driving the enemy before them. So fast, indeed, did they press forward that numbers of the Abyssinians could not gain the path up to the fortress, but were driven away to the right, off the plateau into a ravine, from which the rockets again drove them to the right and away from Magdala.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

The 4th and the other regiments formed up a few hundred yards from the ascent, and for half an hour maintained an animated fire against the riflemen who lined the path, and kept up a brisk return upon them from small rifle-pits and the shelter of stones and rocks. All this time the guns from Fahla and Salamgi kept up a constant fire, but their aim was very defective, and the great proportion of the shot passed far over the heads of the troops. When the sailors came up, their rockets drove the enemy speedily up the hill, and they then turned their attention to the guns 1,000 feet above them, doing considerable damage and nearly killing Theodore himself, who was superintending their working.

In the meantime a far more serious action had been going on to the left. The main body of the enemy had made directly towards the Punjaub Pioneers, who were defending the head of the road. Fortunately, Colonel Penn's train of steel guns which was following the sailors, arrived at the top of the road before they reached them, and taking their place by the side of the Punjaubees, his men instantly opened fire with shell on the mass of the enemy, now distant but three hundred yards, while the Pioneers at the same time opened with musketry. The Abyssinian advance was at once checked, and the greater part of the natives rushed down



"THE PUNJAUBEES, AFTER FIRING A VOLLEY, RUSHED DOWN AND CHARGED THEM WITH THE BAYONET" (*p.* 214).

into the valley and pressed on to the attack on the baggage.

The guns of the fortress had, however, placed the guard of the baggage on the alert, and a transport officer had galloped down the valley, giving warning of the intended attack. The men scattered along the line hurried up, and Captain Roberts, who was in command of the detachment of the 4th, with his subalterns and the officers of the transport train, gathered at the head of the baggage. As the enemy poured down the ravine they were received with a heavy fire from the breechloaders of the 4th. The guns of Penn's battery scattered death among them; the Punjaubees, after firing a volley, rushed down and charged them with the bayonet; and in a very few minutes the remnants of the force that had poured out from the fortress

KING THEODORE OF MAGDALA.

confident of victory, and exulting in the prospect of the spoil, fled up the opposite side of the ravine, decimated as they did so by the fire of the 4th and Punjaubees, the survivors being, like those driven off from the plateau to the right, entirely cut off from any chance of returning to Magdala.

The battle of Aroghee was, so far as the British were concerned, a mere skirmish, and in itself very much less important than scores of encounters between our troops and various hill-tribes in India and Burmah which have passed off without attracting any public attention whatever. To the enemy, however, it was a crushing and decisive defeat. Upwards of 5,000 of Theodore's bravest soldiers sallied out; scarce as many hundreds returned to the fortress. Over 500 were killed, and our soldiers earnestly expressed the hope that it would be unnecessary to storm the fortress, for fighting with these poorly-armed natives was little short of slaughter. They had fought gallantly, too. Not a single shield, gun, or spear was picked up except by the side of the dead; the living, and even the wounded, retreated—they would not fly. There was no rout—no throwing away of arms, as would have happened among European soldiers in similarly desperate circumstances.

On the British side not a single man was killed, and but thirty wounded, for the most part slightly. Captain Roberts, however, was hit in the elbow, and lost his arm. In one respect the skirmish was a memorable one, it being the first encounter in which the British troops ever used breech-loading rifles.

On the two following days the whole of the captives were sent in by Theodore. The king, however, on finding that the only terms that Sir Robert Napier would grant him was an assurance that his life should be spared, with all with him, determined to resist to the end. Knowing, however, that his troops were utterly disheartened by the loss of so many of their chiefs, and of nearly the whole of those who were regarded as regular troops, and could no longer be depended upon to offer any resistance to the British advance, he summoned their chiefs together and told them they were at liberty to make terms for themselves and to depart. He then retired into Magdala, with but a dozen or so of his immediate followers. The chiefs came down early next morning into the camp, and offered to surrender Fahla and Salamgi at once, if they themselves and their families should be allowed to depart, with their property.

The proposal was accepted; and the 3rd Native Cavalry returned up the hill with them. The whole force was paraded, both brigades being now up, and headed by the 33rd, who had borne the brunt of the hard work throughout, ascended the road to the saddle.

The scene here was a surprising one. Some 30,000 men, women, and children were crowded together, mixed up with oxen, sheep, and donkeys. The women, children, and donkeys were already laden with their scanty belongings—the Abyssinian man thinks it beneath him to carry anything but his arms. The women welcomed the troops with quavering cries, and all seemed delighted to be freed from the tyranny that had so long oppressed them. The men still retained their weapons, but were disarmed as they went down the hill. The road up the steep natural scarps of Salamgi was an extremely winding one. The strength of the position was indeed extraordinary, and, held by a garrison of European troops, could have defied the armies of

the world. Descending from Salamgi, the advance guard came down on the flat shoulder that separated it from Magdala.

The space was covered with little shelters made of coarse grass, and about the size and shape of haycocks. A little body of horsemen in gay robes were galloping to and fro in front of the fortress, discharging their rifles. Among these the figure of Theodore himself was conspicuous. He had, the previous night, attempted to make his escape by a path down the precipice behind the fortress; but finding his retreat that way cut off by his inveterate enemies—the Gallas—he had returned, determined to die rather than surrender to us.

Those in advance found twenty of his cannon ranged in line. He had evidently intended to take them into Magdala, but had not had time to do so. There was ammunition in the boxes, and Lieutenant Nolan, of the Royal Artillery, with a few soldiers, loaded them, and opened fire at the horsemen, and at upwards of a hundred armed natives clustered at the foot of the narrow road cut in the face of the perpendicular rock to the gate leading through the wall which crowned it. In a short time Penn's battery came up, and speedily drove horse and foot into the fortress. There was quiet now, until the greater part of the force was gathered ready for the assault.

The general feeling of compassion that had been felt for the outmatched king, was dissipated by the rage excited among the troops by a spectacle of unparalleled horror. The released captives had brought down news to the camp that on the day before our arrival Theodore had ordered the massacre of upwards of 350 prisoners—men and women—and that he himself had begun the slaughter by slaying until he was tired. While awaiting the order to form up for the final advance, a soldier happened to look over the ledge of the precipice by the side of the plateau, and saw, a hundred feet below him, a great pile of naked bodies, gashed and mutilated, lying heaped on each other, as they had been thrown down from above. From that moment all thought of pity for the inhuman tyrant vanished at once; and, burning with fury, the troops prepared for the assault.

At a quarter to four all was ready. The guns and rockets opened a tremendous fire to cover the advance, and, preceded by a party of the Engineers to blow in the gate, the 33rd advanced, followed by the 45th. When within 300 yards of the rock the 33rd formed line, and opened fire at the gateway and a high hedge bordering the summit of the precipice. Under cover of this fire the Engineers and the leading company advanced up the path. When they were half-way up the troops stopped firing, and the storming party dashed up at a run. All this time answering flashes came back from a high wall that extended a few yards on either side of the gateway, and from behind the houses and rocks near it. On arriving at the gateway the troops thrust their rifles through the loopholes, and kept up a continuous fire.

There was a long pause, and then a soldier made his way down the crowded path with the astounding news that the powder bags to blow in the gate had been forgotten—an act of forgetfulness probably unparalleled in warfare. A few pioneers of the 45th were sent up with axes to cut down the gate. In the meantime, however, the men of the 33rd discovered a spot, half-way up the road, were they were able to scramble up the rock, and forcing their way through the hedge, quickly cleared away the defenders of the gate. The greater portion of the regiment followed them, and blew in an inner gate at the top of a flight of steps leading up a natural scarp thirty feet high, and wide enough for but a single man to ascend at a time. Beyond this was a flat plateau scattered over with a large number of the round native huts, with stone walls and high conical thatched roofs. At a short distance from the gate lay the body of Theodore. He had received two wounds, but death was caused by his own hand, he having discharged a pistol into his mouth.

All resistance had ceased as soon as the 33rd had made their way in. Some eight or ten bodies lay near the lower gate, three or four others by the upper one. All these were those of chiefs who had remained faithful to Theodore to the end. The rest of the defenders, numbering about a hundred, had made their way down from the fortress by the path by which Theodore had attempted to escape the night before. The rest of the troops entered by the gate, which had now been shattered by the axes of the pioneers. It was found to be blocked by a great number of heavy stones piled up behind it. At least a hundred prisoners were found in chains, doubtless destined for the same fate that had befallen their companions four days previously. Three days later Magdala was burnt, and the army set out on its return to the coast.

SKOBELEFF'S SEIZURE OF GEOK TEPE.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

A BROAD belt of desert lands stretches across the continent of Asia from Arabia, in the south-west, to the rainless highlands of Gobi, or Shamo, in the far east. This desert zone is here and there broken by a tract of steppe land that is covered with grass for a portion of the year, while more rarely a large oasis is formed by a fertile region, where the rivers and streams, descending from a mountain range, supply water to the fields before losing themselves in the sands of the desert beyond.

Eastward of the Caspian, and south of the Aral, much of the waste land is a salt desert, and the shells, mixed with the surface sand, afford further evidence that it was in times not very remote part of the bottom of a large inland sea, of which the land-locked waters of Western Asia are a survival.

Along the Caspian the steppe and desert sink gradually to the water-level, and the margins of the sea are so shallow that, except where extensive dredging works have been carried out, and long jetties constructed, ships have to discharge their cargoes into barges two or three miles from the shore.

This desert region marked for many years the southern limit of the Russian empire in Central Asia. A barren waste is a more formidable obstacle to a European army than the ocean itself; and the Turkoman tribes of the oases not only refused to acknowledge the dominion of the White Czar, but successfully raided up to the very gates of his border forts in the spring, when the grass of the steppe afforded forage for their horses. The first successful advance across the desert zone was made by Kaufmann, whose expeditions marched by the belt of fertile land which interrupts it where the Amu Daria (the Oxus of classical times) flows down from the central highlands of Asia to the great lake of the Aral Sea. But in 1878 the Russians began another series of conquests, starting not from their forts on the Oxus, but from their new ports on the south-western shore of the Caspian.

In this direction the most powerful of the Turkoman tribes were the Tekkes of the Akhal oasis. Between their strongholds and the Caspian there was first a desert nearly 150 miles wide, and then the ridge of the Kopet Dagh mountains. The desert, which stretches from the northern shore of the Atrek river, is partly sandy waste, partly a tract of barren clayey land, baked hard by the sun, and broken by cracks and crevices in the dry season, and like a half-flooded brickfield when it rains. The water of the river is scanty, and not good to drink. It flows in a deep channel between steep banks, and so closely does the desert approach it that for miles one might ride within a hundred yards of its clay-banked cañon without suspecting that water was so near. Where the Sumber river runs into the Atrek the Russians had an advanced post—the earthwork fort of Tchad, with its eight-gun battery. Following the Sumber, one enters the arid valleys on the south of the Kopet Dagh range. On this side the slopes rise gradually; on the other side of the ridge there is a sharp descent, and sometimes the mountains form for miles a line of precipitous rocky walls. At the foot of this natural rampart lay the fortified villages of the Tekke Turkomans.

For numerous streams descend from the Kopet Dagh, flowing to the north-eastward, and after a few miles losing themselves in the sands of the Kara Kum desert. Between the mountain wall and the desert the ground thus watered forms a long, narrow oasis—the land of Akhal—to which a local Mussulman tradition says that Adam betook himself when he was driven forth from Eden. No doubt much of the praise that has been given to the beauty and fertility of this three-hundred-mile strip of well-watered

garden ground comes from the contrast between its green enclosures and the endless waste that closes in the horizon to the north-eastward. Corn and maize, cotton and wool, form part of the wealth of its people. They had the finest horses of all Turkestan, and great herds and flocks of cattle, sheep, and camels. The streams turned numerous mills, and were led by a network of tunnels and conduits through the fields and garden. The villages were mud-walled quadrangles, with an inner enclosure for the cattle, the kibitkas, or tents, and the mud huts of the Tekkes filling the space between the inner and outer walls, and straggling outside in temporary camps that could be rapidly cleared away in war time. The people were over 100,000 strong—perhaps 140,000 in all—men, women, and children. They were united in a loose confederacy, acknowledged the lordship of the Khan of Merv, who had come from one of their own villages. They raided the Russian and Persian borders successfully, these plundering expeditions filling up the part of the year when they were not busy with more peaceful occupations. Along their fertile strip of land ran the caravan track from Merv by Askabad to Kizil Arvat and the Caspian, and when they were not at war the Tekkes had thus an outlet for their surplus productions, among which were beautiful carpets, the handiwork of their women. In war they had proved themselves formidable to all their neighbours. United with the warriors of Merv, the men of Akhal had cut to pieces a Khivan army in 1855 and a host of Persian invaders in 1861.

The conquest of Akhal had long been a subject of Russian ambition. It was not merely that they were anxious to put an end once for all to the raids of the Turkomans of the great oasis, but they regarded the possession of this region as a great step towards the consolidation of their power in Asia. From Baku, the terminus of their railways in the Caucasus, it was easy to ferry troops across the Caspian; and what they wanted was a secure road from some port on its eastern shore to their provinces on the Upper Oxus, and anyone who knew the country must have felt that this road would eventually run through the Akhal and the Merv oases. Even before the last war with Turkey serious operations for the conquest of Akhal were in contemplation. No sooner was peace concluded than an expedition was organised under General Lomakine, and whilst the British were fighting

TURKOMAN MUSICIANS.

their way into Afghanistan in another part of Central Asia the Russians were advancing along the first stage of what is now their chief road towards our Indian frontier.

Tchiskishliar, some miles north of the point where the Atrek flows into the Caspian, was the starting-point of the Russian expedition of 1878. It consisted of about 2,500 infantry, 700 or 800 Cossacks, a battery of Cossack Horse Artillery, a rocket company, and a detachment of sappers. There was an enormous train of camels for the baggage and stores, and escorts were furnished for these by Cossack, Khirghiz, and friendly Turkoman irregulars. The long column of men, horses, and camels left Tchiskishliar on August 3rd under a blazing sun, and struggled slowly across the neighbouring tracts of sand and salt marsh, suffering terribly from heat, thirst, and the continual torment of flies. The bank of the Atrek was reached at Bayat Khaji, and there the column halted for a week to recover from the effects of its first stage across the desert. After another fatiguing march the fort of Tchat was reached on the 15th, and the column camped there till the 23rd, the men already suffering a good deal from sickness. Then the march was resumed up the Sumber valley and through the passes of the Kopet Dagh. Lomakine appears to have met with no resistance in the defiles, until he was within a few miles of the edge of the oasis. He had pitched his camp at a ruined fort with mud walls, when he learned that the Tekke horse and foot were gathering in their thousands to fall upon him.

But he was in no position to continue the campaign. Heat, fatigue, thirst, and sickness had thinned his ranks, and many of the survivors were more fit for the hospital than the battle-field. His supplies were nearly exhausted, and the approach of the Turkoman cavalry made foraging difficult and dangerous. His camels were dying by hundreds, so that even if he had had supplies it would soon be no easy matter to transport them. On the approach of the Tekke vanguard he tried to play what is familiarly called a game of bluff. He sent word to them that if they would agree to his hoisting the Russian flag at the fort of Khoja Kala, and leaving a small post to take care of it, he would retire to Tchat. But they knew too well in what desperate straits he was. They refused to treat, and as they closed in on the fort he retired through the mountain passes. Pursued by the Turkomans, he retreated to Tchat and then to the Caspian, the Turkomans besieging the garrison he left at Tchat, and carrying off numbers of his camels as he struggled across the desert. The expedition had ended in disastrous failure.

The attempt was renewed next year, under the command of General Lazareff—a soldier who added to the experience of long years of Asiatic warfare the distinction won by his gallant leading of the right storming column at the taking of Kars. Early in April, 1879, Lazareff crossed the Caspian to Tchiskishliar and took command. On the day of his arrival eighteen Tekke Turkomans were brought before him, men who had been held as hostages for the safety of four Russians who had fallen into the hands of their countrymen. He ordered the hostages to be released. "You are at liberty," he said to them. "Go back and tell your brother Tekkes that I shall soon pay them a visit. Four soldiers are nothing to me, nor are eighteen Turkomans; for when I come I will take 18,000 of you, and I will not leave a village in the whole district. Away with you, and tell this to your friends." The Tekkes departed across the desert, carrying with them this message of fierce defiance.

On the following day Lazareff, with a Cossack escort, made a reconnaissance of the desert as far as Fort Tchat. On his return to Tchiskishliar he embarked for Krasnovodsk, the Russian trans-Caspian capital of those days, where he conferred with Lomakine as to the plans for the expedition. Then, leaving him in charge of the base of operations, he recrossed the Caspian to Baku, and went on to Tiflis to arrange with the authorities in the Caucasus for the despatch of the troops he had asked for. He was a man of restless energy, and he seemed hardly to take time for sleep or meals during these days of preparation for the march against the Turkomans. It was while he was at Tiflis that the Tekkes, as if in answer to his defiance, raided up to within three hours' ride of Krasnovodsk, and carried off two hundred of the camels which Lomakine was collecting for the expedition.

The concentration of the troops and stores for the expedition at Tchiskishliar was a slow and toilsome piece of work. It was easy enough to get men, horses, and merchandise to Baku, and to ferry them across the inland sea in the local trading steamers. Difficulties began when the low shores near the mouth of the Atrek and the tumbledown fishing-village of Tchiskishliar came in sight. Three miles out the steamers anchored; then boats and barges gathered round them, and conveyed men and freight towards the shore. Within half a mile of it the heavier boats

grounded, and they were either dragged by main force over the shallows or their freight was carried ashore on men's shoulders. A jetty was constructed in April to remedy this state of things, but it was never pushed far enough out.

Around the village the camp grew up—a vast crowd of soldiers, transport labourers, drivers, camp-followers, horses, and camels, living on the swampy ground between the desert and the long hallows of the sea margin. No wonder that sickness was rife in the camp long before the day arrived for setting out on the march.

Early in April Lazareff was on the spot. He was soon ill himself, and the doctors told him to take some rest; but he refused to listen to them, and all day and far into the night he was at work directing and urging on the operations. Altogether the expedition was to consist of some 10,000 men, with about 5,000 more to hold the base of operations and various points along the route; and there was a baggage-train of 15,000 camels and 6,000 pack-horses. By the end of May all the troops were in camp, but the baggage animals were still short of their proper number. The water supply was bad, and fodder for the horses was so scanty that many of them were starving. The weather was hot and dry, there was not a bush or tree to give shade, and the hot winds brought in storms of sand and dust from the desert. Mosquitoes from the neighbouring marshes of the Atrek infested the camp, and added much to the misery of the place. Twice, in the middle of June, a storm from the seaward sent long waves rolling far in on the low-lying shore, and flooded all the camp. Everyone was longing to get away from it. May 10th had originally been named as the day of departure, but May ended, and it was not till the middle of June that the advanced guard marched off.

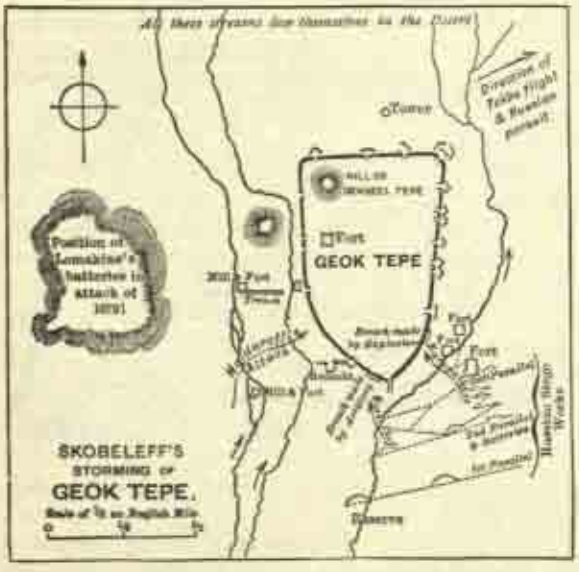
This delay of five weeks resulted in exposing the expedition to the fierce midsummer heat in its march across the desert; and, to make matters worse, it was not till the second week of August that the main body was ready to follow, the advanced guard having meanwhile established posts along the route by Tchat to the Bendessen pass across the Kopet Dagh range. On the 12th the march began, the long lines of men, horses, and camels moving off across the desert. Lazareff was so ill that even his reckless energy had for once to yield, and by the advice of the doctors he consented to wait in camp till the expedition had reached Fort Tchat, and then follow quickly after it. On the evening of the 18th the expedition camped round the fort, having already lost many men through sunstroke, thirst, and fever. On the 20th the march was resumed by the cavalry. Four days later Lazareff set out for Tchat. He was acting against the advice of the doctors, who told him he could not stand the journey. To ride was impossible, but he sat in a carriage in the midst of a troop of Cossacks. When he reached the fort of Tchat he was in such pain and so weak that he had to be lifted out of the carriage, and conveyed in the arms of the soldiers to the commandant's house. Ill as he was, however, he ordered a messenger to ride on to the next camping-place—Douz Oloum—and say that he would be there on the morrow. But he had made his last march. At half-past four

next morning General Lazareff died at the Fort of Tchat.

General Lomakine, whose name was associated with disastrous failure, and who was unpopular with the army, now assumed the command. The expedition was by this time well on its way to the Akhal oasis. The vanguard was established at the ruined fort of Khoja Kala. By the last day of August, a week after Lazareff's death, the bulk of the force was camped on the edge of the oasis. After the muddy wells of the desert and mountain region, it was a delight to find themselves again among well-watered fields. "The finest champagne was nothing to the first cup of cool water," wrote one of the officers. The vanguard had had some skirmishes with the Turkoman horsemen, but it was ascertained that they meant to fight at the fortress of Geok Tepe, further to the eastward. Rumour said that they had assembled there some 20,000 men, driving their flocks beyond it towards Merv, and camping in and around the mud-walled fort with their families. The rainy season would begin before

the end of September, and marching would be difficult. Lomakine resolved to push on and attack the Tekkes at once.

On the 4th of September Bami, a fortified village in the oasis, was occupied, the troops traversing a difficult pass of the Kopet Dagh to reach it. The mud-walled fort of Bami had no defenders, and next day the expedition moved on the first stage of its hundred-mile march between the desert and the hills. Beurma, the next of the Tekke fortresses, was occupied without firing a shot. All the men capable of bearing arms had ridden off to the great gathering at Geok Tepe. Artchman, the



next town on the route, sent a deputation to tender its submission; but here, too, the Russians found that most of the men had gone. The Khan of Kizil Arvat, which lay on the western edge of the oasis, also came in and surrendered. Near Duroon, when fifty miles of the march through the oasis had been accomplished, the Tekke scouts appeared in front—300 well-mounted men—who retired, exchanging shots with the Cossacks of the vanguard. On the following night (that between the 6th and 7th September) they disturbed the Russian camp with a sudden night-attack. Next day the whole force formed into columns, and began its march, prepared at any moment for an attack, for Geok Tepe was now only a day-and-a-half's journey in front. Rumour raised the numbers gathered there to 40,000 horse and foot; and though it was expected they would wait for the Russian advance, they might try to fall upon the army on the line of march, encumbered as it was with its long train of camels and pack animals. What with posts already established in the rear, and the necessary guard for this huge convoy, the Russians did not expect to be able to put much more than 2,000 men in their line of battle. On the 8th there was a day of rest. The attack on the Turkoman position close in front was fixed for the morrow.

The real name of the fortress attacked by the Russians was Dengeel Tepe—*i.e.* "the remarkable hill"—remarkable on account of the defeat of the Persians, which took place there eighteen years before. The hill itself is a small one, and the camp of black tents and clay huts formed round it was enclosed only by a low mud wall, strengthened with a few small forts. The place stands close to the foot of the rocky wall which here forms the northern face of the Kopet Dagh. About two miles to the eastward a prominent peak juts from the mountain wall, and is known as Geok Tepe (the blue hill). This name has become the popular designation of the fortress of Dengeel Tepe, which is nearly always spoken of as Geok Tepe.

Early on the morning of September 9th Lomakine, leaving his baggage camped under a strong guard, moved to the attack in two columns, the advanced guard coming first, covered by a chain of Cossack and Daghestani horsemen, and the main body following. It was a bright, sunny morning, and the troops were in high spirits. Captain Alikhanoff (the future general and the victor of Penj-deh), who was with the vanguard, wrote in his narrative of the eventful day: "We marched slowly across a clayey common, the bands playing merrily, the soldiers singing the songs of Russia, and the irregulars darting hither and thither in front to examine the ground. To the right of the detachment stretched, as usual, the rugged wall of the Kopet Dagh, and on the left were the yellow sands of the desert—too distant almost to be seen by the troops. The view of the Kopet Dagh lasted without change until almost 9 o'clock, when in the distance a sharp-pointed and solitary peak began to assume outline above the terrace of hills alongside it. 'That is Geok Tepe,' exclaimed the Turkomans (guides), pointing to the peak. 'At the foot of the mountain lies the fort which we seek.' The stronghold could not as

yet be seen; but, none the less, to the foot of Geok Tepe were directed numerous binocular glasses and eager eyes. Soon, in the distance, the dust began to rise. Black dots appeared on the horizon like a swarm of ants creeping over the plain. They were the enemy's cavalry coming to meet the column."*

The Tekke horsemen did not venture to try conclusions with the Russian columns, but they skirmished with the Cossacks, and, sweeping past the vanguard, tried to surprise the baggage camp. Others retired in dark masses before the advancing army, falling back upon their stronghold. It was noon when the vanguard halted within range of the place. The men had suffered much from heat and thirst, and they rested; but meantime a battery moved to the front and threw some shells into the fortress, while the staff reconnoitred it. General Lomakine rode up to the top of the hill chosen as the artillery position. What he saw is thus described by Alikhanoff, who rode beside him: "On the plain to the east, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the battery, sinking somewhat in the middle like the hollow in the palm of the hand, stood the nearly regular quadrangular fortress of Geok Tepe, or Dengeel Tepe, occupying, with its enceinte, an area of a mile. Neither high outer walls nor inner citadel constituting the usual Tekke fortress were observable here. The whole of the interior of the clay enceinte, which appeared to be very low, was filled with kibitkas (tents) crowded together, and looked in the distance like a thickly-packed beehive. They say the number of them exceeded 12,000. At a distance of a mile and a half from the fort, to the south, rose the Kopet Dagh, and to the east

"THE WOMEN MINGLED IN THE MÊLÉE" (*p.* 422).

* Marvin's translation.

Mount Geok Tepe. The two other sides faced the open plain, the ground rising somewhat, so that at gunshot distance artillery could be placed in such a manner as to command the interior of the stronghold. From the face of the fortress in front of us issued the principal irrigation stream of the settlement. After running towards the battery hill for 500 yards or so, it turned to the north, and afterwards to the north-west. On the banks of it, not far from one another, stood two mills, and at the side of each a kala, or fort. These constituted, as it were, the outer defences. The ground in front of the western and northern sides of the stronghold was cut up with irrigation canals, clay banks, and corn plots, rendering it a confused network of obstructions. This was all that could be seen. The impression produced on the spectator was such that his mind immediately set to work wondering how the Tekkes came to select for defence this apparently weak, insignificant fortress, the surroundings of which gave superiority to the assailants, if only they possessed a few guns." The actual strength of the garrison was about 15,000. They were mostly armed with swords; comparatively few had firearms. There were no cannon on the rampart, only some heavy muskets or wall-pieces.

It was not until three o'clock that the main body came up, but meanwhile the advanced guard had pushed forward a line of skirmishers against the north and west sides of Geok Tepe, driven the defenders from the outworks, and poured a shower of shells into the mass of closely-packed tents within the enclosure. A crowd of fugitives attempted to leave the place by the east side, making for the direction of Askabad; but the Russian cavalry swept round the place, and drove them back, some of the Tekke horsemen alone getting away and disappearing towards the desert. With the arrival of the main body the firing line was strengthened, and more guns and rocket tubes opened upon the crowded interior of the stronghold. And now from the south side a mass of women and children, with camels and pack animals, poured out, making for the Kopet Dagh. The cavalry were upon them like a whirlwind, not to slay, but to drive them back into the deadly space where the shells were bursting and the rockets were falling. The poor women threw themselves on their knees before the horses, holding up their babies, and begging in plaintive tones to be allowed to pass. Others flung themselves flat on the ground. But whips were used freely, the horses were spurred upon them, the butts of lances levelled at them, and the shrieking crowd was gradually forced back into Geok Tepe. Then a number of the older men came out on the west side, and tried to open negotiations with the Russian commander. But he would not consent to suspend the bombardment. He was determined to avenge his failure of the previous year by carrying Geok Tepe at the sword point.

Officers experienced in Asiatic warfare held that if he would consent to treat, the Tekkes would surrender; that if he would let the women and children pass out, the men would not make any very desperate resistance; and that, finally, as the enemy had no artillery, if he merely continued the bombardment, the place would soon be evacuated. But Lomakine wanted to have the glory of a successful storming of the Tekke fortress, and he neither negotiated, nor let the fugitives pass out, nor limited himself to an artillery attack. Though he could not dispose of quite 1,500 bayonets for the assault, he ordered that Geok Tepe should be carried by storm, and that the infantry should advance with the bayonet against the north and west faces at five o'clock.

In a long, thin line the Russians moved forward on the north and west. On the east and south the cavalry completed the investment of Geok Tepe. Looking from the little hill on the west, Lomakine watched the assault. Under a sharp musketry fire from the crest of the wall, the Russians struggled across the ditches, and helped each other up the rampart at whatever points the artillery fire had damaged it. There were scaling-ladders with the baggage, but they were not brought up. The men climbed the low mud walls as best they could. But the place had been badly reconnoitred. There was a second low wall inside the first, and beyond that again there were barricades, and living barriers formed by kneeling lines of camels, their legs tied to prevent them from rising. From every mud-bank and barricade blazed out a fire of musketry. Round the stormers there sprang up a surging mass of fierce swordsmen, maddened at the slaughter of their wives and children, desperate with the thought that all that was left for them was to sell their lives dearly. The women mingled in the *mêlée*. Some fought with sticks; others poured boiling water on the stormers. The Russians had expected that once the rampart was passed there would be a panic among the defenders. But at the sight of the new obstacles before them, and

outnumbered twenty to one by men who, when it came to cold steel, were at least their equals, the stormers felt that the game was up, and they were forced back into the ditch. Out poured the Turkomans after them, and drove them back upon their guns. They followed up their retreating foes. One chief was literally blown to pieces as he charged up to the very muzzle of the Russian cannon. Others were shot down well to the rear of the batteries. For a moment it looked as if the Russian guns would remain in the hands of the Tekkes. If the cavalry had been at hand they might have charged into the confused mass, but they were away to the east and south, and knew nothing of the danger of their comrades. Luckily for the Russians, the Tekkes after the first dash at the guns drew back into the fortress. Darkness came on quickly, and brought the day's fight to an end.

The Russians passed the night in momentary expectation of an attack. The cavalry came in soon after dark, and happily were recognised as friends. There were no fires lighted, though the night was cold, and it was difficult to collect the wounded. Nearly 500 men were missing, and so hopeless did the situation appear to Lomakine that he ordered the retreat to begin at dawn. Some of his officers in vain urged that he should at least stand his ground and offer the Turkomans battle, trusting to his rapid-firing rifles and his artillery to secure victory. But he had thoroughly lost heart.

But on the Turkoman side there was equal depression. Far from being elated at their unexpected victory, the Tekkes were terrified at the destruction caused by the Russian shells. They had lost more than 4,000 men, women, and children, chiefly by the bombardment, and they fully expected that it would begin again at sunrise. All night the women wailed their dead, and did what little they could for the hundreds who were dying. As for the men, who had fought with such desperate courage, they chose delegates to go out next morning and throw themselves on the mercy of the terrible soldier whose murderous guns had wrought such havoc. At sunrise the envoys went forth, but stopped and turned back when they saw the Russian columns already in full retreat to the westward.

At 3 a.m. the Russians had broken up their camp and begun their march, keeping near the mountain-wall to secure their left flank, while the cavalry moved on their right. For a week they marched thus along the oasis, the Turkomans harassing their rear and picking up the exhausted camels and pack-horses they abandoned. At last it was ordered that these should not be left alive to the enemy, and as cartridges were running short the wretched animals were stabbed to death with bayonets. Daily the wounded and sick soldiers were dying. The heat was tropical, supplies were short, and the streams near the hills often gave only a scanty supply of water. The Turkoman guides and camp-followers deserted, and to add to the alarm of the fugitives, news arrived that the Khan of Merv was hurrying up to join the pursuit with 6,000 horse and a battery of artillery. Not till the pass through the Kopet Dagh was reached did Lomakine feel safe. The expedition then straggled back to the Caspian, the Tekke horsemen riding up to the very gates of Fort Tchat, and raiding across the desert till they were all but in sight of Krasnovodsk. In thirty years of Asiatic warfare Russia had known no such disaster. Kauffman sent word from Tashkent that if it were not avenged he could not count on peace even in his distant province.

The man chosen to retrieve the fallen prestige of the Russian arms was General Skobeleff. He had the reputation of being the most dashing soldier in the armies of the Czar. Born in 1845, he had distinguished himself in Poland, in the Caucasus, and in Central Asia, and he was a general at thirty, when those who had passed through the military school with him were mostly still captains. In the Turkish war he had gained new laurels, especially by his reckless valour in the assaults on Plevna. The army heard with exultation that he was to command the next expedition against Geok Tepe, but there were some who shook their heads and expressed the opinion that Skobeleff was likely to be imprudently daring in his conduct of the enterprise—that he would try to conquer the Tekkes by one fierce rush, and there would be another disaster.

Those who spoke thus showed how little they knew the man. Reckless as to his own personal safety, he was one of the most careful and painstaking of soldiers in all that concerned the preparation for the military operations entrusted to his command. He neglected no detail. He laid far-reaching plans, and thoroughly realised the truth of the important fact that battles are won quite as much by the previous organisation of the campaign as by the actual fighting. He studied the causes of the failures of his predecessor; and not Russia, but Europe also, was surprised at seeing this soldier, who was supposed to be all

eagerness for the actual conflict, spend a full twelvemonth in preparing for his conquest of the Akhal Oasis.

Skobeleff resolved, in the first place, not to collect his force on the eastern shore of the Caspian until everything was ready for it to move off. He determined to have a powerful train of artillery, and he ordered a chain of depôts of supplies to be formed all along the route up to the front, and the largest depôts of all to be collected under a sufficient guard on the edge of the oasis itself. He chose for his chief of the staff Colonel Kuropatkine, who had been his right-hand man at Plevna, and who is now a general and governor of the Transcaspian provinces. General Annenkoff, who had directed the transport and supply of the Russian armies during the Turkish war, was sent to assist him, and at once obtained Skobeleff's consent to the execution of what had long been one of his favourite ideas. In the spring of 1880 he began to lay down a railway across the desert from St. Michael's Bay (a little south of Krasnovodsk), in the direction of Kizil Arvat at the west end of the Akhal oasis. The railway was not finished in time to directly connect the oasis with the Caspian during the campaign, but its eastern end was used as a depôt, from which caravans of camels moved across the desert; and thus Skobeleff had a double line of supply and a double base. In England questions were asked in the House of Commons about this new railway, and the Minister of the day laughed at the story of its progress as a mere canard. In July Skobeleff collected about a thousand men, with a few mountain- and machine-guns, in the passes of the Kopet Dagh, and, pushing on to the neighbourhood of Geok Tepe, reconnoitred the now famous fortress. He saw that the Turkomans had considerably strengthened its walls and widened its ditches, and he decided that it must be taken by a regular siege. Having got his information, he retired, followed by the Turkoman cavalry; and the rumour spread through Central Asia that the Russians had failed once more to capture the place. But Skobeleff cared very little for this. He knew that with the means he had at his disposal its surrender within a few months was as certain as inevitable fate.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

(Photo. Charles Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.)

While he was reconnoitring Geok Tepe a naval brigade from the Caspian seized Kizil Arvat, repaired the fortifications, and began to collect there a supply of stores brought across the desert by Annenkoff's railway and camel caravans. The summer passed and the short rainy season, and in the cold of winter Skobeleff at last moved his battalions and batteries across the Caspian, marched them from fortified post to post into the Akhal oasis, and in the middle of December startled the Tekkes by suddenly coming down upon them from the passes and driving them back on their stronghold. There was some fighting during this advance, and among the wounded was Annenkoff, who had hurried to the front. On the 1st of January, 1881, the army was in sight of Geok Tepe, Skobeleff having under his command 19,000 picked troops, with fifty-four cannon, besides machine-guns and rocket-tubes. No detail had been neglected, and a heliograph signal corps connected together his various camps, and enabled him to send back news rapidly to the telegraph stations beyond the Kopet Dagh and on the railway. Behind the clay ramparts of the fortress between 20,000 and 30,000 men awaited the attack.

The first parallel was opened and the first batteries constructed in the night between January 8th and 9th. Two days later the Turkomans made a sortie in force. They tried to rush the besieging lines just after dark, and the fighting was not over till midnight. The Tekkes actually captured two guns and a standard, and for a short time were in possession of part of the Russian works. On the 16th they came out again, but were again repulsed. The siege works were pushed rapidly forward, and on the morning of the 17th the head of the sap had been carried to within forty yards of the ditch on the south side. All the outworks were in the hands of the Russians, whose steady progress must have seemed to the Tekkes far more terrible than the wildest onset. On the 23rd the wall was breached, and, all unknown to the garrison, two mines had been driven under the rampart, one charged with gunpowder, the other with dynamite. The assault was fixed for next day.

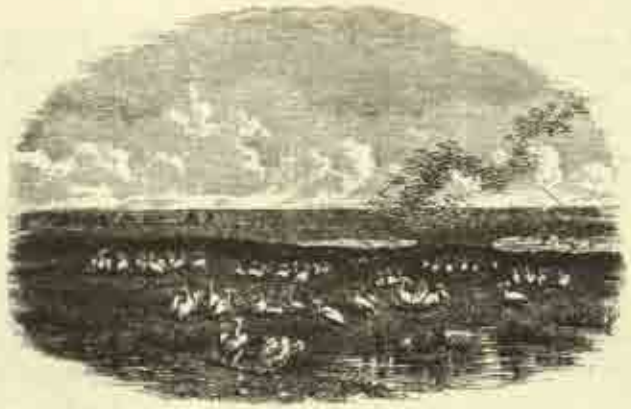
The morning broke fine and clear. The bright sunlight shone on the greyish-white walls of Geok Tepe and on the snowy crest of the mountain range. There was a pleasant sharpness in the air. It was very different from the torrid summer afternoon which had witnessed Lomakine's failure. All the Russian guns thundered against the walls, or sent their shells into the camp behind it, while the four columns of attack formed up under cover of the advanced works. On the west side Colonel Haidaroff, a Circassian veteran, with a battalion of infantry and five rocket-tubes, made a false attack on the Tekke defences, his men firing as fast as they could load, showing themselves here and there with scaling-ladders in their hands, and doing all they could to induce the Tekkes to believe that it was there the chief assault was to be made. Meanwhile Kuropatkine was forming another column for attack opposite the east side, and Colonel Kosselkof had got more than 2,000 men together opposite the south angle, while the fourth column waited in reserve behind him. The artillery was firing over the heads of the infantry, and a soldier in Kosselkof's column was killed while waiting by the lead coating of

"FOR A WEEK THEY MARCHED THUS, . . . THE TURKOMANS HARASSING THEIR REAR." (*p.* 423).

a shell, which had become detached from the projectile. A little after eleven the mines were fired. The explosion caused momentary panic among the garrison, and in the midst of the confusion the two storming columns rushed for the breaches. But before they could climb the heaps of smoking *débris* the Tekkes were back at their posts, and it was through a sharp fire of rifles and muskets that the Russians pushed in through the first line of defence. The fight in and around the breaches was a close and desperate struggle; but as the stormers in front fell, others clambered up to replace them, and at the same time Haidaroff, converting his false attack into a real one, escaladed the southern wall.

"No quarter!" had been the shout of the Russian officers as they dashed forward at the head of the stormers. The Tekkes expected none. They fought in desperate knots, back to back, among the huts and tents of the town, but at last they were driven out by the east side. Skobeleff did not make Lomakine's mistake of blocking their way. He let them go; but once they were out on the plain the Cossack cavalry was launched in wild pursuit, and for ten long miles sword and spear drank deep of the blood of the fugitives. Women as well as men were cut down or speared as the horses overtook them. More than 8,000 Tekkes fell in the pursuit. Asked a year after if this was true, he said he had had the slain counted, and that it was so. Six thousand five hundred bodies were buried inside the fortress, 8,000 more strewed the ten miles of the plain. Skobeleff looked on the massacre as a necessary element in the conquest of Geok Tepe. "I hold it as a principle," he said, "that in Asia the duration of peace is in direct proportion to the slaughter you inflict on the enemy. The harder you hit them the longer they will keep quiet after it." No women, he added, were killed by the troops under his immediate command, and he set at liberty 700 Persian women who were captives in Geok Tepe. After ten miles the pursuit was stopped. There was no further resistance. Not a shot was fired on either side after that terrible day. The chiefs came in and surrendered. The other towns in the eastern part of the oasis were occupied without fighting; nay, more, within a month of Geok Tepe Skobeleff was able to go without a guard into the midst of the very men who had fought against him. We in Europe cannot understand the calm submission with which the Asiatic accepts as the decree of fate the rule of the conqueror whose hand has been heavy upon him and his. The crumbling ramparts of Geok Tepe remain a memorial of the years of warfare which it cost the Russians, and the iron track on which the trains steam past the ruined fortress shows how complete has been the victory.

Skobeleff looked upon his triumph as only the first step to further conquests. But within eighteen months of the storming of Geok Tepe he died suddenly at Moscow. Others have built on the foundations which he laid; and, for good or ill, the advance which began with the subjugation of the Tekke Turkomans has now brought the Russian outposts in Central Asia in sight of the passes that lead across the mountain barriers of our Indian frontier.



STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

THE Boers of the Transvaal are descended from the settlers brought to the Cape by the Dutch East India Company in the seventeenth century. In 1814 the colony was finally ceded to Great Britain by the King of the Netherlands. The Boers had been intolerant of the stern rule of the masters of their own nationality, and they chafed not less under the milder dominion of the later English government. The truth was, and still is, that the Boers from the first have disliked all government, especially when it clashed with their ideas regarding their rights over the natives. A disturbance which occurred in 1815 led to the "great trek," as the emigration of the Boers from Cape Colony was called—a movement which resulted in their settlement in the Transvaal and in the territory now known as the Orange Free State. Up to 1852 the British government theoretically extended up to the twenty-fifth degree of latitude. But no attempt was made to enforce this claim, and in the end even the shadow of suzerainty was renounced when, on 17th January, 1852, the Sand River Convention was entered into between the British Government and the delegates of the Transvaal Boers, by which Great Britain formally renounced all rights over the country north of the Vaal river. Originally there were four republics in the Transvaal, but in 1860 they were united into one under the title of the "South African Republic," which is now its official designation.

The South African Republic did not prosper. From the first it was impecunious, and within a decade after its establishment it was practically insolvent. The discovery, in 1867, of diamonds and of gold brought into the country a rush of strangers, whose energy and enterprise might have altered the condition of the Transvaal but for the lethargy and obstinate isolation of the Boer population. Burgers, the last President before the annexation, was a man of vigour and talent, but the stolid and ignorant Boers declined to be welded by him into a nation. In a war upon which they entered with Sekukuni, a powerful native chief, their poltroonery was flagrant. The fighting was done for them by the warlike native tribe of Amaswazis, who were so disgusted with the cowardice of their white allies that they left them in dudgeon. When the Boers had to do their own work their hearts failed them, and they fled ignominiously. Burgers, with tears, strove to rally them, but in vain, and he begged them to shoot him rather than disgrace him. But they shrugged their shoulders, and more than two-thirds of them "trekked" home, leaving him hemmed in and powerless.

The republic was encircled by native enemies all round the Transvaal borders, all waiting for the impending onslaught by Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the master of a formidable army which lay on the frontier ready to strike, and restrained from immediate hostilities against the Boers—who had provoked him by many encroachments—only by his fear of the English and the personal influence of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Native Secretary of Natal. On the north-east the Amaswazis brooded in sullen discontent; northward, within and beyond the frontier, anarchy raged; and in the west the Bekhuanas were waiting for their opportunity. Financially the republic was hopelessly insolvent. The Boers set their faces against taxation. It is a notorious fact that when Shepstone annexed the Transvaal there was found in the public treasury only twelve shillings and sixpence, part of which was base coin. Clearly a crisis was impending which threatened to involve South Africa in great peril. The annexation was no sudden act. The Blue-books contain remonstrance on remonstrance addressed by British officials to the Transvaal authorities. At

length Lord Carnarvon's forbearance was exhausted. Shepstone was sent for to England, and received a commission of date 5th October, 1876, directing him, should the emergency render such a course necessary, to annex the Transvaal to her Majesty's dominions. Shepstone, escorted by twenty-five mounted policemen and a few officials, reached Pretoria in February, 1877. It was an open secret that he was empowered to annex the country if he deemed it advisable, but he expressed his readiness to refrain from that step if certain reforms were carried out. The Boers would have no reforms, and on April 12th, 1877, Shepstone issued a proclamation formally annexing the Transvaal to Great Britain. For some time the Boers remained sullenly quiet. A few of them rendered good and loyal service with Sir Evelyn Wood during the Zulu war, but the main body stood aloof. Sir Owen Lanyon succeeded Shepstone as Administrator of the Transvaal, and from the first was unpopular with the Boers. At the close of the Zulu war Sir Garnet Wolseley, who held the position of High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, came up into the Transvaal with a considerable strength of regular and irregular troops. During his stay no actual *emeute* occurred, but there were ominous demonstrations, which would probably have come to a head but for the presence of the troops. The Boer discontent was enhanced by the positive intimation from the Colonial Secretary that "under no circumstances whatever would the Transvaal independence be restored to the Boers," and by Sir Garnet's less prosaic but equally resolute utterance, that "so long as the sun shone and the Vaal river flowed to the sea the Transvaal would remain British territory." He finally left the Transvaal in March, 1880, and the troops in that territory were gradually reduced until in November of the same year they consisted of but thirteen companies of infantry, two troops of mounted infantry, and four guns, distributed in detachments in some half-dozen garrisons scattered over the country.

BOERS OF THE CAPE ON THE TREK.

Throughout the land there was a deceptive peace, which lulled Lanyon into a sense of security, and to some extent deceived Wolseley. The Boers were playing the waiting game. Mr. Gladstone became Premier in March, 1880. Taking it for granted that he would act on the lines of his speeches when in Opposition, the Boer leaders called on him to rescind the annexation. The answer of the Government came

in the curt telegram: "Under no circumstances can the Queen's authority in the Transvaal be relinquished." There was consternation among the Boers; the British inhabitants, trusting implicitly in an assurance so specific, rejoiced greatly and bought land without hesitation. In the matter of taxation the Boers had always pre-

sented a passive resistance against the British rule, but Lanyon's officials considered that they might now crush this resistance by active measures. A Boer named Bezuidenhuit was levied on, and in default of payment a seizure was made. Bezuidenhuit and his friends forcibly recovered the article seized, and an attempt to arrest him was thwarted by a gathering of Boers. At a mass meeting on the 13th of December, 1880, it was decided that the South African Republic should be restored; it was resolved to fight for independence, and a triumvirate consisting of Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius was appointed to administer the Government. On the 16th the republic was proclaimed at Heidelberg, which became the headquarters of the new Government. A large body of Boers took possession of that place, another went to Potchefstrom, and a third "commando" was detailed to another service presently to be described.

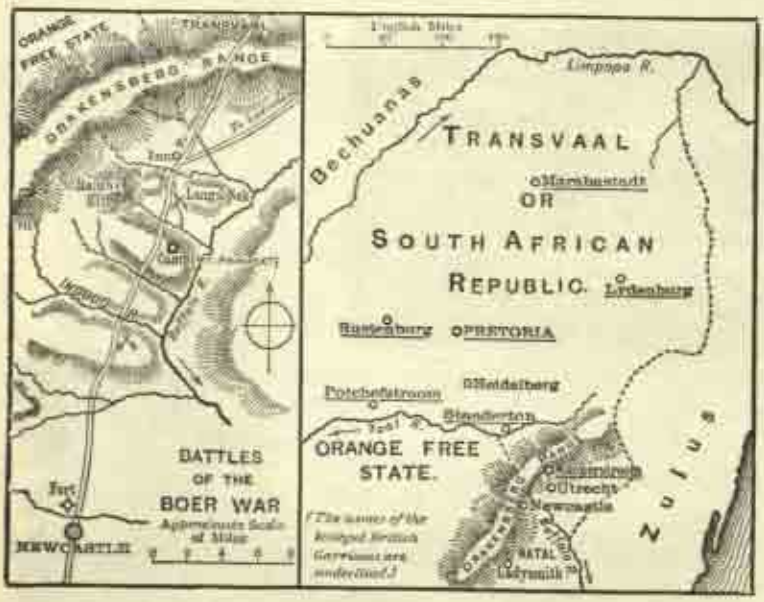
Lanyon was powerless to interfere, and he and the English in Pretoria had to await events, pending the expected arrival of the detachment of the 94th Regiment which had been ordered up from Lydenburg, whence it was known to have moved, on December 5th. This ill-fated body was destined never to reach Pretoria. On the march Colonel Anstruther had frequent warnings of danger, to which he paid insufficient heed; there prevailed in the force the rooted belief that the Boers did not intend serious mischief. It was scarcely to be expected that the men who had pusillanimously recoiled from before

SCENES AROUND PRETORIA.

Sekukuni's spear-armed natives would venture to assail a body of British regular infantry. But long before the end of this miserable war the valour and constancy of the Boers, not less than their moderation and humanity, had come to be ackowledged and admired. In this, their first conflict with the "red soldiers," their unerring marksmanship was the chief surprise.

The scouting duties of Colonel Anstruther's detachment were performed with carelessness; else, whatever might have been its fate, it would

not have been taken by surprise. About noon on December 20th the little column, marching at ease, was approaching Bronkhorst Spruit. The ground traversed by the road was sparsely wooded, sloping down from either side. Military precautions were neglected, and the convoy stretched to an interminable length. The band at the head of the column abruptly stopped playing when about 150 armed mounted Boers suddenly became visible in skirmishing formation on a rise on the left of the road, at a distance of a few hundred yards. Colonel Anstruther immediately galloped back, and ordered the leading waggon to halt and the others to close up. A Boer



advanced midway with a flag of truce, and was met by Colonel Anstruther, to whom he handed a letter written in English. Its terms were at once quaint and peremptory. "We don't know," it ran, "whether we are in a state of war or not, consequently we can't allow any movements of troops from your side, and wish you to stop where you are. We not being at war with the Queen nor with the people of England, but are only recovering the independence of our country, we do not wish to take to arms, and therefore inform you that any movements of troops from your side will be taken by us as a declaration of war."

The messenger was to take back an answer, which had to be given within five minutes. Anstruther read the letter and tersely replied: "I go to Pretoria; do as you like." The messenger departed, and the colonel, hurrying back towards his men, ordered them to skirmish. But it was too late. The Boers had closed in upon the rear and flanks of the column and opened fire at point-blank range. Their fire was deadly—every shot told; that of the troops was scattered and ineffective. In ten minutes, out of a total of 259, there had been killed or wounded 155 officers and men. Colonel Anstruther, himself riddled with bullets, then ordered the "Cease fire," and intimated the surrender of the remains of his force. The Boers then closed in, ordered all arms to be laid down, and formed a cordon round the scene of the slaughter.

When the fighting was over, Boers and soldiers became very friendly. The Boer commander, Joubert, came forward and shook hands with Colonel Anstruther, expressing regret that he should be among the wounded. A hospital camp was pitched close by, and leave was given for the retention of the waggons containing baggage, provisions, and hospital equipment, tents for the wounded, and some uninjured men as hospital nurses; the remaining unwounded prisoners with the rest of the waggons were removed to Heidelberg. Two men were permitted to carry the tidings of the disaster to Pretoria, whence without hindrance surgeons, hospital orderlies, and ambulances were sent out to Bronkhorst Spruit. The Boers showed themselves most obliging, and were extremely solicitous for the comfort of the wounded in camp, bringing in milk, butter, eggs, bread, and fruit gratuitously. The statements regarding the Boer losses in the short fight were curiously conflicting. The Boers affirmed that they amounted only to two killed and five wounded.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley went home he had been succeeded, in July, as High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Sir George Pomeroy Colley, an officer of high character. Tidings of the outbreak in the Transvaal reached him at Pieter Maritzburg on 19th December, and were in

possession of the Colonial Office in London on the following day. Reinforcements from India were promptly ordered to Natal, and further instalments of troops were sent out from England as early as possible. Considering the weakness of the forces at Colley's immediate disposition, he would have been wise to wait until he had been reinforced; but he had a great contempt for the Boers, and was eager to distinguish himself before he should be superseded by officers of higher rank. He was warned by Colonel Bellairs (in military command of the Transvaal) that there were "from 6,000 to 7,000 rebels in the field, who, under good leadership, would exhibit courage, discipline, and organisation." Colley hurried up towards the Transvaal frontier the few companies of infantry which he had in Natal. The arrival of some drafts was very opportune—a naval brigade was landed and sent up, as also a squadron of dragoons and mounted infantry under the command of Major Brownlow, and the Natal Mounted Police. Colley had early intimated his intention to enter the Transvaal about the 20th January, 1881, with a column consisting of eight companies of infantry, four guns, and a mounted squadron—a miserably inadequate force. So far from accomplishing this anticipation, he was able only to quit Newcastle (a border town of Natal) on January 24th with about 60 officers and 1,200 men. This little force was styled the "relief column," as it was intended to raise the siege of the Transvaal towns in which were scanty British garrisons beleaguered by the Boers. Apart from Pretoria, the besieged capital of the Transvaal, there were six of those places—Potchefstrom, Rustenburg, Marabastadt, Lydenburg, Standerton, and Wakkerstrom, all of which held out gallantly until the restoration of peace.

Before advancing from Newcastle, Colley sent an ultimatum to the Boers, ordering them, as insurgents, to disperse. They replied, declaring that all they wanted was the rescinding of the annexation and the restoration of the South African Republic under the Protectorate of the Queen. On the 26th the British force entrenched itself on an elevated position at Mount Prospect, about twenty miles north of Newcastle, in the mountainous region forming the northern projection of Natal. The camp was about a mile right of the road from Newcastle to Standerton, which crossed the ridge known as Lang's Nek—about three and a half miles further northward. In the vicinity of Lang's Nek a considerable number of Boers were seen. On the morning of the 28th, Colley moved out with a strength, all told, of about 1,160 men consisting of five companies of the 58th, under Major Hingeston, and 150 mounted men under Major Brownlow, the whole commanded by Colonel Deane; five companies of the 3rd battalion 60th Regiment, under Colonel Ashburnham; 75 men of the Naval Brigade, four guns under Captain Green, R.A., and details. The pass over Lang's Nek crosses the ridge about the centre of a rough semi-circle, on the west of which is the Majuba mountain; on the east is a long spur surmounted by a rocky crest. In front of the proper left of this spur, several hundred yards to the front, is an isolated conical hill. The ground in the bottom of the enclosed basin is low, with a gradual rise towards the face of the spur, something in the nature of a glacis. About nine o'clock the British force, having moved up along a ridge out of shot, formed into position on a rise in the bottom, with the mounted squadron and the 58th on the right, the guns in the centre, and the 60th and naval brigade on the left, the whole facing toward the spur.

The action was begun by shelling parts of the enemy's position, and by pushing forward a company of the 60th and the Naval Brigade, with their rockets, which took some effect on the Boer reserves in rear of the Nek. At ten o'clock the 58th advanced to the attack of the spur, covered on its right by artillery fire and by Brownlow's squadron. The leading troop of mounted men swept with fine dash up the isolated hill, and then charged. The hill-top was held by a Boer piquet of considerable strength. Brownlow shot the Boer leader with his revolver, but his horse was shot under him; Lieutenant Lermitte and Sergeant-Major Lunny were killed; the supporting troop was checked—the leading troop, fatigued and broken by the charge, and with its leaders all down, could make no head, and the whole squadron gave way. It was no proper ground for cavalry, and the horsemen should have acted as mounted infantry. Meantime, the 58th had begun climbing the steep ascent through the long entangling grass, which retarded the men's progress. The Boer piquet from the hill, having repulsed Brownlow's squadron, moved down and opened fire on the now exposed right flank and rear of the 58th, while the Boers on the spur gathered on its brow and maintained a deadly fire from behind cover. Anxious to get to close quarters out of this purgatory, Colonel Deane gave the order to charge. The officers led nobly, and the men struggled on through the

hail of fire. Colonel Deane's horse was shot, but he dashed forward on foot until riddled with bullets ten yards in front of the foremost man. Major Poole and Lieutenants Inman and Elwes were killed in supporting Colonel Deane; Major Hingeston, and all the mounted officers of the 58th, were shot down or dismounted. The stubborn soldiers of that gallant regiment—youngsters as they were, most of them—continued to hold their ground unflinchingly for some time, notwithstanding the bitter fire. Lieutenant Baillie, carrying the regimental colour, was mortally wounded, and when his comrade Hill went to his assistance, the brave young officer said with his last breath, "Never mind me; save the colour!" Hill, who had been carrying the Queen's colour, took the other also; when he went down, Sergeant Budstock took both colours, and carried them until the general retirement, which soon had to occur. "The 58th," wrote Colley, "having fallen back leisurely without haste or confusion, reformed at the foot of the slope, and marched back into position in as good order, and with as erect and soldierly a bearing, as when it marched out."

SIR G. P. COLLEY

Spite of much British bravery, the combat of Lang's Nek was an unquestionable and severe defeat. But many noble deeds were performed. Lieutenant Hill (already named) brought wounded man after man out of action, and worthily earned the V.C. Trooper Doogen saved the life of Major Brownlow; Private Godfrey and Bandboy Martin remained with Major Hingeston and Captain Lovegrove when those officers lay wounded, enduring heavy fire in doing so. The great brunt of the losses fell on the 58th. The casualties altogether amounted to 198, of which 173 belonged to that regiment, which had to bury 75 officers and men out of a total strength of 494. Lang's Nek caused the Boers exceptionally heavy loss. Their total casualties from beginning to end of the war were but 101, of which Lang's Nek accounted for 41—14 killed and 27 wounded. The Boers behaved with humanity. The moment that the "Cease fire" sounded they gave permission to the English surgeons to attend the wounded lying in front of the Boer position, fetched water to them, and assisted in binding up their wounds.

The folly of the forward position prematurely taken up by General Colley with an inadequate force was made apparent by the result of the battle of Lang's Nek. The comparative handful of men in the Mount Prospect camp could no longer be regarded by any stretch of imagination as a "relief column." That repulse had taught the Boers their ability to arrest the further advance of the British force, and enabled them to turn their attention to the interception of its line of communication. The Boers, in effect, were masters of the situation. Their patrols penetrated nearly to Ladysmith, and threatened Newcastle from the Drakensberg and Utrecht districts. Convoys were cut off, captured, and destroyed; the mail service was arrested, and except for the telegraph service, which remained uninterfered with, the Mount Prospect camp was all but entirely isolated. An escort of mounted infantry sent out on February 7th to attempt to reach Newcastle with mails, was driven back to the camp by the fire of the Boers. Colley then determined to make a more formidable effort next day to open up communications with Newcastle; and to clear the Boers from the road. On the morning of the 8th he left camp with five companies of the 60th Rifles under Colonel Ashburnham, two field- and two mountain-guns under Captain Greer, R.A., and a small detachment of mounted men under Major Brownlow. About five miles south of the Mount Prospect position the Newcastle road is crossed by the Ingogo river, which runs from west to east through a valley. The ground north of the river is broken and rugged; from the south bank there is a gentle rise to the foot of a flat-topped ridge strewn with rocks and boulders, and irregularly cut by rocky depressions.

"THE MEN STRUGGLED ON THROUGH THE HAIL OF FIRE" (p. 431).

The general, leaving the two mountain-guns and a company of infantry on a commanding crest north of the river, crossed it with the main body, which he formed on the plain beyond, and then

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

moved it forward to the foot of the ridge bounding the valley to the southward. As the troops were ascending the rise to the ridge the Boers showed themselves in considerable strength, and they at once galloped forward to dispute the ridge, and to take advantage of the cover afforded by the intersecting valleys. Greer brought his two guns into action, but the Boers had already taken cover, from which they directed a heavy and active fire on the guns and skirmishers. Greer was killed early, and the command of the guns devolved on Lieutenant Parsons. The engagement became heavy and general about noon, when the companies of the 60th were pushed forward against the enemy, whose fire from behind cover was very deadly. The guns had to be freely exposed, and were in action with case-shot at a range of less than 500 yards. The gunners suffered very heavily, and a company of the 60th, which most gallantly advanced to cover the guns, and met the Boer fire at close range, had many casualties from the steady and accurate fire of enemies enjoying almost perfect cover. So severe was the fire of the Boers that the guns had soon to be withdrawn from their exposed position, and during the rest of the affair fired only occasionally. It was apparent that the enemy were being gradually reinforced, and the general sent orders to camp for three companies of the 58th to move out and occupy the ridges north of the river, and for a part, if practicable, to cross the Ingogo in support of the troops already deeply engaged and reduced by severe losses.

About three o'clock there was a comparative lull, although the Boers maintained a very accurate fire, anyone on the British side being almost certainly struck if at all exposing himself. Later in the afternoon the Boers received considerable reinforcements, and Lieutenant Parsons, wounded as he was, reopened with his guns for a short time; but darkness presently set in, and the Boers gradually withdrew to their camp. It was Colley's conviction that the enemy intended renewing the engagement next morning in overwhelming strength, and he acted wisely in deciding to withdraw to camp under cover of darkness. It was a gruesome night. Torrents of rain were falling, and the darkness was intense, except when the lightning flashes broke the blackness of the cold and dismal night. The ambulances sent out during the fight had not been able to reach the actual scene of action, since the Boers had threatened to fire on them if they advanced while the engagement was going on. They were not now available in the darkness; and the wounded, whom in many instances it had been impossible to remove from the advanced positions, had to be searched for. Those who were found were collected and sheltered for the night as well as possible with waterproof sheets, blankets, great-coats, etc.; but many lay as they had fallen throughout the long, inclement night. The guns were horsed, although insufficiently, by collecting all the available animals, and by withdrawing the team from the ammunition waggon, which had to be abandoned. When all arrangements had been completed, the force moved off in silence, formed in hollow square, the guns in the centre, the infantry in skirmishing order on the four sides. The river, swollen by the rain, was deep and rapid; and some of the first men trying to cross were swept down, but found foothold on a sandbank. The main body crossed in detachments with locked arms. The camp was reached about 4 a.m. on the 9th. The soldiers had dragged the guns up the hill, the horses being unable to pull them up the steep and slippery road. The 58th companies spent the night on the northern ridges, and were not withdrawn until the following day.

The casualties had been heavy. Among the slain were Captain MacGregor, R.E., General Colley's assistant military secretary; Captain Greer, R.A.; Lieutenants Garrett and O'Connell;

and Mr. Stuart, a Natal resident magistrate. A most promising officer, Lieutenant Wilkinson of the 60th, was drowned while crossing the Ingogo, when returning to the field with assistance for the wounded, after having distinguished himself throughout the engagement by his coolness and gallantry. The total loss of this unfortunate day amounted to 139 officers and men. According to the statement of the Boers, the Ingogo fight cost them eight killed and six wounded. The Boers returned to the scene of action on the morning of the 9th, expecting to renew the engagement. They took away two gun limbers and the ammunition waggon abandoned overnight by Colley's people, and then fell back behind Newcastle to join their main force, reported as threatening to prevent the advance of the reinforcements recently arrived from India. Their disappearance gave opportunity to succour the wounded and bury the dead without molestation, and opened the road from Mount Prospect to Newcastle, to the hospital at which latter place were promptly sent the wounded from the British camp. The communications in rear of Mount Prospect remained open from this time forward.

Sir George Colley had sustained a second reverse, proportionately more bloody than had been the first. By this time, one would imagine, it might have begun to dawn on the home authorities that Colley, to say the least, was not a successful commander. His experience of actual warfare was but slender: he had served only in the China war of 1860 and in the Ashantee campaign. He was comparatively new to South Africa, and was quite unfamiliar with the Boer nature. Yet the authorities had assigned to him as second in command an officer senior to him in army rank, who had fought with distinction through the Crimean and Indian Mutiny wars, and in the Ashantee and Zululand campaigns, in high and successful commands. Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., was the only officer in the latter campaign under whom Boers served and died—served with a loyal devotion, died gallantly under his eye. He knew the strange, simple, yet stubborn nature of the Boers; he was ready to fight with them, and equally ready to argue them out of a folly. Wood and Colley were old and fast friends; Wood was quite content to serve under his junior, and had hurried out to India with a number of "special service" officers. He reached Durban on February 12th, four days after the Ingogo reverse, Sir G. Colley's account of which was in London on the 10th, and notwithstanding the unwarrantable optimism of its tone, must have been read between the lines in Pall Mall. Then would have been the time to avert further futile waste of brave soldiers by instructing by telegraph Colley and Wood to exchange their relative positions. The arrangement would have been perfectly regular, and Colley was the sort of man who would loyally have accepted the secondary position.

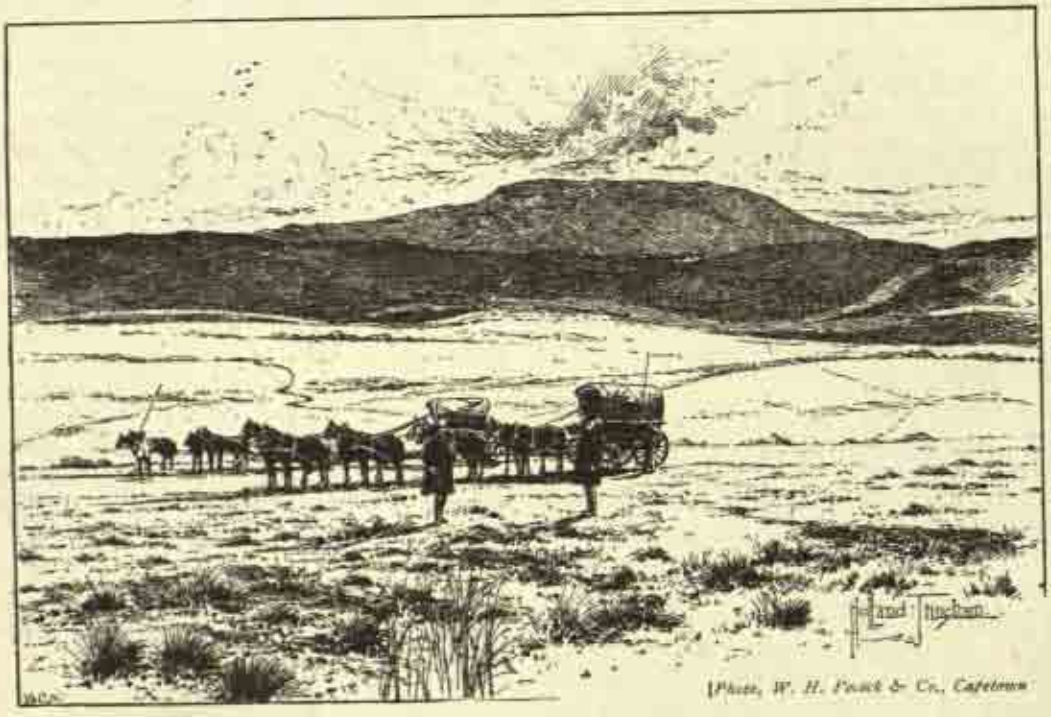
Picking up on his rapid journey the Indian column from its camp on the Biggarsberg, Wood and it (consisting of the 15th Hussars, the 2nd battalion 60th Rifles, and the 92nd Highlanders) reached Newcastle on the 17th. Colley met him there, and it was resolved between the two officers that no further advance should be attempted until more reinforcements, now on the way up, should arrive. They parted on the 21st, Colley moving the Indian column up to Mount Prospect without molestation; Wood returning to Pieter Maritzburg to press on the advance of further reinforcements.

Sir George Colley's motive in making the fatal advance on the Majuba mountain-top, whatever it might have been, died with him. His assurance had been given to Wood that no further advance should be attempted pending the arrival of further reinforcements. He had engaged with the Boer Vice-President in negotiations which promised favourable results. A

GENERAL SMUT.

reconnaissance in force to the summit of the mountain could give no more information than a mere patrol could easily ascertain—the position of the Boer laagers and an approximate estimate

of the force occupying them. A Boer piquet occasionally held the hill-top during the day, and Colley resolved to occupy it by making a night march. At ten o'clock on the night of February 26th he left the Mount Prospect camp with a force of 22 officers and 627 men—a smaller force than he had employed at Lang's Nek. At the start its composition and order were as follows:—Two companies 58th, the Naval Brigade, three companies 92nd, followed by some details; two companies of the 2nd 60th moved out later to the piquet post close to the foot of Inquela



[Photo, W. H. Frost & Co., Capetown

MAJUBA HILL.

hill, with instructions to occupy its summit with some detachments. Further on, upon the narrow Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba, Captain Robertson's company of the 92nd was dropped as a link, with orders to entrench itself. The Nek traversed, the troops, guided by friendly Kaffirs, had now to undertake in single file the actual climb up the steep and rugged side of the Majuba, whose top is 6,200 feet above sea-level and more than 2,000 feet above the positions of the Boer laagers. From time to time during the tedious and toilsome ascent, a halt was made to enable the men—heavy-laden with rations and extra cartridges—to regain their breath. As the troops neared the summit the obstacles increased. The steep grassy slopes were succeeded by great boulders and deep dongas, varied by sharp crags and treacherous loose stones, over and up which the wearied and burdened men had to drag themselves. Near the top the ascent had to be accomplished on hands and knees. Between four and five in the morning of the 27th the force, much exhausted after the heavy toil, and now only about 400 strong, gained the summit.

Like most of the mountains of South Africa, the Majuba is crowned by no peak. Its top is a plateau of saucer-like shape, dipping towards the centre, across which is a rocky reef about breast-high. The circumference of the plateau is about 1,200 yards. When the summit was reached it was still dark, and the troops having got mixed during the scramble up, and being weary, lay down where they stood until dawn. With daylight they were extended round the edge of the plateau, with a small reserve in the central hollow. No instructions were given to entrench, and, indeed, the troops had no tools for such a purpose; but the men of their own accord attempted to obtain some cover by throwing up defences of turf and stones. Here and there the soldiers showed on the sky line, and a few shots were fired, which for the moment caused great consternation in the Boer camps in the lower ground

north-west of the Majuba. Seeing that the mountain was in British occupation, the expectation was natural that an attack would presently be made on their positions on the Nek, in which case they would find themselves

summons a number of the younger men began to climb the mountain side under cover of the stones and scrub. Joubert, the commanding general, detailed a force of the older men in support of the storming party—picked shots

"THE BOERS, NOW DISDAINING COVER, . . . AND, FIRING DOWN UPON THE SCARED TROOPS, PICKED OFF THE MEN AS IF SHOOTING GAME" (p. 438).

between two fires. Their first idea, it seems, was of flight. The oxen were inspanned, and hurried preparations were made for retreat. But when it became evident that the troops on the summit were in no great strength and had neither cannon nor rockets, and that their Nek position was unmolested, the courage of the Boers revived. Smijt, the fighting general, made a short stirring speech, and at his

who remained below watching the edge of the plateau, and firing at every soldier who exposed himself. As the morning passed Boer detachments attacked and hemmed in the British position on the north, the east, and the south-west. The defenders were not in sufficient strength to hold the whole of the edge of the plateau, and detachments had to be moved hither and thither to meet and attempt to

thwart the advances of the Boers. Slowly and steadily the hostile skirmishers clambered upwards from cover to cover, while the supports below protected their movement with a steady and accurate fire. During the hours from dawn to noon our men had not suffered very heavily, notwithstanding the Boer marksmanship. The first officer to fall was Commander Romilly, of the Naval Brigade, while reconnoitring with General Colley. But the long strain of the Boers' close shooting began to tell on the *morale* of the British soldiers, and when the Boers at length reached the crest and opened a deadly fire at short range the officers had to exert themselves to the utmost in the effort to avert disaster. The reserves stationed in the central dip of the plateau, out of reach until then of the enemy's fire, were ordered up in support of the fighting line. Their want of promptitude in obeying this order did not augur well, and soon after reaching the front they wavered, and then gave way. The officers did temporarily succeed in rallying them, but the "bolt" had a bad effect. To use the expression of an eye-witness, "a funk became established."

It was struggled against very gallantly by the officers, who, sword and revolver in hand, encouraged the soldiers by word and by action. A number of men, unable to confront the deadly fire of the Boers, had huddled for cover behind the rocky reef crossing the plateau, and no entreaty or upbraiding on the part of their officers would induce them to face the enemy. What then happened one does not care to tell in detail. Everything connected with this disastrous enterprise went to naught, as if there had been a curse on it. Whatever may have been the object intended, the force employed was absurdly inadequate. Instead of being homogeneous, it consisted of separate detachments with no link or bond of union—a disposition which notoriously has led to more panics than any other cause that the annals of regimental history can furnish. Fragments of proud and distinguished regiments fresh from victory in another continent shared in the panic of the Majuba, seasoned warriors behaving no better than mere recruits. To the calm-pulsed philosopher a panic is an academic enigma. No man who has seen it—much less shared in it—can ever forget the infectious madness of panic-stricken soldiers.

In the sad ending, with a cry of fright and despair the remnants of the hapless force turned and fled, regardless of the efforts of the officers to stem the rearward rush. Sir George Colley lay dead, shot through the head just before the final flight. A surgeon and two hospital attendants caring for the wounded at the bandaging place in the dip of the plateau were shot down, probably inadvertently. The elder Boers promptly stopped the firing in that direction. But there was no cessation of the fire directed on the fugitives. On them the bullets rained accurately and persistently. The Boers, now disdaining cover, stood boldly on the edge of the plateau, and, firing down upon the scared troops, picked off the men as if shooting game. The slaughter would have been yet heavier but for the entrenchment which had been made by the company of the 92nd, left overnight on the Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba. Captain Robertson was joined at dawn from camp by a company of the 60th, under Captain Thurlow. Later there arrived at the entrenchment on the Nek a troop of the 15th Hussars, under the command of Captain Sullivan. After midday the sound of the firing on the Majuba rapidly increased, and men were seen running down the hill towards the laager, one of whom brought in the tidings that the Boers had captured the position, that most of the troops were killed or prisoners, and that the general was dead with a bullet through his head.

Wounded men presently came pouring in, and were attended by Surgeon-Major Cornish. The laager was manned by the two companies, and outposts were thrown out, which were soon driven in by large bodies of mounted Boers, under whose fire men fell fast. Robertson despatched the rifle company down the ravine towards the camp, and a little later followed with the company of the 92nd under a murderous fire from the Boers, who had reached and occupied the entrenchment. The Highlanders lost heavily in the retreat, and Surgeon-Major Cornish was killed. The surviving fugitives from Majuba and from the laager finally reached camp under cover of the artillery fire from it, which ultimately stopped the pursuit. With the consent of the Boer leaders a temporary hospital was established at a farm-house near the foot of the mountain, and throughout the cold and wet night the medical staff never ceased to search for and bring in the wounded. Sir George Colley's body was brought into camp on March 1st, and buried there with full military honours. The other dead of the Majuba fight rest in a cemetery on the plateau of the mountain summit—victims of a strange and almost incredible folly.

Of the 650 officers and men who were in action on this disastrous day 90 were killed, 133 were wounded, 58 were prisoners, and two were missing, the total casualties being 283, the great majority of which occurred in the 92nd, whose losses were 125; in the 58th, with a loss of 93; and in the Naval Brigade, which lost 36—more than half of its strength.

Sir Evelyn Wood reached Newcastle on March 4th, and assumed command. On the 6th he met the Boer leaders, when an armistice to last for eight days was agreed upon. The British garrisons in the Transvaal were revictualled for twelve days, pending the raising of their siege on the consummation of peace; and Sir Evelyn Wood acknowledged the right of the Transvaal people to complete self-government subject to the suzerainty of the Queen. Terms of peace were signed on March 23rd; and next day General Sir Frederick Roberts, who had been sent out with large reinforcements to succeed Sir George Colley, reached Cape Town, but learning of peace being signed, immediately sailed home.

The total number of Transvaal Boers capable of carrying arms was under 8,000 at the beginning of hostilities. The total British force in South Africa, or on the way thither, at the close of hostilities consisted of thirteen infantry regiments, five cavalry regiments, twenty-two guns, three naval brigades—in all, not far short of 20,000 men. This total was exclusive of the British garrisons besieged in the Transvaal during the war. The Boer casualties throughout the war, as already mentioned, amounted to 43 killed and 58 wounded. The British casualties were over 800 killed and wounded. At Majuba the Boers had one man killed and five men wounded.

HOUSE OF A RICH FARMER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINE

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THE French invaded Algeria in 1830 in order to overthrow a power which for many centuries had been the scourge of Christendom. It sounds like ancient history to talk of the Barbary corsairs, yet they existed, as a matter of fact, till quite lately, making constant war against all maritime nations, harrying their commerce, and carrying their people into captivity.

It was only in 1816 that Lord Exmouth with a British fleet bombarded Algiers. The treaty which he forced upon the Dey insisted on the abolition of Christian slavery for ever: as the immediate result no fewer than 3,000 slaves were liberated from Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers. But the Dey—an incorrigible old Turk—would not reform. For fifteen years more his pirate ships infested the Mediterranean, and he was insolent and unbearable to the last. He was in the habit of compelling the British consul to approach him bareheaded and on foot, obliging him to await an audience seated humbly on a stone bench outside his palace. On one occasion he struck the French consul with his fan.

France resolved at length to suppress him, and sent out a combined force, naval and military, to invade Algeria. An army of 34,000 men landed without difficulty, fought two victorious engagements, and marched straight upon Algiers. The city soon fell, and the Dey's power crumbled into the dust.

But this did not end the French operations. The complete subjugation of Algeria was a long affair. In the early years of the conquest there was continuous fighting, either against the indomitable Arabs or some one or other of the Dey's former lieutenants who here and there still resisted the French. One of these held Constantine, in the eastward, and defied the French authority for just seven years after the fall of Algiers.

This was Hadj Ahmad—an old Turk who had been a chieftain under the Dey, but who had constituted himself pacha or supreme ruler under the authority of the Sultan of Turkey. It must be remembered that for centuries the Sublime Porte had exercised suzerainty over Algeria, and the Algerian Turks owed nominal allegiance to Constantinople. Hadj Ahmad was by reputation a cruel and rapacious tyrant. His mountain stronghold was a centre of resistance, whence he laughed at the French. They issued a proclamation deposing him from his power; he told them to come and drive him out; and as he commanded at this time a very considerable force, mostly hardy mountaineers and excellent troops, his position seemed fairly secure. He was well supported by a capable lieutenant—one Ben Aissa, a man of low origin—a Kabyle or mountaineer, one of the turbulent tribe which gave the French much trouble to the very last.

It was now felt by the French—no less as a matter of prestige than for the completion of the conquest of eastern Algeria—that Hadj Ahmad should be overthrown. This was fully realised by the French general-in-chief, Marshal Clausel, one of Wellington's opponents in Spain who had fought him at Salamanca—a veteran soldier who had made war on a large scale, and who no doubt counted upon easily overcoming the old Turk. The marshal was, moreover, in a hurry; he expected momentarily to be recalled to France, and the season was so late there was little time left to take Constantine before the winter—always arduous in the mountain regions of Algeria—set in. Then he was sanguine of success, even without fighting. He had been assured that Constantine would open its gates directly the French appeared before it. This was promised him by an Arab adventurer named Youssoff, who had come over, and who later on rose to high rank in the French service.

Accordingly, Marshal Clausel pushed forward his preparations, and started on a difficult

campaign with an insufficient force, very inadequately supplied. His whole army numbered barely 7,000 men. The roads were so bad—uphill all the way—that he took with him no siege-train and only the most limited number of mountain-guns—fourteen in all. There were only 1,400 rounds of ammunition for the artillery. For the same reason, the troops themselves were but badly found: the force had but fifteen days' rations, and half of these the men carried in their own haversacks. As a mere military demonstration Clausel's expedition might have answered, but it was manifestly unequal to serious business—it could neither face a protracted siege nor a determined assault.

From the first, too, misfortune dogged his steps. The weather became frightfully bad; tempestuous winds, storms of semi-tropical rain, and, on reaching the higher levels, icy cold set in. Every mountain stream—and numbers had to be passed—was swollen into a raging torrent; the paths and mountain roads were broken down or carried away. Fuel was terribly scarce, so that most nights the troops bivouacked without fire; they could not even cook their food. But after thirteen days of most disastrous marching, Clausel arrived at Constantine.

This city has been famous for ages, not only as the key of Eastern Algeria and the natural capital of the surrounding country, but on account of the splendid position it occupies. Constantine has always been deemed one of the wonders of the world. Some French writer has compared it to a picture standing on an easel. It is planted high up on a square and rocky plateau, with its back against the hills. Deep, wide ravines encircle it on all sides but one; at their base, a thousand feet down, flows the rapid Rummel, easily converted by rain and snow into an impassable flood. The only natural communication is on the fourth side—the southern—where the rocky peninsula is joined by an isthmus to the mainland; but from time immemorial the ravine has been bridged on the western side. When the French came to Constantine the bridge of El Kantarah was an ancient and beautiful Moorish construction, hanging high in the air as it spanned the gloomy gorge.

Marshal Clausel invested Constantine on the two sides just mentioned, the southern and western. One brigade took post at Mansourah, an eminence opposite the El Kantarah bridge; the other worked round to another height—that of Condiat Ati, which commanded the city walls and gates on the landward side. The leader of this second brigade was directed to hoist the tricolor flag on the highest point of this ground, as a signal to friends inside. But here was a fresh disappointment. Clausel waited in vain for any overtures from within the city. The enemy meant fighting, not voluntary submission. Hadj Ahmad was in the open country, at the head of a large body of alert and enterprising cavalry. Ben Aissa, who commanded the garrison, showed a firm front in the fortress. There was no choice for Clausel—his only hope of success lay in an immediate attack. His want of battering-train forbade the idea of siege; but worse than all, the French troops were growing demoralised from starvation and hardships, and

it was obvious they could not hold their ground before the place for long.

There were to be two columns of attack, made simultaneously and at midnight—one at the land side from Condiat Ati, the other upon the El Kantarah bridge. Both were to be preceded by the demolition of the gates which barred the way. But now came a fresh mischance. Till now the nights had been overcast, with incessant rain. Just before the assault the clouds cleared off; a bright moon came out, and fully betrayed the movements of the assailants. All efforts to blow in the gates were checked by such a murderous fire that the French could make no progress, and the assault entirely failed.

About daylight Clausel was compelled to order a general retreat. Rigny's brigade at the bridge fell back first, and was presently joined by the other from Condiat Ati. Both were covered by the firm demeanour of a small rear-guard commanded by Changarnier—a major then, who afterwards became a famous general. He stimulated the courage of his little force by pointing out to them that, although the enemy numbered 6,000 and the French but 300, the proportion was equal: it was a fair match between them. Such devoted courage was amply rewarded. Clausel was extricated and retreated in good order unmolested by the Arabs, who, wearied with fighting, did not attempt to pursue. Six days later the shattered and unsuccessful French column re-entered Bone, having in a brief three weeks' campaign lost in killed, wounded, and sick nearly 2,000 men, or a third of the whole force engaged.

In this the first siege of Constantine, the luck had been entirely against the old marshal. Clausel was promptly recalled, and the French people, too proud to sit down under such a defeat, insisted upon a fresh expedition against the mountain fortress. The new force was organised on broader lines, and the chief command entrusted to General Damrémont, who had gained long experience in Algerian warfare. He was to be ably supported. There were to be four brigades of infantry, with a total of 10,000 men, and an imposing quantity of artillery, sixteen field-pieces, a siege-train of seventeen guns, and an ample ammunition-train. The artillery was under General Valée, who, although senior in rank to Damrémont, chivalrously offered to serve under him. Ten companies of sappers and engineers accompanied the army to assist in the siege.

The new expedition was composed in part of troops then newly raised, but destined to become famous in the annals of French warfare. These were the Zouaves, who made up mainly one brigade—that of the Duke de Nemours, a prince of the reigning house. In the early days of the French invasion a body of warlike mountaineers had been found among the Kabyle tribes who, like the Swiss in Europe, hired themselves out as mercenary soldiers to the native princes around. They were called "Zouaouas," and they wore a distinctive dress which foreshadowed the now famous Zouave uniform—the red fez, the short jacket, and wide red Turkish trousers. The French willingly secured the services of these fighting-men, and embodied them in regiments which by degrees lost their native character and became filled with adventurous spirits — not always French born, but attracted from all European countries by the dashing nature of the service required from them. The Zouaves soon became remarkable for their brilliant exploits in the field, their impetuosity in attack, their boldness and self-reliance in the face of the most serious danger. Yet they required to be handled with discretion and forbearance. A lighter discipline was enforced in quarters, and this peculiar character led to their being commanded by the most rising and intelligent young officers in the French army. In addition to the Zouaves, General Damrémont's army included a foreign legion specially raised for this war, and, like the Zouaves, recruited from the more daring spirits of all countries.

The second expedition against Constantine started earlier than the first. It left Bone on October 1st, 1837, and, finding fewer obstacles, reached the Rummel on the 6th—six days' march against thirteen. But Constantine showed as bold a front as ever. According to an eye-witness, the French were received with vigorous demonstrations. Immense crimson flags were waved incessantly from the walls, Arab women from the roofs of the houses yelled shrill cries of defiance, which the Arab warriors hoarsely re-echoed. As the French appeared a brisk fire was opened upon them. Later on, when General Damrémont summoned the place to surrender, he received a most heroic refusal. "Constantine is well victualled and well armed," said the Arab emissary. "It understands neither a breach nor a capitulation. We shall defend our town and our homes to the very last. The French shall not take the place till they have killed our last man." General Damrémont acknowledged their courage, but declared there would be all the more glory in beating them.

A more leisurely and more scientific plan of attack was now followed than in the first attempt. Batteries were established at points from which a breach might most easily be made, and which most favoured an assailant. This was at Condiat Ati, the height already mentioned, in front of which were a strongly fortified wall and gate, but with a comparatively level approach. The French fire was hot and continuous; within six days a practicable breach was made in the wall. On the morning of the 12th October General Damrémont came in person to reconnoitre, and was satisfied that the attack might now be made. Everybody was in high spirits; it was felt that the prestige of the French arms affected by the first failure was now about to be vindicated. The luck, indeed, had changed, but it was still hostile, so far as the leader of the expedition was concerned. General Damrémont was destined to lose his life at the outset. He was so eager to inspect the breach that he ventured too near, and exposed himself rashly to the enemy's sharpshooters. Just as the Duc de Nemours was protesting, and the general had coolly replied "There is nothing to fear," a fatal shot struck him low. He fell lifeless on the very threshold of his triumph.

The command now devolved upon General Valée, who forthwith proceeded with the dispositions for attack. The bombardment was continued all day, and during the night the columns destined to enter by the breach silently took up their positions, there to await the signal to attack. There was no time to lose. Now, as at the first siege, adverse influences were beginning to work, and would soon have entailed another disaster. Sickness was increasing; the troops were ill-fed and much exposed; they were constantly drenched by heavy rains, and stood for hours knee-deep in mud and slush. Fever and dysentery were already making serious inroads in their ranks. The baggage animals—which might become of vital importance if retreat was ordered—were worn out with fatigue and shortness of rations. The French army might be in a critical condition before long, and the knowledge of this, which was no secret, made all more determined to win a victory.

The attack was to be made in three columns, each to follow on and support the other. The first, led by Colonel La Moricière, afterwards a great general, consisted mainly of Zouaves; the second and third columns were commanded by Colonel Combes; the reserve, posted inside the Bardo Barracks, was under Colonel Corbin. Each column was 500 strong, the reserve 400. The remainder of the army lined the trenches or occupied posts of observation around Constantine, one brigade being held at Mansourah opposite the El Kantarah bridge.

The movement of attack was by successive companies of fifty men. About 7 a.m. the first company started at a run under the stentorian command of La Moricière—"Up, my Zouaves! forward at the double. March!" A hundred yards of open ground had to be crossed, and in the teeth of a death-dealing fire, but fifty by fifty, the gallant assailants with the headlong dash that ever characterises the French soldier in attack, entered the yawning breach. The second column was on the point of taking up the charge, when it was seen that the first assailants had met a serious check.

There was an inner line of defence—a wall, still unbreached, and commanded by a fierce converging fire. A call went up for scaling-ladders. The French sappers gallantly responded, but as they brought and placed them a whole section of the wall was thrown down by an unexpected explosion. Numbers were buried alive beneath the fragments, but the way was opened for the rest.

Now the second column was launched forward, and went gamely on. The Arabs plied them hotly with musketry, and just when a great mass of Frenchmen had got well past the breach and the second wall, there was a fresh catastrophe—a second murderous and terrific explosion scattered death and destruction around. The few survivors lost heart; they came streaming back with loud and frantic shouts of "Retire! retire! It is impossible. The whole ground is mined!"

It was a critical moment, but the prompt intrepidity of the leaders grappled with the danger and checked the retreat. A young captain of the Foreign Legion—St. Arnaud (better known afterwards in connection with the *coup d'état* and the command of the French Crimean army)—now came conspicuously to the front. Boldly advancing, he rallied his men, and led them on, crying "Forward! forward! Give them the bayonet. There is nothing to fear." The explosion had been caused by a powder magazine which had taken fire; the flames had spread rapidly, and had caught the powder bags carried by the French sappers—even the ammunition pouches of the infantry. Yet, in spite of the horrors of the situation, the assailants gathered fresh courage under the impulse of one man; the

cry of "Forward!" was taken up on all sides, and the assault was gallantly resumed.

The difficulty was to get inside the town. Every house was held by small garrisons, and the resistance was very stout and unceasing. At last an engineer led St. Arnaud at the head of his company against a barricade formed across a narrow street, beyond which were some of the great thoroughfares of the city. St. Arnaud was lifted bodily over the obstacle, and found safety

street, the French leaders always encouraging their men, and assuring them that it was really safer to go on than to stand and be shot down. At last a small central square was reached, in which stood a mosque. Here three streets converged, and at last the firing slackened. By this time all the French columns had entered and were engaged within the town. General Ralhières had been sent forward to unite all in one general attack, and a concentrated determined

"IN THE TEETH OF A DEATH-DEALING FIRE." (P. 443).

by falling on the ground inside. Of the hundred of shots aimed at him none hit him, although his scabbard was pierced and his cloak was burned by the powder. His imminent danger brought his men to his help, and all pressed on, entering a larger and the principal business street of Constantine. Here the roofs of the one-storeyed shops and the houses above were alive with Arabs, who kept up an incessant fire.

There was no help for it but to take house after house, fighting ahead inch by inch, and in so fierce a struggle that the losses were cruel, and the French as they advanced waded among corpses knee-deep in blood. But the progress made was always forward from street to

effort was about to be made, when an Arab came running up, crying, "Carta! Carta!" He was carrying a paper in his hand—a letter addressed to the general in chief command, which contained a formal proposal to capitulate from some of the leading inhabitants. But the wish to surrender was by no means unanimous. A stubborn spirit still animated many of the defenders, who preferred to risk the chances of escape with the alternative of a terrible death. Thousands lowered or threw themselves over the ravines around the town, and the dead or dying presently filled the rocky bed of the river below.

The French victory was well earned, for the attack had been carried out with a courage that

was not to be denied, and on the best principles of the military art. Only the vulnerable side had been assailed. No attempt had been made, as in the first siege, upon the El Kantarah bridge; and wisely, for St. Arnaud after the capture came upon this bridge at the inner side, and found it to be all but impregnable.

As but too often happens when fortified towns are taken by storm, terrible excesses followed this triumph. Constantine was barbarously pillaged and plundered by the French conquerers. For three days the sack continued. But order was gradually restored, and with it came confidence, for the French general promised faithfully to respect the religion, property, and customs of the people. All the Arabs were invited to remain peacefully in Constantine. If they would lay down their arms and trust to the French authorities, they would be permitted to share in the government of their city. This proclamation gave general satisfaction, and quiet was soon established.

Nowadays Constantine, although still retaining something of its Arab character, is quite a French city, with its boulevards and squares, its cafés, its kiosks, and public gardens. But the memory of the great fight for its possession still survives in the names of its streets and in the statues of its conquerors. The Bardo barracks, Mansourah, the El Kantarah gate leading to the new iron bridge, are still extant, but the hill of Condiat Ati is being levelled, and the Place de la Brèche occupies the ground where the attacking column entered, and near at hand is a bronze statue to Marshal Valée. A stone pyramid just outside the city commemorates the death of General Damrémont, and streets are named after Colonels Combes and Peregaux, who were also killed at the assault.

The capture of Constantine marked an important epoch in the conquest of Algeria. But it by no means ended the struggle. There was fierce fighting for long afterwards, and all through this stormy period the colony has been to France what India is to England—a military training-ground. Nearly all the most notable French generals of the last generation won their spurs in Algeria. The names of Changarnier, Cavaignac, and La Moricière first became famous in Algerian military annals. The leaders of the French in the Crimea—St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pélissier—were first distinguished in Algerian warfare. Marshal MacMahon fought there, and Niel, Morris, Martimprey, and Le Bœuf. Algeria is thought to be pacified now, but it is still held at the point of the sword; and as late as 1871, when the French power at home was imperilled by the German successes, a serious insurrection was set on foot, which for a time jeopardised the weakened forces in the colony. To this day the most experienced French officers declare that the Arabs cannot be trusted, and that renewed fighting is always on the cards.

GALLERY IN THE PALACE AT CONSTANTINE.

The Campaign of New Orleans

By C. Stein

AT the western end of Jamaica is Negril Bay, a wide, safe, and convenient anchorage. There, on the 24th of November, 1814, was assembled one of the most imposing and efficient combined naval and military forces that Great Britain has ever sent across the Atlantic. More than fifty ships were there, most of them men-of-war, and the remainder transports. The men-of-war included many vessels of the largest size, and their commanders numbered amongst them the most renowned and trusted officers of England's navy. Sir Alexander Cochrane's flag was hoisted on the 80-gun *Tonnant*, and he had with him Rear-Admiral Malcolm in the 74, *Royal Oak*. Sir Thomas Hardy—Nelson's Hardy—was in the *Ramilies*, and Sir Thomas Trowbridge was in the *Armide*. Many others there were, scarcely less well known to fame and fresh from the great deeds which had given to England the undisputed sovereignty of the seas. The decks of the fleet were crowded with soldiers. The 4th, 44th, 85th, and 21st Regiments, with a proportion of artillery and sappers, had come from North America, where they had fought the battle of Bladensburg, burned the public buildings of Washington, and lost in action their general—the gallant Ross—during the past summer. These had just been joined by the 93rd Highlanders, six companies of the 95th Rifles, two West India Regiments, two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons (dismounted), with detachments of artillery and engineers, and recruits for the regiments which had been already campaigning in America. The whole probably formed an army of about 6,000 men, though of them it could not be said that above 4,400 were troops on which a general could thoroughly depend, as the two West India Regiments, being composed of negroes, were not completely trustworthy, particularly if they were to be called upon to endure much exposure to cold in coming service. Their leader was Major-General Keane, a young and dashing officer, who had been sent out from England to be second in command to General Ross, and who did not know till he reached Madeira on his voyage that, by Ross's lamented death, he had no senior. Other forces were also on their way, which would eventually join the great armament now in Negril Bay. A fleet from Bordeaux was still on the ocean, the naval squadron of Captain Percy was to effect a junction from Pensacola, and more ships were to come from England conveying a commander-in-chief.

The object with which so much warlike power had been collected had long been studiously kept secret, but at last it was known that a descent on Louisiana was intended, and that the first operation would be the capture of New Orleans. It was thought that the Government of the United States would be taken by surprise, that little or no resistance would be met with, and that the charges of the expedition would be more than covered by the large booty in cotton, sugar, and other products which had not been able to leave the country during the course of the war while the seas were watched by English cruisers.

There was no long delay at the place of rendezvous, and the great fleet got under weigh on the 26th November. Confidence was in every heart, and no forebodings of disaster clouded the anticipations of success which, as by second nature, came to soldiers and sailors accustomed to victory.

New Orleans is built on the east bank of the Mississippi, the "father of waters," about eighty miles from its mouth. In 1814 its inhabitants numbered from 20,000 to 30,000, of whom the majority were French creoles, while the remainder were Spaniards and Americans, besides a floating multitude of merchants, sailors, and others who had been detained in the city and

debarred from their usual avocations by the war. It was doubtful whether this population was loyal to the American Republic, of which it had only for a few years formed a part, and, indeed, if the defence of the town had fallen into less vigorous hands than it did, it is more than likely that serious disaffection might have showed itself. The mighty flood of the Mississippi, bearing down with it a vast accumulation of detritus, had formed a great delta, and the waters themselves found their way to the Gulf of Mexico through many channels. Its main outlet was, however, the only one navigable for ships of any size, and this had at its mouth a constantly shifting bar, which was impassable for any craft drawing over sixteen or seventeen feet of water. Besides the natural difficulties of the entrance to the river, it was further defended by a fort, strong in itself and almost impregnable by its position in the midst of impervious swamps. Even supposing that an enemy should be able to pass the bar and the first fort, he would find that when he had ascended the river about sixty miles two other strong forts presented themselves, whose cross fire swept the channel, at a point, too, where the river makes a bend, and the sailing ships of the day had to wait for a change of wind to ensure their further progress.

The banks of the river were composed of slimy morasses, rank with semi-tropical vegetation and intersected by bayous, or creeks, utterly impracticable for landing or for the march and manœuvring of troops. To the east of the swampy delta formed by the great river, a shallow sheet of open water stretched inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and was only divided from the Mississippi at its further extremity by a narrow neck of comparatively firm land, and on this neck was situated the town of New Orleans. The open water near the gulf was known as Lake Borgne, and, where it widened out eastward of the city, as Lake Pontchartrain. The entire width of the neck of land between Lake Pontchartrain and the river might vary from eight to ten miles, but of this about two-thirds was reed-grown morass, while the remainder was occupied by cotton and sugar plantations, separated by strong railings and drained by numerous deep ditches or canals. The whole at certain seasons of the year was below the level of the river, and was protected from inundation by high artificial dykes, or ramparts, called in Louisiana *levées*. When the designs of the British armament became apparent, Major-General Jackson, of the United States army, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself in Indian wars, was entrusted with supreme command at the threatened point, and arrived at New Orleans on the 2nd December. As a man who made his mark in history, and who served his country well at a great crisis in her fortunes, his personal description is of peculiar interest :—" —— a tall, gaunt man, of very erect carriage, with a countenance full of stern decision and fearless energy, but furrowed with care and anxiety. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy, his hair was iron grey, and his body thin and emaciated, like that of one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful illness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-like eye betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all the infirmities of the body. His dress was simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protected his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, whilst his feet and legs were encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blacking, which reached to the knees. In age he appeared to have passed about forty-five winters."

Immediately on his arrival at New Orleans, General Jackson began making every arrangement for the defence of the town, inspecting and improving the river forts, reconnoitring the shores of Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain, fortifying and obstructing the bayous which gave a waterway to the near neighbourhood of the town, and stimulating and encouraging the people. In truth he had apparently no easy task before him. We have seen how mighty was the force arrayed against him, which was even now lying off the coast ready to advance in a wave of invasion. To oppose it he had at his immediate disposal only two newly-raised regiments of regular troops, a battalion of uniformed volunteers, two badly-equipped and imperfectly-disciplined regiments of State militia—some of whose privates were armed with rifles, some with muskets, some with fowling-pieces, some not armed at all—and a battalion of free men of colour, the whole amounting to between 2,000 and 3,000 fighting-men. Two small vessels of war lay in the river, but these were, so far, unmanned. There were also six gunboats on Lake Pontchartrain. Commodore Patterson was the senior naval officer, and he had few subordinates. Reinforcements were, however, on their way, and were strenuously pushing forward in defiance of the inclement season, swollen streams, nearly impassable roads, and scant supply of food and forage. General Coffee, with nearly 3,000 men, was coming from Pensacola. General

Carroll was bringing a volunteer force from Tennessee, and Generals Thomas and Adair, at the head of 2,000 Kentuckians, were also on their way down the Mississippi to join in the defence of Kentucky's sister State. Such an army as—even when all should be assembled—General Jackson was to command would, to all seeming, have little chance in a ranged field against the highly-disciplined soldiery of England; but it attempted, and Sir Alexander Cochrane and General Keane had determined to effect a landing on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and hoped, by pushing on at once, to be able to take possession of the town before effectual preparation could be made for its defence. It has been said that Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain were shallow; indeed, their depth varied from six to twelve feet. The troops were, therefore,

SUNSET IN A MISSISSIPPI SWAMP.

had, for its greatest and most reliable advantage, the occupation of a position in the highest degree difficult of approach, and, when reached, capable by its nature of effectual resistance.

On the 8th December the leading ships of the English fleet, which had left Negril Bay on the 26th November, anchored off the Chandeleur Islands, which stud the gulf opposite to the entrance of Lake Borgne; and by the 12th the whole of the men-of-war and troopships had arrived. It had been recognised that to advance against New Orleans by the channel of the Mississippi was a task too difficult to be transferred from the larger into the lighter vessels, and on the 13th were prepared to enter upon the transit of the land-locked waters. They had not proceeded far, however, when it became apparent that the American gunboats which occupied the lake were prepared to offer resistance to the movement, and, until that resistance could be removed, no disembarkation could be attempted. The gunboats, with their light draught of water, could bid defiance to even the lightest vessels of the English fleet, which could not float where they sailed. They could only be reached by ships' launches and

DEATH OF SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM (A. 1815).

barges rowed by seamen, and a flotilla combined under Captain Lockier of the Navy was at once prepared for the enterprise. The boats pushed off, and by noon came in sight of the foe, who would willingly have retreated and given their attackers long and weary toil in their approach, but that, the morning breeze having died away, they were compelled perforce to fight at anchor in line moored fore and aft. Captain Lockier resolved to refresh his men before he commenced the action, and, dropping his grapnels just out of reach of the enemy's guns, allowed his crews to eat their dinner. After an hour's repose the boats again got ready to advance, and, with a hearty cheer, they moved on steadily in a long line. Then began one of those brilliant boat actions in which some of the best qualities of the English sailors so often showed themselves. The American guns opened, and a hail of balls was showered upon Captain Lockier's flotilla. One or two boats were sunk, others disabled, and many men were killed and wounded. But the English carronades returned the fire, and, as the determined, stalwart rowers gradually closed with the Americans, the marines were able to open a deadly discharge of musketry. A last powerful effort, the gunboats were reached, and, cutlass in hand, the bluejackets sprang up their sides. The resistance was stern and unyielding, worthy of the American Republic. Captain Lockier received several severe wounds, but, fighting from stem to stern, the boarders at length overpowered their enemy, the "Stars and Stripes" was hauled down, and on every vessel the English flag was hoisted in its place.

On the waterway of the lakes there was now no longer any resistance, and again the light vessels, to which the troops had been transferred, essayed to pass over it. But the depth beneath the keels became less and less, and even the lightest craft one after another stuck fast. The boats were of necessity hoisted out, and the soldiers, packed tightly in them, cramped in one position, began a miserable transit of thirty miles to Pine Island—a barren spot where all were to be concentrated before further operations were attempted. No boat, heavily laden as all were, could cover the long distance in less than ten hours, and, besides the discomfort to the men, inseparable from such long confinement, matters were made infinitely worse by a change in the weather. A heavy rain began, to which a cloak formed no protection, and such as is only seen in semi-tropical countries.

The operation began on the 16th, and, with all the diligence and continued exertion of which officers and men, soldiers and sailors, were capable, it was not finished till the 21st. By day and night for these days boats were being pulled from the fleet to the island, and from the

island to the fleet. The strain upon the sailors was terrific, and many of them were almost without cessation at the oar. Not only had they to support hunger, fatigue, and sleepless nights, but the constant changes of temperature aggravated the hardships. Drenching rain by day alternated with severe frosts by night, and tried to the uttermost the endurance of all. Nor was the army, as it landed in successive detachments on Pine Island, in a better plight. Bivouacked on a barren, swampy spot, which did not even produce fuel for camp fires, the clothes which had been saturated with rain by day congealed into hard and deadly chilling husks by night, with no supply of food but salt meat, biscuit, and a little rum provided from the fleet, soldiers have seldom been exposed to more severe trials of their fortitude. But, in spite of all, no complaints or murmurings rose from the expedition. The

miseries of the present were forgotten in the high hopes of the immediate future, and this confidence did not arise alone from trust in their own strength, but deserters from the enemy related the alarm that existed in New Orleans, assured the invaders that not more than 5,000 men were in arms against them, that many of the city's inhabitants were ready to join them when they appeared, and that conquest, speedy and bloodless, was within their grasp.

Meanwhile, in New Orleans itself, General Jackson had been meeting difficulties, working to restore confidence, and providing for the necessities of the military situation with all the energy of his nature. The news of the disaster to the American gunboats had filled the people with alarm. Rumours of treason began to spread, an insurrection of the slaves was dreaded, the armed ships in the river were still unmanned, and the expected reinforcements had not arrived. A desperate situation demanded the strongest and most unusual measures. Jackson did not hesitate to adopt them, and assumed the great responsibility of proclaiming martial law, so that he could wield the whole resources of the town, and direct them unimpaired by faction against his foe. Expresses were sent to the approaching additions to his strength, urging them to increase their efforts to push forward. The two war vessels—the *Carolina* and *Louisiana*—whose possible importance as factors in the approaching struggle was recognised, were manned and prepared for service; and even a lawless semi-piratical band of barratarian smugglers was forgiven its crimes, taken into the service of the Republic, and organised into two companies of artillerymen. So great, however, was the lack of war munitions that even the flints of these privateers' pistols were received from them as a precious prize, and were forthwith fitted to muskets.

The whole of the English field army was assembled on Pine Island on the 21st December, but having been so long on board ship, and its various corps having been gathered from many different points, it became necessary, before further advance was made, to form it in brigades, to allot to each brigade a proportion of departmental staff—such as commissaries, medical attendants, etc.—and to establish depôts of provisions and military stores. In completing these arrangements the whole of the 22nd was passed, and it was not till the morning of the 23rd that General Keane's advanced guard could start for its descent on the mainland. This advanced guard was made up of the 4th, the 85th Light Infantry, and the six companies of the 95th Rifles. To it were attached a party of rocket-men and two light three-pounder field-pieces. The whole was under command of Colonel Thornton, 85th. The main body of the force was divided into two brigades—the first, composed of the 21st, 44th, and one West India regiment, with a proportion of artillery and rockets, under Colonel Brook; and the second, containing the 93rd and the other West India regiment, under Colonel Hamilton, also provided with rockets and field-guns. The dismounted dragoons remained as a personal bodyguard to the general until they could be provided with horses.

It was intended that the descent of the army on the mainland should take place on the bank of the Bayou Bienvenu—a long creek which ran up from Lake Pontchartrain to within a short distance of New Orleans through an extensive morass. Every boat that could be sent from the fleet was to be used for the service, but not more could be provided than were sufficient to transport a third of the army at one time. The undertaking was therefore most hazardous, as, if the troops were placed in proximity to the enemy in successive divisions at long intervals of time, each might be cut to pieces in detail. Neither leaders nor rank and file were, however, men to be deterred even by excessive risks, and, as has been said, they had the assurance of deserters that great resistance was not to be anticipated. Colonel Thornton's advanced guard was therefore embarked. Many miles had to be traversed, and again the soldiers were exposed to long hours of confinement in a cramped position; again the heavy rain of the day was succeeded at sundown by a bitter frost. Nor could they proceed after dark had set in, and, during the long weary hours of night, the boats lay in silence off their landing-place. By nine o'clock on the following morning, however, the landing was effected, and with limbs stiffened and almost powerless, with little available food to restore exhausted strength, 1,600 men stood at last upon the enemy's shore.

Wild and savage was the scene where the little band found itself. A scarcely distinguishable track followed the bank of the bayou. On either side was one huge marsh, covered with tall reeds. No house or vestige of human life was to be seen, and but few trees broke the monotony of the dreary waste. Forbidding as was the spot, and ill-adapted for defence in case of attack,

it might have possibly been supposed that General Keane, who accompanied the advanced guard, would have here remained in concealment till the boats, which had returned to Pine Island, had brought the remainder of his force; but he judged it best to push on into more open country, influenced by the hope of striking a swift and unexpected blow, and by his fairly well-founded doubts whether even now his enemy's scouts might not be hovering round him. The advance was formed, and, after several hours' march, delayed by the difficulties of the marshy road, by the numerous streams and ditches that had to be crossed, and by the fetid miasma that filled the air, the track began to issue from the morass, there were wider and wider spots of firm ground, and some groves of orange trees presented themselves.

It was evident that human habitations must be near, and increased caution and regularity became necessary. At last two or three farm-houses appeared. The advanced companies rushed forward at the double and surrounded them, securing the inmates as prisoners. There was a moment of carelessness, however, and one man contrived to effect his escape. Now all further hope of secrecy had to be abandoned. General Keane knew that the rumour of his landing would spread with lightning speed, and all that was left to him was to act with determination, and make the appearance of his force as formidable as possible. The order of march was re-formed so that, moving upon a wide front, the three battalions had the semblance of twice their real strength, and the pace was quickened in order to gain a good military position before an enemy's force could show itself. Onward they pressed, till they found themselves close to the bank of the mighty Mississippi, and, wheeling to their right, they were on the main road leading to New Orleans.

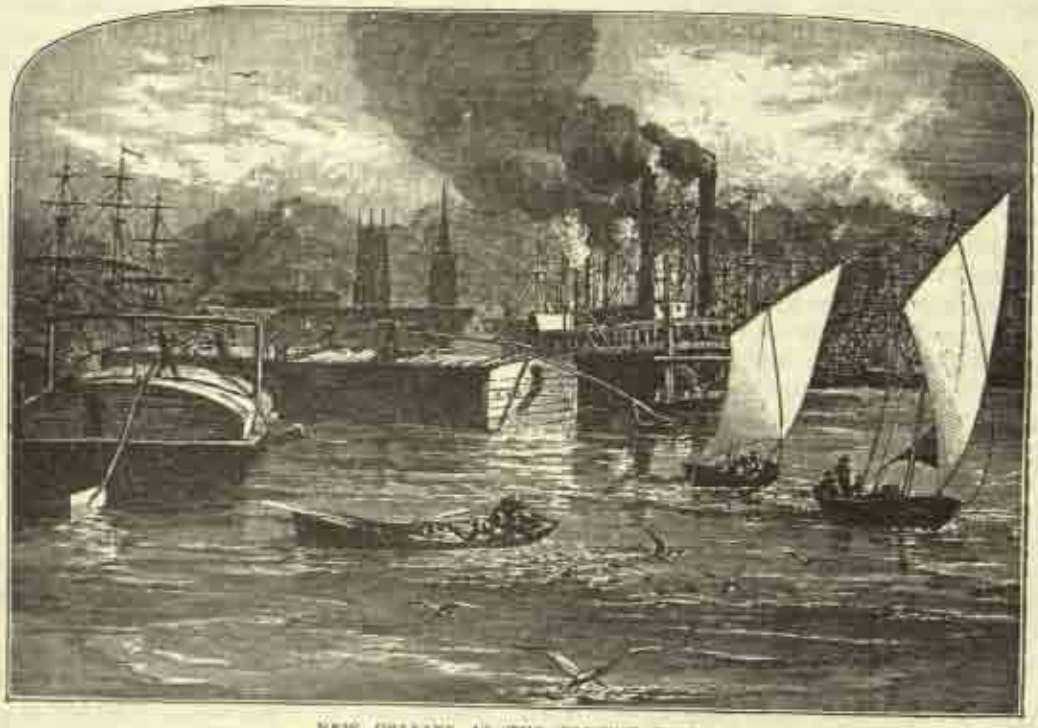
They faced towards the city on a narrow plain, about a mile in width, with the river on their left, and the marsh which they had quitted on their right. A spot of comparative safety had been reached, the little column halted, piled arms, and its bivouac was formed. It was late in the afternoon before the moment of repose came, but the soldiers prepared to make the most of it: outposts were placed to secure them from surprise, foraging parties collected food, and fires were lighted.

The evening passed with one slight alarm, caused by a few horsemen who hovered near the picquets, and darkness began to set in. In the twilight a vessel was seen dropping down the current, and roused curiosity among those who had not stretched themselves by the fires to seek much-needed sleep. It was thought that she might be an English ship, which had managed to pass the forts at the mouth of the river. She showed no colours, but leisurely and silently she dropped her anchor abreast of the camp and furled her sails. To satisfy doubt she was repeatedly hailed, but no answer was returned. A feeling of uneasiness began to spread, and several musket shots were fired at her, but still reply came not from her dimly-seen bulk. Suddenly she swung her broadside toward the bank, and a commanding voice was heard to cry, "Give them this for the honour of America." The words were instantly followed by the flash and roar of guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept through the English bivouac. The light artillery which had accompanied General Keane's advanced guard was helpless against so powerful an adversary, and nothing could be done but to withdraw the exposed force behind the shelter of the high *levée*. The fires were left burning, and, in the pitch-dark night, those who were uninjured were forced to cower low while the continued storm of grape whistled over their heads, and they could hear the shrieks and groans of their wretched comrades who had been wounded by the first discharge. Thus they lay for more than an hour, when a spattering fire of musketry was heard from the picquets which had been able to hold their position. Whether this fire was only the sign of slight skirmishing at the outposts, or whether it foreboded a serious attack, was for some minutes doubtful, but a fierce yell of exultation was heard, the blackness of night was lighted by a blaze of musketry fire breaking out in semi-circle in front of the position, and the certainty came that the enemy were upon the advanced guard in overpowering numbers.

The situation seemed almost desperate. Retreat was impossible, and the only alternatives were to surrender or to beat back the assailants. General Keane and his followers were not the men to surrender, and at once assumed the bolder course. The 85th and 95th moved rapidly to support the picquets, while the 4th were formed as a reserve in the rear of the encampment. In the struggle that followed there was no opening for tactics, none for the supervision and direction of a general, or even of the colonels of battalions. The darkness was so intense that all order, all discipline were lost. Each man

hurled himself direct at the flashes of musketry; if twenty or thirty united for a moment under an officer, it was only to plunge into the enemy's ranks and to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict, bayonet against bayonet, sword against sword. In the dire confusion of the bloody *mêlée* it soon became impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The British field-artillery dared not fire for fear of sweeping away Americans and Englishmen by the same discharge. Prisoners were taken on both sides, and often released at once by the sudden rush of assistance. As both armies spoke the same tongue a challenge was of no avail, and till the deadly thrust or shot came no man could be certain who stood in front of him.

In the nature of things such fighting could not be of long continuance. The Americans, astonished by the vigour of the assault, gave way, and were followed up for some distance; but the English officers strove to rally their men, and to make them fall back to their first position; and soon all but those who had fallen were re-formed and concentrated. The Americans had been repulsed on all sides, but the fight had cost the English dearly, as, including the loss from the fire of the ship, 46 were killed and 167 wounded, besides 64 taken prisoners. The miserable night wore on, but with the morning's dawn there came a renewal of inglorious peril. The schooner whose fire had been so disastrous on the preceding evening still lay off in the river, and had now been joined by another vessel. They were the *Carolina* and *Louisiana*. Safe from any retaliation, their guns covered the shore and effectually precluded any movement of the English, who were obliged—hungry, cold, and wearied—to seek shelter under the *levée* from the shower of projectiles which swept the plain.



NEW ORLEANS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

But meanwhile the rest of the army was landing, and hastening to join their comrades. The roar of the cannon had been heard far over the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, and had added energy to the strong arms that were pulling the boats. By nightfall on the 23rd the two brigades had both arrived on the scene of battle, and had taken up their ground between the morass and the river, but throwing back their left, so as to avoid the fire of the ships. The advanced guard could at last be extricated from the trap into which it had fallen, and the night of the 24th was

passed in quiet and in disheartened speculation whether the advance could be resumed or not. The responsibility of decision was, however, removed from General Keane by the unexpected arrival on the morning of the 25th of Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs, who had been sent from England as first and second in command.

Let us see what had been the course of affairs in New Orleans while the events just related were occurring. At the time that the English army was concentrating at Pine Island the defence of the city still depended alone on the small, half-organised force which General Jackson had found under his hand on his first arrival. But on the 21st the long-expected reinforcements began to pour in. General Coffee—the numbers of his following terribly reduced by the toils of an unprecedentedly rapid march—came at the head of mounted Tennessee sharpshooters, hunters and pioneers from their youth. Colonel Hinds brought the Mississippi Dragoons. On the 22nd General Carroll's flotilla arrived with a further body of Tennesseeans, and, what was almost more important, a supply of muskets. The different corps were not yet, however, actually united in one body, and when the sudden report came that General Keane had actually landed, there was no military cohesion among them. If the English advanced guard had pushed at once on the city, instead of bivouacking during the afternoon of the 23rd, they might possibly have encountered no combined resistance, and have overthrown the Americans in detachments. But Keane's halt, however much it may possibly be justified, gave Jackson the opportunity he required, and enabled him to put all his men in line. The *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were sent down the river, with what result we have seen. The land troops were hurried to meet the enemy in the field, and the bitter struggle on the night of the 23rd took place.

When Sir Edward Pakenham took over the command of the English army he found himself in as unsatisfactory a position as could well fall to the lot of any general. He found himself committed to a course of action which he had not initiated, and of which possibly he did not approve. He found his force in a cramped position, which offered no scope for the operations

"IT WAS BAYONET AGAINST BAYONET" (p. 452).

of highly trained and disciplined soldiers, and he learned that its advanced guard had suffered, if not a defeat, at least a very serious check. If the end of the campaign was failure, he certainly should not be laden with all the blame. Carefully he reconnoitred the situation, and carefully he considered the state of affairs. It was evident that no advance could be made as long as the *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were able to pour forth their murderous fire, and the night of the 25th was employed in erecting on the *levée* batteries armed with heavy ship-guns sent from the fleet. When these opened with red-hot shot on the morning of the 26th, the doom of the *Carolina* was sealed, her crew escaped in their boats, and she blew up. The *Louisiana* effected her escape while her consort was the sole object of the English artillery. Now that the river was thus cleared, and the left flank of his force was no longer exposed to destruction if it moved forward on the road to New Orleans, Pakenham made his dispositions for decisive advance. He reorganised his army, dividing it into two columns. That on the right—consisting of the 4th, 21st, 44th, and one West India Regiment—he placed under command of General Gibbs; the other—comprising the 95th, 85th, 93rd, and the other West India regiment, with all the available field-artillery, now increased to ten guns—remained under General Keane, and was to take the left of the line, while the dragoons, few of whom were yet mounted, furnished the guards to hospitals and stores.

But there was still much to do. Heavy guns, stores, and ammunition had to be brought from the distant fleet, the wounded had to be disposed of, and the numberless requirements of provision and protection for an army in the field had to be attended to. For two days the English lay perforce inactive, though their outposts were exposed to constant harassing and deadly attack from the American sharpshooters and partisans. In European war, by tacit convention, picquets and sentries confined themselves to the duties of watchfulness alone; but the riflemen of America saw in every enemy's soldier a man to be killed at any time, and they stalked individuals as they would have stalked deer in their own backwoods, slaying and wounding many, and causing anxiety by the never-ceasing straggling fire.

At length all was ready for the long-delayed advance, and on the bright, frosty morning of the 28th the army began its march. Confidence in a new commander of high reputation had restored spirits to the men; cold, wet, hunger, and broken rest were forgotten, and as the enemy's advanced corps fell back before them, hopes of conquest were renewed. Four or five miles were traversed without opposition. On the dead flat of the plain nothing could be seen far in advance of the columns, and they had no cavalry to scout in front and say what lay in their path. Suddenly, where a few houses stood at a turning in the road, the leading files came in view of the foe's position. In their front was a canal, extending from the morass on their left towards the river on their right. Formidable breastworks had been thrown up, powerful batteries erected, while the *Louisiana* and some gunboats moored in the Mississippi flanked their right. Sudden and tremendous was the cannonade, withering the musketry fire that burst upon the English column and mowed down their ranks. Red-hot shot set fire to the houses which were near to them. Scorched by flame, stifled with smoke, shattered by the close discharge, the infantry were, for the time, powerless, and had to be withdrawn to either side of the line of attack, and the artillery were hurried forward to reply to the American guns. To no purpose. The contest was too unequal. The heavy guns in the batteries and the broadsides of the *Louisiana* destroyed the light English field-pieces almost before they could come into action. The infantry again pressed forward, only to find themselves hopelessly checked by the canal. Staggered, shaken, and disordered, the English columns reeled under the blows which they had received. A halt was ordered, and then, slowly, sullenly, with sorrow, the whole force fell back. Again Sir Edward Pakenham found himself obliged to bivouac by the river side instead of occupying New Orleans, again he had to consider how the determined American resistance was to be overcome. The English bivouac was formed two miles from the American lines. A sorry place of rest it was. Once more the outposts were exposed to the stealthy attacks of an ever-vigilant, cunning, and active foe. Even the main body was hardly secure, for, by giving their guns a great elevation, the Americans were occasionally able to pitch their shot among the camp fires.

The possibility of turning the enemy's left by penetrating the morass which protected it was contemplated, but the idea had to be abandoned as soon as conceived. In the meanwhile General Jackson was vigorously at work in strengthening his already strong position. Numerous parties could be seen labouring upon his lines, and daily

reinforcements came in to swell the numbers of their defenders. By the suggestion of Commodore Patterson, a strong field-work was constructed on the opposite bank of the river, and armed with heavy ship-guns, from which a flanking fire could be poured on all the space over which the English must attack. In view of the many difficulties which presented themselves, General Pakenham called a council of war, which was attended by all the English naval and military leaders. It was impossible to carry the American lines by assault, for their powerful artillery would deal certain destruction to infantry columns. To turn them was impossible, and their defenders could not be induced by any manœuvring to leave their protection. The council decided on the only other possible alternative—to treat them as a regular fortification, and, by breaching batteries, to try to silence some of their guns, and to make in them a practicable gap, through which an entrance might be effected.

To give effect to this resolution the 29th, 30th and 31st December were employed in bringing up heavy cannon, accumulating a supply of ammunition, and making preparations as for a regular siege. When these arrangements were complete—arrangements which demanded the most strenuous and unremitting toil from everyone, from the general in command to the humblest private soldier—hesitation had no place and delay was at an end. Under cover of night, on the 31st, half of the army stole silently to the front, passing the picquets, and halted within 300 yards of the American lines. Here a chain of works was rapidly marked out, the greater part of the detachment piled their firelocks, and addressed themselves vigorously to work with pick and shovel, while the remainder stood by armed and ready for their defence. So silently and to such good purpose was the work performed, that before the day dawned six batteries were completed, in which were mounted thirty pieces of heavy ordnance.

The morning of the 1st January, 1815, broke dark and gloomy. A thick mist obscured the sun, and, even at a short distance, no objects could be seen distinctly. The English gunners stood anxiously by their pieces, and the whole of the infantry were formed hard by, ready to rush into the breach which they hoped to see made. Slowly, very slowly, the mist at length rolled away, and the American camp was fully exposed to view. As yet unconscious of the near presence of the thirty muzzles which were ready to belch forth their contents, the Americans were seen on parade. Bands were playing, colours flying, and there was no preparation for immediate deadly struggle. Suddenly the English batteries opened, and the scene was changed. There was a moment of dire confusion, a dissolution of the ordered masses which stood ready for review by their general. The batteries were unmanned, the pieces silent. But, though the English salvo was unexpected, there was no real unreadiness to resist and to reply to its stern challenge. The American corps fell quickly into their positions in the line of defence, their artillery, after brief delay, opened with rapidity and precision, the furious cannonade on both sides rent the air with its thunder, and battery answered battery with storm of shot and shell. Heavy as was the attackers' fire, however, it produced comparatively little effect on the solid earthworks of the defence, while the numerous guns which Jackson had mounted, aided by the flanking fire from the works on the opposite bank of the river, were crushing in their power. Hour after hour the duel continued, and yet no advantage was gained which would warrant Pakenham in hurling his infantry at the fortifications that stood in their front. The English ammunition began to fail and their fire slackened, while that of the Americans redoubled in vigour; and towards evening it became evident that another check had been suffered, and that again the invading army must fall back.

Dire was the mortification in the English ranks, bitter the murmurs that spread from man to man. The army had endured hardships with cheerfulness, they had undertaken severest toil with alacrity, but they had thought that victory was their due, and still they encountered repeated defeat. Now their encampment was open to the enemy's unremitting fire, and advance or retreat seemed equally impossible. But Pakenham had some, at least, of the best qualities of a leader. He refused to lose heart, and adopted a plan which well merited success by its boldness, and whose ultimate failure was in no way to be credited to any laxity on his part. He had recognised that the enemy's flanking battery on the right bank of the Mississippi was his greatest obstacle, and he conceived the idea of sending a strong force across the river, which should carry this battery by assault and turn its guns against the Americans themselves, while a simultaneous attack should be delivered upon the entrenchments. To do this the hospita a sufficient number of boats must[illegible] the insurge[illegible]

and it was necessary to cut a canal from the Bayou Bienvenu wide and deep enough to float the ships' launches now in the lake. Upon this arduous undertaking the whole of the force was at once set to work. Day and night the labour was carried on; relay after relay of soldiers took up the task, and by January 6th it was accomplished. No better means could have been taken to restore the spirits of the men than the imposing of work, however hard, which seemed to promise a definitely favourable influence on their fortunes. Discouragement and forebodings were still further dissipated by the unexpected arrival of Major-General Lambert with the 7th and 43rd, two fine battalions, each mustering 800 effective men. Further reinforcements of marines and seamen also joined, bringing the English fighting strength up to nearly 6,000. At the same date, General Jackson had probably about 12,000 under his command.

It has been said that the canal from the bayou to the river was finished on the 6th, and no time was lost in carrying out the plan of which it was so great a factor. Boats were ordered up for the conveyance of 1,400 men, and Colonel Thornton, with the 85th, the marines, and a party of sailors, was appointed to cross the river. But ill-fortune still dogged the English general, still it seemed fated that his best-laid plans should be frustrated by accident. The soil through which the canal was dug being soft, part of the bank gave way, choking the channel and frustrating the passage of the heaviest boats. These, in turn, impeded others, and, instead of a numerous flotilla, only sufficient for about 350 men reached their destination, and even these did not arrive at the time appointed.

It was intended that Colonel Thornton's force should cross the Mississippi immediately after dark on the evening of the 7th. They were to carry the enemy's battery and point the guns on Jackson's lines before daybreak on the 8th. The discharge of a rocket was to give them the signal to commence firing, and also was to let loose the rest of the army in a direct attack.

The disposition for this direct attack was as follows:—General Keane, with the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, and the two West India regiments, was to make a demonstration on the enemy's right; General Gibbs, with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93rd should force their left; whilst General Lambert, with [illegible]lect the 7th and 43rd, remained in reserve. Scaling-[illegible]er Novara, [illegible] fascines were provided to fill the [illegible]d favoured by [illegible]nt the wall; and the honourable duty of carrying them to the point of attack was allotted to the 44th, as being the regiment most experienced in American war. It was hoped that the fate of New Orleans would be sealed on the 8th January.

While the rest of the army laid down to sleep on the night of the 7th, Colonel Thornton, with 1,400 men, moved to the river's brink. But the boats had not arrived. Hour after hour passed before any came, and then so few were they that only the 85th, with about 50 seamen—in all 340 men—could be embarked. The duty admitted of no hesitation or delay, and Colonel Thornton, with his force thus sadly weakened, pushed off. The loss of time was irreparable. It was nearly dawn ere they quitted the canal, and they should have been on the opposite bank six hours earlier. In vain they made good their landing without opposition; day had broken, the signal rocket was seen in the air, and they were still four miles from the battery which ought long before to have been in their hands.

Before daylight the main body was formed in advance of the picquets, ready for the concerted attack. Eagerly they listened for the expected sound of firing, which should show that Thornton was doing his work; but they listened in vain. Nor did Pakenham's plan fail him in this respect alone. The army, in its stern array, was ready for the assault, but not a ladder or a fascine was in the field. The 44th, who had been appointed to bring them, had misunderstood or disobeyed their orders, and were now at the head of the column without the means of crossing the enemy's ditch or mounting his parapet. Naturally incensed beyond measure, the general galloped to Colonel Mullens, who led the 44th, and bade him return with his regiment for the ladders; but the opportunity for using them was lost, and when they were at last brought up they were scattered useless over the field by the demoralised bearers.

The order to advance had been given, and, leaving the 44th behind them, the other regiments rushed to the assault. On the left a portion of the 21st, under the gallant Rennie, carried a battery, but, unsupported and attacked in turn by overpowering numbers of the enemy, they were driven back with terrible loss. The rest of the 21st, with the 4th, supported by the 93rd, pushed with desperate bravery into the ditch, and, in default of the ladders, strove to scale the rampart by mounting on each other's shoulders—and some, indeed, actually effected an entrance into the enemy's works. But, all

too few for the task, they were quickly overpowered and slain, or taken prisoners. The withering fire that swept the glacis mowed down the attacking columns by companies. Vainly was the most desperate courage displayed. Unseen themselves, the defenders of the entrenchments fired at a distance of a few yards into the throng that stood helplessly exposed, while the guns on the other side of the river—yet unmenaced—kept up a deadly cannonade. Never have English soldiers died to so little profit, never has so heavy a loss been so little avenged.

Sir Edward Pakenham saw his troops in confusion, and the wavering in effort which ever preludes hopeless flight. All that a gallant leader could do was done by him. The 44th had come up, but in so great disorder that little could be hoped from such a battalion. Riding to their head, he called for Colonel Mullens* to lead them forward, but he was not to be found at his post. Placing himself at their head, the general prepared to lead them in person; but his horse was struck by a musket-ball, which also gave him a slight wound. He mounted another horse, and again essayed to lead the 44th, when again he was hit. Death took him before he had tasted the full bitterness of defeat, and he fell into the arms of his aide-de-camp. Nor did General Gibbs and General Keane fail to do their duty as English soldiers. Riding through the ranks, they strove to restore order and to encourage the failing energy of the attack, till both were wounded and were borne from the field. Their leaders gone, and ignorant of what should be

"THEY STROVE TO SCALE THE RAMPART" (p. 436).

* Colonel Mullens was subsequently tried by court-martial and cashiered

done, small wonder if the troops first halted, then began slowly to retire, and then betook themselves to disordered flight. Great as was the disaster, its results might have been even more crushing than they were but that the 7th and 43rd, presenting an unbroken, steadfast front, prevented any attempt on the part of the enemy to quit the shelter of their lines in pursuit.

We left Colonel Thornton and his 340 men on the right bank of the Mississippi, and four miles from the battery which they had been detailed to take, and whose power was so severely felt by the main body of the English army.

They had seen the signal-rocket which told that their comrades were about to attack, and late though they were, they pressed forward to do their share of the day's operations. A strong American outpost was encountered, but it could not withstand the rush of the 85th, and fled in confusion. The position where the battery was mounted was reached, and to less daring men than Colonel Thornton and his little following might have seemed impregnable. Like their countrymen on the other side, the Americans, 1,500 in number, were strongly entrenched, a ditch and thick parapet covering their front. Two field-pieces commanded the road, and flanking fire swept the ground over which any attack must be made. The assailants had no artillery, and no fascines or ladders by means of which to pass the entrenchment. But, unappalled by superior numbers, undeterred by threatening obstacles, the English formed for immediate assault. The 85th extended across the whole line; the seamen, armed with cutlasses as for boarding, prepared to storm the battery, and the few marines remained in reserve. The bugle sounded the advance. The sailors gave the wild cheer that has so often told the spirit and determination of their noble service, and rushed forward. They were met and momentarily checked by a shower of grape and cannister, but again they pressed on. The 85th dashed forward to their aid in the face of a heavy fire of musketry, and threatened the parapet at all points. From both sides came an unremitting discharge; but the English, eager to be at close quarters, began to mount the parapet. The Americans, seized with sudden panic, turned and fled in hopeless rout, and the entrenchment, with eighteen pieces of cannon, was taken. Too late! These very guns had been able already to take their part in dealing destruction to Sir Edward Pakenham's morning attack, and if they were now taken—if their defenders were dispersed—they had done all that they were wanted to do. Even yet, if the disaster to the British main body had not been so complete and demoralising, they might have been turned upon Jackson's lines and covered a second assault; but this was not to be. General Lambert, on whom had fallen the command of all that remained of the army, resolved—perhaps, under the circumstances, with wisdom—to make no further attempts on New Orleans. To withdraw his army was, in any case, difficult; another defeat would have rendered it impossible; and, as the Americans had gained confidence in proportion as the English had lost it, defeat was only too probable. In the last fatal action nearly 1,500 officers and men had fallen, including two generals, for General Gibbs had only survived his wound for a few hours. The English dead lay in piles upon the plain—a sacrifice to faulty generalship, and even more to a course of relentless ill-fortune. Of the Americans who had so gallantly defended their country, eight only were killed and fourteen wounded.

Alas! that electricity did not then exist to prevent so great a sacrifice of honour and life; for the preliminaries of peace between England and the United States had been signed in Europe before the campaign of New Orleans was begun.

A BAYOU OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE GREAT SORTIE FROM PARIS: CHAMPIGNY: NOV: 29. DEC: 2. 1870.

BY A HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

IT was in the second month of the siege of Paris. The pigeon post had brought in news of the gathering of armies on the Loire and in the North destined to come to the rescue of the beleaguered capital; but, so far, there were many hopes but few signs of the promised succour. The iron ring of the German siege-works cut off the city so effectually from the rest of France that it was only at long intervals that some daring adventurer succeeded in passing the enemy's outposts and bringing to the besieged tidings of what was passing just outside the German lines of investment.

On Sunday morning, November 13th, at the outposts near Creteil to the south-east of Paris, a sentry challenged a man who had crept up to his post half-seen in the grey light of the dawn. The man answered the challenge in French, and declared that he was a farmer of Valenton who had, at the risk of his life, passed the German sentries in the dark in order to bring important news into the city. He refused to give his information to anyone but the governor, General Trochu, or one of his staff-officers. He was at last brought to the headquarters at the Louvre, and there Trochu gave him an interview. The farmer said that for the last three days the Germans had seemed anxious and uneasy. He had heard them talking among themselves of something serious that had occurred at Orléans: the force holding the villages to the south of Paris had been reduced, and the troops thus withdrawn had marched away to the southwards. Trochu discussed the news with General Ducrot, his most trusted colleague during the siege. They agreed that it was most probable that the new French army of the Loire was advancing and pressing the Prussians seriously, and that it had perhaps even won a victory near Orleans.

Next day all uncertainty was at an end. A pigeon arrived from Tours bringing a despatch from Gambetta, and soon all Paris was reading it, for it was posted on the walls with a proclamation from the Governor. This was the good news:—

"GAMBETTA TO TROCHU.

"TOURS, *November 11th*, 1870.

"The Army of the Loire, under the orders of General Aurelle de Paladines, took Orléans yesterday, after two days' fighting. Our losses in killed and wounded do not exceed 2,000. Those of the enemy are heavier. We have made more than a thousand prisoners, and the pursuit is adding to the number. We have taken two Prussian guns, twenty waggon-loads of ammunition, and a great quantity of carts laden with provisions and stores. The chief fighting was round Coulmiers on the 9th. The *élan* of the troops is remarkable, notwithstanding the wretched weather."

Paris was wild with joy. At last it had been proved that the Prussians were not invincible! The new armies that had arisen at the call of the Republic had done what the legions of the Empire had failed to accomplish. They were pressing on to the rescue of the capital; surely the time was come when the army of Paris should burst through the German besieging lines, and join hands with the victorious soldiers of the south and west. The very name of Orléans seemed of good augury. Was it not at Orléans that Jeanne d'Arc had won her first triumph over another invader? Might one not hope that again the tide of war had turned in favour of France at the same historic spot?

The newspapers all called for a grand sortie against the German lines. Everyone felt that the decisive moment was coming—that the fate of Paris and of France would be decided within the next few weeks, or even days. On the 18th there arrived a despatch from Gambetta calling on Trochu to co-operate with the relieving armies by acting vigorously against the Germans before Paris, and so preventing them from detaching any more troops to the help of

their armies in the provinces. The generals in Paris were already preparing to act. They had been arranging for a sortie across the Seine from the west of the city, with a view to breaking through the investing lines to the north-west. But now, with a victorious army pressing on the Germans to the southwards, they decided on changing the direction of the blow; and though to the last moment the change of plans was kept secret, and attempts were made to lead the Germans to still expect an attack on the side of Mount Valérien, General Ducrot was directed by Trochu to concentrate all the best troops in Paris for a sortie to the southwards, across the Marne, just above the point where it joins the Seine.

GENERAL CLÉMENT-THOMAS.

The ground in this direction was eminently favourable for such an enterprise. The German line of investment ran across the Marne near Noisy-le-Grand, followed the river bank near Brie, and then ran across a swell of rising ground to Champigny, the river between these two villages curving away sharply towards Paris, the peninsula thus formed being about a mile and a quarter across. The fort of Nogent, on the French side of the Marne north of the curve, commanded the ground within it, and crossed its fire with the guns of the redoubt of St. Maur south of the curve. At the western end of the space thus enclosed the French held Joinville. If they crossed the river here under cover of the guns at Nogent and St. Maur, they might hope to turn the Prussian outposts out of Brie and Champigny, hold the neck of the peninsula while reinforcements crossed in their rear, and then break through the German lines in their front, their retreat across the river being fairly secure in the event of a disaster. The Marne, before joining the Seine, makes a second and still sharper curve round the height of St. Maur, and a canal cuts across the loop, passing under the hill by a short tunnel. This passage, known as the Canal of St. Maur, played an important part in the plans for the sortie.

The ground about the loops of the Marne, which was destined to be the scene of one of the fiercest and most prolonged struggles of the siege of Paris, was not so built over as it is at the present time; but it was a suburban rather than a country district, with numerous roads, detached houses, walled parks and gardens, and plantations, so that there was abundance of cover. The large walled parks of Villiers and Coeuilly had been put in a state of defence by the Germans, the walls being loopholed and the gates barricaded. The park walls stood a little back from the edge of the plateau on which the villages of the same name are built. This line of high ground formed the main position of the Germans, their outposts being nearer the river in Brie-sur-Marne and Champigny.

Nearly a fortnight was spent by the French in preparing for their great effort. There were to be several false attacks, to mislead the Germans and prevent them from moving troops to reinforce the position actually assailed—a position held by portions of the Wurtemberg and the 12th Saxon Corps. These false attacks were to be made by the troops under General Vinoy's direction, but all the best regiments in Paris were formed into a field-army under Ducrot. In all, there were three armies organised in Paris during November. The "First Army" consisted of the National Guard, under General Clément-Thomas, afterwards one of the first victims of the Commune. Clément-Thomas was rather a politician than a soldier. He had no record of service, and the hundreds of thousands under his command were rightly described as mostly mere "men with muskets." They had, generally, very little fight in them. They drilled in Paris; they drew their pay and rations; they mounted guard at the ramparts (which no one attacked); and the Government did not venture

to put them in line of battle until the closing days of the siege, when they were marched out to be shown what a battle really was, and for the most part they behaved very badly.

The "Second Army," under Ducrot, was composed of very different materials. The infantry were made up of the 35th and 42nd of the line, who had been withdrawn from Rome at the outset of the war, and the line regiments that had formed Vinoy's corps, which he had saved from the catastrophe of Sedan by his splendid retreat from Mézières. These were nearly all the troops of the line that were now left to France—all the rest had been made prisoners at Metz, Sedan, Strasburg, and elsewhere. To bring their numbers up to war strength and repair their losses men had been drafted into them from the depôts, and to these had been added reservists who had been late in joining their proper regiments. A Zouave regiment thus formed was largely made up of recruits; it was brigaded with the 136th of the line. The rest of the infantry consisted of thirty-three battalions of mobiles, drafted in from the provinces—the fine battalions of the West, the men of Brittany and La Vendée, Normans from the neighbourhood of Rouen, sturdy countryfolk from Orléans, the men of the central plateau from the Côte d'Or, and fiery, dark-eyed volunteers of the South from Languedoc. The upper valleys of the Seine and Marne sent their contingents, but of the Parisian battalions not one was to take part in the main operation for the rescue of the capital. The "Second Army" was divided into three corps—the first under General Blanchard, the second under General Renault (a distinguished soldier of Africa), and the third under General d'Exéa. A cavalry division, under General de Champeron, was partly made up of old soldiers, partly of new levies. Altogether Ducrot had about 120,000 men under his command, the pick of the army of Paris.

The "Third Army," under General Vinoy,

THE BROKEN BRIDGE AT JOINVILLE.

was composed of very various elements. One brigade was formed chiefly of gendarmerie and the depôt troops of the old Imperial Guard; a second was made up of custom-house officers and men of the State forest service, with the depôt troops of two line regiments. Two line regiments and two brigades of sailors and marines supplied further excellent material; and the other battalions were formed of mobiles from the provinces and regiments of volunteers picked from the Paris National Guard. This army was organised as a single corps of six divisions.

In the first days of the siege, when the defenders of Paris were in a very excited frame of mind, and full of the idea that the best way to resist the Prussians was to recklessly destroy their own property in the neighbourhood of the

capital, the fine bridge which crossed the Marne at Joinville had been blown up, its central arch being destroyed and the *débris* forming a kind of rough dam across the stream. This bridge would have been invaluable for the sortie, but as it was broken temporary means of crossing had to be substituted; and as over 100,000 men had to pass the river, several such bridges would be necessary. The material for these was collected on the Seine within the walls of Paris, and it was decided that on the very eve of battle it should be towed through the tunnel of the canal of St. Maur into the Marne. Thus up to the very last moment the preparations for the sortie would be concealed from the enemy. In order to add to the already powerful array of heavy artillery that swept the banks of the Marne, the plateau of Avron was to be seized on the eve of the sortie, and heavy naval artillery placed in battery there by the sailors, so as to be ready to open fire at dawn. Ducrot concentrated his army near the scene of action in the last week of November. His first and second corps (Blanchard and Renault) bivouacked near Joinville and in the park and wood of Vincennes. The third corps (d'Exéa) concentrated to the south of Nogent. To the north of it gathered the troops destined for the *coup-de-main* against Mont Avron. Southwards, westwards, and northwards, at various points, Vinoy placed in position the detachments that were to make the false attacks. It was a whole series of battles that were thus being prepared, and Ducrot's army was accompanied by an immense train of waggons destined to convey its ammunition and other supplies in the event of its breaking through. The regular ambulances of the army were ordered to follow well to the rear, and reserve themselves for the further stages of the march towards the Loire; while the wounded of the sortie were succoured by the ambulances of the various Parisian volunteer Red Cross societies, and by floating ambulances established on river steamers, which could convey the wounded rapidly and smoothly by water to the central hospitals of Paris.

Proclamations from Trochu and Ducrot were posted on the walls, announcing that a great effort was to be made. Ducrot's, issued at the last moment, ended with the somewhat melodramatic phrase: "I will return either dead or victorious." The gates were closed, and no one was allowed to pass the ramparts, the object of this precaution being to prevent possible spies from conveying information to the Prussians. All Paris soon knew where the blow would fall, for the march of Ducrot's troops to Vincennes and Nogent took some days, and was accompanied by so much noisy display that everyone's attention was attracted to the great concentration that was in progress. Finally, on the eve of the sortie, the forts all round the circle of the fortifications poured a storm of shells against the German lines. This wild firing did very little harm, and while hardly effecting anything in the way of preparing the ground for the morrow's fight, it certainly served to keep the besiegers on the *qui vive*.

Yet, with all this, Ducrot persuaded himself that he was keeping the secret of his enterprise. He wrote out his orders at first with blanks for the names and dates, only filling in these on the day before the battle, the 29th of November being selected for the great sortie. These orders were far too complicated. While the German commanders in France in 1870 contented themselves with broadly indicating to their subordinates what they wanted done, and left to the commanders of corps, divisions, and brigades great latitude in arranging the details of attack or defence, the French commanders seem to have had a mania for drawing up detailed programmes of their battles, in which every movement was carefully defined as to hour, place, and numbers to be employed, with the result that if any part of the programme failed to come off, all the subsequent movements which depended on such or such an occurrence being noted by a corps commander were likely to be left unexecuted. Ducrot's main idea was that Avron having been seized during the night, and several pontoon bridges thrown across the Marne at and above Joinville, in the early morning while the Prussians were distracted by the false attacks, and the immediate field of battle was swept by the guns of St. Maur on the right, and Nogent and Avron on the left, Renault and Blanchard were to cross the Marne and attack Brie and Champigny first, and then the heights beyond, d'Exéa watching their progress from the right bank above the bend, and, when certain points were reached by the French attack, crossing on the flank and rear of the German lines, or supporting the French left by immediately reinforcing it.

On the evening of the 28th everything was supposed to be ready. Ducrot came down to Joinville to watch the throwing across of the bridges, and Trochu was close at hand at Nogent. All round Paris the forts were blazing with the

flashes of their heavy guns, and the long rocket-like trails of their shells lit up the sky. North of Nogent, through the cold and rainy evening, 6,000 mobiles were tramping across the valley and up the slopes of Avron, scouts feeling the way in front, and behind long teams of cart-horses tugging at the heavy guns which the sailors were to place in position. Through the dark tunnel of St. Maur came the first of the little tug-boats with the pontoons and frame-work of one of the bridges trailing behind it. Engineers were at work on the Joinville bridge. They had thrown some more stones down on the rubbish heap under the central arch, and on the mound thus formed had fixed wooden trestles and constructed a foot-bridge. The steamer, with its train of pontoons, made for the arch nearer the bank on the Joinville side of the stream. Under the arch the river was rushing down with a loud ripple that suggested that the stream was in flood. The steamer tried to pass through the arch, but the current first held her and then swept her down below the bridge. Behind her other boats arrived. The river was black with the great mass of pontoons and boats. Lights flickered here and there, but not many, for it would be dangerous to arouse the attention of the Germans, away in those villages on the left bank. The attempt to pass the bridge was renewed. It failed again. Then despairing efforts were put forth, but apparently with little method or intelligence. After a while it was realised that so much time had been lost that, even if the materials could be got through, the eight bridges could not be completed before daybreak. In the small hours of the morning the engineers announced to Ducrot that the river was in flood. The attempt must be put off for another day. The bridge material was hidden away, partly behind the island at Joinville, partly in the tunnel and the canal. A hurried council of war was held. Would it not be better to stop the false attacks? There was some hesitation. Then it was resolved to allow the generals to act, and to add one more to a night of mischances it was not till next morning that the commanders of the various detachments told off for these minor sorties were informed that the main effort had been deferred for twenty-four hours.

And now comes the strangest part of the story. It has been proved since then that there was no flood in the Marne that night. The rush of water under the Joinville bridge had been augmented by the ill-directed efforts of the engineers, who had added to the mass of *débris* that blocked the middle of the stream. Men who knew their business would have rather tried to clear away the obstruction under the broken arch before they brought up their heavy convoy of bridge material. The mistake was fatal to the success of the whole operation.

At Avron all had gone well, and in the early morning the naval guns, worked by Admiral Saisset's blue-jackets, opened on the German posts across the Marne. Out to the south-west of Paris, across the loops of the river, Vinoy and Admiral Pothuau stormed the advanced Prussian posts at Choisy and at the big cattle station on the railway near the village. Elsewhere there were minor sorties. The roar of guns from Avron at first confirmed Vinoy in his belief that all was going well with Ducrot. At the barriers of Paris anxious crowds waited for the news of a great victory. Tidings came that Mont Avron had been occupied, that success had crowned Vinoy's arms at Choisy. The first wounded were brought in along the river by the steamers. But there was no news of the crossing of the Marne. At last came the chilling announcement that the one serious operation of the day had been put off. Something was wrong with the bridges. So Vinoy and his colleagues abandoned the ground they had won, sad at the thought of useless sacrifices made, and blood shed freely, because "someone had blundered."

With the early twilight of the November evening work was resumed at Joinville, and the bridge material was got past the broken bridge, chiefly through the channel behind the island. In the small hours of the 30th the bridges were ready, and before dawn the strong columns began slowly to cross. The temperature had fallen suddenly, and it was bitterly cold, but with the frost there had come fog, which favoured the march of the besieged, and would have concealed their movements still better if the cannonade from the forts had not been resumed. It was hoped the noise would prevent the Germans from hearing the approach of their foes. Perhaps it did. Perhaps they thought that the weak sorties of the previous day indicated the collapse of the great French effort to break their lines. In any case, it seems to be fairly clear that while they had been on the *qui vive* all through the 29th, they felt a little more secure on the morning of the 30th. The Saxons were to relieve the Wurtembergers at the outposts across the peninsula of the Marne that morning, the latter handing over the care of

Brie and Champigny to the former about 6.30, while it was still quite dark. This was again lucky for the French, for the Saxons did not know their way about in the villages. The 107th Infantry held Champigny, and their patrols were searching the roads towards the bend of the river, when about half-past seven, just as it was beginning to get brighter, one of them rushed breathless into the village, calling out that at least four French battalions were coming on after him.

The alarm was sounded through the village, but the French were into the western end of its main street, and, driving the Saxons before them, they gradually cleared the place, and by eight o'clock held the whole of it. The German garrison consisted only of three companies, or about 500 men, and it was no discredit to them that they had to give way before the French column, but it looks as if they might have kept a better watch to their front, and discovered somewhat earlier that a whole army was pouring across the bridges. If the sortie had come the day before there would have been only a brigade of Wurtembergers in position to meet it. Now, besides the Saxons in the first line, the Wurtembergers whom they had relieved were close at hand, and gallopers were sent off to bring them back.

GENERAL TROCHU.

To the left of Champigny another column, linesmen and mobiles of the western departments, advanced through the village of La Plante into the little valley of the Lande, passed the smoking limekilns outside Champigny, and pushed on to the barricaded embankment of the Mulhouse railway, the Germans falling back before it, a thin firing line, that was reinforced as it withdrew. On the higher ground, behind the Germans, a battery came into action, and one of its first shells, bursting on the railway line, wounded General Renault, shattering his leg. Renault was a soldier of the old school. Though a corps commander, he insisted on being in front of one of his divisions, and he had told his men that their best plan was not to fire, but to press on with the bayonet. He died four days after the battle. Boissonet, who commanded his artillery, was killed by another shell soon after the fall of his chief. But though the German fire was becoming heavier, and there were serious losses in the dense marching columns that crowded the peninsula, the first rush had been successful. The railway had been crossed, and the French tirailleurs were dashing up the hollow of the Lande valley, towards the plateau of Villiers. More to the left Brie, on the river bank, had been stormed, the Germans giving way before superior numbers, and effecting their retreat with difficulty.

And now the French began to press forward against the heights of Villiers and Coeuilly, and the resistance became more serious. More than once they gained the edge of the plateau only to be driven back by the storm of bullets from the loopholed park walls. Artillery brought up to close quarters might have cleared away these obstacles, but only a battery of mitrailleuses was available, and its stream of balls produced no effect on bricks and mortar. The brave captain who brought it into action was killed beside one of his pieces. Up to noon no impression whatever had been made on the second German line.

Meanwhile, across the river to the south-west, another French column had marched out of Creteil and attacked the Germans in Mesley, only to be driven back with the loss, among others, of its commander, General Ladreyt de la Chavrière, who was shot down while cheering on his men within fifty yards of the Prussian line. To the north of Paris another attack was made from St. Denis, and obtained temporary possession of Epinay. These and other minor attacks prevented the German staff at Versailles from rapidly reinforcing the position which Ducrot was assailing. They did not feel certain

"THE FIRST RUSH HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL" (p. 464)

till the middle of the day as to which was the main attack.

It was only after one o'clock that D'Exea brought his corps into action, crossing the river by the bridges north of Brie and pressing the German right. An earlier attack might have had serious results for the besiegers. As it was, the effect of his advance was to renew the fierce onslaught upon Villiers. The 107th and 136th of the line, the Mobiles of the Seine and Marne, the Bretons of Morbihan, and the 4th Zouaves threw their lives away recklessly in the attempt to gain a footing on the plateau. Three times the firing line of the Zouaves pressed close up to the north-west corner of the park of Villiers, and three times they fell back, leaving at last nearly all their officers and half the rank and file strewing the ground, killed and wounded. At four the sun set red in the cloudy western sky, and the darkness came on rapidly, the French drawing off to the villages they had won, and bivouacking for the night on the frozen ground, without blankets or even overcoats to cover them; for by order of Ducrot all these *impedimenta* had been left with the train on the other side of the river to lighten the load of the men —a blunder for which they had to pay dearly.

Over 100,000 French had been in action, and about 26,000 Germans had successfully held the fortified heights against them. But still the French had won ground which the Germans held in the morning, and in so far they might claim a success. About 2,000 Germans and 3,000 French had fallen in the fight.

There is an old saying about "lying like a bulletin," and the bulletin despatched that night from the royal headquarters at Versailles was anything but truthful. This was what King William sent by wire to Queen Augusta:—

"ROYAL HEADQUARTERS, VERSAILLES,

"*November 30th*, 1870.

"To-day important sorties were made on the east of Paris against the Wurtembergers and Saxons at Bonneuil-sur-Marne, Champigny, and Villiers, which were captured by the French and afterwards recaptured by our own troops with the aid of our 7th Brigade. Before nightfall less important sorties were made simultaneously towards the north-east at St. Denis against the Guards and 4th Army Corps. I was unable to leave Versailles, as I desired to remain in the centre.

"WILLIAM."

Not a word to show that on this Monday evening the German headquarters were seriously anxious about the situation, seeing that, so far from the villages on the Marne being recaptured, they were held by the French, who were busy fortifying the ground they had won. True, the besieged had not broken out. The attacks on the plateau of Villiers and Coeuilly had been repulsed, but it was also true that the French had not been driven from the ground they had won in their first onset. The fact is that up till now the German staff had sent out true information as to the progress of the war because it had gone in their favour; but the truth about the fighting on the Marne was suppressed for three days, and a false version of the story was officially put in circulation. It may be that the old king was himself deceived by the staff. Of Podbielski—the adjutant-general who was responsible for the official *communiqués*—General Beauchamp Walker, the English *attaché* at the royal headquarters, wrote a few days later: —"Podbielski told an official lie which is a disgrace to our profession."

The news of the first day's battle was sent out of Paris by a balloon on the night between November 30th and December 1st. It fell at Palais, in Morbihan, the following morning, and the tidings of what was represented as a complete victory were telegraphed to Tours and thence all over France. The despatch was so brief that it led to a most serious misunderstanding. It announced that Ducrot had successfully crossed the Marne and defeated the Germans, and that the French had taken Brie, Champigny, *and Epinay*. The mention of Epinay was particularly unfortunate. Gambetta supposed that the place mentioned was not Epinay-sur-Seine, but Epinay-sur-Orge, a good day's journey towards the Loire. He announced that the Army of Paris was in full march for Orléans, and against the advice of his generals he insisted on the Army of the Loire, which had just received a serious check at Beaune-la-Rolande, advancing at all hazards against the army of Prince Frederick Charles. The result was widespread disaster. Two words added to the name in the despatch would have prevented the possibility of mistake.

To return to the battlefield, hundreds of the wounded died of the bitter cold in the early hours of the 1st of December. The soldiers of Ducrot's army, huddled together waiting for the dawn, were chilled through and through, so that sleep was barely possible, and numbers of those who lay on the ground awoke frost-bitten or so seriously ill that they had to be carried to the ambulances. There was little ammunition left in the men's pouches, and before daylight of

Thursday, December 1st, Ducrot and Trochu had decided that it would not be possible to renew the attack on the German lines till Friday. So the Thursday was spent by the French in renewing their supplies of ammunition, rapidly fortifying Brie and Champigny, entrenching the ground between the two villages, carrying off the wounded, and burying the dead. A truce was arranged for these latter purposes in the afternoon. Nor were the Germans less busy. They had expected to be attacked at dawn. When the early hours passed without an advance on the part of the French, they employed this respite in strengthening their hold on the Villiers plateau. General Fransecky took command of the lines facing the loops of the Marne, and reinforced the Saxons and Wurtembergers with some 16,000 Prussians and several batteries. At four o'clock the truce for the burial of the dead came to an end. It was dark very soon after, and on both sides the soldiers lay down with a tolerable certainty that the dawn would see another great battle.

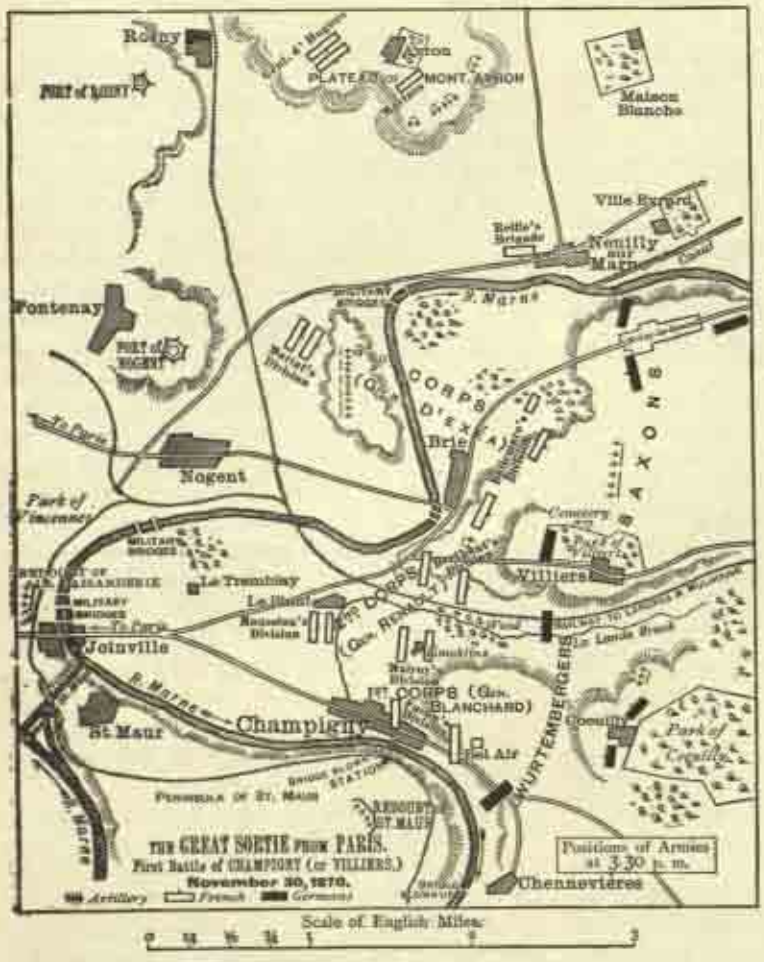
The first snow of the winter fell during the second night's bivouac. The French had had very little rest, and had suffered terribly from exposure. A day of battle, another of hard work, and two nights passed in frost and snow without even an overcoat, would have been trying even to veterans, and the greater number of Ducrot's soldiers, even in the so-called line regiments, were new levies. The French throughout the war were very careless about their outposts. No wonder that on that snowy Friday morning the soldiers were half-asleep and some of them cowering under cover. Just before dawn there came a rush of German infantry and rifles into Champigny and Brie, and through the plantations in the Lande valley where the French centre lay. Brie was taken by this sudden onset, and at Champigny the French were swept out of the greater part of the village, and, what was worse, the Mobiles of the Côte d'Or and of the Ille-et-Vilaine broke and fled, a panic-stricken crowd, towards the ridges. Ducrot, who had turned out of his quarters between Champigny and Joinville at the first alarm, met the fugitives as he rode with his staff at headlong speed towards the scene of action. Speaking words of encouragement to some, threatening others with sword or revolver, he and his officers rallied the mobiles and brought them back towards Champigny.

There the French had recovered from the first surprise, and were rapidly driving the Germans out of the place. It was a hard fight, in which again and again the bayonets crossed in the lanes among the houses. At Brie, also, the village was attacked and retaken by the French, and in the centre they held their own gallantly against the German onset. From the heights—the scene of the battle of two days before—a hundred German guns opened on the French positions. The heavy artillery of the forts and outworks of Paris and the few batteries of Ducrot's army replied. But in the broken ground, and among the numerous enclosures along the front of the two armies, the battle was mainly an infantry fight. Three times during the eight hours that the battle lasted the villages were taken and retaken, remaining at the close of the day still in the hands of the French. In Champigny the fighting was close and desperate—from house to house, from barricade to barricade. Late in the afternoon the Comte d'Hérisson, one of Trochu's aides-de-camp, rode out from Paris along the frozen roads, bringing a message from the headquarters at the Louvre to the Governor, who was with Ducrot on the battlefield. He looked for him first in Champigny. In his journal he noted that though he had seen many campaigns he had never heard or seen such a fire as that which raged round the village. Infantry were exchanging volleys at close quarters, and the German shells were falling on every side. One of them burst in a cottage as he passed by, and the window with its shutters attached was blown out and flew over the head of his horse. He inquired of a mounted officer if he had seen the general, and though their horses were pulled up side by side, and the riders leant over and shouted into each other's ears, it was with difficulty they could make themselves heard.

Outside Champigny, near the cross road to Brie, he found Trochu and his staff. The general seemed to him to be seeking for death on the field, for he rode slowly across a stretch of open ground where the enemy's shells were bursting on all sides, the hard ground making their explosions all the more dangerous. The aide-de-camp gave him the message from Paris. A pigeon had come in from Tours, and it brought a letter from Gambetta, informing him that the Army of the Loire was in full march for the forest of Fontainebleau, and bidding him meet them there with the Army of Paris. For a moment Trochu's face brightened as he heard the news, but he had already realised that Ducrot could not break through the circle of iron in which Paris was enclosed. The most that the Army of Paris could do that day was to

hold the narrow tract of ground it had won on the left bank of the Marne. Even if the Army of the Loire was so near at hand, all he could hope would be that next day its pressure on the German rear would enable him to resume the offensive with some better hope of success. But, alas! the pigeon despatch was the outcome only of Gambetta's sanguine spirit. He spoke of his projects as if they were accomplished facts. True, on November 30th he had ordered the advance of all the corps of the Loire army towards Fontainebleau; true, that yesterday the movement had begun; but this Friday, December 2nd, they were still slowly marching to the north-west of Orléans, engaged with the advance troops of Prince Frederick Charles. It was the first day of the disastrous battle of Loigny.

Ducrot had also acted as if he meant to keep the promise of his proclamation, and find death if not victory on the field of Champigny. He had more than once rallied his young troops and led them in person against the enemy. In one of the numerous *mêlées* he had dashed in among the enemy's bayonets, and fought sword in hand until he was disarmed by his blade breaking off short in the body of a German infantry soldier. It was a sword that had been presented to him by some of his soldier friends before the war. But in spite of this dashing bravery, it must be said that it was hardly the work for a general commanding three army corps. His place was not among the bayonets, but at some central point whence he could direct and combine the operations of his corps and divisions.



Towards four o'clock the fire began to slacken. The Germans, inferior in numbers to the French, and attacking them in partly entrenched positions, had failed to break through their line. The second battle of Champigny had ended like the first, leaving the French in possession of the villages on the Marne, but making their chance of breaking out more hopeless than ever. Thus, though the French had held their own when attacked, and though they claimed the day as a victory, the main advantage was with the Germans. The great sortie had failed.

And it was a costly failure. The Germans had lost in the two days of battle 259 officers and 5,913 men, the French more than double the number — 539 officers and 11,546 men. In all, more than 18,000 men had fallen in the fight for the villages on the Marne. The third night of the bivouac on the battlefield was for the French the most wretched of all. The frost was keener than ever, and something like a thousand men were invalided by the cold of that terrible night, many of them dying before the end of the year. In the early morning of Saturday,

December 3rd, Trochu and Ducrot visited the bivouacs, and were horrified at the look of weariness and misery on the faces of officers and soldiers. They had sent their picked regiments into battle. They knew they had no troops of the same quality with which to relieve them.

"OUTSIDE CHAMPIGNY HE FOUND TROCHU AND HIS STAFF" (p. 467).

They knew, too, that the Germans in their front had been further reinforced with men and guns. To hold on to Brie and Champiguy any longer would have been to risk a fearful disaster. Orders were given to retreat. At various points along the front there was desultory skirmishing with the Prussian outposts, and the artillery was for awhile in action on both sides. Meanwhile, division after division fell back across the bridges of Joinville. The Germans did nothing to disturb this retreat. It was only on Sunday morning, December 4th, that they reoccupied Brie and Champigny. A French post held Le Plant to the north-west of the latter village till the morning of the 5th.

Thus ended the most hopeful effort that the French had made to break through the German besieging lines. The mistake about the bridges at the outset did much to increase the difficulties of what was never an easy enterprise. The unfortunate part of the situation was that the French commanders, with such an enormous number of armed men at their disposal in Paris, were able to make only a comparatively small part

of them into reliable soldiers. If Trochu had been able to seriously menace other portions of the German lines on the day of Champigny, he could have prevented Von Moltke from reinforcing the Saxons and Wurtembergers along the Marne; and if he had possessed solid reserves of fresh troops he could have replaced the regiments that suffered most in the first day's fight with troops that would have been in condition to renew the battle on the morrow. As it was, the soldiers of Ducrot's three corps failed, but failed with honour. Whilst they were fighting in front of Paris their comrades of the Loire army were fighting as bravely but with as little result at Loigny. The day that saw the retreat of Ducrot's army across the Marne saw also the defeat of Chanzy on the field of Loigny, and the two events sealed the fate of Paris and of France.

GENERAL TINOT.

COPENHAGEN

BY HERBERT RUSSELL

THE history of nations has plenty of instances to offer of the very trifling causes by which war may be brought about, but none, perhaps, of such utter insignificance in its import as the incident that was answerable for that great Baltic drama whose central brilliant feature was the Battle of Copenhagen. There were, of course, political motives at work influencing and urging on the plucky little Scandinavian Power: that mad and brutal Russian monarch the Emperor Paul secretly forced the Court of Denmark into an attitude of hostility, from which it would doubtless have far sooner refrained. But the direct *causa belli* was as follows:—

On the 25th of July, 1800, a British squadron, consisting of three frigates, a sloop, and a lugger, fell in with a large Danish forty-gun frigate, the *Freya*, which was convoying two ships, two brigs, and two galliots. Denmark was at that period a neutral Power; England was engaged in conflict with very nearly half of Europe. Orders had been given for British officers to search the ships of neutral Powers for contraband of war, with which there was reason to suspect our foes were being liberally supplied from these sources. In the exercise of his undoubted right, Captain Baker, of the twenty-eight gun frigate *Nemesis*, the senior officer of the little British squadron, hailed the *Freya*, and stated his intention of sending boats to board the vessels under convoy. Captain Krabbe, of the *Dane*, replied with warmth that if any such attempt were made he should unhesitatingly open fire upon the boats. This attitude could, of course, be productive of but one result: both threats were put into execution, and a general action ensued. The *Freya* was overpowered by the superior force against which she had to contend, and was obliged to submit; and the whole of the vessels, including the convoyed ships, made sail for the Downs, where they anchored, the Danish frigate, by command of Admiral Skeffington Lutwidge, keeping her colours flying. Unhappily, the affair had not passed off without bloodshed. The British loss was two men killed and several wounded; the Danes' likewise had two men killed and five wounded.

The episode was one to have been easily adjusted by a little political diplomacy, particularly as a tolerably good understanding had previously existed between the two nations. The British Government despatched Lord Whitworth to Copenhagen to arrange the matter: conferences resulted in the agreement that the *Freya* and her convoy were to be repaired at the cost of the English, and released, and the question of the right of British naval officers to search neutral ships was to stand over for discussion at a future period. And here the affair might very well have been allowed to rest. But Russia, the inherent foe of this country, even more than France, although actually deemed to be an ally of ours, seized the opportunity which the popular bitter feeling, briefly aroused in Denmark, gave to her. She established an armed neutrality between herself and Sweden, laid an embargo upon all the British ships then lying in her ports; coalesced with Prussia, and, as history has since shown, practically compelled, by secret pressure, the Court of Copenhagen to join in the general Northern confederacy against Great Britain.

This was an alliance in which Denmark was as a puppet in the hands of the Moscovite string-pullers. The hardy Norsemen, whose sympathies must assuredly have been far more with us at heart than with the bullying, hectoring nation which was urging them into unwilling hostility, were destined to bear the whole brunt of the strenuous conflict. But in those brave days of old the pulse of the British

nation beat high, and the spirit of aggressiveness, born of long series of wars, ran strong; the Northern Powers had assumed a menacing posture, and with all her traditional swiftness, England was upon the offensive. On the 12th of March, 1801, there sailed from Yarmouth, under the command of that mild old admiral Sir Hyde Parker, a fleet of fifteen, shortly afterwards increased to eighteen, sail-of-the-line, with a large number of frigates, bombs, and other craft. A terrible disaster, however, weakened the British force at the outset of the voyage. The *Invincible*, of seventy-four guns, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Totty, struck upon a shoal called Hammond's Knoll, where she lay beating for upwards of three hours, and then, gliding off, sank in deep water, taking with her four hundred people.

LORD NELSON.

As second in command of this expedition went Lord Nelson, with his flag in the *St. George*, of ninety-eight guns. In a letter preserved amidst the voluminous correspondence and despatches collected by Sir H. N. Nicholas, Nelson thus describes his command: "You cannot think," he wrote on February 9th, 1801, "how dirty the *St. George* is. . . . . The ship is not fitted for a flag. . . Her decks leaky, and she is truly uncomfortable; but it suits exactly my present feelings." These "feelings," one deplores to discover, were melancholy, caused by his separation from Lady Hamilton. Nelson hoisted his flag on February 12th, but, owing to the violence of the weather, he was unable to go on board until seven days later. A curious anecdote, illustrating the wonderful tactical genius of the great admiral, is narrated. Immediately prior to his departure for Copenhagen, he was visiting a friend of his, one Mr. Davidson. Speaking of the Baltic expedition he was about to enter upon, Nelson desired a chart of the Cattegat should be procured and brought to him, that he might study it and impress his memory with a knowledge of those waters. This was done, and in the presence of Mr. Davidson, Nelson studied the chart, musing awhile as he overhung it. Then, saying he believed the Government would spare only twelve ships-of-the-line, he marked out the situation in which he should dispose them, a prophetic indication which was exactly fulfilled.

Meanwhile, in the belief that Denmark, for all her hostile demonstrations, would be willing to enter into negotiations for the preservation of peace, the British Government had despatched the Honourable Nicholas Vansittart to Copenhagen, about a fortnight prior to the departure of the fleet, with full powers to treat. The issue of his mission was, of course, unknown at the time of the departure of Sir Hyde Parker's force. Strong winds prevented the British fleet from making the Naze of Norway before the 18th of March, and scarcely were they within sight of land when a heavy gale, lasting for two days, scattered the ships in all directions. One of these, the *Blazer*, gun-brig, was driven under the Swedish fort of Warberg, and there captured.

The fleet having again assembled, on the 23rd there arrived from Copenhagen the *Blanche* frigate, bringing back Mr. Vansittart and Mr. Drummond, the British *chargé d'affaires*; and the reply of the Danish Government, instead of being one tending towards conciliation, was a sheer message of defiance. On the 29th of March, Lord Nelson struck his flag from the cumbersome and unseaworthy *St. George*, and hoisted it afresh on board the *Elephant*, of seventy-four guns. The gallant spirit had been

greatly vexed by Sir Hyde Parker's procrastination on the arrival of the fleet at Cronenberg, outside of which he proposed to anchor in order to give the British minister time to negotiate at Copenhagen. "To keep us out of sight," he writes in a letter to his friend Davidson, "is to seduce Denmark into a war. I hate your pen-and-ink men: a fleet of British ships-of-war are the best negotiators in Europe; they always speak to be understood, and generally gain their point; their arguments carry conviction to the hearts of our enemies."

In truth, Sir Hyde Parker, though as brave and hearty an admiral as ever hoisted his flag on a British liner, was scarcely fitted to the command of such an expedition as this. Nelson

COPENHAGEN.

fretted under the delays which accompanied every fresh move. His own theory was always one of instant action. It was his swiftness which paralysed the French at the Nile, which characterised his masterly manœuvring at the Battle of St. Vincent, and which assured the success of his scheme at Trafalgar. Colonel Stewart, who commanded the troops in the fleet at Copenhagen, and who wrote a very full account of the battle, points out that Nelson's plan, had he been commander-in-chief, would have been to start immediately from Yarmouth with such ships as were in readiness, and made straight for the mouth of Copenhagen Harbour, leaving the remainder of the fleet to follow as rapidly as they could contrive. Such a dashing movement would have rendered it almost impossible on the part of the Danes to provide against the expected attack by preparations, which Sir Hyde Parker's lingering had enabled them to render formidable. As a specimen of the dallying which went on: "The pilots," writes James in his Naval History, "who, not having to share the honours, felt it to their interest to magnify the dangers of the expedition, occasioned a few more days to be dissipated in inactivity. In the course of these, Admiral Parker sent a flag of truce to the Governor of Elsinore, to inquire if he meant to oppose the passage of the fleet through the Sound. Governor Stricker replied that the guns of Cronenberg Castle would certainly be fired at any British ships-of-war that approached." What other answer could Sir Hyde Parker have

anticipated? One may conceive, and sympathise with, the bitter impatience of Nelson at these protracted delays. "Time, Twiss, time," he once remarked to one of his favourite captains, in emphasising the value of instant action. The Danes themselves did not fail to appreciate, and make full use of, the long interval which was granted to them. Even Lord Nelson himself confessed to being astonished by the commanding and formidable appearance of the enemy's preparations. His sketch of the Danish hulks and ships-of-battle certainly exhibits a very powerful array: several towering, two-decked hulks, their sides a-bristle with the muzzles of cannon, and each equipped with a solitary pole-mast amidships; tall, fully-rigged liners, sloops and gun-brigs, and in perspective the great Crown Battery, with the masts of vessels moored within it showing above the walls.

Totally ignoring the threat of Governor Stricker, whose answer Sir Hyde Parker must certainly have accepted as an ultimatum, the British fleet, early on the morning of the 30th, got under way, and with a fine working breeze stood through the Sound in the formation of "line ahead," Nelson commanding the leading division, Sir Hyde Parker the centre, and Rear-Admiral Graves the rear. The Elsinore batteries opened fire, but not one of the ships was struck. Shortly after noon the fleet anchored a little way above the island of Huen, distant about fifteen miles from the Danish capital; and Nelson, accompanied by Admiral Graves, went away in the *Lark* lugger to reconnoitre the enemy's defences. The preparations looked truly very formidable. Eighteen vessels, comprising full-rigged ships and hulks, were moored in a line, stretching nearly a mile and a half, flanked to the northward by two artificial islands called the Trekrona, or Trekroner batteries, mounting between them sixty-eight guns of heavy calibre, with furnaces for heating shot, and close alongside of these lay a couple of large two-deckers which had been converted into block-ships. Across the entrance of the harbour was stretched a massive chain, and batteries had also been thrown up on the northern shore commanding the channel. Outside of the harbour's mouth were moored two seventy-four gun ships, a forty-gun frigate, a couple of brigs, and some xebecs. To the south of the floating line of hulks and ships, upon Amag Island, several gun and mortar batteries had been erected, so that on the seaward side of it Copenhagen was protected by defences which, from end to end, stretched for nearly four miles. Added to these artificial defences, additional security was furnished to the enemy by the dangers of the navigation. The channel, hazardous at all times and beset with shoals, had been beaconed with false buoys, for the purpose of decoying our ships to destruction upon the sands.

Upon these elaborate preparations Lord Nelson gazed, not, we may be sure, with feelings of dismay, but, as he himself admits, with astonishment and admiration. What the Danes thought of the great British admiral is well exemplified by the following anecdote:—When our fleet lay at anchor outside Cronenberg an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Denmark came on board the *London*. Whilst seated in the admiral's cabin writing a note the pen spluttered, and the youthful officer exclaimed to Sir Hyde Parker, "If your guns are no better than your pens, admiral, you had better return to England!" He then inquired who commanded the different ships, and presently coming to the *Elephant*, Nelson's name was pronounced. "What!" exclaimed the aide-de-camp, "is *he* here? I would give a hundred pieces to have a sight of him. Then, I suppose, it is to be no joke if *he* has come!"

The British fleet having passed into the Sound on the 30th March, as has already been related, and Lord Nelson being returned from reconnoitring the enemy's defences, the commander-in-chief on the evening of this same day summoned a council of war. Sir Hyde Parker was for delaying the attack; Nelson was against losing another moment. "Give me ten sail-of-the-line, Sir Hyde," he exclaimed, "and I will undertake to carry the business through in a proper manner."

Knowing the character of his second, Admiral Parker cheerfully accepted Nelson's offer, and granted him two sail-of-the-line in addition to those for which he asked—that is to say, two fifty-gun ships, which the Danes always reckon as line-of-battle ships. The force at the disposal of Lord Nelson consisted of seven ships of seventy-four guns each, three ships of sixty-four guns, one of fifty-four, and one of fifty guns, five frigates, mounting in all one hundred and ten guns, and several sloops, bomb-vessels, fire-ships, and gun-brigs—a total of thirty-six sail of square-rigged vessels. In all, the British armament numbered seven hundred guns, of which one hundred and fifty-two pieces were carronades. The Danes, by their own accounts, had

six hundred and twenty-eight guns, all heavy pieces, and no carronades.

With the indomitable energy which characterised all his manœuvres, Nelson, accompanied by Captain Brisbane of the *Cruiser*, proceeded in a boat, under cover of darkness, on the night of Sir Hyde Parker's council of war, and explored the channel between the island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground, in order to acquaint himself with the navigation of that dangerous stretch of water. Foot by foot he groped his way over the darkling current through the biting March air and ice of that bitter Northern clime. He rebuoyed the channel, and ensured the safety of his ships, so far as the reefs and sandbanks were concerned, whose whereabouts was treacherously falsified by the Danes. "How many admirals," says Clark Russell in his "Life of Nelson," "then afloat would have undertaken this duty for themselves? Most of them, possibly, would have applied to such a task Lady Nelson's theory of boarding, and 'left it to the captains.'"

On the 31st of March Nelson made another examination of the Danish fleet, with the result that he abandoned his original project to attack from the northward, and, the wind being favourable, he resolved to deliver the assault from the southward. Late on the morning of the 1st of April the British fleet weighed, leaving Sir Hyde Parker's division of eight sail-of-the-line at anchor in the Middle Ground. Lord Nelson had gone on board the *Amazon* frigate, in order to take a final view of the enemy's situation and disposition; and when he returned to the *Elephant* he ordered the signal to be made for all the vessels under his command to get under way. It is related that at sight of those colours the seamen of the fleet broke into a hurricane of cheering, which must have been borne to the ears of the Danes afar. The wind blew a light breeze, though from a favourable quarter, and the ships, in perfect line, led by the *Amazon*, threaded the smooth water of the narrow channel. Simultaneously with the weighing of Nelson's division the commander-in-chief's squadron of eight ships also lifted their anchors and floated into a berth a little nearer to the mouth of the harbour, where they again brought-up. And here, throughout that famous battle, lay Sir Hyde Parker, a passive spectator of the Titanic conflict, scarcely, perhaps, illustrating Milton's noble line—

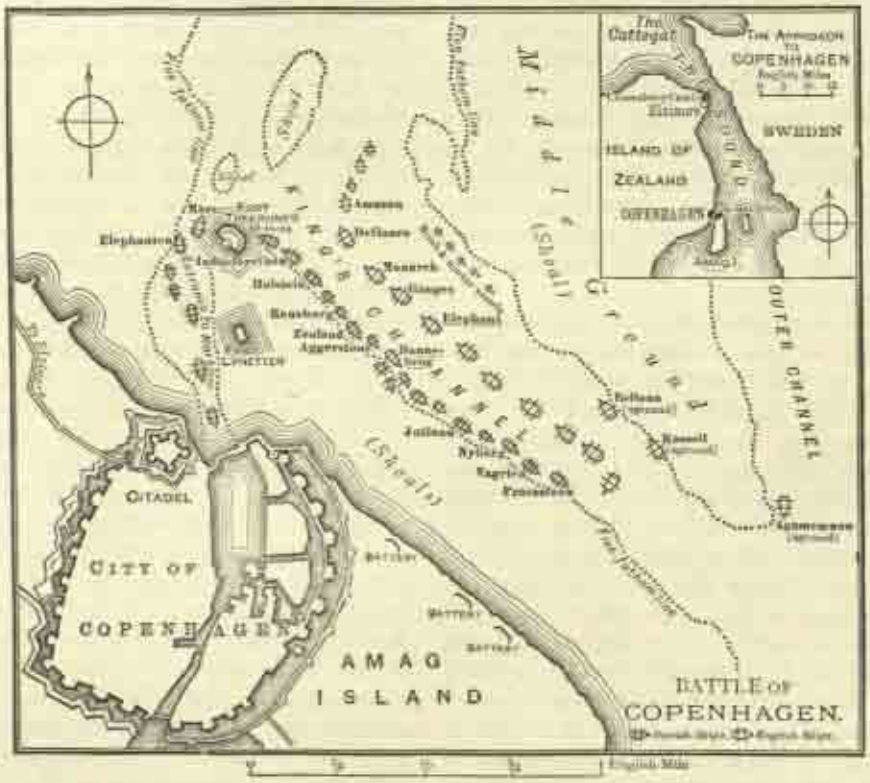
"He also serves who only stands and waits."

At dusk Nelson's column anchored for the night within two miles of the tail of the enemy's line. Throughout the hours of darkness the English guard-boats were stealthily creeping hither and thither upon the narrow waters, sounding and testing the buoys. In one of these boats Captain Hardy, of the *St. George*—the man in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar—actually rowed to within the very shadow of the leading Danish ship and plumbed the water around her with a pole, so as not to be heard. On board of the *Elephant* on the eve of battle Lord Nelson was entertaining most of the captains of his division at dinner. The hero was in high spirits, and drank to "a leading wind and to the success of the ensuing day." Until one o'clock that night he was dictating his orders, and, although he retired to his cot, he did not sleep, but every half-hour called for reports of the direction of the wind. At six o'clock he was up and dressed, and at seven caused the signal to be made for all his captains to come on board.

"The day of the 2nd of April," says James, in his precise Naval History, "opened, as the British had hoped it would, with a favourable or north-easterly wind. The signal for all captains on board the flag-ship was hoisted almost as soon as it could be seen, and at 8 a.m. the several captains were made acquainted with the several stations assigned to them. As circumstances prevented the plans being strictly followed, it may suffice to state that all the line-of-battle ships were to anchor by the stern abreast of the different vessels composing the enemy's line, and for which purpose they had already prepared themselves with cables out of their stern-ports." This system of mooring abreast of the enemy when the formation of the fleet permitted it, and engaging ship to ship, was a very favourite manœuvre of Nelson's, and was brilliantly successful both at Aboukir and Copenhagen.

The battle began at ten o'clock. The *Edgar*, a seventy-four, commanded by Captain Murray, was the first vessel to get into action, and for some while engaged the Danes unsupported. The block-ship *Provesteen* opened a heavy fire upon her the moment she came within range; but she held on all in grim silence until abreast of the craft she had been instructed to tackle, and then poured in a terrific broadside. So narrow was the channel that in bearing down to their respective stations the *Bellona*

and *Russell* grounded. The *Elephant*, whose situation was very nearly amidships of the line, signalled for the two stranded ships to close with the enemy. As this order was not at once complied with, Nelson instantly guessed the reason, and with his marvellous promptitude and capacity of swiftly formulating his plans, he changed the intended mode of sailing, and starboarded his helm to provide against a like casualty, trusting to the vessels in his wake to perceive his reason, and follow his example.



This they all did, and the rapid manœuvre of the admiral's ship undoubtedly saved nearly two-thirds of the fleet from grounding.

The craft which Nelson had singled out as his particular opponent was the flagship of the Danish commander-in-chief, Commodore Fischer. This was a vessel named the *Dannebrog*, mounting sixty-two guns and carrying 336 men. When within a cable's length (120 fathoms) of her, the *Elephant* let go her anchor. Nelson wished to get still closer to his foe, but the pilots were afraid of the shoaling water, and when the lead indicated a depth of a quarter less five, they insisted upon bringing-up. The average distance at which the vessels engaged was 100 fathoms—terribly close quarters for such ordnance as the broadside metal of the liners. "I hope," Lord Nelson had written to Sir Edward Berry in anticipating this fight, "we shall be able to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object, and that we shall again give our enemies that hailstorm of bullets which is so emphatically described in the *Naval Chronicle*, and which gives our dear country the dominion of the seas."

For three hours the cannonade was sustained by each side with undiminished fury, and then the fire of the Danish block-ships, praams, and rideaus began sensibly to slacken. Still the contest could not be said to have shown symptoms of taking a decisive turn. The *Russell* and *Bellona* were flying signals of distress, and the *Agamemnon*, which had also grounded, had hoisted flags indicating her incapacity. The *London* lay a long way off, and it has been suggested by James that Sir Hyde Parker's view of the progress of the fight might have been imperfect. This is more than probable, when we consider the dense clouds of smoke that must have rolled from the broadsides of the contending ships. The Danes' fire was incessant

and furious; nothing seemed yet to have been silenced, and the commander-in-chief, viewing the ceaseless spitting flames from every point of the ponderous looming line of defence, began to grow apprehensive for the British vessels, it should be deemed." And so, according to Southey, with all imaginable reluctance, Sir Hyde Parker, at about one o'clock upon that memorable day, hoisted the signal for the action to cease.

"HE WAS FULL OF ANIMATION" (*p.* 478).

and to fear that the fire was too hot even for Nelson. The notion of a retreat must have been cruelly mortifying to the fine-spirited old Briton; but his sense of honour was foremost in the motive which prompted him to fly a signal of recall. "He was aware," he said, "of the consequences to his own personal reputation; but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame

How that order, delivered by the gunting of the *London*, was received by Nelson is one of the immortal episodes of the hero's career. During the course of the battle down to this time, the admiral had been pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant*. He was clad in a blue coat, epaulettes of gold fringe, and a plain, small cocked-hat, whilst on his breast were several orders. Colonel Stewart, who was on board

throughout the engagement, says "he was full of animation, and heroically fine in his observations." He had just remarked to the colonel that the fight was a warm one, and that any moment might be the last to either of them, and was adding "But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" when the flag-lieutenant reported the order from the *London*, and asked whether he should repeat the signal. "No," replied Nelson; "merely acknowledge it." He then inquired if signal No. 16 was still flying—that being the order for "Close action." The lieutenant answered that it was. "Mind you keep it so," said Nelson sternly, but with the stump of his amputated arm working as it was wont to do when the admiral was agitated. Then turning abruptly to Colonel Stewart: "Do you know," said he, "what's shown on board the commander-in-chief, No. 39?" The colonel inquired the purport of No. 39. "Why, to leave off action." A moment later he burst out: "Leave off action! Now damn me if I do!" Captain Foley stood near: Nelson turned towards him. "Foley," said he, "you know I have only one eye: I have a right to be blind sometimes." He levelled his telescope, and applying his blind eye, said: "I really do not see the signal." It was therefore merely acknowledged on board the *Elephant*, and not repeated, whilst on high, clear of the clouds of smoke, continued to stream the signal for "Close action."

It is only fair to Sir Hyde Parker, in reference to this signal of recall, to quote the statement of the Rev. Dr. Scott, who was chaplain on board the *London*. "It had been arranged," he affirms in his account of the battle, "between the admirals (Parker and Nelson) that, should it appear that the ships which were engaged were suffering too severely, the signal for retreat should be made, to give Nelson the opportunity of retiring if he thought fit."

The frigates and sloops of the British fleet, however, obeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal and hauled off. They were suffering cruelly, and their services were all but worthless. The gallant Captain Riou in the *Amazon*, who had been wounded by a splinter in the head, sat upon a carronade encouraging his men. A volley from the Trekroner batteries killed his clerk and laid low a file of marines. So close was the frigate, that, in rounding, her stern beam grazed the fort. Springing up, Riou exclaimed: "What will Nelson think of us? Come, my boys, let us all die together!" Scarcely were the words off his lips when a round shot cut his body fairly in half.

At about half-past one the fire of the Danes began seriously to slacken, and twenty minutes later it had ceased along nearly the whole of the line astern of the hulking *Zealand*. The enemy had suffered frightfully: the carnage had been terrific, the destruction enormous. Several of the lighter vessels had gone adrift owing to their cables having been shot through. Between the bulwarks the corpses lay strewn knee-deep, reinforcements continually coming off from the shore to serve the guns. Several of the Danish ships had surrendered; but there was much difficulty in taking possession of these prizes, partly on account of the ceaseless fire from the Amag batteries, and partly because of the shot discharged at the boats of the captors by the fresh drafts, who seemed not to heed that the vessels they reinforced had already struck. Particularly was this the case with the Danish admiral's ship, the *Dannebrog*. She was on fire; her colours had been lowered; the commodore had struck his pennant and left her; and still men from the shore continued to swarm into her, firing at the boats sent by the British to take possession, in all defiance to the right and custom of warfare. Enraged by this obstinate resistance, Nelson again directed the batteries of the *Elephant* to open upon her, and another vessel joined in the attack. When the smoke from the two ships' broadsides had cleared away, the *Dannebrog* was perceived to be drifting before the wind, ablaze fore and aft, with her men flinging themselves into the sea.

At about half-past two, the battle now having taken a decided turn in favour of the British, Lord Nelson sent ashore his aide-de-camp, Sir Frederick Thesiger, with a flag of truce to the Crown Prince and the celebrated letter, hastily written by him upon the rudder-head of his ship and addressed "To the brothers of Englishmen—the Danes." In this note he wrote: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English."

Whilst Captain Thesiger was gone on shore with this letter, the destructive fire still kept up

by the *Monarch*, *Ganges*, and *Defiance* silenced the fire of the *Indosforethen*, *Holstein*, and the adjoining ships of the Danish line. The *Defence* and *Ramillies*, from Sir Hyde Parker's division, which had heretofore been unengaged, were approaching, and things looked black for the Danes. But the great Trekroner battery, having had nothing but frigates and smaller craft to oppose it, was comparatively uninjured, and sustained a hot, destructive fire. Fifteen hundred men had been thrown into it from the shore, and it was considered too strong to carry by assault. It was deemed wise to withdraw the British ships from the dangerous intricate channel whilst the favourable wind gave them an opportunity of getting out, and signals were actually being made to that purpose when the Danish adjutant-general, Lindolm, came out, bearing a flag of truce, at sight of which the Trekroner and Crown batteries ceased fire; and the action, which had lasted for about five hours, during four of which it had been very fiercely contested, was brought to a close.

The Crown Prince, whom Captain Thesiger found standing in a sally-port, inquired Nelson's motive in sending a flag of truce. The reply was: "Lord Nelson's object in sending on shore a flag of truce is humanity; he, therefore, consents that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson can take his prisoners out of the prizes, and he consents to land all the wounded Danes, and to burn or remove his prizes." Formidable preparations had been made on board the British ships to provide against the non-acceptance of the terms of the truce. As Captain Thesiger left Nelson's ship, 1,500 of the choicest boarders of the fleet entered fifty boats, under the command of Colonel Stewart and Captain Fremantle. "The moment it should be known," says Clarke and M'Arthur's Life of Nelson, "that the flag of truce had been refused, the boats were to have pushed for the batteries, and the fire of every gun in the fleet would have covered their approach."

Lindolm, on coming aboard the *Elephant* with his flag of truce, had been referred to Sir Hyde Parker; and about four o'clock in the afternoon of this eventful day, Nelson himself went on board the *London*. His own ship, along with several others of the division, in endeavouring to sail out of the narrow channel, had taken the ground, and remained stranded. Lord Nelson, it is recorded, was in depressed spirits, notwithstanding his brilliant success. He appeared to have been shocked by the explosion on board of the *Dannebrog* and the frightful slaughter of that five hours' conflict. "Well," was his remark, "I have fought contrary to orders, and may be hanged: never mind, let them."

The *Elephant* floated again at about eight o'clock in the evening; but Nelson, in ignorance of this, remained for the night on board of the *St. George*. He returned at dawn on the 3rd of April, and finding his own ship was afloat, he made a tour of inspection of the prizes that had been taken. One of the enemy's ships, the *Holstein*, a Danish line-of-battle ship, which lay under the guns of the Trekroner batteries, refused to acknowledge herself captured, although in reality she had struck to the British. Her crew quibbled that they had never hauled down their colours. Two British captains had been on board to demand her, and both had been refused possession. Nelson entreated Sir Hyde Parker to send Captain Otway on this mission, and his request was complied with. As this gallant officer went alongside the *Holstein*, he ordered his coxswain—a bold, impudent fellow—to go into the maintop and bring away the ship's pennant whilst he himself engaged the commander in conversation. The man executed this order, and returned to his place in the gig with the colour hidden in his bosom. Captain Otway's demand of surrender having been refused, he insisted that a ship which had struck her colours must be a prize, and it was agreed to refer the question to the Danish commodore, who was in the arsenal hard by. The commodore replied that the vessel had not struck her colours, adding that the pennant was still flying, and begged Captain Otway to look at it. The British officer gravely replied that he did not see it, and the mortified Danes were compelled to concede the ship. Otway hastily cut her cables and towed her clear of the batteries. This anecdote is related by Captain Brenton.

On the 4th of April Lord Nelson went on shore to visit the Prince of Denmark. Some accounts say the British admiral was received by the populace with marks of admiration and respect: in actual fact, he was accompanied by a strong guard to assure his safety. Negotiations began and continued until the 9th April, the British fleet meanwhile refitting, and preparing to bombard Copenhagen should hostilities be renewed. There was much hesitation on the part of the Danes, and they honestly avowed

their fear of the Russians. Nelson answered that his reason in demanding a long armistice was in order to demolish the Russian fleet. There was a great deal of procrastination, and one of the members of the Commission, speaking in in French, suggested the possibility of a renewal bombardment. Glancing about him as he proceeded, Nelson exclaimed to a friend, sufficiently loud to be overheard, "Though I've only one eye, I see all this will burn very well."

After this banquet Nelson and the Crown Prince were closeted together, and a fourteen

"HE POLED THIS RAFT FROM THE SHORE TO RIGHT UNDER THE VERY STERN OF THE *ELEPHANT*" (*p.* 481.)

of hostilities. Nelson caught the words, and rounding upon the commissioner, cried: "Renew hostilities! Oh, certainly, we are ready in a moment: ready to bombard this very night!" The commissioner hastily apologised.

A banquet had been prepared in the Palace, to which Nelson was invited; and as he passed through the corridors and up the staircases, he noticed that most of the apartments had been denuded of their furniture, in anticipation of a weeks' armistice was agreed upon. The Danes had no alternative: most of their defences had been taken or destroyed. Nearly all the floating hulks had been cannonaded into sieves. Colonel Stewart states that the ships would have been knocked to pieces in much less time than four hours had Nelson's misgivings of the North Country pilots not prevented him from occupying a much closer position. Admiral Fischer admitted the loss on the Danish side to

be about eighteen hundred men. The British had two hundred and thirty-five men killed and six hundred and eighty-eight wounded. The hulks and block-ships of the enemy were thus accounted for: the *Wagner*, *Provesteen*, *Jutland*, *Kronenburg*, *Hajen*, and *Suersishen* were captured and burnt; the *Aggerstonz* and *Nyburg* sunk; the *Zealand* was burnt along with the *Charlotte-Amelia* and the *Indosforethen*; the *Rensburg* was driven ashore and burnt, and the *Holstein* alone was carried away by the British.

The Danes had fought magnificently; but the valour of the seamen whom Nelson led on was irresistible. That memorable day teems with instances of pluck on both sides. One of these, at least, no narrative of the Battle of Copenhagen would be complete without. A lad of about seventeen, named Welmoes, or Velmoes, had charge of a little floating battery, mounting six small cannon and manned by twenty-four men. He poled this raft from the shore to right under the very stern of the *Elephant*, and began peppering the huge liner with his little artillery. The marines of Nelson's ship poured in several volleys with terrible effect, and twenty of the tiny band fell, killed or wounded. But their boy commander stood, waist-deep amongst the corpses, and refused to quit his post until the truce was proclaimed. Such gallantry was a sure appeal to Nelson, and at the banquet he requested the Crown Prince to introduce him to young Welmoes. Having embraced the lad, he turned to the Prince and remarked that such a hero should be made an admiral. "My lord," was the answer, "if I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

Three days after the conclusion of the armistice—that is to say, on the 12th of April—Sir Hyde Parker sailed from Copenhagen, leaving behind the *St. George* and two frigates. Peace was not formally concluded for a long while, and Nelson remained in the Baltic, watching the Russian fleet. But at length, on the 13th of June, despatches came, commanding the return of the *St. George* to England; and on his arrival, Nelson was created a Viscount for his services at the Battle of Copenhagen.

ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, COPENHAGEN.

THE STORMING OF KARS.

17-18 NOVEMBER 1877.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

KARS has the reputation of being one of the strongest fortresses in the world. In the old Crimean days it stood a six months' siege: gallant Fenwick Williams, an English artillery officer, with a garrison of devoted Turks, made an heroic resistance in it against superior numbers, and yielded only to famine in the end. At the peace Kars reverted to Turkey, who spared no pains to restore its defences and make it as nearly as possible impregnable. It was surrounded with new fortifications, built for the most part on the ancient sites; they were constructed under the skilful direction of the first military engineers, and armed with powerful artillery. When, in 1877, Russia once more came to blows with her traditional foe, Kars became again the scene of furious conflict; its possession was hotly contested, but it was finally won by almost unexampled bravery in the teeth of a no less stubborn defence.

The early days of the winter of 1877 were at hand when the Russians closed down on Kars. The Turkish arms had but recently met with serious reverses in Armenia; Moukhtar Pacha, the Turkish generalissimo, had been badly beaten in a great battle—that of Aladjh Dagh—and his army, which had hitherto covered Kars, was almost destroyed: only a wretched remnant of panic-stricken fugitives took refuge in the mountains about Erzeroum, where Moukhtar speedily followed to reorganise his shattered forces. Another general (Hussein Pacha) was left with a garrison of 24,000 to defend Kars. It was hoped that the great fortress would long hold out. It was so strongly fortified, so well armed, so amply provisioned, that a protracted siege seemed inevitable. The Turks, moreover, were excellent soldiers, especially good and brave behind fortifications. At that very moment Plevna, an improvised fortress just south of the Danube, was still defying the most strenuous efforts of the Russians to take it. Kars had many superior advantages as a place of arms.

The Russians were, however, resolved to capture Kars, and soon, if they could. They wanted it badly. Its fall would make the Russian communications safe where at present they were insecure; from Kars they could best proceed against Erzeroum, and pave the way to complete mastery in Armenia. But to want a thing is not necessarily to get it, especially in war. Kars must be taken—granted; the point was how to do it.

Now, there is more than one way of reducing or getting possession of a fortress. It can be "invested"—surrounded on all sides, that is to say, cut off from outside relief or support, and starved into surrender; or it may be besieged in due form, with regular "approaches," trenches and saps pushed up nearer and nearer, and with breaching batteries of heavy artillery, which after repeated bombardments open the road to assault; or, last of all, it may be carried by a *coup-de-main*—one great vigorous blow, delivered without delay or hesitation, which, if successful, settles the matter at once and out of hand. Which was it to be with Kars?

This was the problem which confronted the Russian generals, and which could only be solved after anxious consideration of all the *pros* and *cons*. Investment is a slow, often very tedious, game; in the present case it was both doubtful and dangerous, for the cold weather was at hand, and the winters are so severe in Armenia that the besieging troops must inevitably endure great hardships and privations. Nor was the process of investment certain to lead to capture. The garrison, after holding their assailants at bay for six months or more (and they had provisions for quite that time), after perpetually harassing them by sortie and counter attack, might beat them off in the end. The same objections applied to the regular siege:

the Turks could meet the Russians with 300 guns, heavy artillery, admirably posted, and with a garrison sufficient to man the whole length of their defences. The siege might become a long duel, in which the advantage would not necessarily be with the besiegers.

There remained only the boldest, the most hazardous, probably the most costly in human lives, but still the most profitable if successful—the method of immediate open assault. Kars might perhaps be carried by storm, if only the enterprise was undertaken on a proper scale, if the attack was planned with judgment and attempted in adequate strength. This was the course which the Russian generals adopted. They resolved to go in and win; to capture Kars, or at least to make a bold attempt at capture by sheer force and weight of arms.

To understand what follows, a brief description of the whole fortress, as it then stood, is indispensable.

Kars was rather a series of fortified works than a single fortress. The actual city was only defended by a citadel, perched high above it on a tall, straight rock, and by an ancient wall built by the Turks in the sixteenth century, and now half in ruins. The strength of the place was in its twelve detached forts, planted at points of vantage and surrounding it entirely. These forts may be classed in four groups, viz.—taking them according to the points of the compass—those to the north-east, south-east, west, and north-west of the town.

(1) To the north-east were Forts Arab and Karadagh, both on the high rocky ground known as the Karadagh, or Black Mountain, built on the bare rock, but faced with earth, which had been carried up by hand for the purpose. These forts had no ditches; the first was closed at the rear by a stone barrack, the second was to have been similarly defended, but the war broke out before the work was completed.

(2) To the south-east of the town the country was an open plain, and as such more easily accessible. So it was defended by two of the strongest forts, known respectively as Fort Hafiz and Fort Kanly: the first was a square redoubt, or fort closed on all sides, that nearest the town consisting of a casemated barrack of three storeys; the second consisted really of two small redoubts, also square, supporting each other, also with a barrack at the end. There were, besides, Forts Souvari and Tchini, much simpler as fortifications, but adding to the strength of this side.

(3) To the westward, where the ground again rose and became mountainous (it was called the Shorak Mountain), there were three forts, known as Tekman, Tek Tepasse, and Laze Tepasse, all placed on commanding points, and well armed with batteries.

(4) And, lastly, on the Tchanak Mountain, to the north-west, there were three more forts—Forts Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha, the last-named being the strongest of the three.

It must be obvious that Kars, thus defended, was a hard nut for the Russians to crack. These twelve forts were nearly all well placed: they were at such distances from each other that they could afford mutual support in case of attack, and their rocky sites forbade all idea of undermining them. On the other hand, they were a source of weakness to the town, being so near it that its bombardment was possible by the enemy thus permitted to come within range. They were unprovided with magazines or storehouses; they were short of water, all of which had to be dragged up from the river; they had no ditches round them, and their fronts or sides were undefended by flanking fire, which, moreover, when damaged by the enemy's batteries, could not be quickly repaired for want of earth in the prevailing rockiness of the soil. But the crowning defect in the whole system of defence was that it was cut into two parts: one set of forts lay on the west side of the river, the other on the east, and the river itself, running in a deep gorge, completely separated them.

The actual condition of the defences of Kars, the numbers of the garrison, strength of artillery, the amount of ammunition and supplies, were fully revealed to the Russians by spies and deserters; any further knowledge required was obtained by careful reconnaissances. By these means the best line of attack was arrived at, and it was decided to make the first principal effort against the three forts upon the plain to the south-east of the town. The approach was easiest in this direction, and hereabouts the Turks kept all their depôts and stores of provisions. At the same time, while the chief attack was in progress, demonstrations were to be made at other points, mainly to distract the enemy's attention; but these other movements were to be pushed forward and developed into real attacks if there was any promise of substantial advantage therefrom.

Hardly second in importance to the place was the time fixed for attack. If made during the day, it would undoubtedly entail enormous

losses. The Turkish forts and trenches covered a wide extent of front; the fire they could bring to bear, both with cannon and small arms, would certainly be intense and deadly. It would begin at long range—for they had excellent weapons—and, so to speak, scorch up the ground of approach, which was altogether without cover or shelter for troops advancing in broad daylight. Worse than this, the precise movements of the attacking columns would be betrayed. Many of the Turkish forts stood on such high ground that they could see and search out everything in the plains below. So feints and false attacks would be useless, and the Turkish commander, having penetrated the real design, could concentrate in sufficient, perhaps in overwhelming, force to meet it at the points threatened.

GENERAL MELIKOFF.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

HUSSEIN PACHA.

A night attack was the inevitable conclusion. The storming must be made in the dark, and yet not in complete darkness; for that would certainly cause confusion, and probably entail disaster. There must be light enough to direct movements near at hand, and yet not so much light as to betray them from a distance.

This could only be attained when the moon was at the full; so, although a prompt attack was decided upon, the actual date was governed by the almanac, and the day, or rather night, fixed was the 15th November. It was delayed two nights later by cloudy weather and a heavy snowstorm, which obviously impeded the operations. Profound secrecy was observed on the part of the Russians, for a first element of success in the attack was that it should be a surprise. So well did they keep their own counsel, that even on the afternoon of the 17th, when the orders and instructions were actually drafted for the forward movement a few hours later, Russian officers in conversation with some of the war correspondents declared that nothing like an assault was contemplated. The Turks were themselves absolutely deceived. So little did they anticipate what was so near at hand, that they kept two-thirds of their whole strength on the western side of the river—that most remote from the point at which the attack was imminent. It must be said in excuse for them that in the former siege of Kars, under General Mouravieff, this side was that on which the great assault had been made.

The Russian commander-in-chief was the Grand Duke Michael, a brother of the Czar Alexander, but the real head of the army—the life and soul, the active leading spirit—was General Loris Melikoff, a soldier of high repute who had already earned distinction in this war. It was he, practically, who made the arrangements, and his orders were to the following effect:—

Five columns were to attack, two only to demonstrate:

(1) The first column of attack, under General Komaroff, was to move along the left bank of the Kars river through the ravine, and attack Fort Tchini.

(2) The second, under Colonel Prince Melikoff (not the general), was to deal with Fort Souvari.

(3) The third and fourth columns, under General Count Grabbe, was to attack, moving separately, each of the two redoubts known by the one name of Fort Kanly.

(4) The fifth column, under General Alkhazoff,

"THE RUSSIANS WENT UP BOLDLY" (p. 488).

was to attack Fort Hafiz. These five columns were under the supreme command of Lazareff.

The two columns of demonstration were to appear to attack the most northern and the eastern forts; the first, under Colonel Tcheremissikoff, taking Forts Laze Tepasse and Mouklis; the second, under General Rydzevsky, was to deal with Forts Arab and Karadagh. These movements were to be mere feints unless they made rapid and easy impression, in which case they were to be pressed home.

Each of the five attacking columns, except the second, was accompanied with guns; with each also marched detachments of engineers carrying scaling-ladders, dynamite cartridges to blow in gates and obstacles; gunners also accompanied the columns to spike or dismount guns. The Russian cavalry was distributed in three positions, to watch the various roads approaching Kars from the north, the west, and Erzeroum.

Half-past eight p.m. was the hour appointed for the assembly of the troops. It was a bright, clear, frosty night, the moon was at the full, the air bitterly cold, and very still. Nothing was heard as the skirmishers crept smartly and still silently forward; only a few shots were fired by the Turkish outposts, but as there was no reply silence again reigned. About nine p.m. the Russian guns, to draw off attention, began to salute the Tekman fort considerably to the westward of the line of real attack. Half an hour more, and secrecy or stratagem was no longer possible. The murder was out; Melikoff's men "rushed" Fort Souvari without firing a shot. Its garrison was altogether unsuspicious of the impending danger; the Russians were over the parapet, inside, bayoneting right and left, spiking and dismounting the guns, and after a very short fight in full possession of the place. Then this, the second column of the attack, streamed out to the rear of the fort, and hurried off to assist in the capture of Fort Tchini, the nearest to them, but upon the other side of the river.

This Fort Tchini was the point to be aimed at by General Komaroff with the first attacking column. His men had advanced at about nine p.m. on hearing the noise of battle at Fort Souvari, but met with very different fortune. He had to cross very difficult, rocky ground, and an interchange of shots aroused the camp that lay under Fort Tekman, up above his left, and brought down a host of Turks on this his left flank. Colonel Boutchkieff, who commanded the Russian attacking column, turned at once to his left, and, postponing the movement on Fort Tchini, went up against this enemy. He scaled the heights successfully, and driving back the Turks followed them close under the defences of Fort Tekman. His column was only of three battalions, but without hesitation he went in at this strong redoubt, hoping to carry it by audacity. But he was met with a murderous fire, musketry from three tiers of trenches, shrapnel shot, stones, and hand grenades. Colonel Boutchkieff was killed, his men were cruelly slaughtered, and the remnant fell back to the river, to be of no more use that night.

Fort Tchini was still untouched, and Komaroff drew up his reserves to form a fresh column of attack; he had one regiment only, backed by four-and-twenty guns, and this handful went forward gallantly to encounter a warm reception and eventually reap disaster. They were nearly destroyed by direct and cross fire from the neighbouring forts of Tekman and Veli Pacha, but held their ground till long after midnight, then fell back defeated behind the river. Nor had Prince Melikoff, coming from the Fort Souvari, which he carried so easily, any better luck against Tchini. He had got to the rear of it, having crossed the river by fords and boats, and attacking it on that side had taken the Turks completely by surprise. But in leading on his men he was dangerously wounded, and they fell back—to wait, in the first place, for Komaroff, who never appeared, and then to recross the river. Their retreat was greatly facilitated, however, by the smaller attack made by Komaroff's reserve, which had failed, as has just been described.

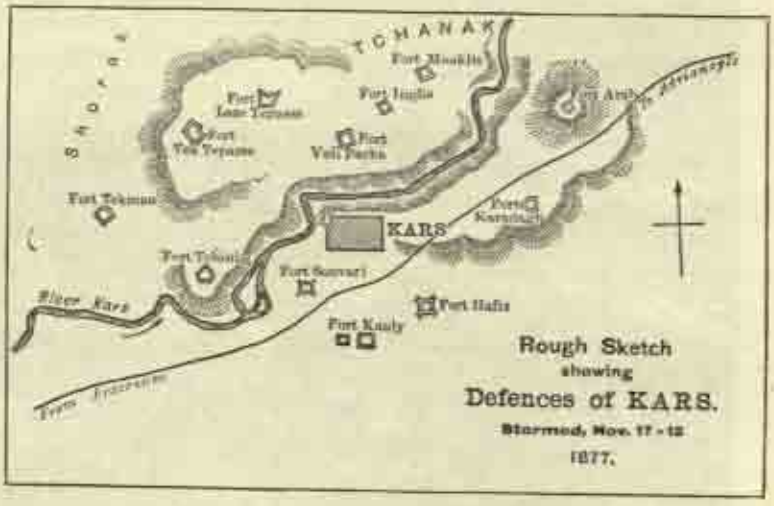
So far, then, on this western side the Russians had made no sort of impression upon Kars. But these attacks on Tekman and Tchini, although unsuccessful, had been indirectly of the utmost service, for they occupied attention, and kept the Turkish troops employed, who would otherwise have reinforced the defenders of the southern and eastern forts at the point where, in fact, the fate of Kars was being decided all this time. It fell to the lot of the third, fourth, and fifth columns of assault to overcome resistance and capture the stronghold.

Count Grabbe was entrusted with the attack of the two redoubts known as Fort Kanly, and about ten p.m. his men got close up to them, much harassed by the ground and the enemy's fire. The right column approached the eastern,

or smaller redoubt, and, climbing the parapet, effected a lodgment, although opposed by superior numbers. The left column, headed by Count Grabbe in person, swarmed around the western or main work, attacking it in front, flank, and rear. Grabbe was killed at the critical moment—shot dead by two bullets—and was succeeded by Colonel Belinsky, who later was also killed. After an hour's fierce engagement—so fierce that 500 dead Turks were found in this part of the redoubt next day—the Russians effected an entrance, and drove the garrison back, but still fighting stubbornly, hand to hand, till they reached the stone barrack, which closed the rear of the fort. Here the Turks took refuge and rallied to such good purpose that Belinsky's men could get no further. The barrack was protected with iron gates, and the Russians tried in vain to break them down; then they suffered such terrible losses that they were compelled to retire. It was at this time that their leader, Belinsky, met his death.

A cavalry charge made by Cossacks, sent on by Loris Melikoff, renewed the attack, and once more compelled the Turks to take refuge in the barrack. At the same time, General Loris Melikoff, finding that the assailants of Fort Kanly had lost two leaders in succession, sent a third—Colonel Bulmering—to take the chief command and renew the fight. Bulmering divided his forces into two portions, which were to turn both flanks of the fort. The left column he commanded in person, and made such good progress with it that he got to the very edge of the town. By one a.m. the whole of the fort was in the hands of the Russians, with the exception of the stone barrack, which still held out obstinately. Colonel Bulmering now summoned it to surrender, threatening first to batter it down with artillery, then to destroy it with dynamite. This last was an irresistible argument, to which the gallant Turk in command—Daoud Pacha—at last succumbed; but it was already four a.m. before he yielded, and by this time the intrepid garrison of the barrack had been reduced to barely 300 men.

The capture of Fort Kanly was not, however, the first Russian success that night. It had been preceded by that of Fort Hafiz and Fort Karadagh. The 5th column of assault, under General Alkhazoff, had advanced in two portions about nine p.m. against the first-named, which was next to Fort Kanly, on its right. But the right attacking party found itself seriously incommoded by the fire from batteries at the foot of the Black Mountain or Karadagh, and it was resolved to get possession of these before attempting to storm Hafiz. The Russians advanced with such determination that they soon took the batteries and drove the Turkish



artillerymen back pell-mell towards the fort of Karadagh, on the slopes above. This was one of the occasions indicated by the general orders for attack: any unexpected advantage was to be immediately followed up by a vigorous attempt to go further.

In this way Fort Karadagh fell; but only through the dauntless energy of the Russian onslaught. While some of the assailants climbed up on each other's shoulders, and so effected an entrance into the redoubt, others used dynamite to blow down the angle tower, and all with so much spirit that the Turks were driven back into the inner work, and from that right out of the fort, in great disorder. They withdrew upon Fort Arab, which was still intact, and from this point made several courageous attempts to retake Fort Karadagh, but altogether without success. The Russians had got it, and held it for good and all.

This was the unlooked-for prize of one half of

the fifth column. The other half, moving to the left, pursued the original purpose—that of assaulting Fort Hafiz. General Alkhazoff led this attack in person, and struck at both on the direct front and on the left flank of the fort. The Russians went up boldly, scaling the parapet and over into the redoubt, bayoneting all they had been seized by sudden inspiration; Forts Hafiz and Kanly had fallen to direct attack.

But this victory did not extend beyond the right bank of the river. On the left, or western side, the Russians had made no decided impression. The forts on the mountainous heights above, known as Tchanak and Shorak, still held

KARS.

met, and forcing back the garrison into the barrack, which, like that of Fort Kanly, closed the throat or entrance of the fort. But this barrack was in no condition to resist; it had been nearly ruined by the Russian bombardment, and it soon fell into the hands of the assailants. From Fort Hafiz, Alkhazoff's men pressed forward right under the walls of Kars itself.

By this time—two a.m.—the whole of the forts on the right bank of the river were in the hands of the Russians, for Fort Arab, north of Fort Karadagh, was captured soon after the Russian success at the latter had come to be known. The barrack at Fort Kanly alone held out, but this, as has been told, was actually doomed. Recapitulating, Fort Souvari had been carried early in the night; Fort Karadagh out: these were the Forts Tekman, Tek Tepasse, Laze Tepasse, Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha; and the Turkish troops which garrisoned them numbered some 15,000 men, still fresh and capable of fighting, although somewhat demoralised. Hussein Pacha, the Turkish commander, determined, therefore, to make a last bid for safety, if not to reverse fate, and, massing these forces on the west, struck out for the mountains that ranged back towards Erzeroum. The daylight, which broke about five a.m., betrayed his movement, and the Russian general, Roop, who commanded all the troops on the left bank, set himself to intercept the Turkish march and prevent escape. His cavalry took the fugitives in flank, while his infantry faced and stopped them. The largest part of the

Turks were caught, and lay down their arms, but some got through and hurried towards the mountains with the Cossacks in hot pursuit. Surrender was the order of the day, and nearly all the Turks were overtaken and made prisoners. Only a few of the principal officers, including Hussein Pacha, escaped, through the fleetness and endurance of the horses they rode.

Early that forenoon—the 18th November—the Russian double eagle floated from the citadel of Kars. The whole place, with all it contained, was in the possession of the assailants; those who had indirectly contributed to success on the left bank now entered the town, and joined their comrades from the right bank, upon whom the brunt of the business had fallen.

The result of this really audacious feat of arms was commensurate with the unflinching courage that had planned and carried it through. A fortified place of the first class had been carried in open assault, 17,000 prisoners were taken, 303 guns (many of large calibre), 25,000 stand of small arms, and a vast quantity of provisions and war material. But the cost had been heavy to both sides in this desperate struggle: 2,500 Turks lay dead in and about the defences, 4,500 sick and wounded filled the hospitals; and the Russians lost in killed and wounded 77 officers and 2,196 men.

"NEARLY ALL THE TURKS WERE OVERTAKEN AND MADE PRISONERS."

"ARE there many British subjects amongst the Carlists?" asked a young English wayfarer of Mr. Smith Sheehan, whom he met returning with the writer from northern Spain to the village of Hendaye one evening towards the fall of 1873.

There was a twinkle of humour in the eyes of Sheehan, who was a Carlist from Cork, as he answered deliberately, as if taking time for thought—

"Well, yes; at least, there were once, but hardly now."

"How's that?" pursued the lad, who was on his way to join Don Carlos, like one of those knights-errant who sought adventure of yore.

"Their soldiering days are mostly over," said Sheehan. "They came here to work, not to play. There was an Irish Legion, but a third of it is dead, and a third wounded."

It was a fact, but the Legion had only consisted of three. Wade, who was killed, had been a law-student when he had left Ireland a few months previously to see service by the side of his friend Sheehan. By the chance turn of a coin the latter was destined to leave with despatches for Bayonne, and his companion died valiantly while advancing at Yvero to the attack of a post of guardia civil, or military police, who had remained faithful to the Madrid Government in keeping with the traditions of their corps. He had fallen before three successive bullets in a leg, in an arm, and in the forehead. Leader, who was on the list of wounded, was crippled by a stray shot in the foot at Azpeitia. He had been heading a band of Carlists, or Royalists, as they chose to call themselves in distinction to their foemen. He had been an ensign in the 30th Regiment of the British Line; had resigned to join the French army on the outbreak of war with Germany; had won the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour under Bourbaki, and was so full of former memories that he was reported to have shouted "*Viva la Republica!*" as he urged forward the adherents of the "king in the clouds." The remaining third of the Legion aforesaid was the redoubtable Smith Sheehan himself, who had campaigned in the mountains of Italy before attaching himself to the guerrillas in the Pyrenees.

"I suppose the Carlists have had a bad time of it, on the whole; but no doubt there is some fun to be had amongst them for all that?" was the intending volunteer's next inquiry.

"Rather! Their life is all fun. They march with billiard-tables in the rear, and these are set up when they halt at night," continued the waggish Sheehan. "And as for dancing, they have the finest music in creation."

That yarn about the billiards was rather stiff, but the other was literally correct. At this period—September, 1873—there were six capital military bands with the Carlists, and as the conductors generally came from Paris, the airs they affected inclined to the sprightliness of opera-bouffe. Their choice piece—a rattling martial quickstep—recalled to the ear the duet of the two gendarmes in *Genevieve de Brabant*, or what was popular in London as "We'll Run 'em In," although it was usually supposed to go to a patriotic chorus anent "Vera;" and when played at a halt, led to breezy indulgence in the *jota*, or a half-waltz, half-galop, with partners in uniform lacking fair señoritas to take part in the mazy whirl.

The Carlists were in the heyday of their career in the warm autumn of 1873. Navarre, Logroño, and the rich country north of the Ebro was theirs, save the strong fortress of Pamplona, which was held as an isolated post of defence by the Republicans, or "negroes," or "vermin," as they were commonly called by their opponents. The Vascongadas, or Basque provinces (except the coast towns)—that is to

say, the provinces of Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Alava—were actually in possession of the natives, the hardy sons of the mountains. They were gradually acquiring excellent arms and abundant ammunition; they had captured horses and mountain-guns from the enemy; the Government factories of Eybar and Plaencia were in their hands, and turning out regularly a goodly amount of rifles and bayonets; their forces were numerous and daily increasing; they had a Court journal, *El Cuartel Real*, a small sheet said to be printed on the summit of a hill fastness, the Peña de la Plata, and it was reported that the sanguine champions of the rightful king, many of them sallow plotters in Bayonne coffee-houses, were already talking of forwarding their letters under cover of a new royal stamp—thus providing a surprise for those collectors of postage tokens who proudly call themselves philatelists. The Carlist banner of two strips of yellow bordering one of white, horizontally placed, was in high favour in the rugged north. The favourite rallying-call was *Dios, Patria y Rey*, "God, Country and King," and glistened in striking gilt letters on many a guidon; and the messages from the combatants were always headed *El Campo del Honor*, for wherever they happened to be, that for the time being was known as "The Field of Honour."

The partisans of royalty—whether the monarch was to be considered a legitimate claimant or a usurper does not concern the military chronicler—were in riotous joy, and full of hope; yet towards Madrid, or, indeed, at the other side of the Ebro, they never had the ghost of a chance.

For the Christinists of the last civil war now were substituted the Republicans—a whimsical phase, so far, of Spanish politics in the south, and the Carlists, or so-called Royalists, of the north, who were actually working on behalf of the most sturdy democratic principles to retain their *fueros*, or sacred domestic privileges, as sworn to under the famous oak-tree of Guernica. They enjoyed their own laws, fixed their own taxes, paid dues to the Sovereign as a gift, were liable to no conscription. None but natives could have clerical appointments. All were perfectly equal, because all were noble. Every man's home was his castle, and there were armorial bearings chiselled over the door of every stone dwelling. In short, they boasted the fullest of Home Rule, subject only to fealty to the king in Madrid.

It may be well to explain the origin of this struggle, which may arise again at any day. By an ancient French law, called Salic, females were debarred from succeeding to the Crown, because the stricter military duties were unsuited to their sex. This law was introduced into Spain by the Bourbons in 1700, and abolished in 1830 by Ferdinand VII. On his death his eldest daughter, known as Isabella II., became queen. The adherents of her mother, Maria Christina of Naples, who held the sceptre for her until she was of age, were termed Christinists, and those of her rival and cousin, Carlos V., were dubbed Carlists. In 1834 the insurgent banner was raised by the latter in Spain, and fighting, with much bloodshed, lasted until 1839. A British Legion, under De Lacy Evans, aided the partisans of the queen. Hostilities ended in the Vergara convention. That was termed the first Carlist war; but the struggle having been renewed in 1872 by the Pretender's grand-nephew, Carlos VII., his cause was upheld by the children of sharers in the former Carlist war, the adherents of the legitimate cause all over Europe, and the sticklers for conservatism and religion of the rigorous kind. But even in the disturbed district the old Roman quarrel of town and country existed to a great degree, the peasants being all inveterate Carlists, and the Christinists in the north being townsmen and sons of those who had been active in the former feud.

The outset of the rising began in a small way, but the little spark had spread into a wide flame, and was gradually sweeping onwards in a huge blaze. The thirty followers who had ventured into Navarre with Ollo had now grown into thousands. The defeated of Oroquieta were no longer to be laughed at, for they had fought stubbornly, and won undeniable victories.

This Ollo, the leading general of Navarre, is a figure not to be neglected. He had been a major in the regular army of Spain, but quitted the service when the Italian Amedeo was accepted as monarch, and left for exile in Paris. A letter reached him there, asking him to return to his native province and head a guerrilla outbreak. The poor man flushed with enthusiasm: it was to realise his darling wish, but he had no money to pay his fare, and he sighed as he directed his step-son (Joaquin Zubirri) to acknowledge the note—he was sorry he could not go: his engagements tied him to Paris. He had not a spare sou, but his pride as a soldier would not permit him to own his poverty. The son

pocketed the letter, and secretly wrote to the Junta, or revolutionary committee, representing the true state of the case, and by quick post received a reply, and quietly handed it to his father. "My child," said the veteran, burning at the prospect of action, "how lucky you forgot to post that letter! Here they press me to go, and thoughtfully they enclose enough money to frank me to the frontier."

About forty-five years of age, when the writer met him in his quarters in the outskirts of Tolosa, the dignified veteran was grave and quiet, with weatherbeaten face and small blinking eyes, and as he was stout of figure, under the middle size, and slightly bent, he suggested a likeness to the third Napoleon. A pen-and-ink picture of him as he appeared may give a clue to the garb of men who formed the Carlist staff. He wore a blue boina, or flat cap, with a gold tassel. It is no more the etiquette of a Carlist to remove his boina than for a Moslem to lift his turban. His tunic was blue, with double rows of gold (or, perhaps, brass gilt) buttons, with the monogram C in front; his trousers, with the ends stuffed into his riding-boots, were blue, and on his left breast was his only ornament—the star of the Order of St. Ferdinand. Ollo, we may be sure, did not steal his decoration, which had a real meaning. Not so Belcha, a cabecilla of Guipuzcoa, or chief of a roaming faction, who had intercepted and rifled a case of orders in transit to the troops at Madrid, and put the largest on himself and dispersed the remainder at his fantasy among his band.

The men under Ollo's immediate command were the pick of the Carlist cohorts, mostly natives of Navarre, which claims independence of Spain, and proudly calls itself a kingdom. They were the best clad and disciplined in the host—smart, muscular fellows: patient, brave, and sober—who could willingly get over a forced march and start from a posture of rest at the first strain of blithe music to join in a revel. All these hill-men were splendid walkers, did not grumble, and could manage to be cheerful at need on the most frugal fare—an onion or a morsel of garlic to relish a crust. As fact, when billeted near a village municipality, they got daily rations of two pounds of white bread, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine, the red astringent Valdepeñas, which must have been like Horace's rough Falernian, and a pay of one real—about the equivalent of twopence halfpenny—for the purchase of soap, tomatoes, oil, or the everlasting cigarette. This allowance was made by a levy proportioned to means, and was distributed so that nobody was unfairly treated, and bonds were given in exchange, negotiable on the entry of Don Carlos into his "only court" of Madrid. Similar provision was made for grain and forage for horses. At this stage of Carlism there were seven battalions of Navarre, each of eight strong companies. The crack one (the 2nd) was commanded by a dashing officer, one Radica, who had thus altered his name from Rada because there was a traitor of that ilk. His lads, who stepped out with a panther-like gait, wore blue canvas blouses, trousers with red stripes, and red boinas with brass badge of the king on top. There were four four-pounders (two smooth and two rifled) with them, and about seventy-five volunteer cavalry of a kind,

mounted and equipped anyhow, among them being six lancers with alpargatas, or the Basque canvas shoes with hempen soles.

Marching with them from the siege of Tolosa to Estella, the stranger had ample opportunity

"WITH A YELL THEY ANSWERED TO THE CALL." (*p.* 495).

to note their peculiarities. They were accompanied by two brass bands, who played them through every hamlet, where they were greeted with joyous *vivas* by the inhabitants, who loaded them with grapes or flowers and waved their neckerchiefs.

The column was opened by a battalion, then came the artillery on mules, followed by the general and his staff; then the bulk of the infantry, succeeded by the baggage train, another battalion, and lastly the cavalry led by Perula. A picturesque sight it was to watch this sinuous chain of colour, with gay flags and guidons, winding along through vineyards drooping with clustering grapes, up acclivities covered with olive growths, over grassy ridges, through ferny dips, by zigzag mountain-passes, across streamlets, and through the black depths of railway tunnels, and hearken to the whinny of horses, the jingling of accoutrements, the gossip of laughing guerrillas, the breaks of mirth at the passage of a scudding hare, or a slip on the path, varied by odd bursts of song or ambitious solos

on rustic instruments. There were no laggards, although there must have been sore feet, and any attempts at pilfering were checked by the officers, who sent the plunderers back shame-faced to the ranks with a few sharp words.

The chief leaders of the Navarrese were Argonz—a grim, tall, gaunt veteran, with a pallid, bony face, who had a great eye for country, and was so familiar with every by-path that he was known as the "Topographical Directory." Perula, with short grey jacket, fur-trimmed, looked happy in front of his cavaliers. He had been an advocate, but he had given up briefs for the sword, and was frank, enterprising, broad-faced, and strong as a lion. Joaquin Zubirri, on a grey Andalusian barb, was here, there, and everywhere, compelling order in his hoarse, peremptory Spanish. Elio, a veteran of the former Carlist war, was chief of the staff to Don Carlos. Lizzaraga, an ex-field officer of the Spanish army, was dapper and very gallant, but a martinet, and religious as a friar. He had executed several men of the Guipuzcoan contingent for theft at Saraul, but had more scruples than the priest, Santa Cruz—a fierce, uncompromising factionist, who had shot twenty-seven carabineros, or revenue guards, at the bridge of Enderlaza, some of them while actually trying to escape by swimming the Bidassoa, because they had fired on one of his, coaxed to show himself to them by display of a flag of truce. Santa Cruz was the one antipathy of Lizzaraga and Loma, a brother-officer of old days, his favourite opponent. The Marquis de Valdespinas, son of him who had unfurled the flag at Vitoria in 1833, was chief of Biscay, and with him were many minor leaders of flying *partidas* of parochial repute. But the supreme head was Antonio Dorregaray, who was noted for his blue boina laced with gold.

Don Carlos, a stalwart, imposing personage, dignified, with olive face, thick-lipped, and like to a picture by Velasquez until he opened his mouth and bared his bad teeth, was in general officer's uniform, with a kepi bordered with three wavy gold bands, and the collar of the Golden Fleece at his throat. His courage was reputed to be more of the passive than the active cast. He was the dial of the clock; he was not its mainspring. His brother, Don Alfonso, who was in control of the revolt in Catalonia, was more active and aggressive.

To the person of Don Carlos was attached a mounted bodyguard entitled the Squadron of Legitimacy. To this belonged a number of adventurers from every clime, all bright fortune-seeking gentlemen, honest and chivalrous, albeit some might be termed wild or hare-brained by long-faced people. There was Baron Barbier, an ex-Chasseur d'Afrique, riding knee-to-knee with another Baron, an Austrian who had been in diplomacy, but had been jilted by a French beauty, and in his dudgeon had won the star of valour; the Marquis de Gantes, son of a Colonel of Hussars killed at Sedan; the Count d'Alcantara, a brave elderly Belgian banker; and to show that the Spanish *sangre azul* was not wanting, there was Silva, son to the Duke of Aliaga with a Campbell for mother, who was fourteen times over Grandee of Spain, though a light weight on a charger. Theirs was the only approach to a set mess in the camp, and a light-hearted, larkish society they formed, to which duly-accredited foreigners were free, such as a Prussian, Baron von Wedell, who had been an officer of Uhlans in the French war; the gigantic Captain Fred Burnaby, of the Blue Guards (as he was introduced by some foreign friends); and Frank Vizetelly, a jovial, broad-girthed chevalier of the pen and pencil, ever ready for a joke or a skirmish, a French *chansonnette* or a tramp up the sierras. Cheeriest of souls, how his vast boina and his expansive red faja were familiar and beloved to the Carlists of every degree! Alas! that he has to be remembered with another colleague on the opposing side—Edmond O'Donovan—by a brass in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to the victims of the Soudan.

It is not easy to give a proper notion of a war lasting with varying fortunes over a long term of years, and which consisted mainly of desultory skirmishes between isolated bodies. At its opening phases there was much of the grotesque element, but comicality was soon wiped out by carnage, for, like to every civil war, there were many instances of ferocity on both sides. To such humours as Lizzaraga shouting "Artillery to the front!" to which a small mountain-gun carried by a solitary mule responded, and then a fearful din was caused by two rustics in cuirasses, a world too wide for them, and feet cased in hemp, clattering over the flints of a village street—succeeded actions like the real business, where thousands were sacrificed, forays of the desperate Border kind, marches through bleak gorges where men died by fifties of the cold, and a regular engagement in which generals lost their lives. It may be as well to describe one small battle, that of

Puente de la Reyna, which, although claimed by the Republicans, was most certainly gained by Ollo. Estella was the chief town in Navarre held by the Carlists, and may be looked upon as their headquarters. It is in the midst of a fruitful vale of olives and vines, with spreads of corn, fields of flax and orchards, and is watered by two streams, the Ega and the Amezcua, bounded by oil-mills and wool factories. It has a population of some six thousand, and was accounted of considerable importance in the former Carlist struggle. It is dominated by a scarped rock crowned with defensive works, and was used as a prison. There, in 1830, were shot, by order of Maroto, five Carlist generals. On the outskirts at the right is the village of Lorca on the Salado, and still further to the right is the pueblo of Cirauqui, with a stone bridge over a little rivulet and a road leading to Mañeru—a group of houses about a mile off. A league from Mañeru is Puente de la Reyna, or Queen's bridge, a town half the size of Estella, with many convents in a lovely encircling plain bathed by the Arga, a tributary of the Ebro, spanned by five bridges. Between Cirauqui and Puente de la Reyna the landscape is diversified by ridges swelling irregularly or sinking into gentle depressions.

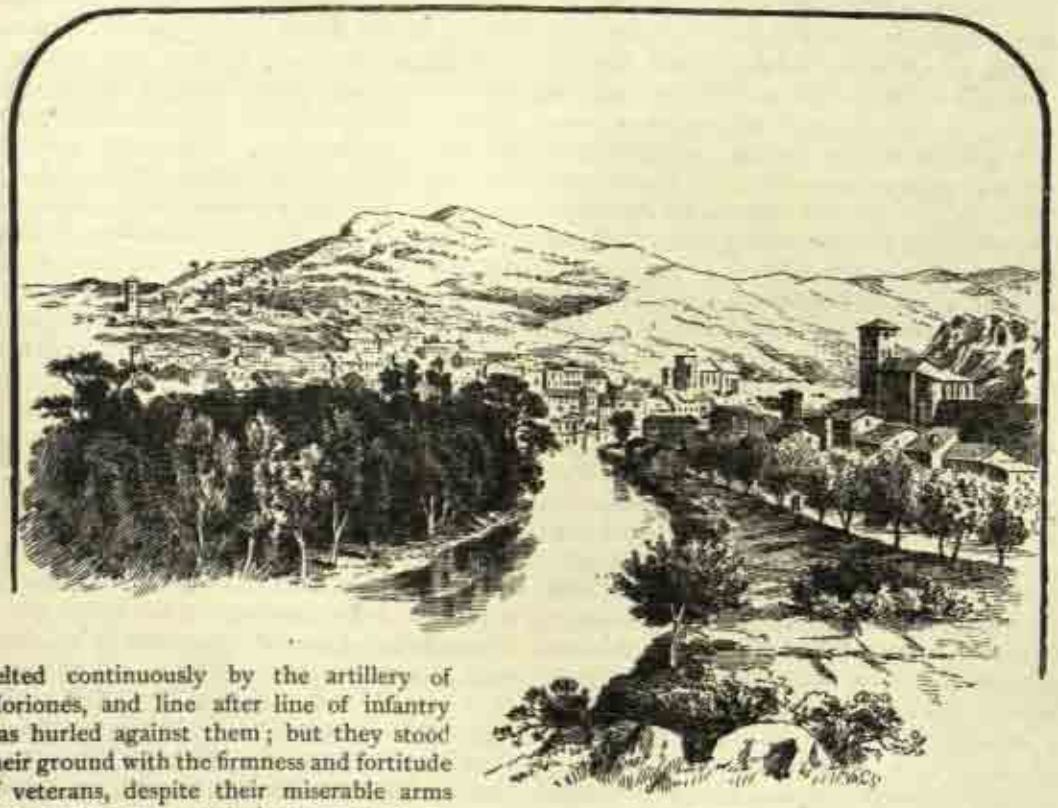
A report reached Estella on the evening of the 6th of October that Moriones, from the Pamplona direction, was advancing upon it with a Republican corps. His strength was given by the spies as 9,500 infantry, with 200 cavalry and twelve guns. It was also said that Primo de Rivera was co-operating with him with a smaller, but still a formidable body. To oppose to this threatened attack Ollo could only muster 5,000 men, with 150 horse and his four mountain-guns. His weakness was rendered more glaring by his shortness of ammunition. The contingent of three battalions of Alavese under Mendiri were badly armed. But these hardy mountaineers were possessed of a hatred against their foes. The question at stake with them more than with others was apparently linked to fanaticism. Barone, one of the Carlist Junta in Alava, had a placard posted ordering that municipalities should assist at High Mass, that all pastimes should be prohibited and refreshment houses closed during hours of Divine Service, and that all blasphemers, scandalmongers, workers on holidays, and persons who danced indecently, should be scourged. Many of the Alavese (like the Vendeans in their war) wore the scapular of the Sacred Heart sewn over the left breast. Other kinds of scapulars were also worn, as well as rosaries and blessed medals, which gave courage and confidence to these peasant soldiers.

At nightfall of the 5th, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th battalions of Navarre under Iturmendi, with two guns, were ordered to form up between Cirauqui and Mañeru to check the menaced attack. Argonz was left behind, in defence of Estella, with the 1st and 5th, four companies of the 6th, 200 of the 8th (newly formed), two companies of engineers, and the remaining two guns. Brigadier Mendiri with the Alavese was assigned to Lorca, and at this point, as commanding a central spot from which converging assaults could be observed and met, Ollo took his stand as general in command.

The morning of the 6th was ideal, clear and sunny, with a keen dry air from the mountains, bracing the lungs and adding a zest to existence. The Republicans were in sight, and gave early signs of activity. They were on foot at cock-crow, and began popping at the Carlist outposts, but quick as they were, Radica with the alert 2nd of Navarre was before them, and had ascended the most advanced ridge at this side of Puente crested with the hermitage of Santa Barbara. At half-past seven Ollo was advised of the advance on this height, and immediately ordered Mendiri to go forward to Mañeru, near Santa Barbara, and issued instructions to Argonz to bring up all available reinforcements, upon which that quiet, ready chief set out at a chasseur's quickstep. At the start Iturmendi, having the intrepid Radica with him, was forced from the ridge above Puente, and sorely pressed towards the region about Cirauqui, which Ollo was marching to reach. The truth is, Moriones, having put his entire force in motion, the impetuous Radica, finding himself at the end of his cartridges, gave his men word to go ahead with the naked steel. With a yell they answered to the call, and bore themselves with a furious zeal, rushing with so much more bravery than foresight that if the other two battalions of Navarre, who were in support, had not hurried to their rescue, not a man could have escaped being killed or taken prisoner. After this opening brush, led up to with heavy, almost reckless firing, the three battalions discovered that they were so fearfully outnumbered, and had experienced such serious losses, that they had to withdraw to a hamlet near Puente de la Reyna.

The 5th of Navarre, the vanguard of Argonz,

arrived first—even before the coming of the general-in-chief. He joined Mendiri and his Alavese at Cirauqui, and Ollo ordered the united Carlists to mass themselves on a height in the rear of that from which Iturmendi had been driven, and to form the serried ranks of battle. At this, the crucial moment of the action, the volleying became tremendous. The new ground assumed was on a horseshoe range of hills, with the outer curve towards Puente de la Reyna, and the ends, towards the base, prolonging themselves to Cirauqui and Mañeru. The Alavese got the post of honour nearest the enemy, and between their foremost men and the ridge—almost as high as that of Santa Barbara—now occupied by the Government troops, stretched a deep valley. The unfortunate Alavese had been



ESTELLA.

pelted continuously by the artillery of Moriones, and line after line of infantry was hurled against them; but they stood their ground with the firmness and fortitude of veterans, despite their miserable arms and equipments, and had repeated recourse to the bayonet with a courage that drew forth the applause of Ollo, under whose eyes they were fighting; and that counted for something, for he was a seasoned warrior, not given to the display of emotion. The Republican position was advantageous; but two of the Carlist guns having been got into action, were brought to bear upon it with fatal precision.

At half-past three the Alavese (covered by discharges from their ordnance) were forced to fall back to the vale and ascend the ridge, where their comrades eagerly awaited the moment to relieve them. The Republicans scrambled up the abandoned height, and made an essay to advance for about a hundred yards; but they were panting, and had suffered weighty losses in climbing that hill, and here they were confronted by their implacable foe, whom they had to assault in a stronger position. The bonds of discipline must have been lax with them, or perhaps they thought better of their task. Suddenly they hesitated, looked at what was before them; there was a shiver of indecision in their ranks, and finally they came to a dead stop. Ollo seized his opportunity. Two of his guns, not yet utilised, were run up to the right so as to enfilade the Republicans, who were turning as if to move against the Royalist left front. "Open with shell" was the word. A bomb, admirably directed, lobbed amongst them, and one sergeant and two men, as could plainly be discerned through a reconnoitring glass, fell from their

ranks. A second followed an instant later with more destructive effect; the enemy showed his back and scattered behind the slope of his position, amid resounding *vivas* from the Carlist side. The inferiority of the Carlist artillery was more than made up for by the perfection of the gunners, who were all former officers of the scientific corps in the regular army, who had left on the promotion of Hidalgo. The Government guns were all commanded by promoted sergeants. The Carlist gunners pursuing their advantage, Moriones began his retreat by withdrawing his men by echelon of battalions from the left, and the Carlist left got its orders to push on. A rapid fire was directed on the Carlists by the regiments formed on the Republican right, to protect their comrades' retirement. But the blood of the Alavese and Navarrese was fired to fever heat. They had caught the rapture of the fight, and shouts of "*Con la bayoneta!*" were raised. The bayonet it was, for that was the pet weapon of these children of the mist; and Radica's men again to the fore, and inflamed with the rage of reprisal, led the hunt, with thirsty steel as ever. Forward at a racing pace they swept, bounding over the valley and seizing step by step the positions they had previously held, and the Republicans slowly melted away towards Puente de la Reyna. Santa Barbara was reached. The Royalists had left eighteen wounded behind them there in the forenoon. They were all massacred. No quarter was listened to after that gruesome revelation. "At them with the cavalry!" was the shout raised by the fatigued and enraged foot-soldiers. The terrain, jagged and stony, was not fit for cavalry operations, and the self-possessed Ollo retorted with an expletive of a Cambronne nature. Turning round to Captain Burnaby, who was standing near, he flushed like a girl and apologised for his impatient language. "*Adelante!*" was the cry anew, as the ignominious flight of the enemy could not be mistaken. Some of their sharpshooters maintained an annoying fire in the thick of Carlists on the rising ground, and as the bullets fell in their midst an artillery officer, riding up, asked where the guns should be placed. "There," said Ollo, pointing to Santa Barbara; "and now let the cavalry charge."

A CARLIST CHARGE.

(*From the Picture by J. Cusachs.*)

At the signal, anxiously expected, the single squadron tore out after the Republicans, some of whom were already plunging for shelter into

the Arga. A few minutes afterwards it returned with some prisoners and a good tally of killed, amongst whom was a Republican commander, sabred by a youthful lieutenant. "There he lies," said the lad to Ollo, "and here is his blood on my blade," showing his weapon dripping with gore. A captain inquired where he was to billet his men. "There," said Ollo, nodding towards a hamlet. "I thought I told you already; but while you are there, take your company into the first house in Puente de la Reyna and stay there for the night." The officer saluted, and went off to execute the order. Then, turning to a lieutenant of artillery, the general said: "Take one of your guns, and fire a shot at the first street of the town. I will let the people know that Moriones is there like a whipped cur, and dare not stir out."

The Carlists lost 1 colonel—Martin Echarch—4 subalterns, and 14 privates killed; 4 captains, 11 subalterns, and 79 privates wounded. The Republican account gave 130 Carlists killed and 800 wounded, but that was a list of casualties doctored for the Madrid chatterers. Their own loss was considerable, but may be left to conjecture. Many corpses were strewn like patches on the heights where the Republicans had fallen or had crept to hollows or furze bushes to die.

After all the excitement of the battle was over, a battalion of Navarrese rushed to the image of a *chico*, outlined on a wall with a burnt stick by Vizetelly, to decide bets as to whether he had been struck. Not a shot had touched him, although he was hedged round with bullet-marks, like the aureole of stabs encircling the head of a performer in a show. Uproarious were the bursts of glee of the simple Navarrese.

The attack was not renewed next day, the best-furnished battalions having but forty rounds a man, but Moriones had gone back to Tafalla. Primo de Rivera was still in Logrono, and Don Carlos, with Dorregaray, Velasco, and Valdespina, and four battalions of Biscay and two of Guipuzcoa, was on the road to exultant Estella.

SPANISH LANDSCAPE.

GENERAL CHARLES GORDON was the Chevalier Bayard—"without fear and without reproach"—of the nineteenth century; and it was mainly on his account that, in the year 1884, England was led to embark in an enterprise without a parallel almost in her military annals. The object of this armed expedition was to reach Khartoum, the distant capital of the Mahomedan Soudan, on the Upper Nile, and rescue General Gordon, who had himself gone to relieve its Egyptian garrison, but could not. After acquiring his Chinese title by his leadership of the "ever-victorious army" in the Far East, Gordon—in whom there was a considerable dash of the soldier of fortune, albeit of a higher and more humanitarian type than that of his famous countryman, Dugald Dalgetty—Gordon, I say, had passed into the service of the Khedive, and become Governor-General of the Soudan, which had been annexed to Egypt by the great Mehemet Ali. In 1879 he resigned this post, and in the course of the next four years the fanatical inhabitants of the Soudan, rallying to the standard of the Mahdi, or False Prophet, rose in arms against the authority of their Egyptian rulers.

Various were the fortunes of this insurrectionary war, but at length, after the utter annihilation of an Egyptian force, under English Hicks Pacha, at El Obeid, it was proved conclusively that the disaffected provinces of the Soudan could not be re-conquered without military operations on a scale which the circumstances of the case did not permit, and therefore a policy of withdrawal was decided on.

But what in the world had we to do with the Soudan? The answer is that the Soudan then formed an integral part of Egypt, of which we had undertaken the good government after the defeat of the rebel Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir (1882), and that we therefore deemed ourselves in honour bound to do all we could to save the garrison of Khartoum after deciding on the evacuation of the country. The only man who could do so, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone's Government, was General Gordon, who knew so much about the Soudan, and accordingly, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, he left London at the beginning of 1884, and in an incredibly short space of time reached Khartoum.

But soon thereafter the news reached England that Khartoum had been cut off from all communication with the rest of the country by the forces of the Mahdi, and that therefore General Gordon and his garrison were in the direst peril. Yet it was some time before our Government could brace itself up to an energetic policy of action. At last, however, it decided to send an expedition to relieve the reliever, Gordon, and the command was given to Lord Wolseley, who reached Cairo on 9th September, 1884.

But now there arose the serious preliminary question: by what route should the relieving force seek to reach its aim? Practically, the choice of routes was narrowed down to two. Disembarking on the shore of the Red Sea at Suakim, the expedition might strike across the desert to the Nile at Berber; or, concentrating in Lower Egypt, it might ascend the Nile. Each line of advance had its advocates, but in the long run Lord Wolseley decided in favour of the Nile route as being, on the whole, the best; and Gordon himself seems to have been of this opinion too. The Suakim-Berber route, with its desert sands, would, among other things, have exposed the troops to dreadful sufferings from the want of water; but while privation of this kind could not possibly be associated with the line of the Nile, the long ascent of this river, on the other hand, would be greatly impeded by the succession of cataracts or, rather, as the Canadians would call them, "rapids," which marked its course.

It does not fall within the limited scope of

this description to detail all the manifold obstacles and incidents of the advance up the Nile in the 800 whale-boats sent out from England—how stores had to be amassed, camels collected, and all other necessary preparations made. Suffice to say that, by the end of November, when the head of the immensely long flotilla had reached Hannek, Lord Wolseley thought it time to issue a stirring appeal "To the Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines of the Nile Expedition," in which he dilated on the "glorious mission which the Queen had entrusted to them," and concluded:—

"We can—and with God's help will—save General Gordon from such a death. The labour of working up this river is immense, and to bear it uncomplainingly demands the highest soldierlike qualities, that contempt for danger, and that determination to overcome difficulty which in previous campaigns have so distinguished all ranks of her Majesty's army and navy. The physical obstacles which impede our rapid progress are considerable, but who cares for them when it is remembered that General Gordon and his garrison are in danger? Under God their safety is now in our hands, and, come what may, we must save them. It is needless to say more to British soldiers and sailors."

SIR HERBERT STEWART.

The better, moreover, to stimulate the energies of his men, Lord Wolseley offered a prize of £100 to the battalion which should make the quickest passage in its whale-boats up to Korti, a prize that was ultimately won by the Royal Irish, the Gordon Highlanders coming in second, and the West Kent men third. Telegraphing from Korti to Lord Hartington, the Secretary for War, the commander-in-chief said:—"The English boats have up to this point fulfilled all my expectations. The men are in excellent health, fit for any trial of strength, as the result of constant manual labour. The work in the boats against the current is very hard, but is borne most cheerfully, without a grumble."

But how this galley-slave-like tugging at the oars had told upon the mere tailored appearance of the men may be judged from what was thus written of them by a correspondent on their arrival at Korti:—

"The troops arriving in the boats present an absolutely ludicrous appearance in their torn and ragged garments, the condition of which testifies to the utter unsuitability of the clothes served out to our soldiers for a hard campaign. There is literally not a sound garment in the whole column, which resembles Falstaff's ragged regiment rather than a body of British troops. The tartan trews of the Black Watch have been patched with old sacks, with native cloth from the bazaars, and even portions of biscuit tins have been sewn on to the trousers to repair the wear and tear made by rowing. What the appearance of the troops will be by the time the expedition has finished its work we cannot even contemplate."

A large camp was formed at Korti, where Lord Wolseley established his headquarters, and by the middle of December the bulk of the expeditionary force was gathered there, with great part of its war-material and stores. Christmas came, and the day was celebrated in as homelike a manner as possible. Although holly and mistletoe were wanting, the troops had brought with them the ingredients of plum-pudding, and the camp-fire circles were hilarious with well-earned pleasure. Early in the morning there

was a grand parade; towards noon the chaplains held a semi-church service, followed by the Holy Communion; while the day was wound up with a camp-fire "sing-song," attended by Lord Wolseley and staff, at which several men of the various arms gave proof of their musical accomplishments; and by way of prelude, or overture, to this camp concert, an officer stepped forward and read forth to the men the telegram which had just been received by Lord Wolseley from the Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Hartington:—"Our united best wishes to yourself and troops at this festive season. May success attend your efforts."

KHARTOUM.

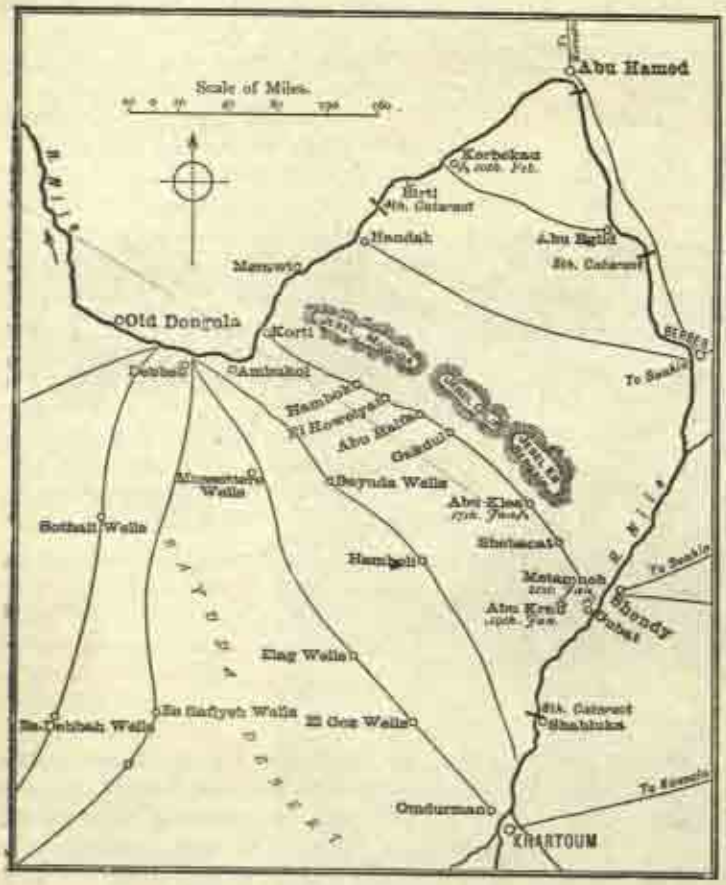
The Christmas festivities over, Lord Wolseley began his preparations for an immediate advance on Khartoum. His plan of operations he had varied from time to time, according to the political and military exigencies of the moment; but now he decided to divide his force into two separate columns—one commanded by Major-General Earle, and the other by Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart. The former force, called the River Column, which numbered about 2,200 men, including the famous Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders, with six screw-guns, was to proceed up the Nile to punish the Monassir tribe for the murder of Colonel Stewart, who had accompanied Gordon to Khartoum, and who, on his way down the river again to Dongola, had been barbarously massacred, together with the young and gallant Mr. Frank Power, consul and correspondent of the *Times*. After wreaking summary vengeance on these barbarous Monassirs, General Earle was to detach part of his force to open up the desert road between Abu Hamed and Korosko, and then with the remainder push on to Berber, thence to co-operate with his fellow-commander, Stewart, in the relief of Khartoum.

On the other hand, Stewart was to make his way straight across the Bayuda desert to Metamneh, and thus open up another and directer road to Khartoum. A glance at the map will show that, between Korti and Khartoum, the Nile makes a great irregular sweep, roughly speaking like a bow well bent; and it was by the land-string of this bow that Stewart was directed to advance as fast as ever he could.

The composition of this Desert Column was of a most peculiar kind, far more so, indeed, than that of the Abyssinian Expedition, of which Lord Beaconsfield had picturesquely said that it witnessed the ordnance of Europe transported across the mountains of Africa by the elephants of Asia. But it was the sandy wastes of Africa which had now to be crossed, and for this purpose the bulk of General Stewart's column were mounted on camels, those ships of the desert—a sensation entirely new to the British army with all its varied experience of warfare in every part

of the world. Of this army the Desert Column now represented the very cream—men chosen specially for their discipline, stamina, and strength.

The force at Stewart's disposal consisted of the First Division of the Naval Brigade, under the gallant Lord Charles Beresford, of "Well done, *Condor!*" fame; one squadron 19th Hussars (on horses); the Guards Camel Regiment, composed of picked men from the regiments of guards (Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots), and from the Royal Marines, all under Colonel Boscawen; the Heavy Camel Regiment—"the Heavies"—of Colonel Talbot, composed of selected men from the three Household and seven other cavalry regiments, Royals, Scots Greys, Bays, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, 5th and 16th Lancers; the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment (Major Gough), composed of selected men from various regiments, most of whom had served in South Africa or Egypt; a detachment of Royal Engineers (Captain Dorward); half a battery Royal Artillery (Captain Norton); 400 men of the Royal Sussex (Major Sunderland); one company of the Essex Regiment; a bearer company; a movable field-hospital, and transport details—in all, about 120 officers and 1,900 men, with about 300 natives, interpreters, camel-drivers, etc. There was also a Light Camel Regiment—"the Lights"—composed of picked men from nine cavalry regiments, but they were employed almost entirely on escort duty. A total of 2,000 combatants! Surely this was but a ridiculously small force to venture on a one-hundred-and-seventy-six miles' march across the desert to the relief of Khartoum, invested, as this city was, by the swarming hordes of the False Prophet, numbering, as Gordon himself wrote, about 20,000 fanatical warriors!



MAP SHOWING SCOPE OF OPERATIONS.

Various communications from Gordon had reached Lord Wolseley, but the worst of it was that they were not all of a consistent character. On November 14 the commander-in-chief received a message, which had been ten days on the road, to the effect that Khartoum could hold out for another forty days, but that "after that it would be difficult"—which meant that the relieving British force ought to be at Khartoum by about the 14th December. But on the last day of the year, the day after a detachment of the Desert Column had made its first push forward into the wilderness, a second messenger reached headquarters at Korti, and produced a tiny bit of paper, no larger than a postage stamp, which had been rolled up to the size of a pin and concealed in the seam of the man's garment. On this paper were the words: "Khartoum. All right. C. G. Gordon. 14 Dec., 1884."

But this sanguine-looking statement did not exactly tally with the verbal information which the messenger had also been ordered to give to Lord Wolseley, and of which the general effect was expressed in one sentence: "We want you to come quickly." On the very day this

messenger left Khartoum Gordon had written to a friend in Cairo: "All's up! I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time." But, not knowing this, Lord Wolseley had gathered enough from Gordon's message to convince him that the situation at Khartoum was already one of extreme urgency, if not, indeed, of desperation; so it behoved the Desert Column to make its audacious dash across to Metamneh without delay.

While camping at Korti the various component parts of this Column had been carefully trained to meet all the exigencies of its prospective march. All the men—all but the Blue-Jackets, who wore their ordinary summer suits—had discarded their distinctive regimentals—red coats, bearskins, brass helmets, etc., and donned a tropical kit—drab khakee tunics and trousers, with puttees, or Indian leggings, and puggaree-wrapped sun-helmets of pith, the glaring white of which many had embrowned with coffee, so as to make them less conspicuous objects for the marksmen of the foe. About thirty red coats were taken with the Column, to be worn by those who should proceed by the first steamer from Metamneh to Khartoum, so as thus to impress the besiegers of Gordon with a lively terror of the British name, and with the reality of the relief of which this picturesque little party should form the scarlet vanguard. Nor, after this, let it ever be argued that a showy uniform has not great advantages even in these days of utilitarian tailoring for the army.

The "Heavies," whose proper arms were lance or sabre, had to be taught some infantry drill with the use of rifle and bayonet, while all had to be accustomed to the riding of camels. Moreover, the steadiness of these animals had to be tested in a variety of ways. But they behaved admirably under the most trying ordeals, "barely raising their heads or even blinking" when the Hussars dashed close past them in a thundering charge, cheering, shouting, and flashing their sabres.

Immense amusement was caused by the behaviour of the jolly, rollicking Blue-Jackets—than whom no finer body of fighting-men ever longed to die for their Queen—when they found themselves on board the "ships of the desert." Even these animals seemed to be puzzled by the vivacity of their new riders, who formed a strong contrast to the apathy of the natives accustomed to pilot them across the desert. "The sailors," wrote Sir Charles Wilson, Chief of the Intelligence Department, "with Beresford on his white donkey, were very amusing and nautical." "Quartermaster, can't you make that gun sit a little better on the camel?" "Can't, sir; camel's got his hump all a-starboard." "Steer small, Bill," "Mind your helm, Jack, or you'll run me aboard," were some of the phrases which caught the ear of Lord Wolseley as he reviewed the Column previous to his departure for Metamneh on the 8th January.

This was three days after the return to Korti of Sir Herbert Stewart, who, starting with the Camel Corps on the 30th December, had pushed forward to occupy the wells of Gakdul, and otherwise secure the line of march. "It was a strange sight," wrote one observer, "to see the 3,000 camels with their necks stretching out like ostriches, and their 6,000 pairs of long legs moving along in military array, until the rising dust first blended desert, men, and camels in one uniform grey hue, and finally hid them from the sight of those who remained in camp." The great Column moving silently along under the moonlight was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

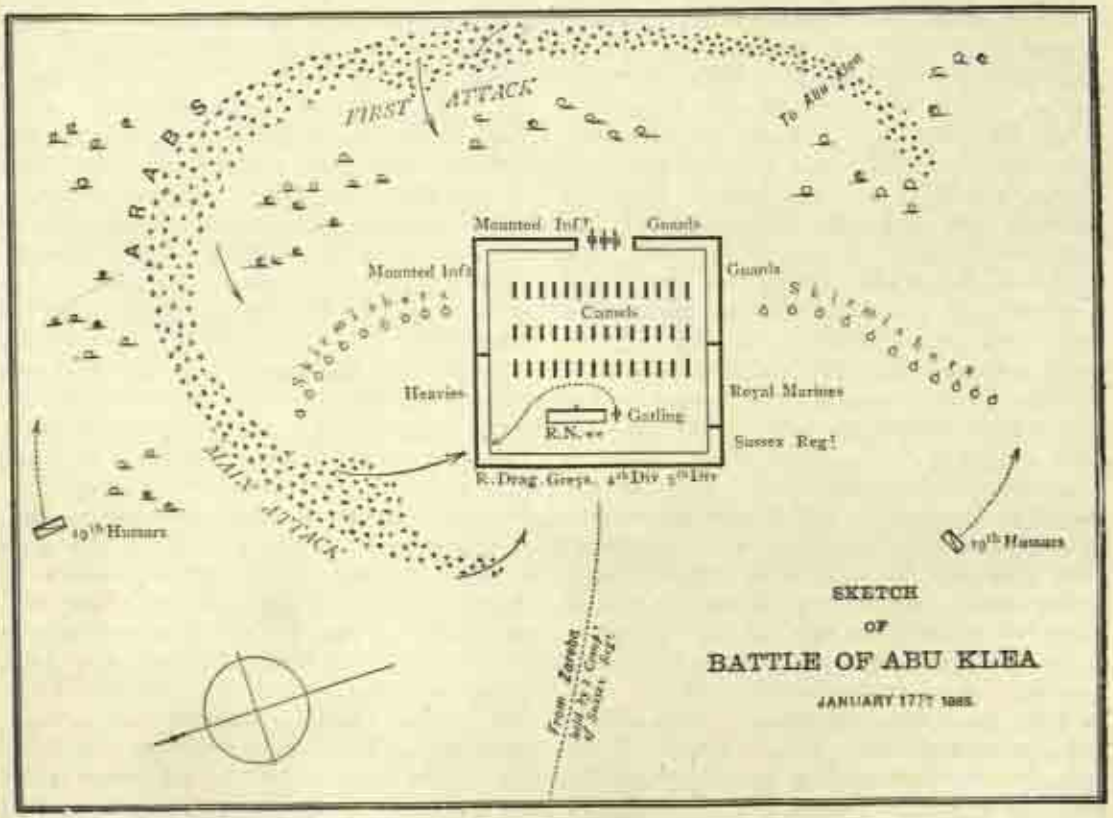
Each soldier was supposed to carry with him on his camel food and water for three days—the water being stored in mussacks, or goat-skins. Once or twice the Column missed its way in the dark, and otherwise experienced all sorts of vexatious mishaps—loss of camels with their burdens, leaking of water-bottles, etc. Soon after daylight on the 10th it reached the first wells at Hambok, but only to find that they contained a few cupfuls of water, so it had to continue its weary march to El Howeiyat, about nine miles further on. Yet even here it was also found that Colonel Stanley Clarke's store-convoy, especially its Egyptian camel-drivers, had also drained the wells, and it was some time before the men could be marched up by companies to enjoy a drink of the muddy water which gradually trickled into them again.

On the afternoon (of the 10th) the Column started again for Abu Halfa, but had to bivouac soon after dark in rough, stony ground. The way in which the unfortunate camels tumbled about in the dark, and loads came off, and the strong language that was used, were things to see and hear. At Abu Halfa there was again much less water than had been hoped for. But the engineers set to work to open new holes, which soon filled; and the camels, donkeys, and ponies rushed for the water directly they arrived, and had to be kept back by main force. All the afternoon there was a continuous stream of men going down to the wells, and it was kept up the

whole night. Some of the officers worked hard in the hot sun, digging new wells and distributing water to all comers.

On the morning of the 12th the Column, struggling along bravely, at last reached the wells of Gakdul, which lie in a rocky, crater-like amphitheatre of the desert. Here the Guards had been left by Sir H. Stewart on his first dash into the wilderness to hold and fortify these wells, "and we were astonished at the amount

writer previously quoted, "may be best described as drinking and washing days. We feasted on fresh, clear, cold water, unadulterated. We gratified our eyes as well as our throats and stomachs, and had the unaccustomed luxury of splashing and tubbing. Happy days! The aforetime silent soldiers, who had saved their breath to moisten their lips, now began to sing snatches of camp ditties, while new spirit and life were infused into everybody."



of work they had done. Two stone forts had been built, the ground had been laid out for us to camp on, paths made, and signboards put up, so that we easily fell into our places. . . . In the evening the Guards gave us a capital dinner, to which we did full justice; Gordon Cumming had his usual luck among the gazelle, and many sand grouse had been secured as well, so there was a pleasant change from bully beef and the thirst which it begets."

"To see 3,000 camels and more," wrote Sir Herbert Stewart to Lord Wolseley, "and all waterskins filled up, is a sight to be seen to be appreciated." "The two days succeeding our arrival at Gakdul," observed the

Early on the morning of the 14th the Column, leaving a detachment of the Sussex Regiment to hold the wells, again left Gakdul for the Nile; and on this, as well as on the following day, it first came upon traces of the enemy—a Remington rifle lying on the rocks, with tracks of horses, evidently those of the Mahdi's scouts, and several of his camel-men. The Column camped for the night (of the 15th) near Jebel Sergain, the camels being well tied down, and everything prepared for a possible attack. When daylight broke on the 16th—after another night march, attended, as usual, with much confusion and delay—"we found ourselves on a vast plain, scantily covered with savas grass,

with the hills of Abu-Klea in front of us in the distance."

Barrow, with his Hussars, was ordered to push on and occupy the wells, while the Column followed more leisurely with its camels; but he had to drop his prisoner and ride for his life.

The hopes of all now began to rise high at the near prospect of at last coming to hand-grips with the foe. The Column was halted on a stony

"THE DAUNTLESS GUARDSMAN LEAPED TO HIS FEET, SWORD IN HAND, AND SLASHED AT THE FEROCIOUS GROUP" (*p.* 508).

soon returned with the news that he had found the enemy in force between us and the water. One of his officers had a narrow escape. Starting with three or four Hussars in pursuit of the enemy's scouts, he had followed them into the Abu-Klea valley, where he actually caught hold of one man: but a lot of swarthy, evil-visaged spearmen springing up out of the long grass, plateau, and an officer, going forward to reconnoitre, could see a long line of parti-coloured banners floating in the breeze, and stretching right across the road. "There was a large tent," he said, "and we could hear the tom-toms, or war-drums, beating vigorously," while some puffs of white smoke in the distance showed that their riflemen were trying to find the range.

On learning this, Stewart gave orders to fence in the column with a zeriba—or rough fortalice of stones, brushwood, baggage, boxes, and the like—and therein camp for the night, as he deemed the day to be now too far advanced for hostile operations. Hussar pickets were thrown out to some high ground on the right, but these were soon forced in again by the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who, now within range, began to gall the zeriba with its dropping fire, which hit one or two Hussars, as well as several horses and camels.

All night long they kept up this drizzling fusilade, but luckily it was very dark, and there were few casualties, though the constant whistling of bullets overhead and the vigorous beating of the tom-toms kept the recumbent Column ever on the alert. To show what a sharp look-out was kept by the Mahdist forces, it may be mentioned that, when one of the surgeons was performing an operation in the zeriba, the man holding the lantern incautiously turned it towards the hill-side occupied by the Arab riflemen, when a volley of bullets was the immediate consequence.

The Column stood to its arms as Venus rose in the early morning (of the 17th), "that being the signal by which we had heard the Arabs generally attacked," and thus it waited till the dawn, when the fire from the hills became hotter, and some of the Guards and Mounted Infantry were sent out to keep it down. The enemy in the valley had also come nearer in the night, and their tent was now down, though they did not yet show in large masses. While the Column was thus waiting to be attacked, Gough, commanding the Mounted Infantry, was hit on the side of the head, the bullet passing through his helmet and puggery, but not breaking the skin; while Major Dickson was shot through the leg just below the knee. Some Arab horsemen came round by the right, but were soon dispersed by a few rounds of shell; and as it now became apparent that the purpose of the enemy was merely to harass and not attack the column, Stewart determined, like a good soldier, to march out and give the Arabs battle, leaving a small force behind to hold the zeriba.

The square was then formed in the manner indicated on the accompanying plan, and about 9 a.m. it marched down the valley towards the row of banners which stretched across it, while Barrow's Hussars moved off to the left to keep the enemy on the hills in check. The combative strength of the Column—diminished as it was by the detachments which it had left behind to hold the zeriba and the various wells in the rear—was now only about 1,500 officers and men all told, with three screw-guns and one Gardner. But then this handful of heroes represented the very flower and kernel of the British army.

In the centre of the hollow square were the camels, carrying water, ammunition, and hospital requirements. The rest of the camels, together with the sick and baggage, had been left in the zeriba. On the square moving out of the hollow in which it had formed, it at once drew a brisk fire from the enemy's skirmishers, and already the men began to drop. It was now that Captain Lord St. Vincent, adjutant of the "Heavies," received the wound from which he afterwards died, while Surgeon McGill, of the Coldstreams, was also struck.

The square halted repeatedly to return the Arab fire with its Martinis and screw-guns, and numbers of the enemy could be seen streaming off on their right. The worst of it was that the square could move but very slowly, having frequently to halt to repair its form and avoid having its rear face forced out by the sluggish camels. Meanwhile, Campbell's company of Mounted Infantry continued skirmishing on the left front, and the foe fell back, gradually disappearing among the long grass, until nothing could be seen of them but their flags waving across the valley diagonally to the British line of advance.

The square had now reached a point about five hundred yards from those flags when it was again halted for the purpose of being "dressed," especially the rear face, which had again been bulged out by the lagging camels: but before the process could be completed, a mass of about 5,000 of the enemy suddenly started up from behind the flags, advanced at a quick run, in a serrated line, headed by horsemen, and charged down with the utmost fury towards the left front corner of the square.

"It was a beautiful and most striking sight," wrote Sir Charles Wilson, "such a one as Fitz-James must have seen when Roderick Dhu's men rose out of the heather: nothing could be more applicable than Scott's description. . . . When the enemy commenced the advance, I remember experiencing a feeling of pity mixed with admiration for them, as I thought they would all be shot down in a few minutes. . . . As they advanced, the feeling was changed to wonder that the tremendous fire we were keeping up had so little effect. When they got within

eighty yards, the fire of the Guards and Mounted Infantry began to take good effect, and a huge pile of dead rose in front of them. Then, to my astonishment, the enemy took ground to their right as if on parade, so as to envelop the rear of the square. I remember thinking, 'By Jove, they will be into the square!' and almost the next moment I saw a fine old sheikh on horseback plant his banner in the centre of the square, behind the camels. He was at once shot down, falling on his banner. . . . If any man deserved a place in the Moslem Paradise, he did.

"Directly the sheikh fell, the Arabs began running in under the camels to the front part of the square. Some of the rear rank now faced about and began firing. By this time Herbert Stewart's horse was shot, and as he fell three Arabs ran at him. I was close to his horse's tail, and disposed of the one nearest to me, about three paces off, and the others were, I think, killed by the Mounted Infantry officers close by. . . . There was one strange incident. An unwounded Arab, armed with a spear, jumped up and charged an officer. The officer grasped the spear with his left hand, and with his right ran through the Arab's body, and there for a few seconds they stood, the officer being unable to withdraw his sword until a man ran up and shot the Arab. It was a living embodiment of the old gladiatorial frescoes at Pompeii. . . .

"Carmichael was accidentally shot through the head by one of our own men, so that death must have been instantaneous. Gough, of the Royals, and, I fear, others lost their lives in the same way. . . . I was much struck with the demeanour of the Guard officers. There was no noise or fuss; all the orders were given as if on parade, and they spoke to the men in a quiet manner, as if nothing unusual was going on—one man, when he found the Arabs had swept past him, handed his company over to his subaltern, and rushed into the thick of the fight round Burnaby. How he got out of it without a scratch was a marvel to all."

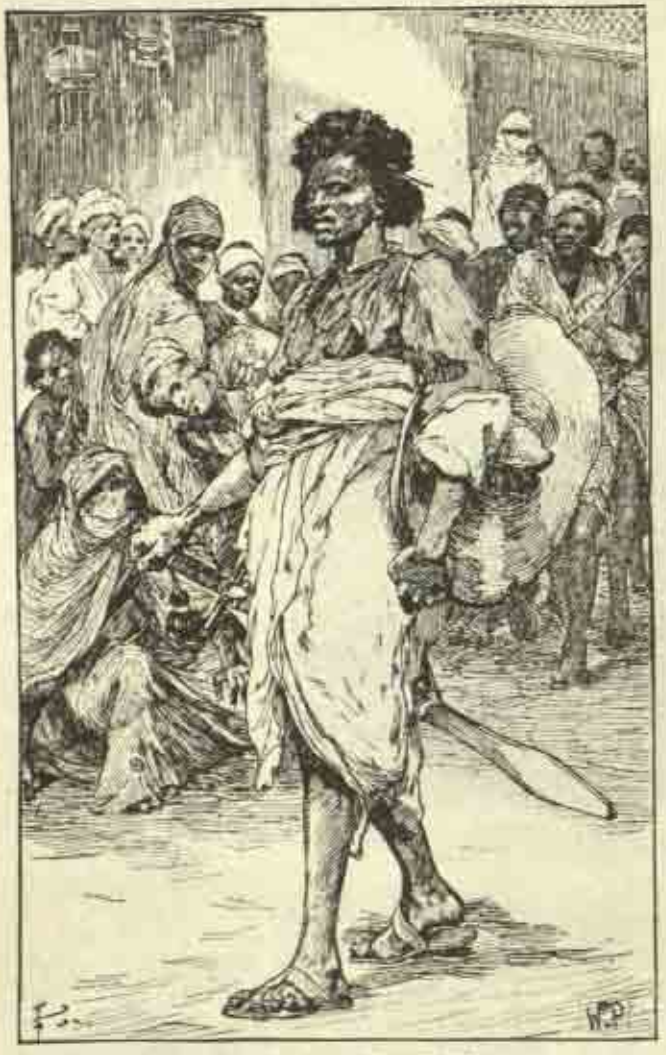
COLONEL BURNABY.
(Photo, R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham.)

Colonel Burnaby, of Khiva and ballooning fame, was less fortunate—or, as he himself probably thought, more fortunate—for now he found the soldier's death which he had so often sighed for. Sword in hand, Burnaby had advanced on horseback from his place among the "Heavies" to succour the skirmishers, who were falling back on the square pursued by the rushing Arabs brandishing their spears, hurling javelins, and wielding huge double-handed swords. An eye-witness — Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph* —thus described the scene that followed:—

"As the dauntless colonel rode forward on a borrowed nag—for his own had been shot that morning—he put himself in the way of a sheikh charging down on horseback. Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from someone in our ranks, and not Burnaby's sword-thrust, brought the sheikh to the ground. The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at the colonel, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and slowly pulling it backward, Burnaby leaned forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts; but the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice, I think the colonel just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of three or four seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan, and the straight-haired, tawny-complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steppe, were fast closing in upon our square. Burnaby fenced smartly, just as if

he were playing in an assault-at-arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward thrusts.

"The scene was taken in at a glance—with that lightning instinct which I have seen the desert warriors before now display in battle while coming to one another's aid—by an Arab who, pursuing a soldier, had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear. Turning with a sudden spring, this second Arab ran his spear-point into the colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound—enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist round in his saddle to defend himself from this unexpected attack. Before the savage could repeat his unlooked-for blow—so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted—a soldier ran out and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant. As the Englishman withdrew the steel, the ferocious Arab wriggled round and sought to reach him. The effort was too much, however, even for his delirium of hatred against the Christian, and the rebel reeled and fell. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode, it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear-point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of the saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. Half-a-dozen Arabs were now about him. With the blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat, the dauntless Guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man, dying hard. Private Wood, of the Grenadier Guards, sprang to his rescue, but it was too late, for the colonel was overborne and fell to the ground. Wood raised his head, and, seeing that the case was hopeless, exclaimed, 'Oh, colonel, I fear I can say no more than "God bless you!"' The dying man, his life-blood running out in a stream from his jugular vein, opened his eyes, smiled, gave a gentle pressure of the hand, and passed away, close to his old comrades, the Blues."



TYPE OF A MAHDI SOLDIER.

Changing their original direction towards the left front of the square, the Arabs had come down on the left rear corner with lightning speed. They had been quick to "spot" the square's most vulnerable point, which was where it had been bulged out by the camels as well as "gapped" by the Gardner, and was consequently in some confusion. The last hundred yards were crossed in a few seconds, although during this brief space numbers fell before the fire of the "Heavies" and the Gardner gun, which the Naval Brigade had run out about twenty yards outside the left rear face. But the number of rifles was insufficient to annihilate the masses of Arabs who came rushing on, and in a few seconds the left rear corner was pressed back by

sheer weight of numbers. Unfortunately, too, the Gardner gun jammed, and caused the loss of nearly half the Naval Brigade, who gallantly stood by it until they were slaughtered or swept into the square by the rush of Arabs.

Many of the rifles also jammed. "I myself saw," wrote an officer, "several men throw down their rifles with bitter curses when they found them jammed and useless; and if infantry did this, the cavalry, using the long rifle for the first time, must have been worse. Can you imagine a more dreadful position than that of being face to face with an Arab, and your only weapon a rifle that will not go off?"

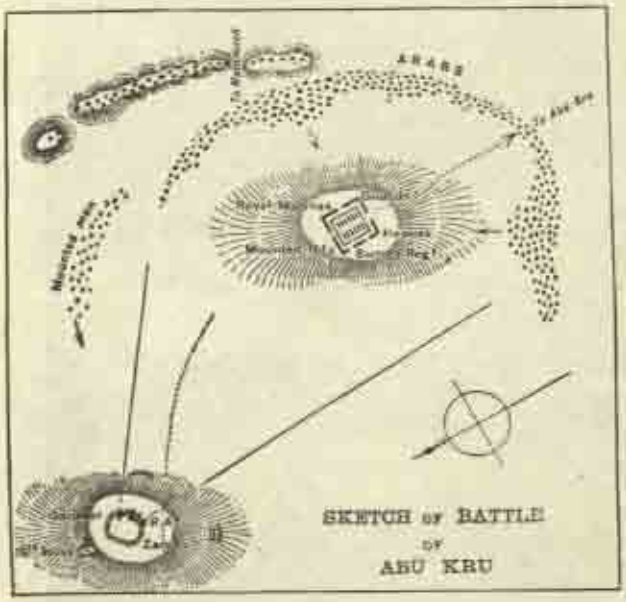
The jamming of the Gardner gun was thus described by Lord Charles Beresford, commanding the Naval Brigade:—"The Gardner gun jammed after firing about thirty rounds. The enemy were then about two hundred yards from the muzzle of the gun. The captain of the gun, Will Rhoods, chief boatswain's mate, and myself, unscrewed the plate to clear the barrel, or take the lock of the jammed barrel out, when the enemy were upon us. Rhoods was killed with a spear. Walter Miller, armourer, I also saw killed with a spear at the same moment on my left. I was knocked down in the rear of the gun, but uninjured, except a small spear-scratch on the left hand. The crowd and crush of the enemy were very great at this point, and, as I struggled up, I was carried against the face of the square, which was literally pressed by sheer weight of numbers about twelve paces from the position of the gun.

"The crush was so great that at the moment few on either side were killed, but fortunately this flank of the square had been forced up a very steep little mound, which enabled the rear rank to open a tremendous fire over the heads of the front rank men; this relieved the pressure, and enabled the front rank to bayonet or shoot those of the enemy nearest them. The enemy then, for some reason, turned to their right along the left flank of the square, and

"THE FATIGUES OF THE DAY WERE FOLLOWED BY THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MOONLESS NIGHT MARCH" (*p.* 511).

streamed away in numbers along the rear face of it. In a very few minutes the terrific fire from the square told on the enemy. There was a momentary waver, and then they walked quietly away. I immediately manned the Gardner, and cleared the jam as soon as I could. This, however, was not done in time to be of much use in firing on the slowly-retreating enemy, as they had got back into the nullah and behind the mound before it was ready."

The onrush of the furious Arabs—brandishing their weapons and yelling out their "Allah-il-Allah!"—was compared to the rolling on of a vast wave of black surf. About 12,000 of them



were estimated to have been on the ground, though only about 5,000 of these took part in the actual attack—5,000 against 1,500! It was no wonder that, at the first impact of this impetuous mass of raging devils, the British square—a formation which has become a synonym for impregnable stability—had been dented in and thrown into momentary confusion. Indeed, for some little time, the fate of this handful of England's finest fighting-men trembled in the balance. "I think," wrote Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, "that all present would never care to see a nearer shave than this, and it is, in my opinion, due to the fact that the two sides not immediately attacked (the front and right) stood their ground that the enemy retired discomfited. Had the Guards moved, none of us would have lived to tell the tale." But the Guards, as ever stood firm as rocks.

At one time it looked as if the two remaining sides of the square must be "swallowed up by the hordes surrounding us; so much so that, seeing my brother a few paces off, I rushed to him, shook his hand hard, and returned to my place. . . . Setting their feet apart for better purchase, our Guardsmen refused to budge one inch; we put our rear rank about, and they shot down or bayoneted every Arab that came near them."

By sheer weight of the Arab rush, the left face of the square was gradually forced back to close to the rear of the front face. The camels, which had hitherto been a source of weakness to the square, now became a source of strength; for, when the rear face was also forced in, the camels formed a living traverse that broke the Arab rush, and gave time for the right and front faces to take advantage of the higher ground on which they stood and fire over the heads of those engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle on the surging masses of the enemy behind. The centre of the square became the scene of a most desperate conflict—camels, horses, men, all involved in one sanguinary welter.

Within the square the din of battle was such that no words of command could be heard, and each man was obliged to act on the impulse of the moment, and fight for his own hand, like Hal o' the Wynd. "No men could have fought better," wrote Colonel Talbot, commanding the Heavies, "and although two detachments lost their officers, their places were at once assumed by the non-commissioned officers. It was an Inkerman on a small scale—a soldier's battle. Strength, determination, steadiness, and unflinching courage alone could have stemmed the onslaught."

The whole affair only lasted for about five minutes, and before the lapse of this brief time the little band of 1,500 British soldiers, as was said by Colonel Colville of the Grenadier Guards, "had by sheer pluck and muscle killed the last of the fanatics who had penetrated into their midst." At the same time, the fire of the Heavies and Royal Sussex had checked a formidable charge of Arab cavalry towards the right rear corner of the square. Several men got the Victoria Cross for acts of conspicuous bravery; all ought to have received it.

When the inside of the square was at last cleared, its outside assailants sullenly drew off,

turning every now and then to hurl curses at their "infidel" conquerors; and then a ringing cheer burst forth from the victorious little band of British soldiers—a cheer that was followed by well-aimed volleys of musketry and grape at the baffled foe, which hastened their retreat.

The battle had been as bloody as it was brief. No fewer than 1,100 dead Arab bodies were counted in the immediate neighbourhood of the square, while the prisoners stated that their loss in wounded had been exceptionally heavy. Had we but been able to slip a few squadrons of cavalry at the flying foe, the extent of their disaster might almost have been doubled.

But our victory had been as dearly, as it was narrowly, bought. The spears and swords of the Arabs had done ghastly execution during that terrible five minutes of the fray. "I went out to help about the water, etc.," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "and found the spot where the square had been broken a horrible sight—too horrible for description." Killed were 9 officers, and 65 non-commissioned officers and men; while the wounded (including Lord Airlie) numbered 9 officers (two of whom afterwards died), and 85 non-commissioned officers and men.

From this shocking scene of carnage the square was moved away a few hundred yards to pull itself together again; and then, while the wounded were being attended to, and the enemy's arms, ammunition, etc., burnt, the Hussars were sent forward to find the wells. The men were suffering agonies of thirst, but behaved splendidly. At last the Column reached the Abu-Klea wells, of which the muddy water tasted to all like cream or champagne, after the exertions and privations of the day. Here the force bivouacked for the night, which proved cold and miserable, as the stores and baggage had not yet come up from the zeriba. "Verney, Wortley, and I," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "tried to sleep under the prayer-carpet Wortley had looted; and I think we spent most of the time in trying to pull it off each other, for none of us did more than doze a few minutes at a time."

Next morning (18th) a small fort was built for the protection of the wounded, who had to be left behind under a guard of 100 men of the Royal Sussex; and in the afternoon the column again moved off to Metamneh, about twenty-three miles distant. Here it would strike the Nile, and for a sight of the waters of the Nile Stewart's thirst-afflicted men were now yearning with a desire far more passionate than that which possessed the home-sick soldiers of Xenophon when, after fighting their way from Cunaxa through the mountains of Armenia, they strained to catch a glimpse of the distant Euxine sea.

All that distressing day the gallant Column pushed forward, and the fatigues of the day were followed by the tribulations of a moonless night march over very trying ground. The confusion was endless, and the noise of swearing men and "grousing" camels might have been heard miles away. Frequent and long were the halts, the briefest being seized on by hundreds of soldiers to dismount and throw themselves on the ground for a few minutes' sleep—"sleep so dead that they had to be roughly roused before they could be made to mount again."

After thus traversing a most troublesome region of bush, the head of the Column came out on open ground about 1 a.m. (on the 19th), and then, after a short halt, being still guided by Ali Loda (a noted robber), it pressed forward once more till dawn (about 6 a.m.), when the return of daylight began to revive the spirits of both men and animals. At this time the Column was only about five miles west of the river, and the same distance south of Metamneh. To traverse the distance from Abu-Klea (eighteen miles) it had taken the force fourteen hours!

At 7.30 a.m. a gravel ridge was topped, and the Nile, with Shendy and Metamneh, at last appeared in sight. But it was also seen that a formidable force of Arabs had interposed itself between the Column and the Nile, with intent to dispute its approach to the deeply-longed-for water. Turning with a smile to his staff, General Stewart said: "Tell the officers and men we shall first have breakfast, and then go out to fight." He had by this time seen that there was no hope of reaching the river without giving battle to the Arabs, and so he determined to laager, or zeriba, his transport, and march straight for the blessed river with his fighting force.

The zeriba was formed on open ground, upon a small hill of gravel, commanding the surrounding sea of grass and bush—about four miles from the Nile. Everyone was dead beat after marching all night, but down sat the Column in its zeriba to enjoy its morning meal. Yet can any meal be said to be enjoyed which is taken to the accompaniment of a dropping shower of long-range bullets? One of these struck and killed Mr. Cameron, the gallant war-correspondent of the *Standard*, just as his servant was handing him a box of sardines; and soon afterwards the same fate overtook Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, who was also acting as

private secretary to Sir Herbert Stewart. But, worst of all, Sir Herbert himself was struck by a bullet in the groin, his wound afterwards proving mortal; and now the command of the Column devolved on Sir Charles Wilson.

"REINFORCEMENTS FROM OMDURMAN HAD ARRIVED."

Meanwhile, it had been determined to construct a redoubt on an eminence about eighty yards from the zeriba, to prevent its occupation by the foe. This had to be done under the fire of the enemy, and the boxes, etc., for the wall of the redoubt were carried across from the zeriba by the officers and men of the "Heavies" and the Guards, assisted by some Engineers. Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, also took an active part in this arduous duty, for which he was mentioned in despatches — the first honour of the kind that had ever been paid to any English war-correspondent.

Thus, with all these things to do, it was not till after two o'clock that the square prepared to make for the Nile. It was composed much in the same way as at Abu-Klea; but half the "Heavies," the 19th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, and the Naval Brigade, with their guns and the Gardner, were left behind for the protection of the zeriba and the redoubt.

"As we formed up," wrote Lieutenant Dawson, "we were exposed to a very heavy fire, and among our own officers in the regiment the escapes were something wonderful. One had the button of his coat carried inside his shirt just above the belt, another was surprised by a bullet whizzing through his whiskers, a third had one right through his helmet and out the other side, and a fourth got one on the sword scabbard, which glanced off and struck his ankle."

The prospect, indeed, was well calculated to inspire even the boldest men with doubt and misgiving. But it daunted not the hearts of the British heroes of the desert, tired out though they were by the privations and fatigues of the previous four days. A sigh of relief all round the square denoted that the moment they had been waiting for all day had at length arrived.

"We all realised," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "that our work was cut out for us, and many felt that if we did not reach the water that night it would go hard with the whole force. I felt the full gravity of the situation, but from the moment I entered the square I felt no anxiety as to the result. The men's faces were set in a determined way which meant business, and I knew that they intended to drink from the Nile that night. I was never so much struck with the appearance of the men: they moved in a cool, collected way, without noise or any appearance of excitement. Many, as I afterwards heard, never expected to get through, but were determined to sell their lives dearly."

It soon became evident that the enemy were in great force, and that reinforcements from Omdurman had arrived. The gravel ridge, which ran between the zeriba and the village of Abu-

THE SQUARE AT ABU-KRU.

Kru on the river, was alive with foot and horse, and in every direction their banners could be seen rising out of the long grass, streaming in the breeze, while the tom-toms were again kept going at a tremendous rate. The square followed rather a zigzag course this time, so as always to keep on open ground and not be surprised by a sudden rush of the Arabs; while every now and then it halted to send a few volleys in the direction of the white smoke-puffs issuing from the long grass. Meanwhile, whenever the enemy showed in force, the guns in the zeribs would open upon them with showers of shrapnel, while the Gardner, too, was kept grinding away. The continual fire from an invisible foe was particularly trying to the men, many of whom dropped; and so it was with cheers of relief that, on nearing the gravel ridge, they beheld the Arabs preparing for a charge.

"All at once," wrote the English commander, "as suddenly as at Abu-Klea, the firing ceased, and the enemy's spearmen came running down the hill at a great pace, with several horsemen in front. It was a relief to know the crisis had come. The square was at once halted to receive the charge, and the men gave vent to their feelings in a wild, spontaneous cheer. Then they set to work firing as they would have done at an Aldershot field-day. At first the fire had little effect, and the bugle sounded 'cease firing,' the men, much to my surprise, answering to the call. The momentary rest steadied them, and when the enemy got to within about three hundred yards they responded to the call 'commence firing' with deadly effect. All the leaders with their fluttering banners went down, and no one got within fifty yards of the square. It only lasted a few minutes: the whole of the front ranks were swept away, and then we saw a wild backward movement, followed by the rapid disappearance of the Arabs in front of and all around us. We had won, and gave three ringing cheers."

"I shall never forget my drink," said an officer, "when we reached the river. The men were half mad with joy on seeing the Nile again." They were so exhausted that when they came up from their drink at the river they fell down like logs.

The loss on this day of Abu-Kru amounted to one officer and twenty-two non-commissioned officers and men killed, with eight officers and ninety non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

By its heroic courage and endurance the Desert Column had, so far, done much; but much more still remained to be done. Khartoum itself, the object of the expedition, still had to be reached, and Gordon rescued. But the tragic sequel to the desert battles of Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru must be reserved for a separate story.

SIR HERBERT STEWART BEING CARRIED TO THE NILE.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

13: OCTOBER: 1812

BY
ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

"Thy home is in the hardy north,
Thy head lies pillowed in the snows.
At thy broad shoulders frets and flows
The thwarted tide of oceans forth.
Thy fruitful breast, the rolling plains,
Great rivers are thy throbbing veins."
—*To Canada.*

A WAR that had for its tilting-ground the picturesque frontier of Canada, and for its period the opening of the nineteenth century, when, as yet, the great West was a mystery, and the forests of America stretched far beyond the white man's ken, could not but be one of infinite colour and romance. When all Canada—one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe—contained a white population of less than 300,000 souls, and the United States, now the home of more than sixty millions of people, could only boast of a population of eight millions; when no express trains snaked their way across the mammoth continent, nor swift steamers trailed their smoke athwart the blue of the skies; when the bayonet still played an important part in the winning or losing of battles; when flint locks had not been bred into hammerless guns; when the ring of the long ramrod was heard where now is heard the snap of the breechloader; when cannon were few and small, and when an army was complete without a telegraph corps to weave a network of wire at its rear like the tail of a comet—in those days wars were longer drawn out, the dead were not counted by the tens of thousands, as now. Hand-to-hand fighting was still to be had, and it would seem that individual valour played a greater part in the result of the conflicts than can be the case in this the day of machine-guns and electricity. So it is that, although many wars of the century saw more troops in the field and larger armies confronting one another, few indeed are more romantic in their details than that which is known in Canadian and American history as "the War of 1812."

The opening battles of this unfortunate, this criminal war were fought amidst some of the grandest scenery of the world. A broad blue river—the equal of which is scarcely to be found—bore on its bosom Tecumseh, fighting chief of the Shawnese, and with him General Isaac Brock, to the capture of Fort Detroit. The muffled thunder of the Niagara Falls smote upon the ears of the soldiers who met in the shock of battle at Lundy's Lane. The misty veil of the falling waters and the swirl of the river fresh from its maddening plunge were within sight of the battle of Queenston Heights—hills, rocks, precipitous banks, wide rivers, lakes so vast as to be rightly termed inland seas, forests unending.

Then, too, the world had not as yet bestirred itself out of its picturesque stages. Times were still old-fashioned. Governments, generals, and people alike were in those days dependent for news of the outside world upon the sailing-vessels that battled their ways from port to port—a prey to adverse winds, uncharted currents, and unmarked rocks, and, worse than these evils, the ever-present danger of being swooped upon by one of those hawks of the sea, the privateer, of which vast numbers flitted to and fro on the bosom of the Atlantic. Nor were communications much less risky ashore. The courier with his coon-skin cap, his moccasins in summer and snow-shoes in winter, and flint-lock over shoulder, thrid the forest where lurked a hundred dangers.

But these strange features of departed days do not complete the list of things that have been, but are never again to be. In "the War of 1812" the crasis—the "make up" of the army for the defence of Canada—was such as can never again take the field. For side by side with the men of the 49th—"Green Tigers" the Americans nicknamed them at Queenston Heights for their ferocity in battle—stood the Canadian Militia, made up of farmers, village artisans and craftsmen, clerks, fur-traders, and such-like components of an army; stood United Empire Loyalists and French-Canadians; stood Indians, under Tecumseh and the younger Brant; stood, it is told at Queenston Heights, negro slaves as well as freemen—all joined together to defend the country against the invading American. A heterogeneous band, in all conscience, assembled to oppose an advancing army not quite so mixed in its *personnel*. In writing of the Battle of Queenston Heights, it will be as well to refer to the defenders of Canada as Canadians; for, notwithstanding the presence of British troops, pure and simple, the bulk of the antagonists which the Americans encountered were Canadian volunteers—Canadian white men and Canadian red men.

It is unnecessary here to go into the question of blame for "the War of 1812." But this may be said: the struggle was an unpopular one in the United States. Indeed, some of the most patriotic States in the Union—States that had stood firm for the cause of liberty in the struggle for independence—condemned the action of the President in declaring war on Great Britain. The legislature of Maryland denounced the war. The Governments of Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts—three of the most important States in the Union—looked upon the struggle with so great a dislike that they at first refused their quota of troops. And many of the ablest men in the country cried out against the war as unrighteous.

But war, righteous or unrighteous, once begun, a country must stand by the central authority; and soon the full resources of the people of the United States were brought forward with the object of attaining a success. The United States were fortunate in so far that they had no other businesses on hand at the declaration of the war except the pursuing of the war. On the other hand, such was the state of Europe, so critical a stage had been reached in the Napoleonic conflagration, that Great Britain found herself unable to spare even secondary forces for the war in the West. Says the historian Alison: "Three days after the declaration of war Wellington crossed the Aqueda to commence the Salamanca campaign. Six days after, Napoleon passed the Niemen on his way to Moscow at the head of 380,000 men."

All Europe was aflame. Bellona stood toe-a-tip, and flashed her naked sword across the world. The sweat ran from the brow of Britannia as she gathered her forces to grapple with the despot Napoleon. The struggle meant national life or death. Defeat could only be followed by destruction. It was at this moment that Madison, President of an English-speaking Republic, seated in the chair of authority so recently vacated by Washington, chose to strike a blow which, if successful, he knew must mean the destruction of liberty, the enthronement of despotism. That it did not succeed is to the lasting honour of the people of Canada.

Among the many strange and deplorable features of "the War of 1812," none were more remarkable than that Canada, a meagrely populated country, a poor country, and the people of which were no parties to the quarrel; a country having, in fact, everything to lose and nothing to gain, should have had thrust upon her the whole brunt of the war during the first years of its career. True, on the sea British and American frigates fought to a finish time and time again; and at the end of the war the Americans, good seamen and honourable, valiant fighters, were able to congratulate themselves on the stand they had made against the mistress of the sea. There was the crimson duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, a pounding match short and bloody, in which the *Shannon* captured the American. On the other hand, the Americans had their victories, and Perry's defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie placed the great lakes under the control of the forces of the Republic. But the real struggle lay along the Canadian border, and its object was, on the part of the United States, the conquest of Canada, and on the part of Canada the determination not to be conquered by the invaders. In this the Canadians succeeded against well-nigh overwhelming numbers.

The United States declared war on Great Britain, June 18th, 1812. Canada at once found herself on the defensive. Previous to the declaration of war, the United States had concentrated at the best strategical points large bodies of troops, and, as everything was ready, the moment the declaration of war was officially

made known, these moved on Canada. On July 12th, General Hull withdrew his army from Fort Detroit, and, there being no opposition in that part of the country, bloodlessly established himself on Canadian soil by crossing the Detroit River with his army. The initial steps of what must have appeared to the American armies an easy task—the overrunning of Canada—had been successfully taken.

The dividing line between Canada and the United States is in every way worthy of so vast a continent as North America. The extent of it, as known during the years of "the War of 1812," is one succession of mighty rivers and mightier lakes. Beginning with the greatest lake in the world (Superior), the dividing line runs through the Ste. Marie River, with its foaming rapids, at the foot of which even to this day may be seen the Red Indian in his birch-bark canoe dipping his net and sweeping the struggling white fish from the waters. Through Lake Huron, down the St. Clair River, the imaginary line runs, cutting in two the great reed marshes that stretch farther than the eye can see, the home of wild goose, duck, muskrat, and black bass; on down the majestic River Detroit into Lake Erie, then through the turbulent Niagara, plunging the Falls famous the world over, and out upon the breast of the blue Ontario. Running for some distance down the St. Lawrence River, the dividing line leaves the waterways at last, and, striking off into the bush, makes for the shores of the Atlantic. A waterway this, a succession of lakes, rivers, thundering falls, and swirling whirlpools, unparalleled in all the world. But this stretch of 1,700 miles was far too great a frontier for the meagre population of Canada, with its 4,450 regulars, to defend with ease.

Every war has its commanding figure, its hero, standing out clearly among the mass, towering head and shoulders above his brothers-in-arms, and he is imposing in proportion to the importance or number of the undertakings in which it has been his fortune to play a part. It may appear strange that the hero of "the War of 1812," from the Canadian standpoint at least, did not live to take more than a momentary part in any battle of the war—in fact, he was killed by one of the earliest volleys fired by the American soldiers in the first battle of the war. Yet it is a fact that of all those who took part in this war there is no one who is held in such kindly remembrance by the people of Canada, nor to whom so much honour has been paid, as Sir Isaac Brock, who fell early in the morning of the battle of Queenston Heights.

THE STE. MARIE RIVER.

Brock was a Guernsey man by birth, born in the same year as Wellington and Napoleon. When but fifteen years of age he joined the British army, first serving in the West Indies, and, rising rapidly, he commanded the 49th Foot as senior colonel in the expedition to Holland. In 1801 he served under Lord Nelson in the attack upon Copenhagen. In 1802, he went with his regiment to Canada, and soon obtained command of all the troops in that country. He was among the very first to recognise the threatening attitude of the authorities across the border, the drilling and concentration of troops, and he at once set to work to put Canada into an efficient state to resist invasion. But in this he had an uphill fight, for the people of Canada were loth to believe that their neighbours to the south would wilfully bring about a collision. Brock himself seems to have recognised the pacific intentions of the American people, but disbelieved altogether in the honour or good faith of the men who at that time governed the States.

In 1810 General Brock established his headquarters at Fort George—a small post on the Canadian bank of the Niagara River, and some miles from Queenston. From this centre he paid a visit to the frontier ports, spending some time at Fort Malden and Sandwich. In 1811 the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada (Francis Gore) returned to England on leave, and Brock succeeded him in his position. So it happened that when the war was declared Brock held both civic and military command in Upper Canada.

"A WILD FIGHT TOOK PLACE IN THE WOODS" (*p.* 518).

The general direction of the campaign for the

conquest of Canada was entrusted by the Government of the United States to General Dearborn. This able soldier determined to invade Canada at three points simultaneously. General Hull, at the head of his well-equipped army of 2,500 troops, was, as has been told, stationed at Detroit, with only the broad blue river between him and Canadian soil. In all that part of Canada there were only some 300 troops, and these were stationed at Fort Malden—a small post at a point where the Detroit River flows into Lake Erie. His part of the campaign was looked upon as a foregone conclusion. He was to subdue the western peninsula of Canada, and if necessary march its length to Niagara.

Niagara was, of course, the second point of invasion. On the banks of this river, at the little village of Lewiston, General van Rensselaer assembled a force of some 4,000 or 5,000 soldiers, preparatory to crossing the river. When he finally took this step, it resulted in the battle of Queenston Heights, the death of General Brock, and the slaughter or capture by the Canadians of the whole of the American troops who crossed the river.

The third army of invasion headed for Montreal and Lower Canada. This was under the command of General Dearborn himself, and he and his army made for Canada by way of that strange waterway, famous in the annals of the cruel wars between the English and French, to wit—Lakes George and Champlain. Every schoolboy is familiar with this historic waterway, with its Fort Frederick, its Crown Point, its Ticonderoga, for has not Fenimore Cooper told the tales of the forest and the streams, and repeopled the rugged country with the red man, the light-hearted *voyageur* and sturdy pioneer? Along this route General Dearborn moved his forces. Canada found herself in sore distress. Three armies to withstand, armies divided by hundreds of miles of practically uninhabited country, and each one of them consisting of almost as many troops as Canada had at her disposal altogether!

When the bad news sped through the land there were many sinking hearts, and few indeed who believed that the invasion could be for long withstood. Nevertheless, at the call for volunteers, the farmers and townsmen, tradesmen and the followers of the professions, all shouldered their guns and made off for the front. They rallied in such numbers that it was found impossible to arm them all, and many were sent back to their homes to look after the tilling of the ground. Everyone feared that a long war lay ahead.

General Hull was the first to cross the frontier. Establishing his headquarters at Sandwich, he issued a fire-eating proclamation to the people of Canada, and did nothing. True, he made some ponderous movements against Fort Malden, held by the 350 regulars—these, no doubt, supported by many volunteers from the south of Essex, a part of the country which had been settled by United Empire Loyalists, sturdy patriots who had given up their all and made their way to Canada when the United States gained their independence. But soon the invading General Hull received a severe reverse. He depended for his supplies on convoys from Ohio, and these had to make their way through a very wild tract of country. On the 4th of August, 1812, a convoy commanded by Major van Horne was suddenly confronted by Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnese Indians, and his followers. A wild fight took place in the woods, and in the end the great chief was victorious, scattering van Horne's command and capturing the stores. General Hull had but a short time before this heard of the fall of Michillimackinac, thus establishing a Canadian force at his rear. And now the news that General Brock was hurrying from Niagara to confront him caused the cautious Hull to take fright. He at once retreated across the river, and again established himself behind the strong defence of Fort Detroit.

When General Brock heard of Hull's invasion of Canada he lost not a moment. Gathering around him some 300 volunteers, and taking a handful of regulars, he marched to Long Point on Lake Erie, and there embarked for a two-hundred miles journey in open boats, in tempestuous weather, along a dangerous coast—the northern shore of Lake Erie. Night and day the little force continued its dangerous journey, tossed about by the waves of the great lake. Only the sound leadership, together with a cheerful determination on the part of officers and men alike, saved this expedition from disaster. On this remarkable journey not a man was lost.

Amherstburg was reached on the night of August 13th. The energetic Brock was struck with amazement when he heard of General Hull's retreat; but, as he had little time to spare from the more important strategical position—Niagara—he made up his mind to storm Fort Detroit without delay.

At Amherstburg Brock and Tecumseh—the two clear figures of "the War of 1812"—met,

and together they planned the taking of Detroit.

Tecumseh was, without doubt, a warrior of valour and craft, a fit follower of Pontiac; and about him he had chiefs of sagacity and daring—the Wyandot Roundhead, Noonday, and Saginaw, to mention but three. These Indians, under the leadership of Tecumseh, rendered invaluable assistance to the Canadians in that part of the country. He generalled his warriors brilliantly on every occasion, and fell—cornered but still fighting furiously, as was his wont—at the Battle of the Thames.

On August 16th Brock summoned Hull to surrender Fort Detroit. Hull, having an army of 2,500 soldiers behind the breastworks, refused. That night Tecumseh led his warriors across the river and lay in the woods that surrounded the post, cutting off all communication between the fort and the outside world. Early the next morning Brock landed his force, consisting of 730 regulars and militia, safely on the American side at Springwells, and marching rapidly up the river bank appeared before the fort. General Hull took fright. When the war-whoops of the Indians struck on his ear and the glint of the bayonet flashed in the sunlight, and when a bold summons came from Brock, without striking a blow he surrendered fort, army, stores—everything. Brock found himself with 2,500 prisoners of war on his hands, and in possession of the key to all that part of the continent, besides thirty-three pieces of cannon and stores to a vast amount. What might have happened if the aged general had made a fight of it there is no telling. The fort was a stronghold, well equipped, well garrisoned, and the Canadian army was small in numbers. Brock must have found his hands full had the gates been shut in his face instead of being flung wide open. For this mad surrender General Hull was sentenced to be shot, but it is good to know that this sentence was not carried out. In his day he had served his country well.

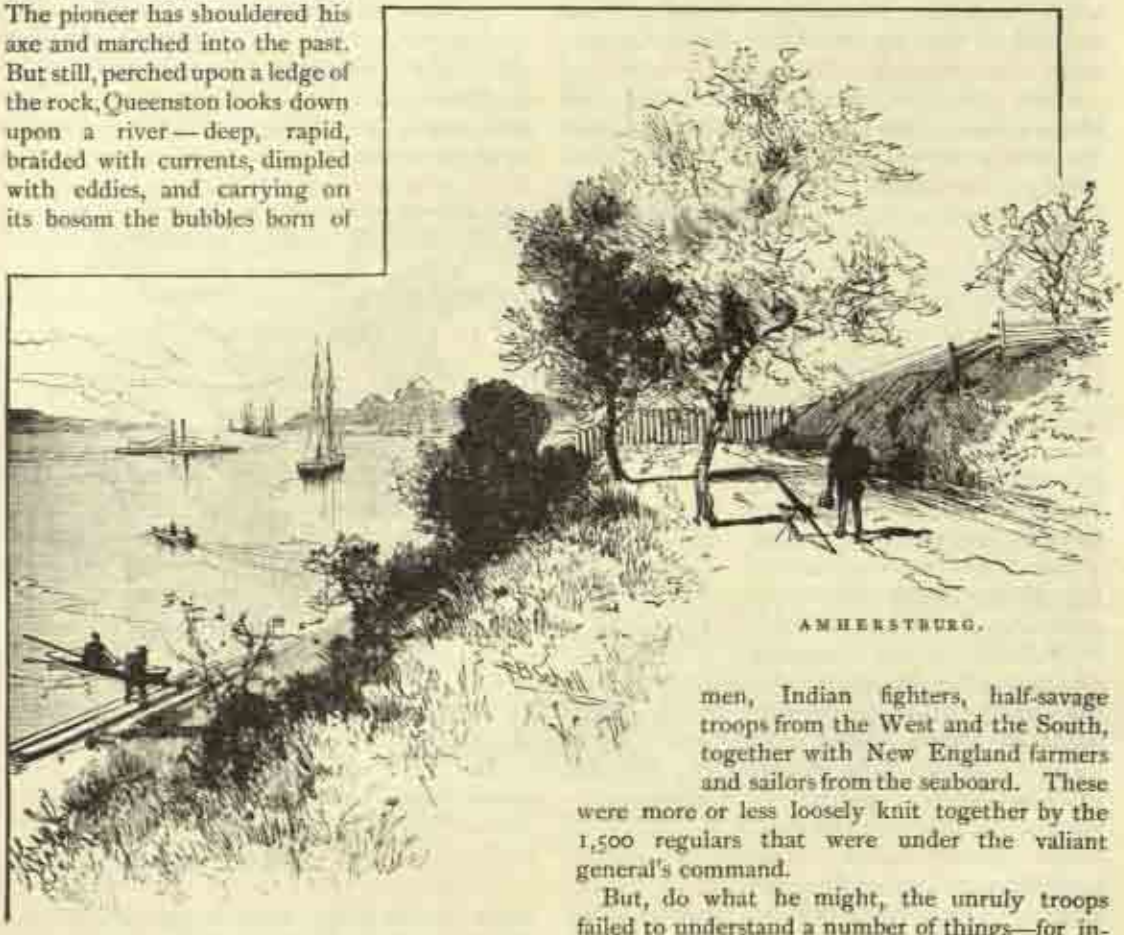
Brock's triumph sent a thrill of joy and pride through Canada. Foreboding, and even despondency, quickly gave place to hope. Success nerved the people of Canada, and they prepared for a stubborn defence of their beautiful country.

Leaving Proctor in charge of the captured fort, Brock hastened back to Niagara to confront General van Rensselaer.

A grander setting for a battle could not well be found than Nature had prepared for the battle of Queenston Heights. This neat little town of Queenston, with its population of five hundred souls, was in the stirring days of 1812 a place of no small importance. Here were established the depôts for all public stores brought from Lower Canada and bound for the West; here was the focus-point between the Upper and the Lower Canada—the outlet for the now rapidly-developing West. The two western forts—Erie at the juncture of Lake Erie and the Niagara River, and Malden at the mouth of the Detroit River—were both dependent upon Queenston for their stores and supplies, as were also the great tracts of countries those two forts dominated.

In those days there centred at Queenston a picturesque gathering of queer, rough people: fur-traders, merchants, Indians, *voyageurs* from Lower Canada, pioneers, soldiers, hunters—indeed, a typical frontier throng. Here the civilised East touched elbows with the barbarous West. From the West came stores of rich furs; from the East many things—including rum.

But trade is precarious: Nature alone is unchanging. The commercial glory has long since deserted the little town on the banks of the Niagara. The fur-ladened canoes have drifted down the streams of Time. The pioneer has shouldered his axe and marched into the past. But still, perched upon a ledge of the rock, Queenston looks down upon a river—deep, rapid, braided with currents, dimpled with eddies, and carrying on its bosom the bubbles born of the mammoth falls. Across this strait the banks of the American shore rise to a great height. Behind the quiet town the land heaves abruptly to a hill which commands a view of all the surrounding country. On top of this hill now stands the grandest shaft in Canada, to the memory of the general who fell in the fight below. In the distance can be seen the perpetual cloud of spray which is flung to heaven by the thundering waters of the Falls of Niagara, for these are only nine miles distant from Queenston.



AMHERSTBURG.

The latter days of September and the opening days of October of the year 1812 were busy ones on either side of the Niagara River. Both Americans and Canadians were energetically preparing for the struggle that was inevitable. Van Rensselaer had chosen the village of Lewiston as his headquarters, and here he assembled a motley crew, almost as diversified in its atoms as were the Canadian ranks across the river. Among the American general's 4,000 men were many strange characters—frontiersmen, trappers, bushmen, Indian fighters, half-savage troops from the West and the South, together with New England farmers and sailors from the seaboard. These were more or less loosely knit together by the 1,500 regulars that were under the valiant general's command.

But, do what he might, the unruly troops failed to understand a number of things—for instance, why a flag of truce should be allowed to shelter its bearer, and many other niceties which go without saying when regulars confront one another on the field of battle. However, the men, unruly or no, proved themselves brave in battle, which in the world of arms covers a multitude of sins. Those who chose to take part in the battle fought to the bitter end.

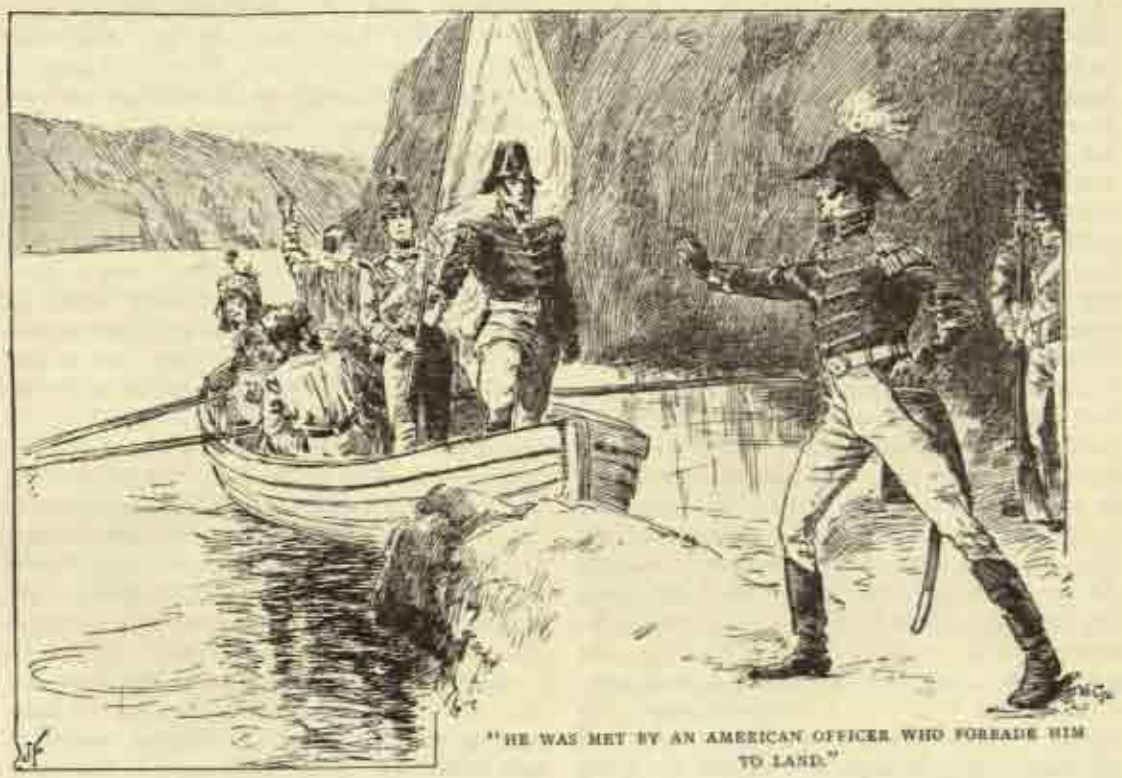
During the second week in October General Van Rensselaer found himself in command of a sufficient force to warrant him in beginning operations without further delay. He chose the morning of the 11th for crossing the river. General Brock was uncertain as to which part of the river the Americans would pick upon for crossing, and had established himself in Fort George, leaving Queenston in charge of a small force under Captain Dennis. From some cause,

the American general found it impracticable to cross on the 11th, as he had intended, and, unfortunately for him, was under the necessity of postponing the movement until the 13th.

Now it so happened that on the 12th of October General Brock, desiring to effect an exchange of prisoners, despatched, for the purposes of negotiation, Colonel Evans across the river under the meagre protection of a flag of truce. When this British officer reached the American shore, he was met at the water-side by an American officer who forbade him to land, and, after a couple of hours' delay, he was told to return to his commander and tell him that "Everything would be satisfactorily arranged the day after to-morrow." This strange reply set the colonel a-thinking, and as he was turning the matter over in his mind, trying to

At this time the only regulars at Queenston—men of the 49th—were under arrest for mutiny. These Evans at once released, as he did so urging them to do their duty, and word was sent far and wide to the Canadian Militia, calling upon them to assemble at Queenston and Fort George. When these arrangements were completed, Colonel Evans, leaving Captain Dennis in charge, rode to inform General Brock of what he had heard, seen, and done. Brock agreed in his surmises of an attack, approved of his acts, but had his doubts as to whether the Americans would land at Queenston or no. That night the officers slept in their uniforms.

Sure enough, at two o'clock in the morning, the ominous boom of cannon awakened the garrison in Fort George. The attack on Queenston Heights had commenced.



"HE WAS MET BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER WHO FORBADE HIM TO LAND."

make head or tail of such a message, his quick eye discovered boats slung in the fissures of the rocks and covered with bushes. At once he guessed that an attack was imminent. He hastened back to Queenston, and, without waiting to ride the seven miles to Fort George, he took matters in his own hands, and prepared the place for the threatened attack.

The morning was black. The wind blew cold and raw, and a drenching rain—such as, in North America, usually follows the lovely days of the Indian summer—had for days been stripping the last remaining leaves from the trees, and beating them into the sodden ground, and hurrying the laggard bird to its winter home in the south. But neither the darkness and

dampness of the morning, nor the dangers of the swirling river daunted the hearts of the American troops as they set out in silence to cross the water and to scale the heights of Queenston. Skilled navigators of the treacherous river had been pressed into service, and all things having been carefully arranged, great boats loaded with troops breasted the rapid river, and commenced to make a landing on a narrow ledge below the village of Queenston. The darkness and the silence seemed only to be increased by the lap of the swiftly flowing waters.

That night the Canadians kept a vigilant watch. Brock anticipating a crossing, and quite unable to guess at what point of the rocky shore the Americans would attempt to land, had seen to the throwing up of slight breastworks all along the river from Queenston to Fort George —a distance of seven miles; and behind each of these a handful of troops were posted and on the alert for any signs of an invasion. In the grey of the morning sharp eyes made out the boats upon the waters, and an alarm was at once sounded. Captain Dennis called to arms his two companies of the 49th, and these, together with a hundred militia, set out to oppose the landing of the forces.

The troops under the charge of Colonel van Rensselaer—a relation of the commanding general's—first encountered the Canadian forces.

The Americans effected a landing on a woefully narrow strip of beach, and notwithstanding that the batteries on the American side of the river swept the heights above where stood the adventurous invaders, Captain Dennis managed to bring his little band within rifle shot, and to direct his hail of bullets so well that van Rensselaer and his men were driven to take shelter behind a steep bank, where, safe from the Canadian riflemen, they awaited reinforcements, firing as best they might up the steep cliffs. But soon the boats, industriously plying across the river, had landed more and more of their comrades at different points of the shore. Not without serious loss, however, for the Canadian volunteers were splendid marksmen. Captain Dennis and his small band found themselves sorely pressed. The Americans, crouching behind the rocks on the narrow strip of shore, began to cast about for a place to scale the cliffs. They were not long in finding one to their liking.

When General Brock, away at Fort George, heard the cannonading from the direction of Queenston, he called for his horse, and at once mounted. There seems to be little doubt that he thought the firing at Queenston a feint by the Americans, made in the hope that he would withdraw the garrison from Fort George, and that the invaders, when their expectations in this particular should be fulfilled, would land and take easy possession of the fort. Determined to find out the true state of affairs, and leaving General Sheaffe in command at headquarters, he set out, unattended, on the back of his favourite horse, Alfred, for Queenston. He rode hard. On his way he passed the Canadian volunteers hurrying on foot to the succour of their comrades at Queenston. Arriving at a favourable position for a survey of the field, a height where stood an 18-pound battery, he and his two aides-de-camp, who had now caught him up, dismounted.

Matters were going well with the defending forces. The Americans had been discovered much too early for the good of their project. Captain Dennis, with his handful of regulars and their backing of militia, doggedly confining the invaders to their original landing-place, and although lacking the necessary force to prevent a landing, still harassed the troops as they crossed the wide river. Brock swept the scene of action through his telescope. His officers and men were doing the best that could be done. That the movement on the part of van Rensselaer's troops was no feint, but a full-blooded action, was now quite apparent to Brock. That it was very unlikely to succeed should Dennis manage to hold the Americans to their strip of white sand by the margin of the swirling river until reinforcements, at that moment on the way, had time to arrive from Fort George, Chippewa, and the various breastworks on the river, must also have been the thoughts of the general who had planned, with the minutest care, the defences of the frontier. Although in van Rensselaer he had to deal with a general of a calibre altogether different from that of Hull, he could have had no more than the anxiety a good leader must always harbour as to the result of the conflict.

But a sad disappointment heralded a still more calamitous loss. At the very moment that General Brock had finished his survey of the field, and was lowering his telescope, the rattle of small-arms came down from the heights. This was immediately followed by a sweeping hail of bullets which cut into the ranks of the gallant defenders of Queenston Heights. Enemies in

the rear! There was no time for mounting. General Brock and his aides, together with the men in charge of the battery, being hopelessly exposed to a fire they had no power to silence, rushed pell-mell to a place of safety.

The volley which had caused such a startling change in the aspect of affairs came from the crest of the heights.

Captain Wool, a young American officer, finding the position on the strip of sand a far from pleasant one, with men falling about him and no prospect of an immediate alteration in the state of affairs, and being of a daring turn of mind, asked for and obtained permission from his senior officers to attempt the scaling of the heights at a point which seemed to him to hold out hopes of success. Taking with him a strong detachment of regulars, he began to search the face of the cliff, and was not long in discovering a fisherman's path cut into the face of the rock. This had been looked upon by the Canadians as an impossible path. But Wool and his brave men quickly turned the impossible into a most successful possibility. Scaling the heights undetected by the Canadians, displaying in so doing singular agility, coolness, and sagacity for one so young and unused to war, he established his force in a commanding position before making his presence known to the Canadians by the most disastrous volley that whistled past the ears of General Brock. This bold movement put an entirely different complexion on the conflict. The Canadians were now between two fires. The salvation of the Canadian position demanded that he be driven from his dangerous hold.

General Brock saw that this must be done, and done at once. First despatching in hot haste a message to General Sheaffe, ordering him to bring on the troops from Fort George, Brock prepared to personally lead the attack on the young American's position. Placing himself at the head of Captain William's command of one hundred regulars, and with his own beloved York (Toronto) Volunteers supporting, he advanced towards the stronghold. After exchanging a heavy fire, he ordered a charge. But the Americans, tenaciously holding their ground, all the while poured down the hill a steady and well-directed fire.

General Brock standing as he did quite six feet two in height, dressed in the conspicuous uniform of a British officer, and in the very thickest of the fight, small wonder that the men of Captain Wool's command, good shots as were all frontiersmen, soon singled him out. At the very instant the brave general raised his hand toward the height and shouted, "Push on, the York Volunteers!" a bullet struck him on the right breast, and passed completely through his body. Brock sank to the earth. Many who saw him fall ran to give him the assistance that not one of them had in his power to give. As they raised his head he had only breath left to ask that the news of his death be kept from the soldiers, so that they might not be discouraged. Then he spoke some words of his sister; but his voice was weak, his breath failing, his heart's-blood gushed from him, and those about who strained an ear were quite unable to make out his request. As his body lay wrapped in his cloak at a small house in Queenston, the cannon of the Tower of London thundered, and the bells of London rang madly and merrily. The news of Brock's capture of Detroit had, that very hour, reached the people of England. The honours that were bestowed upon him fell upon a pale, dead face.

Here let it be told to the credit of mankind that when the body of the British general was on its way to its first burial-place the American general caused his men to fire minute guns, out of respect for the dead. "The War of 1812" was conducted with peculiar cruelty. Life and property were destroyed needlessly, wantonly. But it had its moments of conscience.

The death of the leader of the Canadian forces brought the battle to a momentary lull. The nerve-centre of the army had been struck. But when the first shock of the news passed, consternation changed to fury. With an angry shout the Canadians made for the heights. However, Wool and his men were not to be driven, and the Canadians quickly sustained a second shivering blow. In the charge Brock's Provincial aide-de-camp, Macdonell, who had assumed command of the York Volunteers, fell mortally wounded.

But the losses were not all Canada's. Wadsworth and Colonel van Rensselaer, the American leaders, had fallen badly wounded. In fact, about this time so many officers were down on both sides that there came a second cessation in the fighting. The Americans had much the better of the position at this stage of the game. Wool had been reinforced, and fresh boatloads of soldiers crossed the river.

But a change was now about to take place. General Sheaffe, on whom the command devolved, was on his way to the field of action when he heard of Brock's death. He proved

to be the man for the emergency, acting with promptness and great determination. When, after a hard march, he arrived within sight of the field, matters looked black indeed for the defenders of Canada.

Sheaffe set about his task in soldier-like fashion. With the assistance of the two Indian chiefs Brant and Norton and their warriors, 200 volunteers from Chippewa, a post some miles above the Niagara Falls, and his own 300 regulars and two companies of militia, he formed, on the brow of the heights, a cordon around the whole field, the flanks of his forces resting on the river; and taking every advantage the ground offered him, he began to narrow the semicircle, firing volleys into the now exposed forces of the States. The Americans, in turn, now found themselves taken in the rear. The fighting had not long continued when Wool fell badly wounded, and Scott took his place. But the fatal tightening of the cordon continued, and General van Rensselaer saw that unless substantial reinforcements were brought forward at once his hardy men, who, at the cost of so much blood, had gained a firm footing on Canadian soil, would be swept into the river. He took boat across the Niagara to hurry over the necessary reinforcements.

"MANY A MAN LEAPED TO HIS DESTRUCTION" (p. 525).

When he stepped ashore on his own side of the river he found a pretty how-d'ye-do. His troops refused to cross. They were Fencibles. They had not enlisted to serve out of their native land. The invaders refused to invade.

The truth of the affair seems to be that the sight of the dead and wounded brought back to camp from Queenston Heights had struck terror into the hearts of those who had remained behind, and that when their general commanded them to cross the river they fell back upon their

undoubted rights as Fencibles. But it was a pretty mess for an invading general to find himself in.

Van Rensselaer did all that he could under the circumstances to induce his troops to go to the assistance of their comrades now clinging for dear life to the precipitous cliffs of Queenston Heights. But no; they refused to quit their native land. Meanwhile the Canadian volunteers, now aware of the death of their leader, were fighting with the fury of maddened tigers. The cry ran along the lines "Avenge Brock!" and the Indians, who all looked upon Brock as a father, launched on the air their ominous war-whoops as they darted here and there like evil spirits, firing with unerring aim at the invaders, who in turn shouting "For the honour of America!" clung to the face of the heights like lichen.

In the core of that fatal circle the Americans fought grimly, and prayed for the reinforcements that never came. As time passed the Canadians tightened and tightened the circle. Soon the American officers were in difficulties; then the men slipped out of hand, and at last, with a rush and "Hurrah!" the Canadians were upon the invading forces. Nothing could withstand the downhill charge of Sheaffe's men. Wool and his men were spilt over the shoulder of the cliffs like water. Many a man with the bayonets and tomahawk behind him, leaped to his destruction, falling on the rocks below or into the ominous silent river; while the Indians, infuriated, hurled down the cliffs many that would have fain placed themselves as prisoners in the hands of the Canadians. The carnage was horrible. The cliffs dripped with red.

When at last Scott, bearing on his sword-point a fluttering white cravat, surrendered the American army to Sheaffe, and when the Indians could be called from their slaughter—they had fought a winning fight with their wonted fury, for they hated the Americans ("Long Knives," as they called them) and were maddened by the death of Brock—General Sheaffe found himself in possession of a field slippery with blood and about 1,000 prisoners, including Major-General Wadsworth and many officers.

The number killed in this, the first great battle of "the War of 1812," will never be known. A great many men were seen to throw themselves into the river, preferring death by drowning than from the tomahawk of the red man or the bayonet of the white. One man was heard to cry significantly to a group of his fellows, "Come, men: it's better to be drowned than hanged"; for there were many British renegades serving in the American army and navy during the years of this war. Although the Americans were severely defeated in their determined invasion, yet it is probable Canada lost more by the death of General Brock than she gained by the victory at Queenston Heights. For he was a man trained to war in the ablest school, and a leader who knew every mile of the frontier he was called upon to defend, and who was loved by his soldiers.

A CANADIAN INDIAN.
(After Sir Benjamin West, P.R.A.)

BALACLAVA:

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

THE memory of Balaclava will always be cherished by Englishmen with peculiar pride. It is true that the great event of the day—the great central episode—was a blunder, a gigantic mistake, and that through it many brave men lost their lives. But the splendid courage of those who were sacrificed, and their unhesitating, unswerving devotion to duty, will always rank among the finest of our warlike achievements.

Everyone has heard of Lord Cardigan and his gallant light cavalry brigade: how a handful of horsemen, only a few hundreds of them, headed by their chivalrous leader, the last of the Brudenells, galloped straight into the "jaws of death." It was the order: that was enough. To hear was to obey, even although the chances of survival were altogether against them. The brigade went into action as fine a body of light cavalry as the world has ever seen—perfect in every point, precisely and beautifully arrayed; the remnant rode back by twos and threes, stricken and shattered. But they had performed their task, they had carried out the commands given, and had conquered although they had all but perished in the attempt.

There was more, however, in this Battle of Balaclava than the charge of the Light Brigade. There were many episodes, some highly creditable, one rather the reverse. The prowess of individuals was immense, but the generalship was not always of the best. Lord Raglan knew what was right, and ordered it; but his instructions were often misconstrued. For the military student the battle is full of valuable lessons, but everyone who reads it must be interested, for it tells how small a thing interposes between absolute victory and defeat.

Before describing the actual battle it will be well to consider why it was fought; what the Russians had in view; what would have happened had it been won. For a right understanding of all this, it must be remembered that the allies, English and French, were besieging Sebastopol, and that they were posted on a plateau or broad upland of high ground just in front of the fortress. The "left attack," or the operations on the left hand, was in the hands of the French, whose base, or port of supply, was at Kamiesch, on their left rear. The "right attack" from the centre, where it joined with the French, was entrusted to the English; this right or extreme outer flank of the whole allied army rested on the heights of Inkerman, afterwards to become famous. We English drew all our supplies from Balaclava, another and a rather distant port five or six miles to the rear.

Now, in military science it is held that an army is most vulnerable along its "line of communications"; in other words, along the road by which it communicates with its base of supply. This road is a sort of "life line"; by it food and munitions of war are brought up to the fighting front, by it the wounded and all news are sent safely to the rear. It is a first and imperative duty with a general to protect his line of communications; and for the same reason an enemy is always eager to strike at it. If he can get at it, place himself athwart of it and hold on, the army which has been worsted has lost everything. It must either change its front so as to open a new line to a new base, or it must throw up the sponge.

Well, the communications of the English with Balaclava lay within very tempting reach of the Russians. They were not actually exposed, for some attempt had been made to fortify them; but the defences were weak, and quite unequal to resisting any determined or formidable attack. There were two lines of forts: the inner, close around Balaclava, where the ground was steep and difficult, and these were manned by English marines, and armed with naval guns. The outer

was a line of feeble redoubts encircling the Balaclava valley; the first of them on the right, just opposite Kamara, was on the hill known to our soldiers as "Canrobert's," the rest, numbered from 2 to 6, crowned the Causeway Heights—a low range of hills, across the crests of which ran the great Woronzoff road into Sebastopol. These forts were of weak construction—"a donkey might have ridden through them"—their armament was inferior, and they were garrisoned by Turks. They have proved themselves stout soldiers, these Turks, behind earthworks when properly handled and encouraged; but in the coming fray they were overpowered, and suffered, but not very fairly, in reputation.

The only British forces in the valley were one infantry regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, and the whole of the cavalry, about 1,600 sabres. Lord Lucan was in supreme command of the latter; Generals Scarlett and Lord Cardigan, respectively, led the Heavy and Light Brigades. The place thus assigned to our horsemen was largely due to the nature of the ground: these open plains were admirably adapted for cavalry. Moreover, there was no other equally important duty in which they could be engaged, and Lord Raglan, by thus utilising them, was saved from further weakening the already insufficient forces employed in the siege.

Such was the situation about Balaclava. It was of a kind to offer a great opportunity to an enterprising commander. Mentschikoff could lay no claims to military genius, but even *he* must have seen the great results that might result from a successful attack upon the English line of communications. It has been said that he had no greater object in view than the destruction of an artillery park at Kadikoi. Yet surely he must have aimed at more than that, for his effort was imposing; the force to be employed large—in all some 25,000 infantry, thirty-four squadrons of horse, and seventy-eight guns. To General Liprandi the chief command was entrusted, but a distinct and smaller force under General Jabrokitsky co-operated.

A spy had visited the Russian lines the day before the action, and brought back news of the contemplated attack. Lord Raglan was duly informed, but he gave no orders, took no step to meet it, for he had been misled by spies before. But as day broke on the morning of the 25th, there could be no longer any doubt as to the Russian intentions. As the light grew stronger, it revealed to our cavalry, which had paraded in the valley an hour before dawn, the signal flying on Canrobert's Hill that the enemy was advancing. There could be no longer any mistake. Lord Lucan forthwith despatched his son and aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, who at once turned and rode to a commanding point called the Col, where he saw the approaching columns with his own eyes, and was able to measure the probable scope of the impending attack. He could not trust his cavalry to face it alone; he knew the Turks were too few to resist long, so he sent orders to the first and fourth divisions, those of the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart, to move down into the plain and assist in the defence of Balaclava. He forbade the cavalry to move until the infantry arrived, for he was at this time in hope that a general action might be imminent, to be fought by all arms. A weighty and decisive struggle might, perhaps, settle the fate of Sebastopol without a protracted siege. General Canrobert did not share his views in this respect, and Lord Raglan himself was doomed to be bitterly disappointed before the day was done.

Meanwhile the Russians had come on with all speed. They were in three great masses: one on their left, coming from Kamara, was destined to storm Canrobert's Hill; the second, in the centre, was to move up against the five redoubts on the Causeway Heights; the third, under General Jabrokitzky, was holding the right upon the Fedioukhine Heights. They made short work of the Turks. The single battalion which held Canrobert's Hill showed a firm front, but it was shattered by a fierce artillery fire, which disabled guns and decimated the Turkish ranks. Five Russian battalions went up to the assault, while six more were in support. The attack was overwhelming; the slaughter terrific: 170 were killed out of 500, and the Russians became masters of the redoubt by half-past seven a.m.

By this time the middle columns were close upon the Causeway Heights, threatening them with another attack so menacing and irresistible that the rest of the Turks began to waver. They had seen the overthrow of their comrades; there were no supports at hand, and panic at once possessed them. Without any pretence at standing firm they streamed away to a man, in full flight across the plain to the rear, even before the redoubts were stormed. Nothing stayed them. A Scotch soldier's wife, who met them as they ran, belaboured all she could reach with a broomstick. Still they ran on, until by voice and gesture, Captain Tatham, of the Royal

Navy, arrested some of the fugitives, and ranked them up in some disorder behind the 93rd.

GENERAL SCARLETT.

The time had come for the Highlanders to show of what stuff they were made. So far the fight had gone against the allies; its first episode was a disastrous defeat. Now the Russian cavalry, in great strength, a fine mass of horsemen, numbering 3,000, eager to avenge their inactivity at the Alma, were approaching the Causeway Heights, and nine squadrons had already debouched into the south valley. The road seemed open all the way to Balaclava, save for one obstacle—the famous "thin, red line" of history. This was the 93rd Highlanders, and not quite all of them, standing two deep, not in square, the traditional formation in which to "receive cavalry." Brave old Sir Colin Campbell, the brigadier, was with the regiment in person—a host in himself; yet these brave defenders of Balaclava only numbered 550 souls all told. There was also a battalion of Turks on each flank; but they could not bear to face the coming peril, and long before the Russians got near the Turks dissolved, turned tail, and ran straight for the port, crying in English—"Ship! ship!"

Whatever resistance was to be made depended now on the "thin, red line." Sir Colin, as was usual with him, spoke a few words of warning and encouragement. "Remember, men," he cried, as he rode along the line, "remember there is no retreat from here. You must die where you stand." Quite equal to the occasion, the gallant Highlanders, cheering, replied, "Ay, ay, Sir Colin: we'll do just that." By this time the line had been withdrawn a little behind a rising hillock, and the men lay down, just to screen themselves from the enemy's artillery fire. On and on came the Russian cavalry, until suddenly the Highlanders rose to their feet, and would have charged. But this would have been a very hazardous act, and Sir Colin sternly checking it steadied the line. It stood quite firm, fired a volley, which emptied many saddles, and the Russians, having no heart to go further forward, hesitated, halted, and presently retired in disorder. The demeanour of the Highlanders alone had sufficed to hurl back the attack.

Meanwhile the main body of the Russian cavalry had pressed on to the Causeway Heights, and now came a fresh episode in the battle—the first cavalry encounter. This gallant and successful exploit of Scarlett's brigade of heavy cavalry has never been sufficiently appreciated, simply because it has been eclipsed by the brilliancy of the more hare-brained feat that followed.

At this time Scarlett's brigade was in motion towards the east. It had been ordered by Lord Raglan some time previously to come up in support of the already fugitive Turks. Scarlett was on the march with his six squadrons, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of the

LORD CARDIGAN.

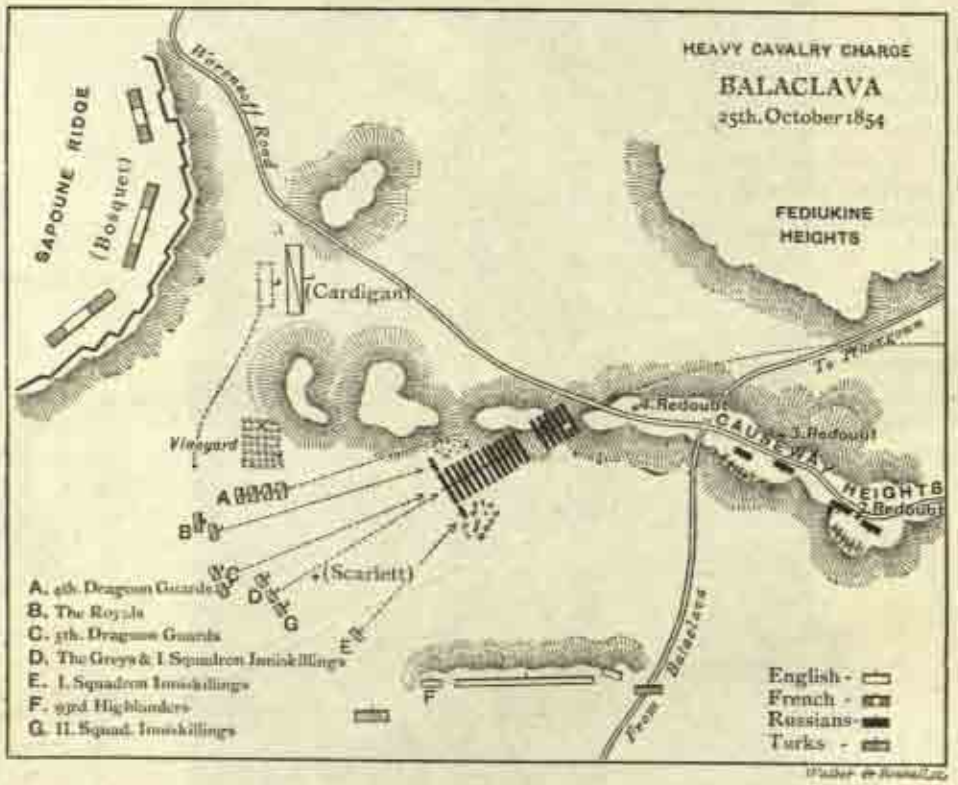
Russian cavalry upon his left, just appearing over the heights above him. His regiments

THE THIN RED LINE.

(Painted by Robert Gibb, R.S.A. By permission from the Engraving published by A. Ramsden, Esq., 9, Argyll Street, W.)

were in two parallel columns: on the inner, nearest the enemy, were one squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the Scots Greys; on the outer another squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Further to the rear were the Royal Dragoons and the Fourth Dragoon Guards.

Scarlett's decision was instantly formed. The Russian cavalry—we must not forget there were about 3,000 of them—was halted, a great, inert mass, just in the condition to invite



attack. Without a moment's hesitation, the English general wheeled the first column into a line, a short line composed of barely 300 sabres, and charged. The second column also formed into line and came on in support. Scarlett himself, a fine old man with snow-white moustaches, who rode straight and sat strong in his saddle, headed the charge; his aide-de-camp, Alick Elliot, a bold sabreur, who had seen much fighting in India, galloped by his side; close behind came the general's trumpeter and his orderly: and these four brave men—general, lieutenant, and two private troopers—crashed first and alone into the middle of the enemy's heavy column, where they were at once engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, sword against sword. What the fight was may be judged from the fact that the general received five wounds and Alick Elliot received fourteen.

One squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons followed Scarlett in the front line; with them came two squadrons of the Scots Greys—two regiments that have ever been close comrades and friends. On each flank behind rode in second line a second squadron of the Inniskillings, and the 5th Dragoon Guards; in extension of the last named were the 1st or Royal Dragoons. As our gallant "heavies" raced forward, eager to overtake their chivalrous leader, who was already in the thick of the fight, the Russian cavalry advanced a little, but had no heart for it, and halted irresolute, their very numbers helping to encumber and confuse them. The impact of our charging horsemen carried all before it. "There was a clash and a fusion as of wave meeting wave," the combatants joined issue, "swords rose and fell," then almost in a moment the vast mass of Russian cavalry broke up—three thousand conquered by eight hundred—and, turning, fled fast and in great disorder from the field.

This "truly magnificent charge," as it was called by a French general who was present.

"the most glorious thing" he ever saw, won universal admiration from all. The enormous odds, the unhesitating promptitude of the attack, the fierce, enterprising courage shown in the conflict, roused the spectators—of whom there were crowds of both armies and all arms above—to enthusiasm. Sir Colin, clannish as ever, rode at once to his dear countrymen, and, uncovering, apostrophised them thus: "Greys, gallant Greys, I am sixty-one years of age, but if I were young again I should be proud to serve in your ranks." Lord Raglan showed his appreciation by despatching an aide-de-camp with a special message of congratulation to Scarlett, couched in the simple words, "Well done."

But now the mistakes began. The first was in the neglect of Lord Cardigan (who commanded the Light Brigade) to make Scarlett's victory absolutely decisive. The broken Russian cavalry, retreating, passed within easy striking distance of Cardigan's splendid and still untouched force. Had he acted now with vigour the enemy must have been completely annihilated. He held 700 superb horsemen ready, within a quarter of a mile. Yet he never moved a man, nor made a sign. His excuse was that his commanding officer, the divisional general, Lord Lucan, had left him with precise instructions to remain on the defensive. Lord Lucan subsequently denied this strenuously. He admitted that Lord Cardigan was expected to defend the position he occupied, but he declares that he expressly told him "to attack anything and everything" that came within reach of him. The ordinary rules of war, if properly interpreted by Lord Cardigan, were also against him. Defence or no defence, it was his bounden duty to improve the occasion. The Russian cavalry, which had been scattered by Scarlett, should have been wrecked and utterly ruined by Cardigan. But with obstinate misconception of his duty the latter remained supine, and the enemy was suffered to escape.

Worse was to follow. Lord Raglan, who from the heights above saw the whole performance, was much chagrined by the inactivity of the Light Cavalry, and sought by despatching repeated orders to correct it. He first directed Lord Lucan to use Cardigan's brigade in recovering the Causeway Heights, of which the Russians by their retreat were losing hold. Lord Lucan did nothing of the kind. He satisfied himself that the operation was one for infantry, or for combined action, the cavalry in support of infantry, and till that could be effected he would not move. The infantry, however, through the independence, not to say insubordination, of General Sir George Cathcart, did not arrive; and so for half an hour the still uninjured Light Cavalry paused, and a great and golden opportunity was lost.

The next step taken by the Russians stimulated Lord Raglan to issue another and more decisive order. It seemed as though the enemy, by bringing up horse teams, intended to carry off the guns captured in the Turkish redoubts. This must be prevented, and Lord Raglan felt that it could be done most quickly by the cavalry. So he sent Captain Nolan—a brave soldier whose name is indissolubly connected with the catastrophe that followed—with a fresh message to Lord Lucan. It was an order in writing, "directing the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns."

These guns were on the high ground above. Lord Lucan could not see them, or what the Russians were doing, and he accordingly did not understand the order. Some critics say now that its wording should have been more precise and explicit. Anyhow, Lord Lucan misinterpreted it, and got into his head that the guns meant were the Russian guns in action firing at them, and that the "advance" ordered was against those guns. He protested; such an attack would be useless, mad, and while he still hesitated to obey Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, chafing at the delay, broke in with the words—"Lord Raglan orders that the cavalry should attack immediately." Nettled by this, as he thought, implied impertinent rebuke from a junior officer, the Lieutenant-General hotly retorted: "Attack, sir! Attack what?" Nolan, with a wave of the hand, made, according to Lord Lucan, in the direction of the battery at the end of the valley, said: "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns." Whether or not this was what Nolan intended we shall never know, for he was killed very shortly afterwards. But the general belief nowadays is that, as he had just left Lord Raglan and the high ground, he meant something very different.

The terrible mistake was now set going, and the mischief speedily increased. Lord Lucan, having misconstrued his orders, and declining to exercise his own judgment in correcting them, rode over to where Lord Cardigan sat at the head of the Light Brigade, and told him to advance down the valley. Lord Cardigan did not actually demur. "Certainly," he said; "but allow me to point out that there is a battery in

front of us and guns and riflemen on either flank." "I know it," replied Lord Lucan; "but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey." Then Lord Cardigan, without hesitation, bowed before the fiat, and quietly turning round, cried out, "The brigade will advance."

He was going, and all that rode with him, to almost certain destruction.

It is the proud privilege of the cavalry leader, as I have shown in the case of General Scarlett, to ride in the forefront of the battle, to be the "first man in" when charging. Lord Cardigan, whatever his tactical skill, was undoubtedly as "brave as a lion"—Lord Raglan's own words—and he at once placed himself alone well in advance of his staff and of the squadrons that followed him. The regiments in the first line were the 13th Hussars and the 17th Lancers; the latter were supported by the 11th Hussars; in a third line came Lord George Paget with the 4th and the 8th Hussars. Lord Cardigan sat tall and erect in his saddle—a noble figure—on a thoroughbred chestnut horse; a couple of horses' lengths behind him rode his aide-de-camps, Maxse and Sir George Wombwell. So the gallop began in the Valley of Death—a splendid act of devoted heroism.

It was the order, and it had to be obeyed. Almost at the start a strange incident occurred, and the whole mischance, but for cruel fate, might have been avoided. Captain Nolan rode suddenly across the front of the advancing brigade, and greatly to Lord Cardigan's indignation, seemed to be interfering with the command, shouting and waving his sword, as though he, and not the general, was at its head. The action and the gesture were not then understood; but by the light of what followed we may easily interpret them. Nolan had seen from the direction of the charging squadrons that they were going desperately wrong. He knew that they should be making for the Causeway Heights, not for the end of the valley, and he hoped by this violent indication to correct their mistake. Alas! his intention was speedily and prematurely foiled. While he was still pointing out the right road, a fragment of a shell struck him in the breast, and killed him on the spot. Yet after death he still sat erect, until his horse, feeling no hand about his bit, wheeled round and galloped home. Then the inanimate corpse dropped, and was dragged some distance along the ground.

There was no hope now of arresting the horsemen in their glorious but mad career. "Led by Lord Cardigan," says Sir Edward Hamley, who was an eye-witness of the charge, "the lines continued to advance at a steady trot, and in a minute or two entered the zone of fire, where the air was filled with the rush of shot, the bursting of shells, and the moan of bullets, while amidst the infernal din the work of destruction went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to the ground." This fire came from the guns on the flanks; presently, the brigade was near enough to be decimated by the battery in front; but, nothing daunted, the survivors increased their pace, and dashed in at last among the guns. The Russian gunners were cut down as they served them. Small knots of Englishmen charged straight at great masses of the enemy's cavalry and forced them to retreat. The struggle went on hand to hand between the many and the still undaunted few, until the latter had almost melted away.

Then all that was left of the Light Brigade emerged from the smoke of the battle, and the survivors came dropping back by twos and threes across the plain. Two small bodies only showed any signs of coherence. About seventy men of the 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars kept together in formation, and cut their way home through three squadrons of Russian Lancers; another party of about the same strength, of 4th and 11th Hussars, were led out by Lord George Paget, and overcame an intercepting force of Russians. But after the charge no light cavalry regiment existed as such; all were partially destroyed. Out of some 673 men, 247 were killed or wounded; and almost all the horses were killed. This was the murderous work of not more than twenty minutes in all, including the start, the struggle, and the retreat.

Lord Cardigan—who had been the first to enter the battery, and who had used his good sword with splendid prowess—survived to bear the consequences of his "heroic but self-destructive exploit." The error was plain, but the deed was so splendid that it could not be very severely condemned. Lord Raglan was, of course, cut to the heart by the loss of his cavalry Light Brigade. He reproved Lord Cardigan angrily, asking how he dared attack a battery in front "contrary to all the usages of war"; still he could not withhold his admiration of the charge, which he characterised as the finest thing that was ever attempted. The French general Bosquet, who saw it from first to last, said of it that it was magnificent, but

THE HEAVY CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.

(From the painting by Major Elliot, by permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Pall Mall, W.)

that it was not war—"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." As for Lord Cardigan and the principal actors, their remarks deserved to be recorded in proof of their unshaken courage. When the general declared aloud that the charge was a "mad-brained trick," or a "great blunder," some of the gallant little band of survivors cried out: "Never mind, my lord, we are ready to do it again."

Although it is earnestly to be hoped that British troops may never again be wasted upon so foolish an enterprise, still the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava is a precious heritage, the glory of which will last for all time. We think more now of the achievement than of the mistake that made it possible. Greater and more imposing feats of arms have since been performed, but none which redound more thoroughly to the credit of the soldiers who were engaged.

Some doubts still prevail as to the side on which victory remained. The Russians carried off the captured guns, and they remained in the possession of the Causeway Heights—both distinct triumphs. On the other hand, the brave demeanour of the 93rd and the splendid valour of our cavalry greatly raised our military prestige, and the Russians would never again willingly meet our troops in the open field. Even in the ensuing fight at Inkerman they only attacked because supported by the knowledge that they were in overwhelming numbers. Still, we lost the outer line of the Balaclava defence; we lost the command of the Woranzoff road, and were in consequence restricted to other and worse tracks, which were to be found nearly useless in the winter months. The hardships and privations of the British besieging army were greatly aggravated if not entirely caused by the Battle of Balaclava.

PLAN OF THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

The Spaniards' last stand in Chili: MAIPO. 5 April, 1818.

By W. B. Robertson.

ONE fine September afternoon in the year 1816 a squadron of cavalry might have been seen pursuing its leisurely way in a southerly direction along the eastern slopes of the Andes. It had set out from Mendoza, and its destination was the fort of San Carlos, where on the morrow some singular proceedings were to commence. At its head rode General San Martin, and in its train followed a number of baggage mules strangely laden. These carried 120 goatskins of grape brandy, 300 skins of wine, large quantities of spurs, bridles, and such-like trappings, hats and handkerchiefs, all the embroidered and lace dresses that the patriotism of Buenos Ayrean ladies had induced them to part from, glass beads, and other trinkets—all destined for presents to the Pehuenche Indians, whom General San Martin had invited to a conference.

At eight o'clock next morning the Pehuenches, in full war-paint, began to appear in front of the fort. Each chief rode at the head of his warriors, and was met by an escort of Buenos Ayrean cavalry, who kept up an irregular fire of blank cartridges from their pistols as they advanced on to the esplanade in front of the fort. Here the women and children, who brought up the rear of their several tribes, filed off, and without dismounting took up a position on one side of the square.

When it was ascertained that all the tribes had arrived, a series of sham fights began, in which only the warriors of one tribe engaged at a time, vying with each other in displaying their skill in the arts of savage warfare. As they galloped, curvetted, and pranced through their various manœuvres, they presented to the European eye a somewhat grotesque spectacle. Their long hair was unconfined, their bodies, naked from the waist, were painted with different colours, and the bodies of their steeds were also stained and in full fighting costume. At intervals of six minutes a gun was fired from the fort, and this salute was answered by the Indians slapping their mouths with their open palms, and making other signs and noises expressive of their satisfaction at the honour that was being bestowed upon them.

By noon all the tribes had severally participated in these mimic acts of warfare, and then the real business of the conference began. The chiefs, leaving their warriors drawn up and still under arms on the esplanade, proceeded into the fort, and took their seats in the order of seniority at a long table. At the head of the table sat General San Martin, flanked on one side by the governor of the fort, and on the other by Father Julian—a Franciscan friar who was there as interpreter. It was soon explained to the assembled chiefs that all that General San Martin wished of them was permission to pass unmolested with his army through their territory on his way to Chili "to attack the Spaniards, who were strangers in the land, and whose intentions were to dispossess them of their pastures, their cattle, their wives, and their children." It was also enjoined upon the savages that they were expected to keep the projected route of the liberating army a secret from the Spaniards, otherwise the latter would be able to fall upon it in the mountain passes and annihilate it.

Dead silence now fell upon the assembly, the painted savages wearing the appearance of sages wrapped in the profoundest meditation. By-and-by one after another, quietly and without interruption, gave expression to his views, and in the end it was discovered that the Pehuenches agreed to grant San Martin's request. All now rose and successively embraced the general in token of the friendship that had just been established between them. On the result of the

conference being communicated to the Indians outside, these at once unsaddled and surrendered their horses to the care of members of the garrison. They next deposited their arms—lances, hatchets, and knives—in the barrack-room, so that the carousals they were now about to enter upon might be attended with consequences as little serious as possible.

We shall not stay to depict the frightful excesses the Indians now indulged in. On the fourth day San Martin's presents were distributed amongst them, and of these the hats and embroidered dresses, which they put on the moment they received them, seemed to please them most. For two weeks the drunken orgie was kept up, and then the Pehuenches returned to their tents as they came forth—empty-handed except for their arms. All San Martin's presents had gone back to Mendoza in the hands of dealers, to whom they had been bartered for spirits!

Meanwhile San Martin had long left for the headquarters of his army, and was busily engaged in completing what has been described as one of the most extraordinary feats recorded in military history—to wit, the organisation of the Army of the Andes. With his eyes upon their snow-clad summits he had said:—"What spoils my sleep is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains." And now for two years he had been unceasingly labouring to rival the achievements of Hannibal and Napoleon in crossing the Alps—not for the mere sake of rivalling them, but for the purpose of liberating Chili from the Spanish army then occupying her. As his final instructions from the Buenos Ayrean Government said: "The consolidation of the independence of America from the kings of Spain and their successors, and the glory of the United Provinces of the South, are the only motives of this campaign. This you will make public in your proclamations, by your agents in the cities, and by all public means. The army must be impressed with this principle, and shall have no thought of pillage, oppression, or of conquest, or that there is any idea of holding the country of those we help."

In addition to the difficulty of passing "those immense mountains" that shut him out from Chili, there was the danger of meeting a prepared and expectant foe, entrenched on chosen ground, with all the means at its command of hurling destruction upon his army while on the march. It was to overcome this danger that San Martin had with so much circumstance, as already described, cultivated the friendship of the Pehuenche Indians. There were six known practicable passes for him to lead his army into Chili by, and of these the Pehuenches commanded the entrance to the most southerly and the easiest, viz. El Portillo and El Planchon. By these, as we have seen, he had asked for and received permission from the Indians to go; by these, too, he gave out to his most intimate adherents he intended to go, telling them, moreover, that he had made arrangements with the Indians to supply cattle and provisions to the army while on the march. Yet was all this simply a *ruse*. As he foresaw, the Pehuenches soon sold his secret to the Spaniards, with the result that President Captain-General Marco, who commanded the Spanish army in Chili, transferred the greater part of his forces from the north to Talca and San Fernando. This splitting up of the royalist army was precisely what San Martin desired, and to keep up the deception he sent bands of light troops by the southern passes, while the main army laboured in safety across the passes of Uspullata and Los Patos.

It was on the 17th of January, 1817, that the famous Army of the Andes broke up its cantonments and marched from Mendoza. Previous to its departure an impressive ceremony took place. General San Martin ascended a platform that had been erected in the great square of Mendoza, and, waving the flag which had been embroidered by the ladies of the town, said:

"Soldiers! This is the first independent flag which has been blessed in America.

"Soldiers! Swear to sustain it, and to die in defence of it, as I swear to do."

"We swear!" was the response that came from thousands of tongues, followed by a triple discharge of musketry. Then a salute was fired from twenty-five guns to the new flag, which was destined to play so important a part in the redemption of South America, and which ultimately served as a funeral pall to the body of the great commander who had now presented it to his army.

That army when it set forth was made up as follows:—2,800 infantry mounted on mules, with a spare mule to every five men, and 150 baggage mules; 200 chiefs and officers of infantry, with three saddle mules and one baggage mule to every two officers, and two baggage mules to every chief; 900 cavalry and artillerymen, with three saddle mules for every two men

and five baggage mules for every 50 men; 60 chiefs and officers of cavalry and artillery, with 90 saddle mules and 40 baggage mules; staff, with 71 saddle and 46 baggage mules; hospital and hospital attendants, with 47 saddle and 75 baggage mules; company of artificers, with tools, 500,000 musket ball cartridges, 180 loads of spare arms, with 87 saddle and 683 baggage mules; spare horses for cavalry and artillery, 1,600. Besides the foregoing, which comprised the main army, flanking parties were sent up by the mountain passes to the north and south of

"IT BECAME NECESSARY TO MAKE A STAND" (*p.* 539).

74 saddle and 30 baggage mules; 120 workmen, with implements to render mountain tracks passable, 180 saddle and 10 baggage mules; 1,200 militia, in charge of spare mules and the transport of artillery, 1,800 saddle mules; provisions for 15 days for 5,200 men, 510 baggage mules; 113 loads of wine (rations being a bottle per day each man), 113 baggage mules; train conducting a cable bridge, grapples, etc., 65 baggage mules; field-train of artillery, 110 rounds per gun, Los Patos and Uspullata, to pursue a guerilla warfare and mislead the enemy on the subject of San Martin's route.

The provisions of the Army of the Andes were comprised mainly of jerked beef highly seasoned with capsicum, toasted Indian corn, biscuit, cheese, large quantities of onions and garlic. The latter was a necessity against the *puna* or *soroche*—a peculiar disease that affects men and animals at these high altitudes. It was

administered to the horses and mules by being rubbed on their nostrils. Another part of the fifteen days' provisions was taken in the shape of 700 oxen, which marched with the army, and were slaughtered as required. At distances apart of twelve leagues stocks of provisions were left in depôts in charge of small guards of militia. These were, in case of defeat, to save the remnant that might succeed in making good their escape, from starvation during their retreat. Every precaution notwithstanding, nearly the whole army became affected with *puna*, and many died. The intense cold, too, of the higher altitudes, near the line of everlasting snow, killed many more. Even the mules, than which no hardier beast of burden is known, dropped hourly under their loads, so that their carcases were continuously in sight along the whole line of march. Out of the 1,600 horses, too, whose sole business it was simply to transport themselves, and of whom the greatest care was taken, that their usefulness in time of action might in no wise be impaired, not more than 500 survived to tread Chilian territory.

The army, as we have already remarked, left Mendoza on the 17th January, 1817. On the 24th its leading files entered the mountain passes. It was arranged in three divisions, each of which was entirely independent of the others. Two of these divisions went by Los Patos, the first under General Soler, and the second, a day's march in the rear, under General O'Higgins; while the artillery, under General Las Heras, took the pass next to Los Patos on the south—the Uspullata pass, which was easier and more suited for the transit of heavy guns and ammunition. General San Martin himself went by the pass of Los Patos. The whole army was under orders to debouch on Chilian territory from the 6th to the 8th of February.

An interesting insight is here obtainable into San Martin's strategy. We have seen how cleverly, through the instrumentality of the Pehuenches, he had induced the Spanish general to divide his forces. The consequence was, on issuing into Chilian territory, he had less than half the Spanish army to oppose his advance. "March separately, strike combined," was the famous dictum of a later strategist, the renowned Moltke. So far as the nature of the territory would permit, San Martin had marched separately. His separate marching divisions, however, like separate parts of a machine packed up for transit, had to be put together before a general engagement could be entered upon. To understand in an elementary way how he accomplished this it will suffice for the reader to imagine a lofty mountain with an army on one side of it. The different divisions of another army are winding round the base of this mountain in opposite directions, and with the intention of meeting where the enemy is stationed. What happens? The enemy cannot remain stationed there, else it will be between two fires. It must retire from the mountain base. It does so. The different divisions of the other army meet, unite their forces, draw up in order of battle, charge, and win the victory.

Such in bald outline is the strategy that won the battle of Chacabuco. The lofty mountain was the great peak of Aconcagua. Round its northern side ran the Los Patos road, the pass by which the divisions of Generals Soler and O'Higgins had come; on its southern side ran the Uspullata road, the pass by which the artillery under General Las Heras had come. These forces converged upon Chacabuco, and on February the 12th, less than a month from the time of its leaving Mendoza, the Army of the Andes had totally routed the only obstacle that lay between it and Santiago, the capital of Chili, which it entered in triumph on the 18th. Had Chacabuco been more vigorously followed up, the Spaniards might have been entirely expelled from Chili. As it was, they were able to collect their scattered forces and retired upon Talcahuano, whence by no effort on the part of the Patriots could they be driven out.

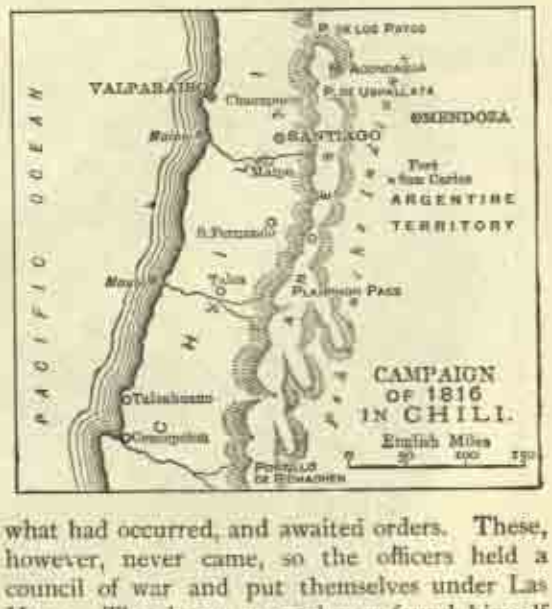
With this firm footing still in the south of Chili, the Spaniards prepared to make a supreme effort to regain their former mastery. An expedition was accordingly fitted out by Pezuela, Viceroy of Peru, which was still under Spanish dominion, and, under the command of General Osorio, Pezuela's son-in-law, sailed from Callao, December 9th, 1817. This expedition comprised three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery, and with the garrison at Talcahuano, where it disembarked, made a total strength of 6,000 men. With this force Osorio began to advance northward towards Santiago. Generals O'Higgins and Las Heras, who had laid unsuccessful siege to Talcahuano, and were still in that quarter, now fell back towards Talca, while San Martin, whose army had been encamped near Valparaiso, moved southwards to form a junction with them. This he accomplished on the 15th of March, 1818, at San Fernando, and found the united forces under his command to amount to 7,000 infantry,

1,500 cavalry, 33 field pieces, and 2 howitzers. He had thus the superiority in point of numbers over Osorio. Osorio's troops, however, were professional soldiers, while the main body of the Patriot army were merely civilians with little more than a year's experience of actual campaigning.

San Martin now advanced southward to meet the foe, while Osorio, ignorant of the numbers and movements of the united army, crossed the river Maule in his northward march upon Santiago. The armies consequently soon met. This was on March 18th, at Quechereguas, where the Royalist vanguard, being worsted in an encounter with the Patriot advance, Osorio beat a precipitate retreat. San Martin now pressed forward upon the retiring Spaniards, and sought by an oblique movement to his own left to interpose between them and the ford of the Maule. Next morning both forces crossed the river Lircay at the same time at points seven miles apart, and continued to march all day in nearly parallel but gradually approaching columns. In the afternoon Osorio's rear was so terribly harassed by the Patriot cavalry, under General Balcarce, that it became necessary to make a stand. This was done an hour before sunset, when Osorio wheeled into line.

His position was now a strong one. His right rested on Talca, his left on the river Claro; while his front was defended by a broken stretch of ground, known as the Cancharayada. Some sharp skirmishing now ensued, but the deepening twilight deferred all thought of a general action. Meanwhile the Royalist generals, scanning the Patriots through the gloom from the church tower of Talca, held a council of war. The pusillanimous Osorio advised a stealthy retreat in the night. General Ordoñez, however, opposed this, pointing out the peril of such a course with the deep and rapid Maule behind them and a superior foe in front. "In instant action," said he, "is our only safety. If you, Osorio, will not lead us, I myself will lead." The other officers agreeing with Ordoñez, Osorio retired to a convent to pray, leaving Ordoñez in command. The latter now drew up in line of battle, placing cavalry on his wings and artillery in the intervals between the different battalions, and marched straight upon the beacon fires of the Patriot vanguard.

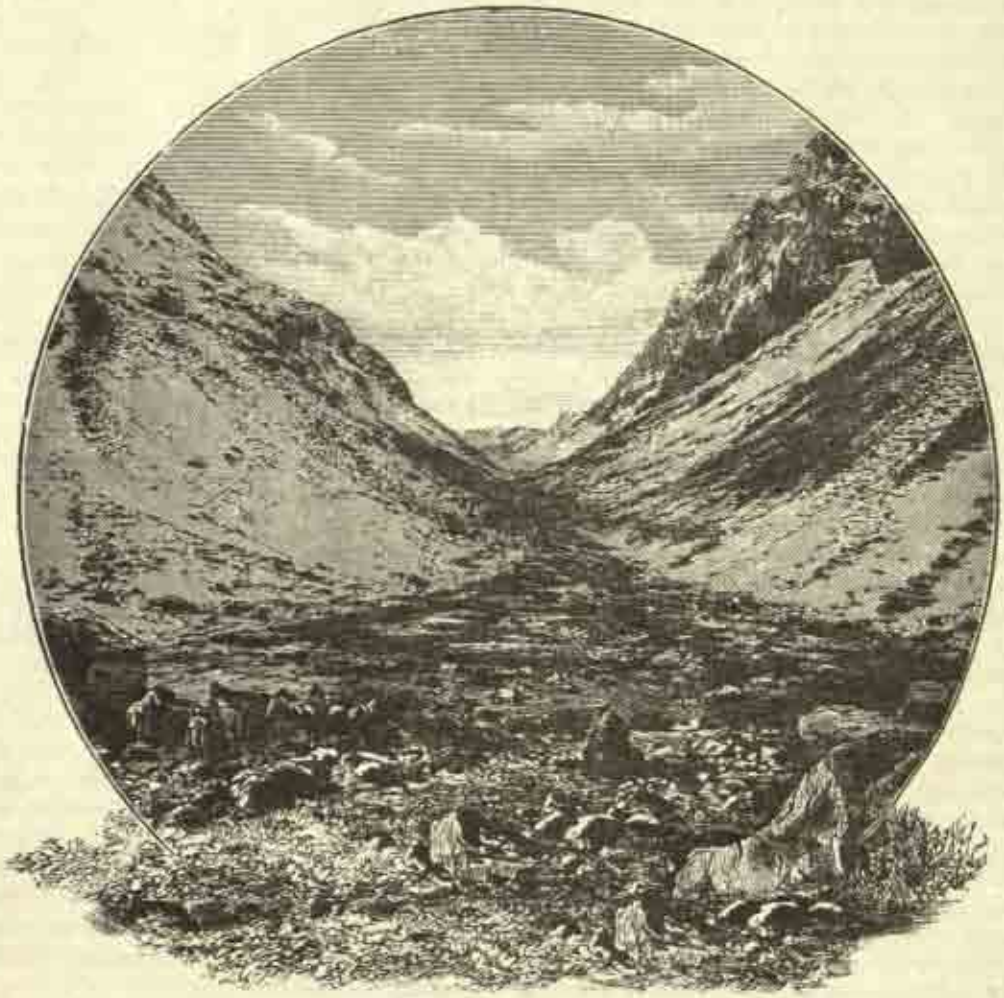
Meanwhile San Martin, who had been warned by a spy of what was going on in the Royalist camp, dissatisfied with his position, had ordered some battalions of Chilian artillery from his front to his extreme right. While this manœuvre was still in performance, the Patriot outposts raised the alarm that the enemy was upon them, and almost immediately the Royalist right, led by Ordoñez himself, charged. Something in the nature of panic now overtook the Patriots. O'Higgins had his horse shot beneath him, and received a bullet in the elbow. In the confusion the Patriots shot many of their own friends. San Martin, at whose side an aide-de-camp was killed, tried to restore order. It was all in vain, and he was obliged to retire, followed by O'Higgins with the remnant of his division. Meanwhile the Patriot right, still entrenched in their secure position, were in utter ignorance of



what had occurred, and awaited orders. These, however, never came, so the officers held a council of war and put themselves under Las Heras. That brave general now found himself in command of 3,500 men, but without cavalry and without ammunition for his guns. Placing his guns in the centre, and forming his infantry into one compact column, he began his retreat soon after midnight.

Meanwhile, fugitives from the Patriot army fled with the speed of the wind to Santiago. Here their fears enlarged the disaster that had befallen. Everything, according to them, was lost. The entire army was dispersed, San Martin was slain, O'Higgins was mortally wounded, and the Spaniards were in full march upon the capital. Consternation now ensued. The people, in dismay and terror, began to move their valuables to convents and nunneries, and such places as they thought likely to be respected in the pillage and devastation soon to be wrought by the Spanish army. Many fled; those that could

not were frantic with terror. The Government officials, likewise—who are eager to fill lucrative offices in times of peace, and whose duty it was to restore confidence—shared, and thereby added to, the general disorder, thinking only of the public treasure, not as a treasure for the public good, but as a treasure from which



THE USPULLATA PASS.

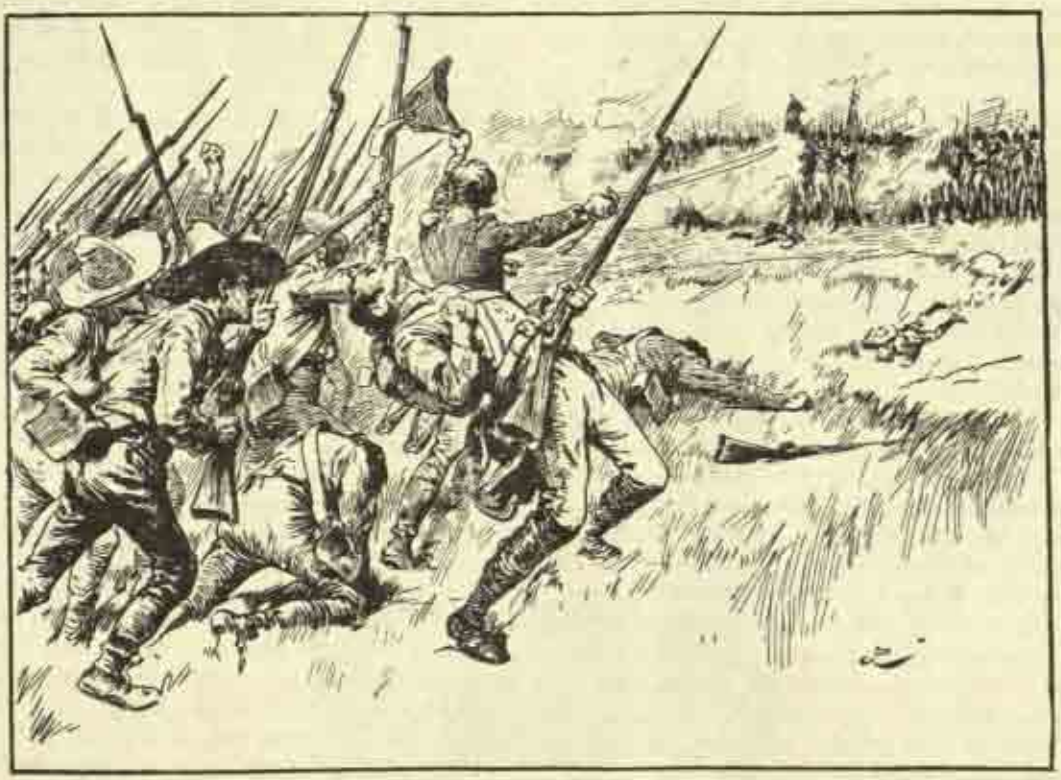
they must not be separated, and began to move it away with their own worthless bodies, until they were obliged to return by the timely arrival of San Martin and O'Higgins, whose exertions and vigorous measures soon brought the panic-stricken inhabitants back to their sober senses.

Everyone now felt that the supreme moment was arriving, and that, if the cause of South American independence was to be saved, it must be saved now. It was immediately decided, at a council of war held the same day on which San Martin arrived, to make a stand against the Spanish advance on the plain of Maipo, about seven miles south of the city. The work of re-assembling the fugitives and reorganising the army was instantly proceeded with, and on March 28th Las Heras came up with the division he had conducted in so masterly a manner from the almost fatal field of Cancharayada. In two days more the recently dispersed army was re-organised and ready for action. It comprised five battalions of Chilian and four of Argentine infantry, making a total of 4,000 men; two regiments of Argentine and one of Chilian cavalry, numbering 1,000, and 22 guns. The entire strength did not exceed 6,000 men. The Spanish forces numbered about the same. On April 2nd they encamped on the left bank of the river Maipo. On the 3rd, having left the main

road to Santiago and crossed the river lower down, they encamped at Calera. Thence, on the 4th, they advanced to the estate of Espejo, at the farmhouse of which Osorio established his headquarters. Close at hand lay the Patriot army, and to both sides it was clear that a fight was imminent.

The scene of the battle that we are about to witness is a plain named after the River Maipo, which rises in the Andes, and, after an impetuous course of 130 miles, enters the Pacific forty-five miles south of Valparaiso. Towards this plain there extends from Santiago a stretch of high land, on whose crest was encamped the Patriot army. In front of the western extremity of this crest, a stretch of low ground lying between, the high land appears again in the shape of a triangular patch. On this triangular patch lay the Royalists, while behind, and a little beyond its south-western angle, was the farmhouse of Espejo, connected with the higher ground by a sloping road shut in by vineyards and mud walls. The low ground between the two opposing camps varied from 300 to 1,250 yards in width, and was hemmed in on the west by a hillock which acted for the Royalist left as a kind of advanced work.

General San Martin had his army arranged in three divisions, facing south-west—the first division under General Las Heras on the right, the second under General Alvarado on the left, and the third as a reserve, in a second line, under Quintana. The brave O'Higgins, still suffering from his wound, had to content himself with remaining in command of the garrison of Santiago.



"THE DIVISION UNDER ALVARADO WAS CROSSING THE LOW GROUND" (*p.* 542).

San Martin kept the cavalry and reserve under his own orders, besides directing the general operations. After issuing minute instructions as to the conduct of the troops in action—specially enforcing that on no account were they to await a charge from the enemy, but at fifty paces distant should rush forward to the attack with sword or bayonet—he rode to the front, attended by a small escort, to examine the position and movements of the enemy.

"What dolts these Spaniards are!" he exclaimed, after a careful scrutiny which disclosed to his keen eye a weakness in their position. "Osorio is a greater fool than I thought him. I take the sun as witness that the day is ours."

And, while he was yet speaking, the sun shone forth from a clear sky over the snow-capped ridges of the Andes.

Another incident that occurred later, while the Patriot columns were advancing from their camping ground, was the degradation and dismissal of a leading officer before the whole army. Marshal Brayer, who had been the nimblest to get back to Santiago after the disaster of Cancharayada and the foremost to magnify it, rode up to San Martin and made the preposterous request that he be permitted to go to the baths of Colina.

"You have the same permission," replied the general quietly, "that you took at Cancharayada. But as half an hour will decide the fate of Chili, the enemy being in sight, and as the baths are thirteen leagues off, you may stay if you can."

Brayer, complaining of an old wound in his leg that he said was causing him pain, answered that he couldn't stay. This fairly nettled San Martin, who, turning upon him sharply, said—

"Señor general, the humblest drummer in the united army has more honour than you!"

Then following up this severe reproof, he instantly issued orders that every soldier in the army be informed that Marshal Brayer, the general of twenty years of warfare, was that moment dismissed for unworthy conduct.

On reaching the edge of the high land on which they had been encamped, the Patriots were drawn up in order of battle, with four heavy guns in the centre, light pieces and cavalry on the wings, and the reserve two hundred yards behind.

The Royalists commenced the game. Primo de Rivera was sent by Osorio with eight companies of infantry and four guns to occupy the hillock that formed the western boundary of the low ground between the armies. From here he could effectively attack the Patriots in their right flank if they crossed the low ground. His connection with the main army was maintained by a body of cavalry, under Morgado. The main army still occupied the triangular table land; two infantry divisions, with four guns each, and cavalry on the extreme right.

The next move was made by San Martin, who ordered the two divisions under Las Heras and Alvarado to attack the enemy. Las Heras, it will be remembered, occupied the Patriot right, and so had Primo de Rivera to oppose. To this end he resolutely advanced to an intervening hill under the fire of Rivera's four guns. While these were playing upon Las Heras the cavalry on the Patriot right, charging Morgado, drove him and his horsemen from the field. Rivera was thus isolated from the main body; and all that Las Heras had to do was to keep him so, and to check his advance.

Meanwhile, the division under Alvarado was crossing the low ground, its right flank being no longer in danger from Rivera, whose hands were now full, in consequence of the movement of Las Heras, and the dispersion of his supporting cavalry. It arrived at the foot of the elevated ground occupied by the Royalists, climbed the slope, and even reached the high land without opposition. Then a sudden and a vigorous charge burst upon them, and they were hurled down the hill with severe loss. The Spaniards followed up this advantage, pursuing the beaten Patriots across the low ground, until they found themselves being blown to pieces by the four heavy guns in the Patriot centre, and which were still stationed on the crest of the high land, and so were forced to retire.

The critical moment in the battle had now arrived, and San Martin was not slow to perceive it. He ordered Quintana to advance with his reserve to the support of the left wing, which had just been broken back, and to do so by an oblique movement from right to left across the low ground, so as to take the Spanish infantry in the flank. On the way Quintana was reinforced by three battalions of Alvarado's retiring division, and so was enabled to fall upon the Spanish infantry with all the greater force. His attack, all the same, was stubbornly resisted. But the Spaniards were being out-generaled on every hand. The Patriot cavalry, on the left, had already charged and put to flight the Royalist cavalry, on the right; and now returning, fell upon the other flank of the infantry. Meanwhile, Alvarado had rallied the rest of his broken division, and now he, too, bore down upon the Spaniards, eight guns accompanying him.

Osorio, seeing the main portion of his army being worsted, recalled Primo de Rivera from the hillock to the rescue; and then, like the coward that he was, fled. Ordoñez now assumed the command: but the battle being practically lost and won, he withdrew his men from the field, retiring upon the farmhouse of Espejo. Rivera having abandoned the hillock, Las Heras was released with his division to lend momentum to the already irresistible advance of the Patriots,

which indeed had now become a pursuit. At this point the disabled O'Higgins arrived on the field, and hailed San Martin as the saviour of Chili.

There was some hard and bloody fighting to do yet though. Ordoñez had safely gained Espejo and made hasty preparations for its defence. Las Heras was the first general officer to arrive before it, and gave orders for the occupation of the high grounds commanding it round about. General Balcarce, however, who was in general command of the infantry, arriving, ordered an immediate attack. Colonel Thompson led the assault with a battalion of light infantry, but was received by a terrific fire of grape and musketry, and driven back with all his officers wounded and 250 men killed. This cooled Balcarce's impetuosity, and the advice of Las Heras was taken. Fire was opened from seventeen guns occupying the high ground, and the enemy driven from its outer defences into the houses and vineyards. Then the foot soldiers advanced, broke through the mud walls, and took the houses by assault. The carnage was sickening, and would possibly have continued until there was not a Spaniard to kill had not Las Heras, who, like all brave men, was also humane, at great risk to himself, put forth all the efforts at his command, threatening even to shoot his own soldiers unless they desisted, to check the ferocity of the victors. The brave Ordoñez thought it no dishonour to surrender his sword to the equally brave Las Heras.

Such, then, was the battle of Maipo, equalled in importance in the whole war of South American independence only by the battles of Boyacá and Ayacucho. The Spanish loss amounted to 1,000 killed; 1 general, 4 colonels, 7 lieutenant-colonels, 150 officers, and 2,200 men taken prisoners; besides twelve guns, four flags, large quantities of small arms, ammunition, and baggage captured. The Patriot loss exceeded 1,000 killed and wounded. General Osorio succeeded in escaping by the coast, and arrived at Talcahuano with only fourteen followers. These, joined by 600 other fugitives, left Chili as soon as possible by sea for Lima. The Army of the Andes had done its work. It had liberated Chili from Spanish dominion.

SANTIAGO.

Eylau. *Feb: 7 and 8.* Friedland. *June 14 1807.*

By H Sutherland Edwards.

THE battles of Eylau and Friedland were closely connected with one another and with the Treaty of Tilsit (July 7th, 1807), to which they led. At the beginning of 1807 it seemed that the destinies of Europe were about to be decided on the shores of the Baltic, where a mighty struggle was pending between the resources and genius of the North in conflict with those of the South; between Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia on the one part, and on the other Napoleon—or "Bonaparte" as he was then called—Emperor of France and King of Italy. The latter derived support from the nations he had subdued: Italy, Spain, Holland, and a great portion of Germany. The former were dependent, in a measure, on the goodwill and co-operation of Great Britain and Sweden. The battle of Eylau, however—the first in which Napoleon received a check, though not a defeat—was fought by the armies of Russia and Prussia against those of Imperial France.

The Russians in a general sense occupied, as they always must in conflict with the nations of the West, a very advantageous position; for, even if unsuccessful, they could be sure, in their retreat, of drawing the enemy into an inhospitable and barren country, while they on their side would be able to obtain both reinforcements and supplies. The battle of Eylau was claimed both by the French and by the Russians as a decisive victory; though it really decided nothing. Napoleon's immediate object in attacking the Russians was to drive them back, and advancing upon Königsberg occupy the ancient capital of Prussia and seize the king; which he failed to do. But the more important aim of the Russians and Prussians was to drive the French from the country they had invaded; and towards this result they made no effective step. The French at the end of the second day's fighting occupied the field of battle, tended the enemy's wounded, buried the dead, and remained in their positions for upwards of a week; after which they returned, unmolested, to winter quarters.

In numbers the French were superior to the enemy, in the proportion of 75,000 to 70,000; but they had the climate against them, and Napoleon found but little opportunity of employing his infantry. This can scarcely be taken into account in reckoning up the opposing forces. But as a matter of fact, the battle was won by the French cavalry and artillery; and in both these arms, Napoleon was stronger than the allies. Though Napoleon's infantry took but little part in the action, one particular regiment, the 25th, suffered so severely that it lost nearly the whole of its officers. "To the officers of the 25th regiment," says the brief monumental inscription recording the fact. One other peculiarity of this remarkable battle may be noted: some of the Tartar regiments in the Russian army were armed with bows and arrows—to the great amusement, it is said, of the French artillery. An English publicist, writing soon afterwards of this sanguinary encounter, found cause for satisfaction in the fact that although our political interests demanded the defeat of the French, the troops of civilisation had shown themselves able to put back the northern hordes. Considering, however, that the French were superior in numbers to the Russians, that they were better armed, and that they were commanded by Napoleon in person (whose presence on the field was estimated by Wellington as equivalent to an additional forty thousand men), the wonder is that the Russians, who formed the bulk of the allied army, were able not only to hold their ground against the French for two successive days, but when they at last retired, to do so without being seriously pursued. For if at the end of two days' fighting the French occupied the field of battle, they took care not to advance beyond it.

After the fatal day of Jena, King Frederic

(*From the Picture by Gros.*)

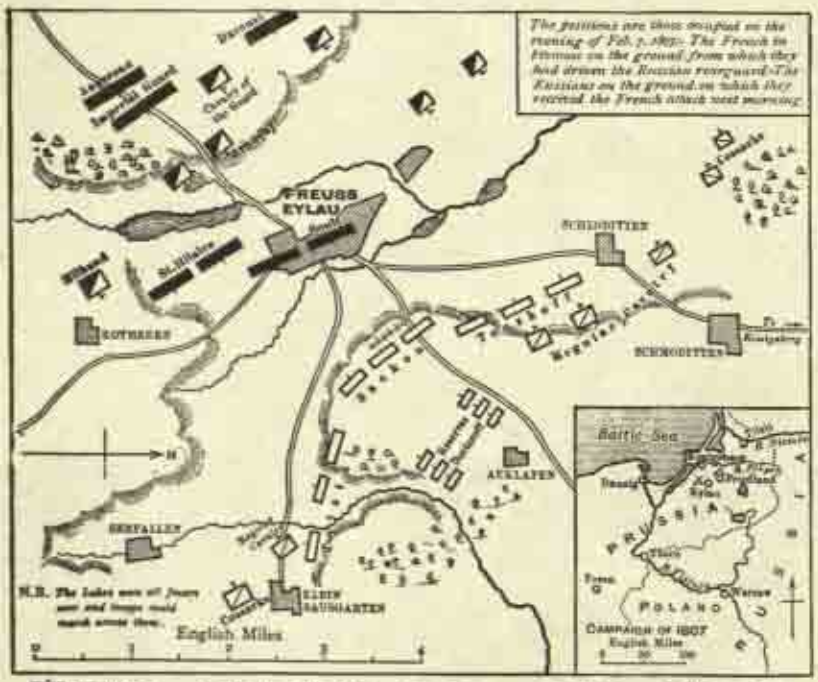
NAPOLEON AT EYLAU.

William of Prussia found himself reduced to one province and 25,000 soldiers. He and his court retired to Königsberg, there anxiously to await the arrival of the Russians; and no sooner had Prussia's powerful allies come within reach than Napoleon prepared to attack them. After several reconnaissances in force and partial encounters, Napoleon by a skilful and formidable flank movement forced Benningsen, the Russian commander-in-chief, to retreat to Eylau, a small town on the Pasmar, about twenty-two miles south-east of Königsberg. Marshal Soult, in rapid pursuit, entered the place at the head of his corps almost at the same time as the Russians. A collision took place in and around the Eylau cemetery, where the fighting was kept up with fury on both sides for several hours, until night came on. The Russians then fell back behind the town, but lighting their camp fires, showed that they had no intention of retreating further. They evidently meditated a renewal of the conflict on the following morning.

Napoleon lost no time in ordering Marshals Ney and Davoust to take up their positions—the former on his left, the latter on his right; and Davoust was on the right of the French early the next morning, ready to fall upon the Russian flank. Ney's corps, however, being at some distance, it was impossible to communicate with him in time for the next day's battle.

On the following morning, February 8th, the Russians commenced the attack with a brisk cannonade on the village or town of Eylau, held only by one division under St. Hilaire. To the Emperor's military eye a hill commanding the town presented itself as the most important object of attack. Until this was carried the centre of the army would be unable to act offensively against the enemy, for it would be impossible to execute the necessary operations of extending it in the plains. Marshal Augereau was therefore ordered to advance with his corps and to open a cannonade against this commanding spot. He was suffering from rheumatism and fever; and unable to sit firmly on horseback, had caused himself to be strapped to the saddle. He directed, however, a vigorous artillery-fire upon the key of the position; and the armies being now within short distance of one another, every shot took effect. The slaughter was terrific. At one moment it appeared from the movements of the Russians that, impatient of suffering so much without any decisive result, they wished to outflank the French on the left wing. But at that moment Marshal Davoust's sharpshooters appeared, and fell on their rear. Upon this Augereau's corps filed off in columns to attack and occupy the centre of the Russian army, which might otherwise have overwhelmed Davoust by its superior numbers. At the same time the division commanded by General St. Hilaire filed off to the right in support of Davoust, and in order to facilitate eventually a junction between Davoust and Augereau.

No sooner had these movements been begun than so thick a fall of snow covered the two armies that neither could see beyond the distance of two feet. The point of direction was



Battle of EYLAU, February 7-8, 1807.

lost, and the French columns, inclining too much to the left, wandered about in uncertainty. This darkness lasted half an hour. When the weather cleared up, 20,000 Russian infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery, were on the point of executing a turning movement, with the view of cutting off the division of General St. Hilaire. The French army was in the most critical position. It was without cohesion. Its columns were straggling about in all directions, incapable of supporting one another. Many superior officers, including Augereau, had been wounded. The latter, assisted into Napoleon's presence, complained bitterly of not having been adequately supported.

Napoleon saw the danger, and calling for Murat, said to him: "Are you going to let us be devoured by these people?" He then ordered a grand charge to be executed by the cavalry of the whole army. Eighty squadrons took part in it, and the masses of French horsemen broke through the lines of the Russian army, to sabre the enemy right and left. The Russian cavalry, in endeavouring to oppose this movement, were routed with great slaughter. But it was the Russian infantry, against which the charge had been directly made, that especially suffered. Its two massive lines were utterly broken. The third, falling back, rested for support upon a wood.

The fortune, however, of the battle was not much changed until Davoust, whose progress had been greatly impeded by the weather, was at last enabled to fall on the rear of the enemy and drive them from the hilly ground. The Russians, after repeated attempts to regain the ground they were constantly losing, beat a retreat, leaving behind them masses of killed and wounded and a portion of their artillery.

The battle seemed won. But at this moment took place what Napoleon had been constantly fearing might occur: the arrival on the scene of a Prussian force, from 7,000 to 8,000 strong, under General Lestocq. The Prussian commander was being pursued by Marshal Ney. But he was some two or three hours ahead of his enemy, and the battle would certainly be decided before Ney could come up. The rapid entry into action of new troops has often had a determining effect upon a battle of which the issue was previously doubtful. The part played by the Prussians at Waterloo, by the French at Inkerman, are cases in point. But eight years before Waterloo the sudden appearance of Prussian reinforcements at Eylau had no effect, except perhaps to modify the character of the French victory and of the Russian defeat. But for the assistance rendered by the Prussians, the French might have routed the Russians and executed the meditated advance upon Königsberg. As it was, General Lestocq held the French to some extent in check; and the balance had in some measure been restored between the contending forces, when Benningsen, just as he was proposing a final attack, received news of the approach of Ney, who was about to fall on his left flank as Davoust had previously turned his position on the right. A final retreat was now ordered, and Benningsen was at least able to boast that his line of retreat was the one chosen by himself. He marched, that is to say, in the direction of Königsberg without being seriously pursued by Napoleon, who throughout the battle had kept Konigsberg constantly in view, and more than once had sought to encourage his troops by pointing to the just visible steeples of the ancient Prussian capital.

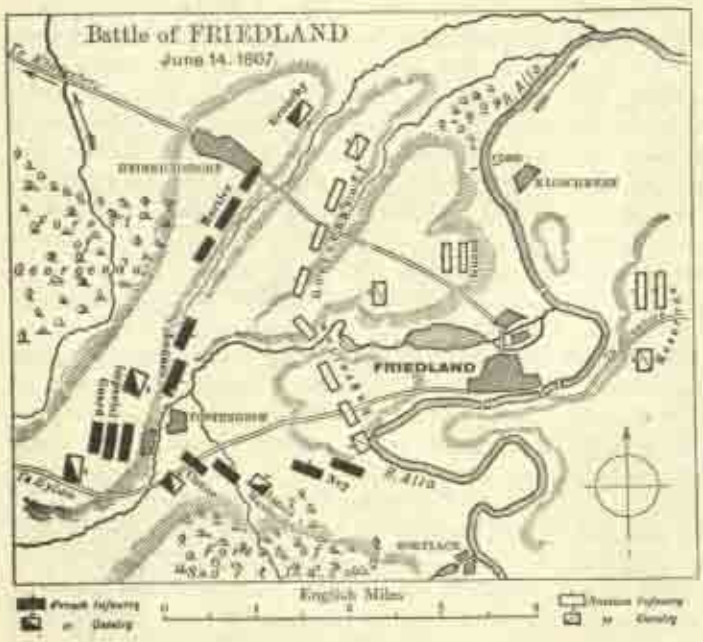
It had been the design of Bonaparte to take Königsberg, but he was forced to fall back on the Vistula. It had been the design of the Russians to drive back the French beyond the Vistula, to retake Ebling and Thorn, and to force them to raise the sieges of Colberg, Gaudenz, and, above all, Danzig. But by a series of successive actions they were themselves driven back by the French as far as Eylau, and, on the day after the great battle, beyond the Pregel.

Sixty-three years later, a similar question arose as to which side had gained the victory in a battle fought at Bapaume, in the north of France, between the French under General Faidherbe and the Germans under General von Goeben. The French drove back the Germans, and occupied at night the positions held by the Germans in the morning. This looked like victory. But the object, said General von Goeben, of the French attack was to break through the German lines and march towards Paris for the relief of the siege; and this the French did not do.

The doubtful victory of Eylau not being sufficient for the Emperor's glory, there was now no possibility of Napoleon's returning to Paris until after the accomplishment of an unmistakable conquest. Danzig, it is true, had fallen. But the Russian army was still in a threatening position, and had to be disposed of.

Napoleon's army, meanwhile, had been increased, through the fall of Danzig, by more than 30,000 men; and, though there was neither truce nor armistice, he did not take any immediate

measures for opening the campaign and surprising the enemy, according to his usual system, by the promptitude and rapidity of his movements. He, on the contrary, manifested every symptom of a sincere and even somewhat earnest desire that hostilities might be, for the present, terminated by negotiation. Till this could be arranged, Napoleon seemed determined to remain on the defensive. The ambassadors attending his court at Finkenstein were witnesses of the proud eminence on which he now stood, and abundant care was taken that they should fully understand the importance of his recent conquest—the great bulwark of the Vistula. When the ambassador of the Porte was presented, on the 28th May, by the Prince of Benevento, Napoleon declared that he and the Sultan Selim would be for ever after as inseparably connected as the right hand and the left. The offices and administration of the Government were now transferred from Warsaw to Danzig, which seemed at this time to be intended for the capital of the French dominions in those parts. The recently captured city was visited on the 30th May by Napoleon, at the head of the greater part of his staff, together with his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and all his Court. The Emperor reviewed his troops, and gave orders for the reparation of the works demolished in the course of the siege. General Rapp—a great favourite—was appointed governor, and Le Febvre created Duke of Danzig. Each soldier who had been engaged in the siege received a gratuity of ten francs.



In the meantime the light corps of the army advanced in various directions in order to pass the Russians, and get between them and their magazines, by cutting off their retreat to Königsberg: and soon afterwards the headquarters of the French army arrived at Eylau. Here the fields were no longer covered with ice and snow, but, on the contrary, presented one of the most beautiful scenes in Nature. The country was everywhere adorned with beautiful woods, intersected by lakes, and enlivened by handsome villages. On the 13th, while the Grand Duke of Berg and the Marshals Soult and Davoust had orders to manœuvre in the direction of Königsberg, Napoleon, with the corps of Ney, Lannes, Mortier, the Imperial Guard, and the 1st Corps, commanded by General Victor, advanced on Friedland. On the same day the 9th regiment of Hussars entered that town, but was driven out of it again by 3,000 Russian cavalry. On the 14th the Russians advanced on the bridge of Friedland, with the intention of pursuing their march to Königsberg, and at three in the morning a cannonade was heard. "It is a lucky day," said Napoleon; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Marengo." Different movements and actions now took place, by which the Russians were stopped on their march. A mighty struggle was unavoidable, and both armies prepared for a decisive battle. By five in the evening, the several corps of the French were at their appointed stations. Marshal Ney was on the right wing, Marshal Lannes in the centre, and Marshal Mortier on the left. The corps of General Victor and the Guards formed the reserve. The cavalry, under the command of General Grouchy, supported the left wing; the division of dragoons of General La Tour Maubourg was stationed as a reserve behind the right; and General La Housay's division of dragoons, with the Saxon Cuirassiers, formed a reserve for the centre. The whole of the Russian army was

also drawn up in the best order that the place and circumstances seemed to admit. The left wing extended to the town of Friedland, and the right wing a league and a half in the other direction. The position taken up by General Benningsen was apparently one continued plain, which, however, was intersected by a deep ravine full of water, and almost impassable. This ravine ran in a line between Domnow and Friedland, where it formed a lake to the left of that place, and separated the right wing of the Russians from their centre. A thick wood at the distance of about a mile and a half from Friedland, on more elevated ground, fringed the plain nearly in the form of a semicircle, except at its extremity on the left, where there was an open space between the wood and a narrow river. In front of the wood about a mile from the town of Friedland, and nearly opposite to the centre of the army, was the small village of Heinrichsdorf. The field of battle lay between the left of this village and the river, to the south of Friedland.

Bonaparte, having reconnoitred the position of the enemy, determined to take the town of Friedland. Suddenly changing his front and advancing his right, he commenced the attack with the advanced part of that wing. The firing of twenty cannon from a battery was the signal of battle. At the same moment the division under General Marchand, supported on the left by another division, advanced upon the enemy, the line of direction being towards the steeple of the town. When the Russians perceived that Marshal Ney had left the wood in which his left wing had been posted, they

"SEVERAL RUSSIAN COLUMNS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE RIVER." (*p.* 550).

endeavoured to surround him with some regiments of regular cavalry and a multitude of Cossacks. But General La Tour Maubourg's division of dragoons rode up at full gallop to the right wing, and repelled the attack. In the meantime General Victor—who commanded, as has been mentioned, a corps of the Grand Army—erected a battery of thirty cannon in the front of his centre; and his works, pushed forward more than four hundred paces, greatly annoyed the Russians, whose various manœuvres for producing a diversion were all in vain. Marshal Ney was at the head of his troops, directing the most minute movements with his characteristic intrepidity and coolness. Several Russian columns that had attacked his right wing were received on the point of the bayonet and driven into the river. Thousands were thus lost, though some escaped by swimming.

In the meantime Marshal Ney's left wing reached the ravine which surrounded the town of Friedland. But the Imperial Guard of Russia, horse and foot, had been placed there in ambush; and it now rushed suddenly on Marshal Ney's left wing, which for a moment wavered. Dupont's division, however, which formed the right of the reserve, fell on the Russian Imperial Guard and defeated it with great slaughter. Several other bodies were sent from the centre of the Russian army for the defence of the all-important position of Friedland. But the impetuosity, the numbers, and the prompt and skilful co-operation of the assailants with an immense artillery prevailed. Friedland was taken, and its streets bestrewed with dead bodies. The attempts of the Russians on the left wing of the French being defeated, they made repeated attacks on their centre. But all the efforts of their infantry and cavalry to obstruct the progress of the French columns were exerted in vain. Marshal Mortier, who during the whole day had exhibited the greatest coolness and intrepidity in supporting the left wing, now advanced, and was in his turn supported by the fusiliers of the Guard, under the command of General Savary. The French columns pressed forward on the Russians, chiefly along the sides of the ravine; which was thus as advantageous to the French as disadvantageous to the Russians. Victory, which had never, in the judgment of the French generals who drew up the bulletin, been for a moment doubtful, now declared decidedly in their favour.

The field of battle presented one of the most horrible spectacles of wounded, dying, and dead men and horses that was ever beheld. The number of the dead on the side of the Russians was estimated by the French at from 15,000 to 18,000, and that of the dead on their own side at less than 500. But they admitted that the number of their wounded amounted to 3,000. Eighty cannon and a great number of covered waggons and standards fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Russians were pursued in their retreat towards Königsberg till eleven o'clock. During the remainder of the night the cut-off columns endeavoured to pass, and part of them did pass, the river at several fordable places. But next day covered waggons, cannon, and harness were everywhere seen in the stream. "The battle of Friedland," says the French bulletin, "is worthy of being numbered with those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. The enemy were numerous, had fine cavalry, and fought bravely."

Next day, June the 15th, the Russians endeavoured to re-assemble on the right bank of the river, while the French army manœuvred on the left bank to cut them off from Königsberg. The heads of the hostile columns arrived at Wehlaw, a town situated at the confluence of the Alla and the Pregel, nearly at the same time. The Russians at daybreak on the 16th passed the Pregel, and continued their retreat to the Niemen. The French bulletin says that "having destroyed all the bridges, they took advantage of that obstacle to proceed on their retreat." If, however, there were several bridges on the Pregel, they must (as was pointed out in reply) have left one at least standing till they had crossed the river themselves, though the French gazetteers would insinuate that they escaped only by means of the demolition of all the bridges.

The consistent and true account of the matter seems to be that which is given by an eye-witness of the campaign, who says that "at Wehlaw the Russian army passed the Pregel, without any loss or even annoyance, on a single bridge. A detachment of 4,000 French troops watched their movements, but did not oppose their retreat. The bridge was then burnt, and the Russians continued their retrograde movement to Pepelken, where they were rejoined by the Prussian corps under General Kaminskoy, who had been detached to Königsberg on the 10th, for after the defeat of the main Russian army Königsberg was untenable."

At eight in the morning Napoleon threw a bridge over the Pregel, and took up a position

there with his army. Almost all the magazines which the enemy had on the Alla had been thrown into the river or burnt. At Wehlaw, however, the French found an immense quantity of corn. Possession was taken of Königsberg by the corps under Marshal Soult. At this place were found some hundred thousand quintals of corn, more than 20,000 wounded Russians and Prussians, and all the arms and ammunition that had been sent to the Russians by England, including 160,000 muskets that had not been landed. The French bulletin continued as follows: "It was on the 5th of June that the enemy renewed hostilities. Their loss in the ten days that followed their first operations may be reckoned at 60,000 men, killed, wounded, taken, or otherwise put *hors de combat*. They have lost a part of their artillery, almost all their ammunition, and the whole of their magazines on a line of more than forty leagues. The French armies have seldom obtained such great advantages with so little loss."

Over the conduct of this short campaign on the part of the Russians, as well as its commencement after the reduction of Danzig, there still hangs a mysterious cloud. After this important event, and the addition that was made to the French army by the liberation of between 30,000 and 40,000 fighting-men, it was universally supposed that General Benningsen would "play the part of Fabius." As the possession of Danzig and the peninsula of Nehrung gave great facilities to the French for turning the right flank of the Russian army on the north, it was supposed that instead of making an attack, he would fall back behind the Pregel, and support his right on Königsberg, where he would be nearer his resources, and the French further from theirs. Thus, also, time would have been afforded for the execution of those military plans which were projected in Swedish and Prussian Pomerania. The conduct of the Russian general, which had been so much extolled when his operations were supposed to have been successful, was now, as commonly happens to the unfortunate, severely condemned. The grounds of censure appear, indeed, to have been at least very plausible. But the world did not then know, nor do we now know, the whole of the case. That the Russians should have lost in the course of ten days 60,000 men, while the French had only about 1,200 killed and 5,000 or 6,000 wounded, appears so monstrous an exaggeration that even the policy of it may reasonably be questioned. Yet the losses and disasters of the Russians were admitted by themselves to have been immense. General Benningsen did not attempt to conceal the real situation of affairs after the battle of Friedland, as he had done after that of Eylau; and he did not hesitate to give it as his opinion that any further contest with the French on the field of battle would be hopeless.

It was computed by the most dispassionate and competent judges that the French commenced this short campaign of ten days with 160,000 men, including all kinds of troops stationed between the Oder and the Alla; and that the allies had about 100,000 effective men, infantry and cavalry, besides Cossacks, Bashkirs, and other irregular troops. It was acknowledged by French officers that from the 5th to the 14th June the Grand Army had lost in killed and wounded at least 20,000 men.

On the 19th, at 2 o'clock p.m., Bonaparte with his Guards entered Tilsit.

Although the Russians were completely beaten at Friedland, they had presented such an obstinate resistance both at Friedland and at Eylau that Napoleon now thought it worth his while to make peace with them in the first place at the expense of Prussia, Russia's powerless ally, and secondly at the expense of all Europe, with a special view to the injury of England. Overtures of peace were accordingly made, and the result was a meeting of the two Emperors at Tilsit. Prussia was now entirely sacrificed, the King losing all his possessions, with the exception only of Memel. Without abandoning the Duchy of Warsaw, formed out of the Polish provinces taken from Prussia, to which was afterwards added the whole of western Galicia (the best part, that is to say, of Austrian Poland), Napoleon arranged, beyond doubt, with Alexander a partition of the continent of Europe. The treaty was, of course, not made public. But in reference to its provisions Napoleon in his speech to the Senate, in August, 1807, said: "France is united to the people of Germany by the laws of the Confederation of the Rhine, to those of Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, by the laws of our federative system. Our new relations with Russia are cemented by the reciprocal esteem of these two grand nations."

Many were the stories told of the peaceful, conversational collisions between Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit, sometimes during the conferences, often when the conferences were not taking place, and the two monarchs were talking privately together. Alexander declared himself

a disbeliever in the hereditary principle, to which he owed everything. Napoleon, on the other hand, who had in no way profited by this principle, was its warm partisan.

Once when the French and Russian Emperors were walking out together, they met a French sentinel of the Imperial Guard, whose face was terribly disfigured.

"What do you think of soldiers," asked Napoleon, "who can survive such wounds?"

"And what do you," replied Alexander, "of soldiers who can inflict them?"

"*Ils sont tous morts!*" interrupted the sentinel.

"Your side is always victorious," said Alexander, with a smile.

"Thanks to the timely support of my Guard," answered Napoleon.

This sort of military *marivaudage* is reproduced by M. Thiers in his "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," though the light, vaudevillistic style of repartee was not at all in harmony with the character of Napoleon's mind.

Numbers of persons professed to know, almost immediately after the event, what had taken place at Tilsit; and one political agent sold what he declared to be the secret articles of the Treaty to the English Government, which, according to M. Thiers, wasted its money in buying them. What, however, could two such powerful sovereigns do—already masters of nearly the whole continent of Europe—but develop a project for uniting their forces and perpetuating their dominion!

COSSACKS.

The Liberation of Tyrol and Three Captures of Innsbrück

April–August 1809

by A. J. Butler

FIVE hundred and thirty years ago the land of lofty mountains and deep valleys called Tyrol was made over by its last Countess to the Duke of Austria; and from that day to this the people have owned no sovereign but the head of the House of Hapsburg. Above all, they have resisted every effort to incorporate them with Bavaria. Of the same blood and speech, customs and religion, it might have been expected that the two countries would have long ago united; but the old rivalry between the Austrian and Bavarian houses seems to have extended itself to the peoples, between whom there has always been more or less feud. In 1703 the Elector Max Emanuel, in alliance with France against the House of Austria, attempted to pass through Tyrol to join Marshal Vendôme coming up from Italy. "But," says the historian of Bavaria, "in Tyrol there dwells a breed of men loyal to their old customs and to their prince. Moreover, this people is rough and valiant, and proud of its mountains, which, with poverty, guarantee freedom and security against the might of foreign foes."

And so Max Emanuel found. He reached Innsbruck, pushed on to the Brenner, and sent a small detachment round by the Inn valley to look for the expected Frenchmen. They got as far as the bridge of Pontlatz, above Landeck. At this point the valley contracts to a gorge, and at the narrowest point the Inn, here a turbulent torrent forty or fifty yards wide, has to be crossed. The Bavarians found the bridge broken down. On the further side a breastwork had been erected. Not a single foe could be seen. Presently shot after shot cracked from the mountain side; tree-stems and rocks rolled down crushing men and horses, and cutting off all retreat, and in a few minutes such of the unlucky Bavarians as were not shot down or drowned were prisoners in the hands of the Tyrolese. A few days later the whole country was up. The alarm bells rang from every church tower; every road towards Italy was barricaded; every mountain side was alive with sharpshooters, and nothing remained for the Elector but to cut his way through the swarming foes back to his own territories, with a heavy loss of officers (including his chamberlain, Count von Arco) and men. A worthy Tyrolese peasant of those days kept a short diary, which has been preserved. Here is an extract from it:—"In 1703, on the eve of St. John Baptist (June 23) 20,000 enemies invaded Tyrol, did great damage, killed many of our people, but still more fell on their side, came as far as the Lower Meadow" (a place at the south foot of the Brenner, of which we shall hear again), "and after that were driven out by our marksmen and militia on St. Anne's Day (July 26)."

Tyrol was not troubled with a hostile invasion again till the last years of the century. In March, 1797, the French general, Joubert, attempted to cross the Brenner from Italy. Where the great eastern road through the Pusterthal falls into the Brenner road, and close to the point where the strong fortress of Franzensfeste now dominates the junction of the two railways, stands a little village called Spinges, lying in the angle between the roads, and about 1,000 feet above them. Here a peasant army awaited the French, and for some days the surrounding forests were the scene of desperate fighting. The peasants fell on with clubbed guns, and with a fury that nothing could withstand. One Prixa of Axams was found dead after the fight, with seven Frenchmen lying around him. Peter Haider brought down six with his rifle. He was then attacked by five at once. He shot one with his rifle, one with his pistol, and cut down a third before a shot laid him low. The two remaining opponents slashed him with their swords, leaving him for dead;

but it took more than that to kill a Tyrolese of those days, and Haider survived. In these mountain villages the church and churchyard often form a natural citadel. Time after time did the French storm that of Spinges. A girl of twenty-two, Katharina Lanz, who lived to relate her exploit till 1854, led the defenders. With her hair floating in the wind and her skirts well tucked up, she plied a pitchfork with a goodwill and efficiency that was too much for the French bayonets. Meanwhile the road back to Italy was blocked by an Austrian force, and General Joubert had to make the best of his way down the Pusterthal. By April 13th the enemy was out of the country.

The hostilities between France and Austria in 1805 affected Tyrol so far that Innsbruck

received a visit from Marshal Ney; an honour which the Tyrolese had done their best to decline, by offering a stubborn resistance to his passage from Bavaria by way of Scharnitz. Their positions, however, were turned; but Ney was shrewd enough to see the benefit of exasperating so warlike a people as little as possible.

In December the war ended with the Peace of Presburg; and now for the first time what Tyrol had dreaded for centuries came to pass. The province was annexed to Bavaria, and the bond of over four centuries was snapped. No more brutal disregard of national wishes and national rights was ever shown, even by Napoleon. The Bavarian Government was probably sincerely anxious to act fairly by its unwilling subjects, but it went to work all in the wrong way. Into a land of well-to-do, independent, intensely religious peasants, who had never felt the pressure of external authority, but had gone on governing themselves for centuries on the old Germanic system, the Bavarians tried to introduce all the pedantries of officialism. Compulsory enlistment was substituted for free volunteering; the local authorities were replaced by officials from Munich, who gave themselves airs;* the parish priests were removed, and the Church organisation generally interfered with to the point of persecution; the name "Tyrol" disappeared under a new-fangled division into "Circles"; worst of all, the old castle of Tyrol, near Meran, the very heart of the land, was sold by auction.

Tyrol had never abandoned the hope of recovering its freedom under its former sovereign. Communications were maintained all this time between the Archduke John, the most beloved member of the Imperial house, and certain men in Tyrol who enjoyed the special confidence of their countrymen. The most notable of these, Andrew Hofer, was an innkeeper and horse-dealer from the Passeir valley, which runs up into the mountains behind Meran. His humble inn, which still exists, stands by the wild torrent of the Passeir, where the bed widens into a little beach. From its situation, it is known as "On the Sand," and its owner was often spoken of in Tyrolese fashion as the "Sandwirth," or landlord of Sand. The position of Hofer's house is as central as any in Tyrol. From it Meran may be reached in four hours, while in the opposite direction a seven-hours' march brings you to Sterzing, halfway up the Brenner on the south side. It was, therefore, possible for Hofer with his force to attack the rear of an enemy crossing that pass in either direction. Hofer was a man of about forty, distinguished more for physical strength, kindly disposition and upright character, than for any special military talent or capacity for government. It is, indeed, a little difficult to explain the great influence which he undoubtedly exercised. Though there is no reason to doubt his courage, he showed none of the dash amounting to recklessness with which some of his subordinates exposed their lives; while his extreme good-nature, and unwillingness to distrust any man, led him especially towards the end of his career into pitiable vacillation. Nor had he any gift of eloquence, such as often has made men with no other qualification into popular leaders. Yet there can be no doubt that for five

* "The King is a nice gentleman enough," said a peasant with whom he had happened to speak when passing through the country, "but his clerks are no use."

months he was the recognised chief in the grand resistance which this little mountain-country offered; and offered for a time successfully, to the conqueror of Europe. Other leaders whose names should be mentioned were Martin Teimer, Joseph Speckbacher, and the Capuchin Joachim Haspinger. All these men had taken part in the fighting of recent years. Teimer, who was the youngest of them, being thirty years of age, had risen to the rank of major in the *landsturm*, or militia. He was probably the ablest of all the Tyrolese leaders, as he was no doubt the best educated; but he never inspired the same confidence. Joseph Speckbacher was ten years older. He was now an *employé* in the salt-works at Hall, near Innsbruck, and comfortably off. His youth had been very wild. As a boy of twelve he had taken to a poacher's life; and poaching among those mountains is a very different business from the rabbit-snaring and pheasant-netting which occasionally enlivens English coverts, and helps to fill English gaols. Even the most authorised chamois-hunting is fairly dangerous sport; and when the hunter is liable at any moment to become the hunted, and share with his game the sensation of a bullet in the ribs, unless his own wits can save him, it will be easily seen that no better training could be found for mountain warfare. Speckbacher was a man of undaunted courage, boundless resource, and a thorough knowledge of the country which was to be the chief field of operations. Father Joachim had served as an army chaplain, and had earned a medal for valour. Now he was to lead in many a fierce attack; but he made it a point of honour to carry no weapon save a great ebony crucifix, which, it was currently reported, became in his hands as formidable as the maces wielded by mediæval bishops. "The Redbeard," as he was called, was perhaps the especial favourite of the people. He, too, survived into the second half of the century.

Thus when Austria, encouraged by Napoleon's growing difficulties in Spain, plucked up courage to declare war against him once more in March, 1809, the Tyrolese were all ready to bear their part. On April 9th, Teimer and Hofer issued a general order, making it clear to every district what its special task would be. Teimer then departed to take the command in the Inn valley above Innsbruck; Speckbacher being in charge of the district between the capital and the Bavarian frontier. Hofer disseminated the order through other innkeepers—the country inns in Tyrol being the natural centres of information—until every man knew precisely what he would have to do, and had merely to await the arrival of the little note bearing the words "IT IS TIME." Another signal was given by strewing sawdust in the streams, and sending planks bearing red flags down the rivers.

The men from Passeir and the neighbourhood of Meran assembled round the little inn "on the Sand." There were some thousands of them altogether, Hofer, with his broad shoulders and mighty black beard, conspicuous among them. All wore the dress of their valley—brown jacket with red facings, a red waistcoat with broad green braces over it, a broad leather belt on which were worked the owner's initials, leather breeches, bare knees, and red or white stockings. Each man carried his heavy rifle, with which he could make pretty sure of a chamois at 300 yards; and a Bavarian was a larger mark. It must be remembered that few regular troops of that day had anything but smooth-bore muskets. Hofer made a short speech:

"When you have carved a wooden figure, may you take it to Vienna and sell it? Is that liberty? You are Tyrolese—at least your fathers called themselves so; now you have to call yourselves Bavarians. And our old castle of Tyrol has been demolished. Does that content you? If you raise three ears of maize, they demand two from you. Do you call that prosperity? But there is a Providence, and it has been revealed to me that if we plan to take our revenge, we shall have help. Up then, and at the Bavarians! Tear your foes, ay, with your teeth, so long as they stand up; but when they kneel, pardon them!"

The first shot was fired not far from the place where Joubert had been overthrown eight years before. Colonel von Wrede (who in later days was to be a thorn in the side of the French) was in command of the garrison of Brixen. Intelligence reached him that an Austrian force under General Chasteler was approaching through the Pusterthal, and on April 10th he sent a detachment to destroy the bridge over the river Rienz at St. Lorenzen, near Bruneck. The peasants were up in a moment, the detachment was not suffered to approach the bridge, and when Wrede brought up his whole force in support, it was met with a hail of bullets from the mountain side. An attempt to get the guns into a position whence their fire might destroy the bridge was frustrated by a furious charge of the peasants,

who, many of them armed only with cudgels and flails, dashed upon the troops, surrounded the guns, and hunted the gunners into the river. Wrede could do nothing but try to make his way to Sterzing, where he might unite with the garrison of that town. A force of 3,000 French under General Bisson, on its way from Italy, wisely decided to meet them in the open, where military discipline might tell. The steady fire of grape-shot and musketry checked the onward rush, and the peasant force retired into a hollow road to re-form, while girls and women from the town supplied refreshments. A second rush was similarly checked. Hofer, sitting, as one historian of these events remarks, like Moses on a hill above, and watching the fortunes of the fight, espied some loaded hay-waggons, doubtless bringing supplies for the garrison from the mountain hay-sheds. A brilliant idea struck him, or was suggested to him. If these could be brought up they would serve as cover for the sharpshooters, who could then dispose of the enemy's gunners. But at first no man ventured to bring them within range of the deadly grape. Then a girl stepped

TYROLESE GIRLS.
(Photo, F. Unterberger, Innsbruck.)

accompanied him a little below where the fortress of Franzensfeste now stands. The way from the Pusterthal to the great northern road passes through a narrow defile—the Brixener Klause, or Gorge of Brixen—and here the unlucky French and Bavarians were, of course, at the mercy of their furious enemies. Pelted with rocks, tree-stems, and bullets by an invisible foe, in momentary fear of being overtaken by the Austrians, whose advance-guard actually appeared before they were well out of the defile, they made their way with heavy loss to the plain in which lies the little town of Sterzing.

Meanwhile Hofer and his men had dashed over the Jaufen Pass. Colonel Bärenklau (this looks like a mythical name, but appears to be correct), the commander of the Sterzing garrison, forward, swung herself on to the back of one of the oxen, and, regardless of the bullets, urged the team on with whip and voice, exhorting her countrymen at the same time "not to be afraid of the Bavarian dumplings." The guns were now soon silenced; the Tyrolese fell on with the butt, and in a few minutes the whole Bavarian force, or so much of it as remained, was disarmed, and before evening

safely under lock and key in a neighbouring castle, under the guard, as often happened, of the women. All traces of the fight were carefully removed, the victors dispersed among the mountains, and when Bisson and Wrede arrived, on the following morning, April 12th, no garrison

THE CASTLE OF TYROL.

was to be found, no news of its fate could they extract, no enemy was to be seen. Puzzled, and still more alarmed, they pursued their march, or rather flight, harassed, as before, wherever a gorge or defile—of which there are many along this mountain road—gave an opportunity to the Tyrolese for their favourite tactics.

But a yet more terrible surprise awaited them. In the early dawn of the 13th, the weary, battered army, still numbering nearly 4,000, saw the domes of the Innsbruck churches below them, and hoped for a respite. A mounted officer was sent on to announce their approach to General Kinkel and Colonel Dittfurt, commanding the garrison of the capital. As he rode through the gate of the town he dropped from his horse, pierced with a bullet. To explain what had happened we must pass to the Inn valley. The village of Axams had incurred a fine for resistance to the conscription, and on the 11th a detachment had been sent to collect this. They fared little better than their comrades at St. Lorenzen, and retired, vowing vengeance. In the course of that day the whole of the valley above Innsbruck was astir, and ready to march upon the town. Meantime, Speckbacher had

summoned the lower valley to arms. All night long beacon fires blazed on the mountains which look down into the streets of Innsbruck. The morning of the 12th had hardly dawned when he was at the gates of Hall, and no sooner had these been opened as usual by the unsuspecting garrison than the Tyrolese rushed in. The officers were seized in their beds, hardly a shot was fired, and in a few minutes, with a loss of two only of his men, Speckbacher had captured 400 Bavarian soldiers. These were marched off to Salzburg, again under the escort of women, for no men could be spared from the task of liberating the country. Hall is a short eight miles from Innsbruck, and long before noon Speckbacher was with the levies from the upper valley, who were attempting to storm the two bridges that here cross the Inn just outside the walls of Innsbruck. Up to this time they had made little progress, for want of leading; but when Speckbacher, waving his hat and shouting "Long live the Emperor Francis!" placed himself at their head, they wavered no longer. The gunners fell under the terrible clubbed rifles, or were thrown into the river; some young mathematical students from Innsbruck University slewed the guns round, and poured volleys into the troops who were hurrying up from the town; the peasants pressed forward, some with no weapons but their fists; an attempt to break through with cavalry was frustrated by the sharpshooters, who by this time had got into the houses, and were dealing death from every window. To complete the victory, at this moment appeared Major Teimer, with some more or less drilled battalions of *landsturm* from the upper valley. General Kinkel, thoroughly terrified, wished to capitulate, but his more energetic subordinate, Colonel Dittfurt, declared that he would sooner die than surrender to a rabble of peasants whom a couple of squadrons could keep in order, and made a last desperate effort to rally his men. As he was speaking two bullets struck him, and he fell from his horse. Struggling to his feet, he dashed with drawn sword on the advancing mass, to be again shot through the chest. Even then he made one more effort, aided by a few officers, to dislodge some of the enemy from a position which enabled them to keep up a galling fire; but a fourth bullet, in the head, stretched him senseless, and he was carried to the main guard. After his fall the surviving troops surrendered, and Innsbruck was in the hands of the Tyrolese. It was not yet eleven o'clock.

The remainder of that day was passed in rejoicing, and, it is to be feared, to some extent in pillage. Such of the burghers of Innsbruck as were thought to have been on too good terms with the hated *Boar* were regarded as fair objects for a little plunder. At the same time, many generous actions were done by individuals in saving the lives of the vanquished. A Bavarian official was on the point of being struck down by a furious mob when a girl flung her arms round him, and asserted, quite fictitiously, that he was her betrothed. He was spared at once. A young Tyrolese who had captured a French officer took him to an inn and gave him food. The officer, in gratitude, offered him a pair of gold earrings which he was wearing. "Do you think I did it for pay?" said the lad; and only with difficulty would he accept them as a keepsake. The old imperial eagles were hunted up, and rapturously greeted when found. "Your feathers are grown again, old tail," said a grey-haired man, as, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he embraced the beloved symbol.

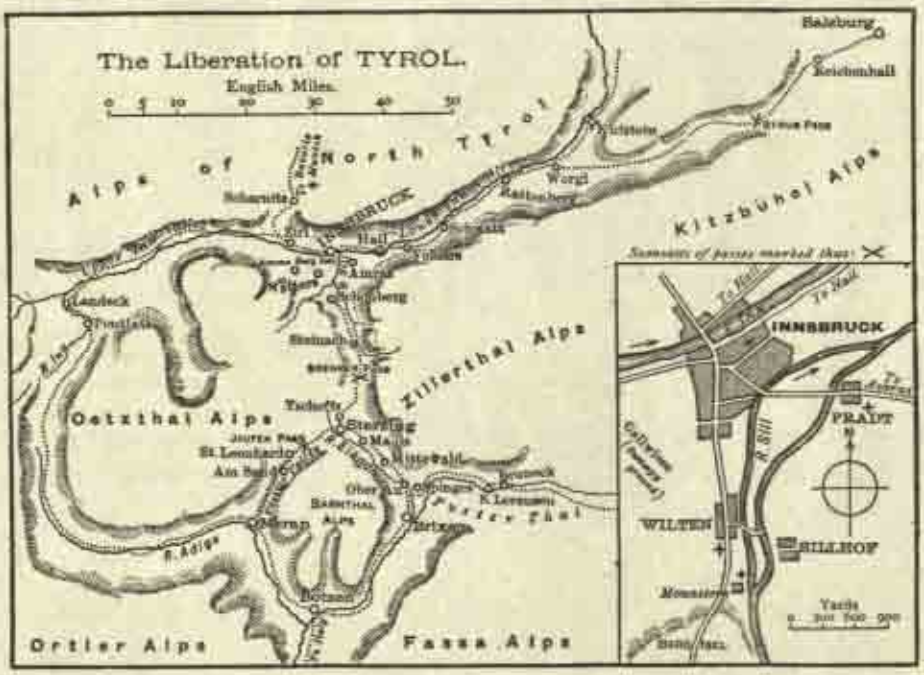
Men slept that night where they could—in streets or gardens. In the earliest dawn the alarm-bells rang, and the word went round that the French were upon them. As we know, this was the force under Bisson and Wrede; but those in the town knew nothing of the way in which they had fared on the other side of the mountains. The gates were barricaded, and all preparations made for a street fight. At five o'clock the head of the column appeared on Berg Isel; and by six they were drawn up in order of battle in the level ground that lies between the south side of the town and the foot of the mountains: Bavarians on the left wing, French on the right. At the same time a strong force of Tyrolese had slipped round to the rear, and occupied Berg Isel. They were fairly entrapped. Teimer had meanwhile extracted from General Kinkel an order bidding the Bavarian commander send someone into the town to see how matters stood; in compliance with which Wrede himself, and a French staff-officer, came in, and the former was detained, while the latter was sent back to report. The sharpshooters had already opened fire. Teimer then came himself to meet General Bisson at the suburb of Wilten. The French commander asked for a free passage into Germany, and offered to take all the flints out of the muskets before moving; but Teimer would hear of nothing but capitulation. All this time the bullets of the sharpshooters were dropping into

the dense ranks, adding to the general demoralisation, and enforcing the arguments of the Tyrolese leader. At length General Bisson yielded. The French and Bavarians laid down their arms. Two generals, 130 officers, and 6,000 men, with seven guns and 800 horses, surrendered to the Tyrolese.

Colonel Dittfurt, lying in the guardhouse, during one of the intervals of his delirium, had paused in his furious cursing, to ask: "Who led your forces yesterday?" "No one," was the answer; "each man fought as he best could for Emperor and Fatherland." "Not so," he said; "I saw him again and again: he was riding a white horse." And the story went round that St. James, the patron Saint, as it happens, of Innsbruck, had fought for his city, as of old he fought for Spain.

The Austrian troops, under General Chasteler, arrived next day; but it was not expected that the Tyrolese would be left long in undisturbed possession of their conquests. Napoleon's fury when he heard how his troops had been served by a herd of undisciplined mountaineers knew no bounds. He issued on May 5th an order of the day, in which "a certain Chasteler, calling himself a general in the Austrian service," was accused of having caused an insurrection in Tyrol, and allowed some Bavarian conscripts to be massacred; and it was directed that the said Chasteler, whenever captured, was to be brought before a military commission and shot in twenty-four hours. To the Tyrolese, of course, this mattered little, but it undoubtedly shook Chasteler's nerve, and to some extent prevented the regular troops from giving efficient help.

On May 1st a strong force of Bavarians and French, under Wrede, now general, and Marshal Lefebvre, the Duke of Danzig, occupied Salzburg. The shortest route from that city to Innsbruck lies by Reichenhall and through a narrow defile called the Strub Pass, entering the Inn valley at the little town of Wörgi. The Strub was held by Tyrolese and soldiers, 275 in all, with two guns. Wrede's entire division was sent on May 11th to force the pass, and succeeded in doing so after nine hours' hard fighting, in which the handful of defenders had four times repulsed the assailants. On the following day General Deroy, advancing by way of Inn valley, relieved the frontier fortress of Kufstein, which the Tyrolese were blockading, and on the 13th the two forces joined in the neighbourhood of Wörgl. The Bavarians had encountered a stubborn resistance all the way, and were infuriated: village after village was set on fire, property destroyed, women and children slaughtered. General Chasteler, with a force of 2,000 regular troops, having failed to prevent the junction of the Bavarians with the French,



was forced to accept battle at Wörgl and utterly routed, himself escaping only by the speed of his horse, and after the commission which was to carry out Napoleon's order had already been selected. On his way through Hall he was roughly handled by the salt-miners. The French and Bavarians marched upon Innsbruck, ravaging and burning, a task in which the former now seem to have taken the lead. At any rate, it is

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recorded that Lefebvre, enraged at the sight of the Austrian eagle over the gate of the little town of Rattenberg, was only prevented from burning the place down by Wrede's strenuous opposition. Fifty-three peasants, taken with arms in their hands, also owed their lives to the firmness and humanity of the Bavarian general, who further issued a stringent order forbidding all ill-treatment of the inhabitants. On May 19th the Duke of Danzig entered Innsbruck. Two days later Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles in the battle of Aspern, or, as the French call it, Essling; but before the news of this could have reached them, Lefebvre and Wrede, believing all opposition was at an end, and wishing to cut off the Archduke John's retreat from Italy, had returned to Salzburg, leaving General Deroy's division to hold Innsbruck.

Marshal Lefebvre was so far right, that orders had been received by the Austrian commanders in Tyrol to withdraw their troops. But he reckoned without Speckbacher. That indefatigable man, on the day of the defeat at Wörgl, had been in Innsbruck collecting all the weapons and powder upon which he could lay his hands. Then he went to General Buol, who was at Völders, near Hall, preparing to retreat over the Brenner, and vainly tried to persuade him to make a stand. Finally, climbing one of the mountains whence all the country round Innsbruck could plainly be seen, he carefully estimated the strength of the enemy, and found that he had not more than 18,000 men to deal with. On May 23rd with two faithful companions, George Zoppel and Simon Lechner, he made a dash for the Brenner. Two more joined the party at Steinach, and the five, by spreading themselves about the mountain side, and changing their position at every shot, succeeded in putting to flight a cavalry patrol of several hundred men, which had been sent up to reconnoitre. General Buol was still holding the defile of Lueg, just north of the Brenner Pass, and Hofer with 6,000 men was also there. To them Speckbacher addressed himself, pointing out that the panic among the inhabitants of the Inn valley, caused by the events of the previous days, was over, and that they were quite ready to rise again. Buol was persuaded to put 1,200 men with 6 guns at the disposal of the Tyrolese leaders; and on May 25th, Hofer took up his position at Berg Isel, while Speckbacher, with the men from the lower Inn valley, held the right wing as far as Hall. The Tyrolese numbered some 18,000; Deroy had at most 12,000, but many of these were veterans. Some isolated fights ensued that day; more than once the Bavarians attempted to storm the position, and were repulsed. In the evening heavy rain came on (it rains most days at Innsbruck) and fighting

"WITH A ROAR LIKE THUNDER THE TERRIBLE 'STONE-BATTERY' BURST OUT" (p. 363)

was suspended. Owing, it is said, to the injunctions of an old man, who pointed out to Hofer that May 29th was a great Church festival, Hofer fixed that day for the attack. This delay also gave time for Teimer, who was at Landeck, to bring his men down the valley. General Deroy, a kind-hearted old man, used the interval to issue a proclamation recommending submission, which, naturally, produced little effect, unless that of impressing the peasants with the idea that he was wavering.

On the morning of May 28th the Bavarian army was drawn up round the town of Innsbruck. The Tyrolese line extended in a great crescent to the south, its left on Zirl, ten miles above the town, its right on Völders, about as far in the other direction. The battle began on the wings. Speckbacher took the bridge of Völders and attacked Hall. On the left, Father Joachim Haspinger led the men from Meran, supported by two Austrian companies, by way of the villages of Mutters and Natters, into the marshy tract known as the Gallwiese, just above the town on the right bank of the river. He was soon at hand-grips with the enemy. A Bavarian soldier was delivering a thrust at him with his bayonet when a bullet laid the assailant low—fired over the Capuchin's shoulder, and so close that the famous red beard was singed. Only staying now and again to shrive a dying man, he pressed forward at the head of his peasants, who slowly but steadily drove the Bavarians before them. At a farmhouse called Rainerhof another gallant deed was done by a girl. With a small cask of wine on her head, and a glass in her hand, she was going about in the thick of the fight, dispensing drink to the weary men. A bullet went through the cask, and the wine began to pour out. In a moment she had it down from her head and her fingers in the holes. "I have only got two hands," she shouted; "if another bullet comes the wine will be lost. Put your mouths to all the holes, and drink while you can!" The fighting went on till noon with no definite results. An attempt of the Bavarians to storm Berg Isel, the centre of the Tyrolese position, was repulsed with the aid of Colonel Ertel's troops, though not till the right had nearly been turned by the foe. Hofer—surveying the whole field from the heights of Schönberg, where his headquarters were—cast anxious glances towards the left to see if any signs of Teimer were visible. At the head of his column, he appeared on the other side of the river; but they came up slowly, and ammunition was failing. To gain time, Hofer sent a flag of truce to the Bavarian commander, with proposals for a surrender. This was refused; but Deroy asked for a twenty-four hours' armistice, which Hofer equally declined. However, it was now too late in the day to resume the fighting, and under cover of the night General Deroy managed to evacuate the town unobserved, the wheels of the guns and the hoofs of the horses being all muffled, and to march away, never halting till the Bavarian frontier was reached. By seven o'clock next morning the Tyrolese were once more in Innsbruck.

The next month passed in tranquillity. After his defeat at Aspern Napoleon remained for several weeks on the island of Lobau, in the Danube, making his preparations to retrieve his lost ground. For reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained, the Archduke took no steps to do more than watch his foe. On July 5th Napoleon again crossed the Danube, and on that and the following day inflicted on the Austrians the decisive defeat of Wagram. An armistice quickly followed, and again all Austrian troops were ordered to evacuate Tyrol. This time the persuasions of the Tyrolese leaders were of no avail, and General Buol could do nothing but withdraw, after issuing a proclamation in which the peasants were exhorted to tranquillity and resignation. On July 30th the Duke of Danzig re-entered Innsbruck, and ordered that all weapons should be given up within forty-eight hours, and that the leaders should surrender at once. A force was sent over the Brenner, another up the valley of the Inn. Hofer, on his side, sent round a circular note calling all men to arms. On August 2nd, a body under Haspinger and others took up a position in the valley of the Eisach, a little higher up than the spot where Bisson and Wrede had been so roughly treated in April. They secured the Peisser bridge, where the road crosses the river between the hamlets of Oberau and Unterau—the Upper and Lower Meadow. Speckbacher, with the Pusterthal men, joined them, and all was made ready to receive the first enemy who should appear. General Rouyer's division had reached Sterzing on August 3rd. At 7 a.m. on the 4th the leading column—a Saxon regiment, over 2,000 strong—entered the narrow gorge below Mauls. A barricade brought them to a halt, during which they afforded a mark to Speckbacher's men. A torrent of stones also came on them. Still they moved forward as far as Mittewald, where artillery had to be used to clear the road. Fully 800 marksmen were in

front and on both sides of them, and they were losing heavily. As they reached the bridge a voice rang out overhead: "Stephen, shall I cut away?" "Not yet," came the reply. The column halted, and an orderly was sent to report the matter to General Rouyer. He ordered the advance to be continued, but, it is said, himself retired to the rear of the column. Then the voice was heard again: "Now cut, John, in the name of the most Holy Trinity!" With a roar like thunder the terrible "stone-battery" burst out. Rocks, larches, huge fragments of the mountain side, crashed down upon the luckless Saxons and Bavarians, overwhelming hundreds and cutting the column in two. The losses of the force by the day's end amounted to 1,300. In the night Rouyer withdrew his rear to Sterzing. The Saxons were surrounded, and after a gallant defence compelled to surrender. To this day the defile between Mittewald and Oberau is called the "Sachsenklemme."

Hofer, meanwhile, had again crossed the Jaufen, and lay a couple of hours' march to the west of Sterzing, in a position where he could join hands with Haspinger on the right and on the left with Speckbacher, who, with his usual rapidity, had moved to the north of Sterzing, and now occupied a line of which the centre was the village of Tschöffs. At noon on August the 6th Marshal Lefebvre, with 7,000 men and 10 guns, entered Sterzing, and at 3 a.m. on the following day marched forward to Mauls, having taken the precaution of putting on the uniform of a private soldier. He also endeavoured to clear the heights with skirmishers. Haspinger gave way at first, probably only with the view of getting his enemy into greater difficulties. When the Tyrolese really advanced, Lefebvre was beaten back, escaping narrowly with his life, and the evening found him back at Sterzing, where he tried to rally his men. But the Tyrolese gave him no rest, and on the 10th he ordered a retreat.

The column which was trying to make its way round by Landeck had no better luck. At the ill-omened bridge of Pontlatz they fared just as their countrymen had fared 106 years before. The "stone-batteries" played so effectively on them that most had to surrender, and only a third of the whole number got back to Landeck. On the 10th they were again at Innsbruck, with a loss of 22 officers and over 1,000 men.

Lefebvre arrived on the following day, but he had not been allowed to reach the capital unmolested. "The finest hunt I ever had in my life," said Speckbacher, who led the pursuit, and stuck so close to the heels of the enemy that he himself dragged a Bavarian officer from his horse, and, like one of Homer's heroes, carried off his sword and spear as a trophy. Some of the German officers seem to have found a little consolation in the thought that the French had now had a taste of the Tyrolese.

Both sides rested on the 12th. The 13th was a Sunday. In the early morning Father Joachim said mass in the church of Schönberg. Hofer made one of his short speeches: "Are you all here, Tyrolese? Then we will advance. You have heard mass, you have taken your dram. In the name of God, then." The military service in the great abbey church of Wilten was not over when the first shots were fired. The numbers were about the same—some 20,000 on either side, the Bavarians, Saxons, and French having perhaps slightly the advantage. The tactics were very much as in May. Haspinger again led the left wing, Speckbacher the right. The marshal, however, in order to keep his retreat open, had detached a force under Count Arco to hold Schwatz. The levies from the upper Inn valley were on the opposite side of the river, but they were unable to do much more than give employment to part of the enemy's force. At 2 p.m. the marshal ordered an advance. Covered by artillery fire, two regiments stormed Berg Isel, while others attacked Ambras, on the further side of the river Sill. Every foot of ground was stubbornly contested. The men of Passeir were forced to give way. Speckbacher was driven from his positions. Only Haspinger, on the left, hurled the attacking columns back into the plain. The Bavarians began to set fire to the houses. It was the worst move they could have made, as it only served to infuriate the Tyrolese. Rallying under cover of the forests, they burst out again, and after one volley charged home with clubbed guns, the weapon which served them best. All the positions were recovered, and though Lefebvre ordered five more assaults, the assailants reeled back each time with broken heads.

The struggle only ended with daylight. The Bavarians had lost 2,000 men. Count Arco had fallen, like his ancestor, to a Tyrolese bullet, but the way to Kufstein was still open; nor was Hofer desirous to drive the enemy to extremities. So long as the land was freed from his presence, it was enough. At 7 p.m. on the 14th the Marshal Duke of Danzig left Innsbruck with his whole force. That night he entrenched himself at Schwatz, but soon found that the

neighbourhood of Haspinger and Speckbacher made the position undesirable, and on the 19th he proceeded to Salzburg. For the third time in four months Tyrol was freed.

It is beside our present purpose to trace the course of events further. It may be said that for some weeks Hofer governed Tyrol from Innsbruck, with about as much success as could be expected from a peasant suddenly raised to such a position. His upright nature prevented him from making so many blunders as his want of education and experience might have been expected to lead him into. On October 4th, the Emperor's "nameday," a great festival was held, and Hofer was presented with a medal, sent by the Emperor himself. On the same day the treaty of Schönbrunn was signed, and Tyrol was finally handed back to Bavaria, and overwhelming forces were sent to enforce submission. Speckbacher was defeated on the Salzburg frontier on October 16th, and barely escaped capture. A few days after, Hofer left Innsbruck, and took up his quarters at Schönberg. Once again, on the 27th, the Tyrolese turned to bay, and inflicted some loss on the Bavarians; but on November 1st General Wrede succeeded in surprising their position on Berg Isel at a time when they were celebrating the festival of All Saints in the neighbouring churches, and inflicted a heavy defeat. Once more victory was propitious to Hofer, when, after three days' hard fighting at St. Leonhard, close to his own home, he compelled 1,200 Frenchmen, who had crossed the Jaufen in pursuit of him, to lay down their arms. But this was the last gleam of success. Hofer's mind seemed failing; he was no longer master of himself. A price was set on his head, and on December 2nd he fled into the mountains, and took refuge in a remote spot known only to himself and a few trusty friends. The secret was, however, betrayed, and at the end of January a force of 600 Frenchmen was sent to take him. He was brought to Mantua, and tried by a military commission. The majority were in favour of some penalty short of death; but Napoleon was not likely to spare the man who had baffled his generals so long, and a peremptory message commanded that he should be shot forthwith. He underwent the sentence with heroic fortitude on February 20th, 1810.

On the fall of Napoleon, Tyrol again came under its old counts.

From the Painting. ANDREW HOFER MADE GOVERNOR OF THE TYR[illegible] *by Franz Defregger.*

THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF A BRITISH ARMY IN AFGHANISTAN JANUARY 1842

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

GLORIOUS, for the most part, as have been the military annals of Great Britain, the student of them will not fail to find the record of occasional disaster. In our own time a regiment has perished under the shadow of the Isandlwana mountain, and another was all but annihilated at Maiwand. But once only in the long roll of our many wars has been consummated the total ruin of a whole British army. In January, 1842, between the cantonments on the plain of Cabul and the hillock above Gundamuk, whereon the last remnant of fighting-men sold their lives dearly, there fell upwards of 4,500 soldiers, and more than double that number of camp followers. How this ghastly catastrophe came about, and how stern retribution for it was exacted, is told in the following narrative.

In 1838 the Sutlej was the British frontier. Between that river and the mountains of Afghanistan lay the Punjaub State, then ruled by Runjeet Singh. Under evil counsel, Lord Auckland, then Governor-general of India, resolved to send an army into Afghanistan to dethrone Dost Mahomed, and reinstate Shah Soojah, who, so early as 1809, had become a fugitive and an exile. All men whose experience gave weight to their utterances denounced this "preposterous enterprise." Lord William Bentinck, Auckland's predecessor, characterised the project as an act of incredible folly. Marquis Wellesley, a previous Governor-general of great distinction, regarded "this wild expedition into a distant region of rocks and deserts, of sands and ice and snow," as an act of infatuation. The Duke of Wellington pronounced, with prophetic sagacity, that the consequence of once crossing the Indus to settle a government in Afghanistan would be "a perennial march into that country."

But Lord Auckland was determined on the undertaking. He gathered at Ferozapore an Anglo-Indian army, and sent it, with the ill-omened Shah Soojah on its shoulders, into the unknown and distant wilds of Afghanistan. That army began its march in December, 1838, and did not reach Cabul until the following August. A mere puppet in the hands of Macnaghten, the brilliant but uncertain civil servant who accompanied the new monarch in the capacity of envoy, Shah Soojah inspired the Afghans with no enthusiasm for his cause. They realised that he was restored to his throne merely by British bayonets; and they contrasted this creature of the Feringhis with his predecessor, the vigorous and masterful Dost Mahomed, who had fled across the Hindu Kush on the approach of the British troops.

The two years during which the quasi-occupation of Afghanistan lasted were far from quiescent; but the sanguine Macnaghten could not bring himself to recognise that Shah Soojah had no real grip on the country, and that the holding of the British troops was no more than the ground on which were their camps. He believed—or professed to believe—that "the country was quiet from Dan to Beersheba." "The people," he said, "are perfect children, and they should be treated as such. If we put one naughty boy in the corner, the rest will be terrified." Brave, wise General Nott, who commanded at Candahar, and who "never interfered in the government of the country," differed totally from the envoy's views. "Unless," he wrote, "strong reinforcements be quickly sent, not a man of us will be left to describe the fate of his comrades. Nothing will ever make the Afghans submit to the hated Shah Soojah." Nott regarded the situation with shrewd, clear common-sense.

In September, 1841, Macnaghten was about to quit Afghanistan. He had been appointed to the high post of Governor of the Bombay Presidency, and he was looking forward to an early departure for a less harassing and tumultuous sphere

of action than that in which he had been labouring for two troubled years. Before starting, the duty was cast upon him of cutting down the subsidies paid to the Afghan chiefs as bribes to keep them quiet. He had objected to this retrenchment; but, yielding to pressure from India, he intimated to the chiefs that their subsidies were to be reduced. They vehemently remonstrated, but without effect; and they then formed a confederacy of rebellion. The Ghilzai chiefs were the first to act. Quitting Cabul, they occupied the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, and entirely intercepted the communications with India by the Khyber route.

Macnaghten, busy with his arrangements for departure, gave himself no trouble in regard to this significant demonstration, remarking merely that it was "provoking." The time was approaching when Sale's brigade was to quit Cabul on its return journey to India, being relieved by the brigade which Shelton was bringing up. Macnaghten had intended to accompany Sale's march, for he wrote that he "hoped to settle the hash of the Ghilzais on the way down." But the Ghilzai rising anticipated him, and it spread so widely and rapidly that on October 9th Colonel Monteath was despatched to clear the passes with a strong detachment of all arms. Broadfoot, who commanded a corps of sappers, made a tour of discovery in search of entrenching tools. Driven from pillar to post, he at length betook himself to the officers in chief military command in Afghanistan. Poor General Elphinstone was a gallant soldier, but utterly unversed in Afghan warfare; wrecked in body and impaired in mind by physical infirmity, he had lost all faculty of energy; and he was so exhausted by the exertion of getting out of bed, that for some time afterwards he could not concentrate himself on business. He could give Broadfoot no instructions, and when the latter took leave, the poor old general said, "For God's sake clear the passes quickly, that I may get away; for if anything were to turn up, I am unfit for it—done up, body and mind." And this was the man whom Lord Auckland had appointed to the most responsible and arduous command at his disposal, and that in the fullest knowledge of Elphinstone's disqualifications for active service.

Sale fought his way down the passes, suffering occasionally serious losses. His European regiment—the 13th (now Prince Albert's Light Infantry)—consisted chiefly of young soldiers, some of whom, at the debouche into the Tezeen valley, after a skirmish in which an officer and several men were killed, fell into precipitate flight, hotly chased by the Ghilzais. On the steep ascent to the Jugdulluk crest, the line of march, blocked by the baggage abandoned on the summit by the main body, was compelled to halt while the rear-guard had to endure the fierce attacks of the tribesmen and the fire poured down from either side on the confused mass in the ravine below. The onslaught was valiantly repulsed; but the crest was not passed until upwards of 120 men had fallen, the wounded among whom had to be abandoned with the dead. At a council of war held during a long halt at Gundamuk it was resolved to march on to Jellalabad, which was regarded as an eligible *point d'appui* on which a relieving force might move up and a retiring force move down. Accordingly the brigade proceeded to that place, which was occupied on November 14th.

While Sale was battling his way through the passes to Gundamuk, the British people at Cabul were enjoying unwonted quietude. Since the previous summer the Bala Hissar garrison had been withdrawn; and the troops, quartered in cantonments on the plain north of the city, had ceased to be an expeditionary force, and had become substantially an army of occupation. The officers had sent for their wives to inhabit with them the bungalows in which they had settled down. There were dances and dinners, the morning "coffee house," and the evening gathering round the bandstand; a racecourse had been laid out, and there were "sky" races and more formal meetings. And so "they were eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away."

The defencelessness of the position, nevertheless, had long disquieted thinking men. The cantonments were surrounded by the caricature of an obstacle in the shape of a shallow ditch and a feeble bank over which an active cow could scramble. Their area was commanded on all sides by Afghan forts, which were neither occupied nor destroyed, in one of which were contained the commissariat stores. In all essentials of a defensive position the Cabul cantonments at the beginning of the outbreak were simply contemptible. The envoy and the general lived in the cantonments; Sir Alexander Burnes occupied a house in the city close to the Treasury, and several other officers resided in the suburbs. Shelton, with his brigade,

was in camp on the Siah Sung hills, about a mile both from city and cantonments. The strength of the British force, apart from the Shah's contingent, amounted to four infantry regiments, two batteries of artillery, three companies of sappers, a cavalry regiment and some irregular horse, all well equipped and in good order. In the Bala Hissar, Shah Soojah had a considerable body of military and several guns.

Quite unexpectedly there broke out a sudden rising on November 2nd, 1841. On that morning a truculent mob assailed Burnes's house and hacked him to pieces. The Treasury building was sacked; both houses were fired, and their sepoy guards massacred; the armed mob swelled in numbers, and soon the whole city was in a state of tumult. Prompt and vigorous action would have crushed the outbreak; but its rapid development was encouraged by the indifference, vacillation, and delay of the authorities. Shelton at length marched into the Bala Hissar with part of his force, the rest moving into the cantonments; but little else was done save to recall from the passes Major Griffith with his regiment. Urgent orders were forwarded to Sale at Gundamuk, calling him back—orders with which he did not comply. A brigade was begged of Nott from Candahar, which could not get through owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Captain Mackenzie was in charge of the commissariat fort in a suburb of the city. Fiercely attacked on the 2nd, he maintained his post with unwearied constancy until midnight of the 3rd, although his garrison was short of ammunition and crowded with women and children. No aid was sent him, the gate of the fort was fired, and his wounded were fast dying. He evacuated the fort, and fought his way gallantly into the cantonments, bringing in his wounded and the women and children. Nowhere else did the Afghans encounter any resistance, and the strange passiveness of our people encouraged them to act with vigour. From adjacent forts they were threatening the main commissariat fort, hindering access to it. The young officer commanding its garrison lost his head, whereupon the general ordered the withdrawal of him and his garrison, abandoning the fort and its contents. In this attempt several officers and men were lost. The disastrous consequences of the abandonment of the fort were urged by the commissariat officer, containing, as it did, all the stores except two days' supplies in cantonments, with no prospect of procuring any more. Orders were then given that the fort was to be held to the last extremity; but on the morning of the 5th, just as troops were preparing to reinforce him, the officer and his garrison evacuated the fort. Thus, with scarcely a struggle to save it, was this vital fort dropped into the enemy's hands, and thenceforth our unfortunate people were reduced to precarious and scanty sources for their food.

On November 9th, owing to the general's mental and physical weakness, Brigadier Shelton was summoned into the cantonments. He was expected to display some vigour, but the hope was not realised. He was a very resolute man, but was of a sullen temperament, and when worried by Elphinstone, "retired behind an uncommunicative and disheartening reserve." From the first he had no belief in the ability of the occupants of the cantonments to maintain their position, and he never ceased to urge prompt retreat on Jellalabad. He was a determined fighting-man; but the 44th, the only European regiment of the force, unfortunately had a record of misbehaviour, to which it was unhappily true during this miserable period. A sudden stampede from an already evacuated fort left the colonel of the regiment and a brave handful who stood by him to be hacked to pieces. Shelton with difficulty rallied the poltroons, but a call for volunteers from the regiment was responded to but by one solitary private. On another of those days of disheartenment Major Scott, of the 44th, made appeal on appeal ineffectually to the soldierly spirit of his men, and while they would not move the sepoys could not be induced to advance. The insurrection spread with ominous rapidity. Tidings came in that the officers of the Kohistanee regiment at Kuhdurrah had been cut to pieces by their own men. On November 13th there rode wearily into the cantonments two wounded officers, the only survivors of the Goorkha regiment stationed at Charikar in Kohistan. Major Pottinger was wounded in the leg, and Haughton, the adjutant of the corps, had lost his right hand, and his head hung forward on his breast, half severed from his body by a great tulwar slash. The final fight occurred on the 22nd on the Behmaroo heights, when Shelton, with five companies of the 44th and twelve of native infantry, with some cavalry and a gun, were assailed by Afghan masses. Shelton commanded a bayonet charge, but not a man sprang forward at the summons which British soldiers are wont to welcome with cheers; the troopers heard, but obeyed not, that trumpet

call to "Charge!" which so rarely fails to thrill the cavalrymen with the rapture of the fray. The gunners only, men of that noble force the Company's Horse Artillery, quitted themselves valiantly, and stood to their piece to the bitter end. The sombre day ended in a wild rout towards the cantonments, the Afghan cavalry making ghastly slaughter among the panic-stricken runaways.

As the result of this disaster, Macnaghten resorted to negotiations, which the Afghans designedly prolonged. At length, on December 11th, he met the principal chiefs on the river side between the cantonments and the city, with a draft treaty to which the sirdars assented. More delay occurred; but on the 23rd, the envoy, with his staff officers, Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, rode out to hold a conference with Akbar Khan, the treacherous and ferocious son of Dost Mahomed. After a brief colloquy, the unfortunate envoy was suddenly seized, dragged down the slope, and hacked to death by Afghan knives. His head was paraded in triumph through the streets of Cabul, and the mangled trunk, after having been dragged through the city, was hung up in the great bazaar.

Major Pottinger, as now the senior political

SIR ROBERT SALE.

officer, was called upon by General Elphinstone to conduct negotiations with the Afghan leaders. On the sombre and cheerless Christmas morning that brave man rose in the council of timid men who wore swords, and remonstrated with soldierly vigour and powerful argument against accepting

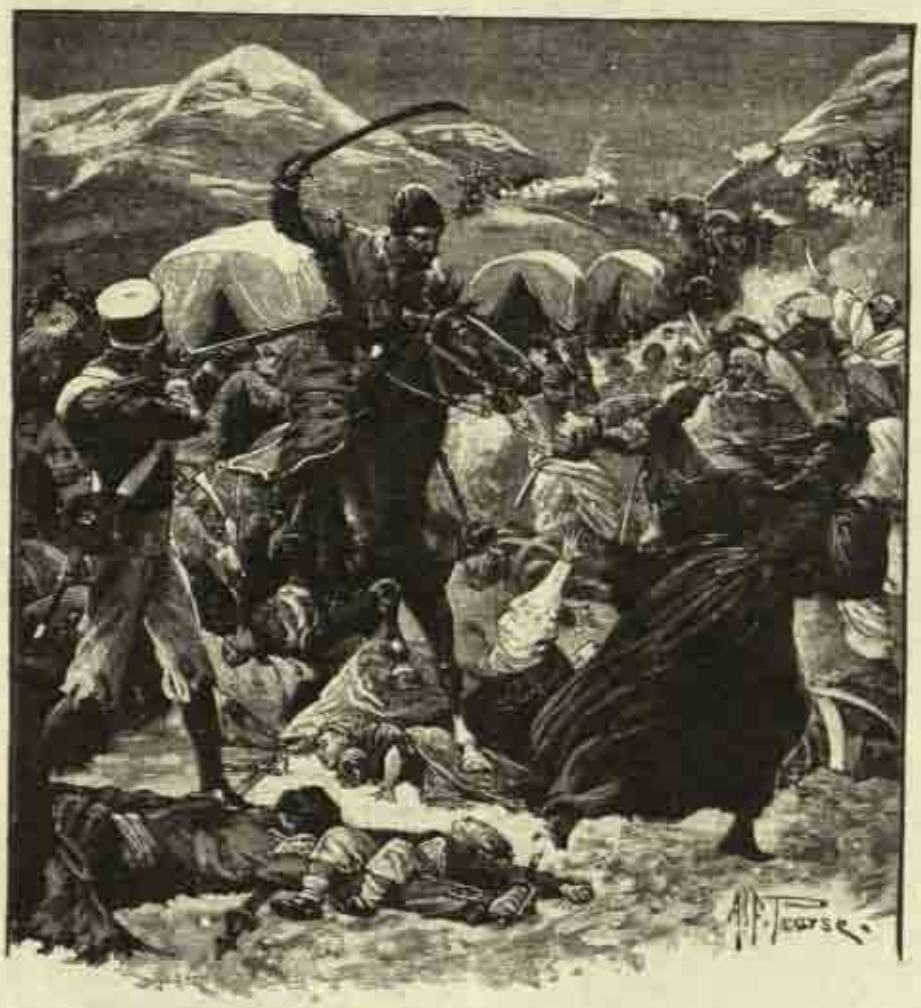
DOST MAHOMED.

the degrading terms which the chiefs had contumeliously thrown to them. But the faint-hearted council unanimously decided that to remain in Cabul and to force a retreat were alike impracticable, and that nothing remained but to release the army by accepting the conditions stipulated by the Afghans. "Under those circumstances," in the words of Pottinger, "I considered it my duty, notwithstanding my repugnance to and disapproval of the measure, to yield and attempt to carry on a negotiation." Severe and humiliating as were the terms, they were not obtained without difficulty. Pottinger had to plead, to entreat, to be abject; to beg of the truculent Afghans "not to overpower the weak with sufferings," and to entreat them "not to forget kindness" shown by us in former days. One blushes, not for, but with the gallant Pottinger, loyally carrying out the miserable duty put upon him. The shame was not his; it lay on the council of superior officers who overruled his remonstrances and ground his face into the dust.

Our people were made to pass under the yoke every hour of their wretched lives during those last winter days in the Cabul cantonments. Day after day the departure was delayed, on the pretext that the Afghan chiefs had not completed their preparations for the safe conduct of the force. Day after day the snow was falling with a quiet, ruthless persistency. At last the ill-omened evacuation by our doomed people of the cantonments, wherein they had undergone every extremity of humiliation, was begun on

the dreary winter morning of January 6th, 1842. Snow lay deep on plain and hillside; the cruel cold bit fiercely into the debilitated frames of the sepoys and the great herds of camp-followers. The marching-out force consisted of about 4,500 armed men, of whom about 690 were Europeans, enterprise, whose deserved failure was to be branded yet deeper on the gloomiest page of our national history, by the impending catastrophe of which the dark shadow already lay upon the blighted column.

The advance began to move out from the



"AN AFGHAN HORSEMAN RODE AT HER WITH UPLIFTED SWORD" (*p.* 570).

2,840 native soldiers on foot, and 970 native cavalrymen. In good heart and resolutely commanded, a strength of disciplined troops thus constituted might have been trusted not only to hold its own against Afghan onslaught, but to take the offensive with success. But, alas! the heart of the hapless force had gone to water, its discipline was a wreck, its chiefs were feeble and apathetic. The awful fate brooded over its forlorn banners of expiating by its utter annihilation the foolish and sinister prosecution of the cantonments at nine a.m. The main body under Shelton, accompanied by the ladies, sick, and wounded slowly followed, already disorganised by throngs of camp-followers with the baggage. The Afghans occupied the cantonments as portion after portion was evacuated, rending the air with their exulting cries and committing every kind of atrocity. When at length the rear-guard moved off in the twilight, an officer and fifty men were left dead in the snow, victims of Afghan fire; and owing to losses in the gun-

teams two horse-artillery guns had to be spiked and abandoned. The route of the rear-guard was cumbered already with heaps of abandoned baggage, which the Afghans were plundering assiduously. Other Afghans, greedier for blood than for booty, were hacking and slaying among the sepoys and followers who thus early had dropped out of the column. Babes lay in the snow abandoned by their mothers, themselves prostrate and dying a few yards farther on. The force bivouacked in the snow at the end of the first short march of six miles. During the night of bitter cold, soldiers and camp-followers, foodless, fireless, and shelterless, froze to death in numbers, and numbers more were frostbitten. The silence of the camp next morning betrayed universal despair and torpor. Already defection had set in: part of the Shah's contingent had deserted during the night.

No orders were given out, no bugle sounded the "advance" on the sullen morning of the 7th. The column heaved itself forward sluggishly, a mere mob, destitute of any order or discipline. The Afghans hung on its skirts slaughtering and plundering, and of the seven guns five fell into their hands. A body of Afghan horse charged right into the heart of the column, spreading confusion and dismay far and wide. At Boothak was found Akbar Khan, who professed to have been commissioned to escort the force to Jellalabad, and who insisted on a halt until the morrow, when he would provide supplies—supplies that never came. He wrung from Pottinger a subsidy of 15,000 rupees, and demanded and obtained him, Lawrence, and Mackenzie as hostages.

Another night passed with its train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death. Scarce any of the baggage now remained; neither for man nor beast was there any food. Daylight brought merely a more bitter realisation of utter misery. The two nights of exposure to frost "had so nipped even the strongest men as completely to prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service; even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, had to be lifted on to their horses." The few hundred men still capable of exertion at the sound of hostile fire struggled to their feet from their lairs in the snow, leaving many of their more fortunate comrades stark in death. A turmoil of confusion, plundering, and bloodshed reigned. The ladies were no longer carried in litters and palanquins, for the bearers were mostly dead: they sat in the bullet fire in panniers slung on camels, invalids as some of them were—one poor woman with a two-days-old baby.

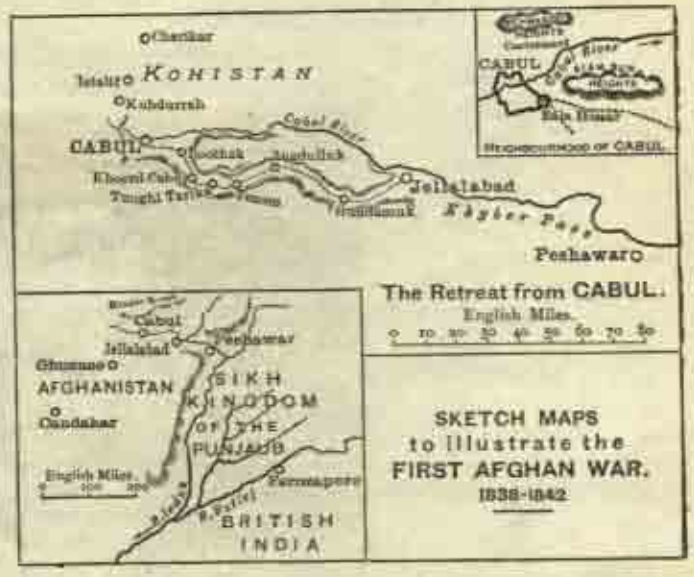
It was not until noon that the living mass of human beings and animals was once more in motion, the task before them to thread the stupendous gorge of the Khoord-Cabul pass, overhung on either side by perpendicular precipices. The "Jaws of Death," as the Afghans style the ravine, were barely entered when the slaughter was renewed. Lady Sale, who rode with the advance, had a bullet through her arm and three more through her dress. Some of the other ladies had strange adventures. In one of the panniers of a camel were Mrs. Boyd and her little son, in the other Mrs. Mainwaring with her own infant and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. The camel fell, shot. A native trooper took Mrs. Boyd up behind him, and brought her through safely; another horseman, behind whom her child rode, was killed, and the boy fell into Afghan hands. The Anderson girl shared the same fate. Mrs. Mainwaring was making her way on foot, when an Afghan horseman rode at her with uplifted sword. She was rescued by a sepoy, who killed the Afghan, and then conducted the poor lady and her child through the dead and dying and the heavy firing to the mouth of the pass, when a bullet slew the chivalrous grenadier, and Mrs. Mainwaring had to continue her weary and hazardous tramp to the bivouac beyond. Near the exit of the pass a commanding position was held by some detachments, supporting the only gun remaining, and under the cover of this stand the rear of the mass gradually drifted forward while the Afghan pursuit was checked, and at length all the surviving force reached the camping ground. Akbar, accompanied by the chiefs and hostages, followed in the track of the retreat. He professed that his object was to stop the firing, but Pottinger distinctly heard him shout "Slay them!" in the Pushtoo tongue. In passing through the scene of the heaviest slaughter they "came on one sight of horror after another. All the bodies were stripped. There were children cut into two. Hindustanee women, as well as men, were found literally chopped to pieces, many with their throats cut from ear to ear."

Snow fell all night on the unfortunates gathered tentless on the Khoord-Cabul camping ground. On the 10th, Akbar sent into camp a proposal that the ladies and children, with whose deplorable condition he professed to sympathise, should be given over to his protection, and that the married officers should accompany their

wives. The general had little faith in the sirdar, but he was fain to consent to an arrangement which gave some promise of alleviation to the wretchedness of the ladies, scarce any of whom had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some, still weak from childbirth, were nursing infants only a few days old; other poor creatures were momentarily apprehending the pains of motherhood. It was not surprising that, dark and doubtful as was the future to which they were consigning themselves, the ladies preferred its risks to the awful certainties which lay before the doomed column. If in the breasts of their husbands there was a struggle between public and private duties, the general decided the issue by ordering them to share the fortunes of their families.

Akbar sent in no supplies, and the retreat was resumed on the 10th by a force attenuated by starvation, cold, despair, and desertion. The advance, consisting of the remnant of the 44th, the solitary gun, and a handful of cavalry, forced its way to the front, and marched on unmolested until the Tunghi Tarika was reached—a deep gorge barely ten feet wide. Men fell fast in the horrid defile, struck down by the Afghan fire from the heights; but the advance struggled on to the halting-place beyond, and waited there for the arrival of the main body. But that body was never to emerge from the shambles in the Tunghi Tarika. The few stragglers brought to the advance the ghastly tidings that it now was all that remained of the brigade which had quitted the Cabul cantonments. The steep slopes had suddenly swarmed with Afghans rushing down to the butchery sword in hand, and the massacre had stinted not while living victims remained.

The remnant of the army consisted now of about seventy files of the 44th, about 100 troopers, and a detachment of horse artillery with a single gun. Akbar protested his regret for the slaughter, pleading his inability to control the wild Ghilzai hillmen; but he offered to guarantee the safe conduct to Jellalabad of the European officers and men if they would lay down their arms. This sinister proffer was rejected, and the march was continued, led in disorder by the remnant of the camp-followers. During the bloody march from Kubbar-i-Jubbar to the Tezeen valley, Shelton's dogged valour had mainly saved the force from destruction; and he it was who now suggested that a resolute effort should be made to reach Jugdulluk by a rapid night-march of four-and-twenty miles. This was the last chance, and Shelton's proposal was adopted. Fatal delays occurred, and ten miles short of Jugdulluk the little column was running the gauntlet of jezail fire, which lined the road with dead and dying. The harassed advance reached Jugdulluk on the afternoon of the 11th, and bivouacked under volley after volley, poured down on the weary band by the inexorable enemy. Here Akbar claimed as hostages General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and he pretended that what remained of the force should be allowed to march unmolested to Jellalabad.



The little band, leaving perforce the sick and wounded, marched out into the darkness, resolute to push through or die fighting. The fierce Ghilzais hung on the rear and flanks of the column, encumbered with its fatal incubus of camp-followers, mixed among the throng with their deadly knives, and killed and plundered with the dexterity of long practice. On the crest of the Jugdulluk height the tribesmen had erected a formidable abattis of prickly brushwood across the road, which dammed back the fugitives. In this trap were caught our hapless people and the swarm of native followers, and now the end was very near. From behind the barrier and round the lip of the great trap the

hillmen fired their hardest into the seething mass of soldiers and followers, writhing in the awful Gehenna on which the calm moon shone down. On the edges of this whirlpool of death the fell Ghilzais were stabbing and hacking with

JELLALABAD.

VIEW OF THE KHOORD-CABUL PASS, SHOWING THE SPOT (a) WHERE THE REMNANT OF THE 44TH REGIMENT MADE THEIR GALLANT STAND.

ferocious industry. Among our people, face to face with death on the rocky Jugdulluk, officers and soldiers alike fought with cool, deadly rancour. The brigadier and the private, engaged in the same bitter *mêlée*, fought side by side and fell side by side. Stalwart Captain Dodgin, of the 44th, slew five Afghans before he went down. Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery, gunless now, rallied to him the few staunch gunners who were all that remained to him of his noble and historic troop, and led them on to share with him an heroic death.

The barrier was ultimately broken through, and a scant remnant of the force wrought out its escape from the slaughter pit. The morning of the 13th dawned near Gundamuk on the straggling group of some twenty officers and forty-five European soldiers — all that remained alive of a strong brigade. Its march arrested by sharp assaults, the little band turned aside to occupy a defensive position on an adjacent hillock. The swarming Afghans tried to snatch from the soldiers their arms, but the attempt was sternly resented at the bayonet point. Then the Afghans set themselves to the work of deliberately picking off officer after officer, man after man. The few rounds remaining in the pouches were soon exhausted, but the detachment stood fast, calmly awaiting the inevitable end. Rush after rush recoiled from its steadfast front; but a final onset of the enemy, sword in hand, ended the unequal struggle, and completed the dismal tragedy. Captain Souter, of the 44th, who, with a few wounded privates, was carried into captivity, saved the colours, which he had wound round his waist before the departure from Jugdulluk. Of a little group of mounted officers

who had ridden forward, only six reached Futtehabad, where two were slain. Of the four who rode further, three were massacred within four miles of Jellalabad. One officer alone survived to reach that haven of refuge.

The ladies, married officers, and hostages followed Akbar Khan along the line of retreat strewn with its ghastly tokens, and recognising almost at every step the bodies of friends and comrades. At Jugdulluk they found General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and learned the fate which had overtaken the marching force. On the following day Akbar quitted Jugdulluk with his hostages and the ladies, and rode away northward into the mountains. On the fourth day the fort of Budiabad, in the Lughman valley, was reached, where Akbar left the prisoners while he went to attempt the reduction of Jellalabad.

When Sale's brigade occupied Jellalabad on November 12th, 1841, that place was incapable of resisting a vigorous assault. The skilled and energetic Broadfoot, in the capacity of garrison engineer, had the duty of making it defensible; and the repairs were already well advanced when, on the 29th, the Afghans surrounded the place, and pushed their skirmishers close up to the walls. A sortie worsted the invading body with considerable slaughter, and drove it from

TYPES OF AFGHAN SOLDIERS.

the vicinity. Bad news at intervals filtered down the passes from Cabul, and at the new year arrived a melancholy letter from Major Pottinger, confirming the rumours already rife of the murder of Macnaghten, and of the virtual capitulation to which the Cabul force had submitted. A week later an official communication

AKBAR KHAN.

was received, signed by General Elphinstone and Pottinger, formally announcing the convention entered into with the Cabul chiefs, and ordering the garrison of Jellalabad to give up that place to an Afghan sirdar, who was the bearer of the humiliating missive, and forthwith retire to Peshawur. Sale gallantly pronounced himself untrammelled by a convention forced from people "with knives at their throats," and expressed his determination to hold Jellalabad, unless ordered by the Government of India to withdraw.

Rumours of disasters befalling the Cabul force had, in a measure, prepared the people in Jellalabad for misfortune, but not for the awful catastrophe of which Dr. Brydon had to tell, when, in the afternoon of January 13th, 1842, the lone man, whose approach to the fortress Lady Butler's painting so pathetically depicts, rode through the Cabul gate of Jellalabad and announced himself the sole survivor of the British army which had quitted the Cabul cantonments a week before. Dr. Brydon was covered with cuts and contusions, and was utterly exhausted. His

first few broken and hasty words extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding their Cabul comrades and friends. Almost simultaneously with this shock there came tidings up the Khyber of the failure of Wild's efforts to come to the relief of the Jellalabad garrison, and the information that further attempts must be indefinitely postponed. This intimation weakened in some degree Sale's resolution to hold Jellalabad to extremity, and he scarcely appreciated the glorious opportunity presented of inspiriting by the staunch constancy of the garrison a weak Government staggering under a burden of calamity. Sale summoned to a council of war the commanding officers of his brigade, and expressing the conviction that nothing was to be hoped for from the Indian Government, he sought their opinion regarding offers received from Akbar Khan to treat for the British evacuation of Afghanistan. He laid before the council, in reply to a message from Shah Soojah, the draft of a letter professing the readiness of the garrison to evacuate Jellalabad, on the terms of exchange of hostages, restoration of British prisoners and escort to Peshawur "in safety and honour," with arms, colours, guns, supplies, and transport. Sale frankly owned that he was in favour of accepting the specified conditions.

Then the noble and high-souled Broadfoot arose in his wrath, denouncing the project of withdrawal as neither safe nor honourable, and contending that they could hold Jellalabad indefinitely—"could colonise, if they liked." His branding as disgraceful the giving of hostages on our part roused Captain Oldfield to express himself tersely but pointedly on the subject. "I for one," he exclaimed in great agitation, "will fight here to the last drop of my blood; but I plainly declare that I will never be a hostage, and I am surprised that anyone should propose such a thing, or regard an Afghan's word as worth anything." The resolution to abandon Jellalabad was carried, Broadfoot and Oldfield being the sole dissenters. But Broadfoot's representations later turned the current of opinion, and the other members of the council, gradually regaining their self-respect and mental equipoise, unanimously declined the proposals advocated by their commanding officer; and thus ended with honour the deliberations of the memorable council of war, whose eleventh-hour resolve to "hold the fort" mainly averted the ruin of British prestige in India and throughout the regions bordering on our Indian empire.

The close investment of Jellalabad by Akbar Khan thwarted the efforts of the garrison to obtain supplies, and at length, on the morning of 7th April, Sale led out a sortie in force. Of the three columns Havelock commanded the right, Colonel Dennie the centre, and Colonel Monteath, commanding the native regiment, the left. Akbar, reputed 5,000 strong, was in position in front of his camp, about three miles west of Jellalabad, with a strong outpost in a fort midway between the camp and the town. Havelock and Monteath marched straight on the enemy, but Dennie halted to assault the intermediate fort, with the result of failure and loss of his own life. The artillery came to the front at a gallop, and poured shot and shell into Akbar's mass. The three columns, by this time abreast of each other, deployed into line, and moving forward at the double in the teeth of the Afghan musketry fire, swept the enemy clean out of his position, capturing his artillery, firing his camp, and putting him to utter rout. Akbar, by seven o'clock of the April morning, had been signally beaten in the open by the troops he had boasted of blockading in the fortress.

The garrison of Jellalabad had thus wrought out its own relief. Thenceforth it experienced neither annoyance nor scarcity. General Pollock arrived with strong reinforcements a fortnight after the brilliant sally which had given the garrison deliverance from all trouble, and the head of his column was played into its camp on the Jellalabad plain by the band of the 13th to the significant tune of "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming!" The magniloquent Ellenborough dubbed Sale's brigade "the Illustrious Garrison," and, if the expression was somewhat overstrained, its conduct was without question eminently creditable.

It was little wonder that the unexpected tidings of the Cabul outbreak, and the later shock of the catastrophe in the passes, should have temporarily unnerved the Governor-General. But Lord Auckland rallied his energies with creditable promptitude. In the remnant of his term that remained he could do no more than make dispositions which his successor might find of service. Lord Auckland appointed to the command of "the Army of Retribution" a quiet, steadfast, experienced artillery officer, who during his forty years of Indian service had soldiered creditably from the precipices of Nepaul to the rice-swamps of the Irawaddy. Pollock was essentially the fitting man for the duty, characterised as he was by strong sense, shrewd sagacity, calm firmness, and singular self-

command. There were many things in Lord Auckland's Indian career of which it behoved him to repent; but it must go to his credit that he gave Pollock this high command; and he could honestly claim, as he made his preparations to quit the great possession whose future his policy had endangered, that he had contributed towards the retrieval of the crisis by promptly furthering "such operations as might be required for the maintenance of the honour and interests of the British Government."

Pollock reached Peshawur in the beginning of February, 1842. Wild had attempted to force the Khyber and had failed. One-half of Wild's brigade was sick in hospital and the whole in a state of utter demoralisation, which spread to the sepoy regiments which Pollock and McCaskill brought up. In this situation Pollock had to resist the pressing appeals to advance made to him, and patiently to devote weeks and months to the restoration of the *morale* and discipline of his native troops and to the reinvigoration of their physique. He gradually succeeded in this task, and, having inspired them with perfect faith and trust in himself, he felt himself at length justified in advancing with confidence, strengthened by a brigade comprising British cavalry and horse artillery. He moved on the morning of April 5th, with a force about 8,000 strong, and carried out a scheme of operations perfect in conception and complete in detail. The hillmen had blocked the throat of the Khyber Pass, and were waiting behind the obstacle for the opportunity which never was to come to them. For Pollock's main body quietly halted in front of the barrier, while his flanking columns hurried in the grey dawn along the slopes and heights, pushing so far forward as to take in reverse with their fire the obstacle and its defenders. The guns swept with shrapnel the front and lateral slopes, the centre moved on unmolested, while the flanking parties pushed farther and yet farther forward, chasing and slaying the fugitive hillmen; and making good Wellington's observation "that he had never heard that our troops were not equal, as well in their personal activity as in their arms, to contend with and overcome any natives of hills whatever."

Pollock's march up the passes was thenceforth all but unmolested. He found at Jellalabad, in his own words, "the fortress strong, the garrison healthy, and, except for wine and beer, better off than we are." One principal object of his commission had been accomplished: he had relieved the garrison of Jellalabad and could ensure its safe withdrawal. But a great company of his countrymen and countrywomen were still in Afghan durance. His commission gave him a considerable discretion, and he determined in his patient, steadfast way, to tarry awhile on the Jellalabad plain, in the hope that the course of events might play into his hands.

Stout old General Nott had meanwhile been holding his own in the Candahar country, fighting, marching, and expressing himself with refreshing plainness. When the local chiefs, after the Cabul disaster, suggested negotiations for his withdrawal, his answer was brief and to the point: "I will not treat with any person whatsoever for the retirement of the British troops from Afghanistan until I have received instructions from the supreme Government." When General England, bringing up a brigade to reinforce him, met with a discreditable repulse in the Kojak pass, and piteously begged Nott to come to his support, the grim old warrior peremptorily ordered England's prompt advance, remarking sarcastically in his biting letter: "I am well aware that war cannot be made without loss; but yet, perhaps, British troops can oppose Asiatic armies without defeat."

Lord Ellenborough, the successor of Lord Auckland, on his arrival in India had published a manifesto which spoke of "the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction upon the Afghans of some signal and decisive blow;" but six weeks later he was ordering Nott to evacuate Candahar and retire to India, and instructing Pollock to withdraw without delay every British soldier from Jellalabad to Peshawur. Pollock temporised, pleading inability to retire for want of transport. Nott reluctantly began preparations for withdrawal. But early in June Lord Ellenborough, while reiterating injunctions for his retirement, gave him the alternatives of returning to India by the direct route, or of boxing the compass by the curiously circuitous retirement *viâ* Ghuznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad. Pollock, for his part, was permitted, if he thought proper, to advance on Cabul in order to facilitate Nott's withdrawal, if the latter should elect to "retreat" by the circuitous route just described. The two generals accepted with joy the responsibility which the Governor-General had shuffled off upon them, and proceeded to act with soldierly initiative and vigour. They moved in concert. Pollock concentrated his force at Gundamuk, and began his march on Cabul on September 7th, eager to hurry forward, since

Nott had written that he expected to reach Cabul on the 15th, and Pollock was burning to be there first. On the 8th he found the Ghilzais in force on the Jugdulluk heights, who stood their ground against a heavy artillery fire, and had to be driven off at the bayonet-point by brave old General Sale at the head of the Jellalabad brigade. Akbar made his final stand in the ravine beyond Tezeen with a force some 15,000 strong, and the Afghans fought with

"MOVING FORWARD AT THE DOUBLE IN THE TEETH OF THE AFGHAN MUSKETRY FIRE" (*p.* 574).

desperate fury. Up among the precipices there were many hand-to-hand encounters, in which the sword and the bayonet fought out the issue; but the hillmen were finally driven from the rocky summit of the Huft Kotul by Broadfoot's bloodthirsty little Goorkhas, who, hillmen themselves, chased the Afghans from crag to crag, using their fell kookeries as they pursued. There was no further opposition, and this was well for the Afghans, for the awful spectacle in the Khoord-Cabul pass kindled in Pollock's soldiers a white heat of fury. "The bodies," wrote Captain Backhouse, "lay in heaps of hundreds, our gun-wheels crushing the bones of our late comrades at every step for several miles; indeed, the whole march from Gundamuk to Cabul may be said to have been over the corpses of the massacred army." Pollock reached Cabul on the 15th, and camped on the race-course of the city. He had won the race for Cabul with Nott by a couple of days.

Nott from Candahar had far the longer distance to traverse, and he had to encounter the heavier fighting. He gave Shumshooden's army of 10,000 men a thorough beating, drove the Afghans from Ghuznee, and hoisted the British flag on its capital; and after a final victory within a few marches of Cabul, he reached the vicinity of that capital on September 17th.

For months there had been negotiations for the release of the British prisoners whom Akbar had kept in durance ever since they came into his hands during the disastrous retreat in January; but those had been unsuccessful, and it was now known that the unfortunate company of officers, women, and children had been carried off to the westward of Cabul into the hill country of Bamian. Pollock promptly despatched Sir Richmond Shakespear with a force of horse on the mission of attempting the liberation of

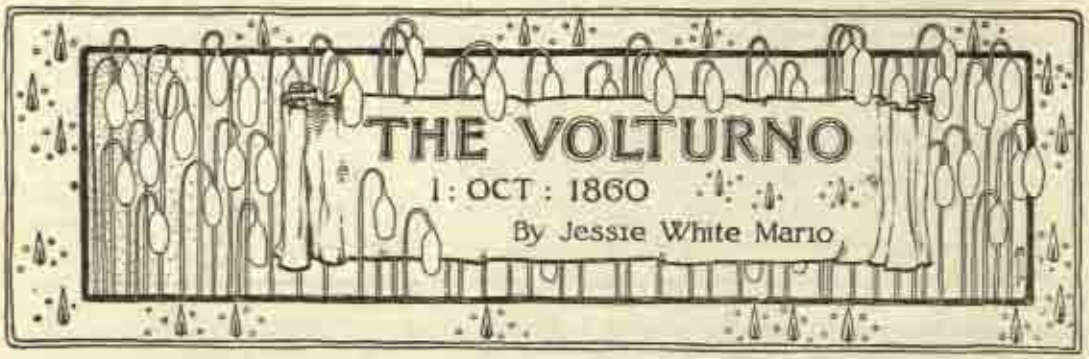
THE REMNANT OF AN ARMY.

(Painted by Lady Butler. Reproduced by permission from the Engraving published by the Fine Art Society.)

the captives. But our gallant countrymen had already wrought out their own freedom. They had guaranteed to their custodian their redemption money; and, captives no longer, they proceeded to assert themselves in the masterful British manner. They hoisted the national flag; Pottinger became once again the high-handed "political," and ordered the local chiefs to attend his durbar. Their fort was put into a state of defence, and victualled in case of siege. But when tidings came of Akbar's defeat at Tezeen, the self-emancipated party set out on the march to Cabul. On the 17th they met and were taken charge of by Shakespear and his horsemen, and on the 21st Pollock greeted the company of British men and women, whose rescue had been mainly effected by his cool, strong steadfastness.

Little more remains to be told. An Afghan force still in arms at Istalif, a beautiful village of the inveterately hostile Kohistanees, was attacked by a division which carried the place by assault, burnt part of it, and severely smote the garrison. Utter destruction was the fate of Charikar, where Codrington's Goorkha regiment had been destroyed. Pollock determined to "set a mark" on Cabul, to commemorate the retribution which the British had exacted; but he contented himself with destroying the great bazaar, through which the heads of Macnaghten and Burnes had been paraded, and in which their mangled bodies had been exposed. On October 12th the conjunct force turned its back on Cabul, which no British army was again to see for nearly forty years, and set forth on the march down the passes. As the army was crossing the Punjaub, Dost Mohamed passed up to reoccupy the position from which he had been driven three years previously. And so ended the first Afghan War, a period of history in which no redeeming features are discernible, except the defence of Jellalabad, the dogged firmness of Nott, and Pollock's noble and successful constancy of purpose.

THE KHYBER PASS.



THE liberation of Sicily completed by the victory of Milazzo on the 23rd of July, 1860, Garibaldi, bent on freeing the Italian mainland, sent across the straits 210 pioneers to raise the flag of revolution there, intending to proceed across the frontier into the Papal territory, give battle to the Papal and French troops, and crown Victor Emmanuel King of Italy in Rome.

This last part of his programme was opposed by Cavour, who, however, obtained permission from the French emperor to invade Umbria and the Marches, and attack and defeat La Moricière's legion, on the understanding that all conflict with the French troops would be avoided and the Pope's authority respected.

Garibaldi, after a triumphal march through the Calabrias, entered Naples on the 7th of September, accompanied by General Cosenz, Dr. Agostino Bertani, the surgeon-soldier and organiser of the volunteer expeditions, nine staff-officers and orderlies.

The young king, with some 50,000 troops who remained faithful to him, retiring to Gaeta with the royal family, on board a Spanish warship, as his own fleet refused to leave the Bay of Naples, Garibaldi at once realised that the final duel would have to be fought out by the royal and revolutionary forces between Gaeta and Capua. He took up his position, therefore, between Naples and the Volturno, and after a slight reverse, due to the imprudence of the officers left in charge during his brief absence, he fixed his watch tower on the summit of S. Angelo, never quitting it save to sleep at headquarters in Caserta.

Towards the end of September, 1860, Garibaldi's army of volunteers, numbering in all some 21,000, were distributed between Caserta and the river Volturno, as follows: At S. Angelo, the centre and key of his position, was Medici (the man who had held the Vascello against the French throughout the siege of Rome), with 4,000 infantry and nine guns in position. At Sta. Maria, Milbitz (also a Roman veteran) commanded the left wing, instead of Cosenz (now Minister of War), with 5,000 men and four guns, Corte and 1,500 men being on his extreme left towards Aversa; at Maddaloni, Bixio (who, on the 30th April, 1849, captured 300 French invaders and brought them prisoners to Rome), the commander of the *Lombardo*—which, with the *Piedmont*, had borne the Thousand from Quarto to Marsala—with 5,663, was in charge of the right wing; while isolated at Castel Morono stood Bronzette with 227 sharpshooters, and at S. Leucio and Gradillo, Gaetano Sacchi, Garibaldi's Montevidean comrade, whom he had carried off wounded from the victorious field of Salto and nursed on the return voyage with tenderest care.

All the generals and superior officers had fought under him in Lombardy in the "Hunter of the Alps" volunteer corps, pioneers of the Franco-Piedmontese allies against the Austrians.

At Caserta, under Sirtori, now chief of his staff, were the reserves, to the number of 4,500 and thirteen guns, the Guides, and a few Hussars for all cavalry. Such was the "twelve-mile" Garibaldian line extending from Aversa to Maddaloni. "A defective line," wrote the general later, "irregular and all too long for the troops at my disposal." But their defects were unavoidable considering the formidable positions of the Neapolitans in Capua, whose fortifications forming the *tête-de-pont*, were surrounded on three sides by the Volturno, with the one solid bridge across the river in their hands, together with all the *scafi*, or boat-bridge ferries, with 50,000 troops; numerous well-supplied field-artillery with sixty-four rifled guns, besides batteries in position in the front of the fortress and on the heights of Jerusalem, and 7,000 splendid cavalry, which daily performed

their evolutions on the exercise-ground of Capua.

Seeing that seven roads issuing from the Volturno converge on Naples, the enemy's objective point, it behoved indeed that he who held the city in trust for Victor Emmanuel should keep hourly watch and ward along the left bank of the tortuous, snake-like river which, in its course from its source in the mountains of the Abruzzi to its mouth in the Gulf of Gaeta, crawls here at a snail's pace, there runs with hare-like velocity. On September 27th appeared in the official *Gazette* Garibaldi's proclamation of Cialdini's victories over La Moricière and of the taking of Ancona, ending thus: "The valiant soldiers of the army of the North have passed the frontier and are on Neapolitan soil. We shall soon have the good fortune to grasp their victorious hands."

Probably this unwelcome news decided King Francis, who with his step-brothers had joined the troops at Capua, to consent to his general's plan for attacking Garibaldi along all his line, so that the king should "spend his birthday in Naples."

Garibaldi—who, from his eyrie on Mount Angelo marked, pondered, and understood the movements in front of Capua and along the river—divined their intention, and on the 30th September, warning Medici to repulse but not to follow Colonna's column of 3,000, which attempted to cross the Volturno at the Traffisco ferry, he started for Maddaloni, telling Bixio that the Royalists would pour down on him from Ducenta, and advising him to withdraw from Valle, concentrate his forces round Maddaloni, occupy the Caroline Aqueduct, and to hold Monte Caro at any cost. "If you lose that, I shall be cut off from Naples." "Monte Caro shall be yours as long as life is mine," answered the daring, dashing veteran. Returning to S. Angelo, Garibaldi gave his last instructions to Medici, then to Milbitz at Sta. Maria, and seeing Medici's forty wounded just brought in, said to old Ripari, surgeon-soldier at Rome and detained there after the siege in the Papal galleys for seven years, "Send them down to Naples, empty the Caserta hospital, and mind that you all *sleep on the wing*."

At three a.m. on the following morning, leaving strict orders with General Sirtori to keep the reserves at Caserta till he should summon them, he again alighted from the railroad at Sta. Maria just as the battle had commenced, as he had foreseen, "along all the line."

From Capua two brigades—10,000 men—under Afan de Rivera, marched against Medici's 4,000. Another column, 7,000 strong, attacked Milbitz and his 4,000, and a detachment under Sergardi, going towards Aversa to find Corte De Mechel, with 8,000, poured down by the Ducenta road on Bixio's 5,600—Perrone starting to rejoin him with 2,000 more. Colonna, repulsed by Medici the day before, was at the Treffisco ferry, now with 5,000 men, and 7,000 reserves at Capua, all the columns well supplied with batteries and horse, 2,500 cavalry still remaining in front of the fortress ready to be despatched where needed—40,000 regulars pitted against 20,000 irregulars! So sudden was Tabacchi's attack on Milbitz that his outposts at the brick-kiln and convent fell back, and S. Tammaro was evacuated; the little battery of four pieces on the railroad answered bravely to the enemy's battery of eight on the Capuan high road. After an hour the infantry duel commenced, and the Neapolitans were driven back behind their pieces, the bright *picciotti* of Corrau's brigade badly mangled. Garibaldi at once summoned Assanti's brigade—1,100—from Caserta, then leaving Milbitz to shift for himself, he dashed off in a carriage towards S. Angelo to see how it fared with Medici. He was greeted by a hail of bullets, his coachman being killed and an aide-de-camp and the correspondent of the *Daily News* wounded. He and his staff sabred their way

through till they reached Mosto's crack corps of Genoese sharpshooters, who, with Simonetta's Lombards, were in the thickest of the fray. Medici, with his centre in the village of S. Angelo in Formis, his extreme right extending to the S. Vito wood, his left to the Sassano and Di Napoli villas, loopholed, barricaded, and fortified on the Sta. Maria road, with his guns on the heights, a battery constructed on the Capua—S. Angelo cross-roads, had stationed his outposts to the north on the river banks, to the south, within 2,000 paces of Capua, with a loose line of skirmishers thrown across to Sacchi's Brigade at S. Leucio. At dawn Afan de Rivera, with two brigades, invested his entire front; the outposts fell back, nor could two battalions led against the enemy's right, to prevent their occupying the road, prevail against the number of the assailants and the superiority of their guns: the Garibaldians were driven back to the slopes.

NAPLES, FROM POSILIPO.

At the same time the Sassano and Di Napoli villas were attacked and taken; then the battery on the cross-roads, when the grape from Torricelli's battery stopped their progress. Simonetta, Ramorino's battalions, and the English (Dunn's two companies of *picciotti*), after a fierce fight, recaptured the guns; then Dunn's

ammunition failing, "To the bayonet!" he cried, and gallantly his boy-soldiers charged under the fire of the guns till, Ramorino killed and Dunn's thigh smashed, the Bourbons scored another success and retook the guns. Medici, Guastalla, his staff chief, and Major Castellazzi, leading an onslaught at the bayonet, arrested their progress but could not then re-capture their guns.

It was at that moment that Garibaldi appeared on the scene of action, and, gathering together

"IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT GARIBALDI APPEARED."

all the forces at hand, made them charge the fourfold foe with the bayonet, repulsed, routed, and retook the two houses; then, believing the enemy to be "only on his left," made for S. Angelo. To his surprise, he found several battalions in his rear, stationed on the formidable heights of Tafata, actually dominating Mount S. Angelo. Better acquainted with the country than he or his, the Colonna brigade had, during the night, penetrated Medici's lines by one of the sunken roads—old military routes or watercourses, now dry and so deep that "even cavalry and artillery can occupy them and remain invisible." With his Genoese and a portion of Sacchi's brigade, he, from the top of S. Nicola, succeeded in dislodging them, but, surveying the battlefield, saw Medici still encompassed by his foes. Dashing down he expelled them from a villa, collected all the troops he could lay hands on from a battery to the west, opened a rattling fire, electrifying officers and men by his presence, saw them recover the villa on the Capuan road, the barricade, and three lost pieces, taking two companies prisoners.

At noon there was a lull. Medici ordered his men to "halt and eat," when, just as they were falling to, Afan di Rivera brought up fresh troops who devoured the rations, seized two pieces, and, setting fire to several houses, possessed themselves of S. Angelo in Formis. Medici—cool and imperturbable as ever, with his men perfectly in hand—slowly retired to the slopes, keeping up a steady and constant fire; still Garibaldi saw that without fresh troops he must be cut to pieces. But how to summon the reserves?—the road and telegraph lying between S. Angelo and Sta. Maria in the enemy's hands, no news as yet of Bixio, no certainty of

Milbitz's fate. Putting in practice his favourite proverb, "Who wills goes, who wills not sends," alone with his faithful Basso, that inseparable comrade, orderly, sick-nurse, and friend, taking care that the soldiers should not see him depart, by goat-paths and watercourses across country, he regained Sta. Maria, where Milbitz, himself wounded, his troops decimated, still held the post-road, the rail, and the town of Sta. Maria against tremendous odds, as Tabacchi, with ever fresh forces and well-supplied artillery, kept up a ceaseless fire.

Bixio's news had varied from hour to hour. Attacked by three columns on his front, on Monte Caro, and on the aqueduct, a lively fire was interchanged; a rifled battery of eight guns sent the Eberhard brigade flying, leaving the aqueduct in possession of the enemy. Boldrini, with seven officers and most of his soldiers wounded, fell mortally wounded on the summit of Monte Caro.

Dezza, in command of that "precious gem," sends up Menotti Garibaldi with two companies, but the enemy had scaled the heights; Taddei, under cover on the left, surrounds them in the rear, waving his cap as he reaches the summit. Dezza, with Menotti reinforced, charges at the bayonet on their front; they retreat with a run, and Monte Caro is saved.

Bixio, relieved of this anxiety, rallies his forces, drives the enemy along the road, sends back to Maddaloni his two howitzers, with their commanders killed, other two from the aqueduct; then a general charge at the bayonet, and two of the enemy's columns retire behind their own battery. Dezza and Menotti charge four times at the bayonet, and the third column, which, protected by a wood, has aimed at cutting off communications with Caserta, is sent to join the others.

This success was owing in great part to the heroic resistance of Bronzetti, who for ten hours "detained" Perrone, with 2,000 men, marching to the assistance of Von Michele. Pilade—twin brother of Oreste, killed at Tre Ponte in 1859—alone sustained the shock of the guns on a height and of the enemy's musketry. When ammunition failed they rushed on to the bayonet—just fifteen, the rest killed or wounded on the slopes. "Surrender, oh brave ones!" cried Perrone; but, marching on to death, Bronzetti fell with a bullet through his heart. The rest were carried wounded into Capua. Bixio, who at noon had telegraphed to Caserta for reinforcements, at 3 p.m. sent word that he could hold his own.

Garibaldi having summoned all the reserves from Caserta, reanimating the troops at Sta. Maria as he had done at S. Angelo, went himself to watch for their arrival.

Guessing his fasting condition, some friends (amongst them the writer), who were present, conveyed to him by two British tars, with "H.M.S. Hannibal" on their caps, who had been pleading "for muskets to join in the fray," a pail of water, a basket of fresh figs, and a tin of English biscuits. The inhabitants of Sta. Maria, having quitted or shut up their houses, no more solid fare was obtainable. As we reached him with these, a bright, sunny smile lit up his serenely serious face.

"What!" he said, "are you encouraging your Queen's sailors to desert?"

"Never a bit," we replied. "They are out for a holiday, and want some fun."

Then as, after drinking eagerly from the pail, his hand was stretched out for the biscuits, a shell, ricochetting from the field, burst at his feet. A splinter, as he told us afterwards, grazed his thigh, but this he heeded not, his eyes now sparkling with delight as they rested on the head of the reserve column, and the *bersaglieri* of the Milan brigade recognising him, dashed forward shouting "*Evviva!*" "The day is ours," he said; and, despite the heavy fire on the left and the fact that two battalions sent across the fields to Parisi were surrounded, he bade them halt for five minutes. Then, forming them in column of attack, he sent the Milan brigade to "clear the road" of the Bavarese who divided him from Medici, where they were assailed by a galling fire, Tabacchi, determined to seize the Capuan gate, shelling the S. Angelo road and the Eber column in the shelter of the trees.

On were sent the gallant "Calabrians" under Pace, and as the trumpet sounded the charge the Milanese sharpshooters rushed on the enemy, followed by another battalion, charging, as ordered, without firing a shot.

The corps of Tabacchi and Afan de Rivera were now pursued on flanks and rear. Medici, who, with his inflexible obstinacy, had held his own against such overpowering numbers, rallying all his men for a last assault, Tabacchi began to beat a retreat, and to cover this charged the Milan brigade with four squadrons of cavalry, but, greeted with a hail of bullets, they turned tail and fled. Milbitz sent out of the Capuan

gate some seventy hussars, and Tabacchi left three pieces behind him.

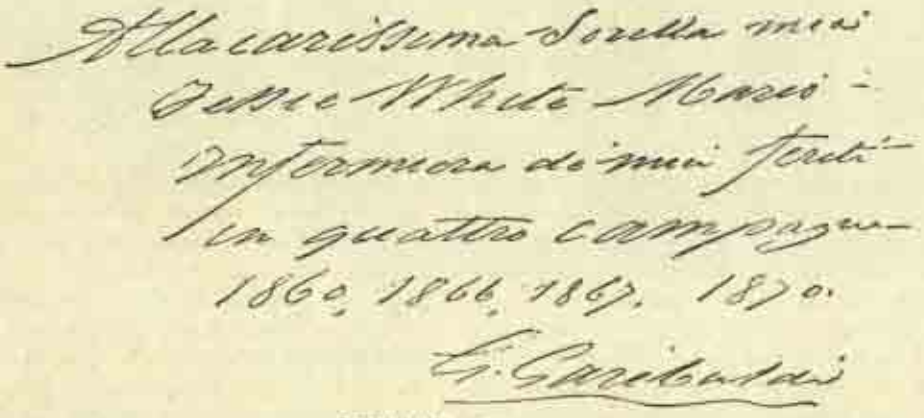
Then the Hungarian legion arrived, and Garibaldi, pointing to the wooded plain to the left, whence the Bourbons were firing volley after volley, called out: "Welcome, my brave Hungarians; drive away those rascals for me—*chassez-moi ces coquins*." Said and done. Up came Eber (who was acting, it may be mentioned, as correspondent of the *Times*) with his brigade, and the French company De Flotte, which had been under fire since dawn, and the remnant of the *picciotti*—Corran, the fellow-pioneer of Rosalino Pilo, badly wounded, shouting with joy at the sight of *Galibardo*.

Medici, with old Avezzanós (Guastalla wounded), cleared their end of the road, Türr's battery shelled from the rail, he charging brilliantly at the head of his hussars.

A little band of Englishmen maintained the reputation that Peard, Wyndham, Dowling, and the wounded Dunn had created. The so-called British legion had not yet arrived.

Vainly the Bourbon cavalry charged across the plain: the cavaliers turned tail as the horse-thrusts of the bayonet touched them. The very gunners seemed to miss their range—perhaps because the Garibaldians rushed too close under the muzzles of their guns. Clear, audible above the battle din, rang out from time to time the Duce's clarion voice: "Bravo, my Calabresie!" "Hungary, well done!" "Charge, Milan, charge!" "What heroes are my picciotti!"

Suddenly one "heard the silence": the enemy, after fighting obstinately for twelve mortal hours, re-entered Capua, protected by the guns of the piazza. Bixio telegraphed that Von Mechel had returned to Dugenta. The Garibaldians lost one-tenth of their numbers—306 killed, 1,717 wounded, all of whom were brought into ambulance or hospital, tended and their wounds dressed before midnight. Of the Bourbon killed and wounded we have no list on that day and the morrow. Garibaldi took 2,070 prisoners, chiefly of Perrone's column; so Bronzetti was avenged. At 5 p.m. on the 1st October the field battle of the Volturno was fought out and won, the Bourbon dynasty for ever doomed, and Italian unity assured by that Garibaldian "*Victory along all the line*."



GARIBALDI'S AUTOGRAPH.

Vittoria: 21 June, 1813

By Charles Lowe.

IT was a happy coincidence that the greatest of all Lord Wellington's victories in the Peninsula should have been won at a place near the foot of the Pyrenees called Vittoria—a name which is now proudly blazoned on the colours of no fewer than forty-four British regiments.

Begun in 1808, the Peninsular War, undertaken by England for the deliverance of Spain and Portugal from the insufferable yoke of the French, had already been dragging on its chequered course for a period of nearly five years. The glorious career of British victory had been diversified by defeats, disappointments, retreats—by everything but surrender and despair. Portugal had been twice purged of its French invaders; and Wellington's masterly retreat behind the famous lines of Torres Vedras, running from the Tagus to the sea, had been followed by the heroic storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, which secured the Spanish gates of Portugal; while the victory of Salamanca opened up the road to Madrid, and with it the prospect of a speedy and successful termination of the war.

But, again, the failure at Burgos, and the consequent retirement of Wellington into Portugal, gave the French a further respite from the certain doom that awaited them and their upstart Emperor's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, whom the Corsican despot had foisted upon the people of Spain as their king. For with Wellington, to retreat was only to return after brief space as the repairer of his own reverses. His motto was, "*Reculer pour mieux sauter*." And, after all, it is only soldiers of the highest genius who can do this. Marshal Moltke was once in a company where someone ventured to say that his name would rank in history with those of Marlborough, Turenne, the Great Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. "No," said the immortal German strategist, "I have no right to be named with those great commanders, for I have never in my life conducted a retreat."

Hitherto the French had vastly outnumbered Lord Wellington's troops (British and Portuguese) in the Peninsula, but the winter of 1812–13, after his third retirement from Spain to Portugal, turned the scale in his favour. For this winter had all but destroyed Napoleon's "Grand Army" on its frozen flight from flaming Moscow; and on returning to Europe—as one may be said to do who comes from Russia—the Emperor had to weaken his armies in the Peninsula by the drafts required for enabling him to meet his allied foes at Leipzig. Thus, in the spring of 1813, the relative strength of the contending armies in the Peninsula was no longer in favour of the French, who had now only about 160,000 effective men with the Eagles; while Wellington had the command of a motley host of nearly 200,000, of which 44,000 only were British, 31,000 Portuguese, the rest being Spaniards and Sicilians. In May his Anglo-Portuguese army, numbering 75,000 men, lay cantoned from Lamego to the Baños Pass, and it is only this portion of his force that now concerns us.

Wellington had spent the winter in re-organising his army. He had received reinforcements from England, including the Life and Horse Guards; he had re-established with a stern hand the discipline which had been tending to become loose; tents and pontoon trains had been provided; and by the time the buds were on the tree, and the fields again green with the forage necessary for his cavalry, he found himself at the head of an army ready to go anywhere with him and do anything. For if ever a leader commanded the confidence of his men, it certainly was—

> "England's greatest son,
> He that gained a hundred fights,
> Nor ever lost an English gun."

That the spring would again see the great English leader on the move, the French knew full well. But what they did not know exactly was in what direction this movement would be taken. Hitherto Wellington had always operated from Portugal by the valley of the Douro—his audacious passage of this river in the face of Marshal Soult's army in 1809 had been one of his very finest feats; and the French concluded that this would again be the line of his advance.

In this expectation King Joseph Bonaparte—who commanded the French forces in Spain, though he had nothing of his brother's transcendent genius for the art of war—had posted the bulk of these forces between the Tagus and the Douro on a line extending from Toledo (once so famous for its sword-blades)

"THE HIGHLANDERS SWEPT ON" (*p.* 587).

through Madrid to beyond Salamanca. In this position he was fond enough to hope that he would be able to repel any frontal attack which might be made by Wellington on any part of his line and Wellington, on his part, did all he could, by the circulation of false reports and other *ruses de guerre*, to encourage the French in their belief that he meant to re-invade Spain

through the central provinces between the Tagus and the Douro.

But for various reasons Wellington resolved to make a flank march by the north, so as, if possible, to turn the French right and fall upon their rear. Dividing his forces into three armies—the left one under Sir Thomas Graham, the centre one commanded by himself, and that on the right led by Sir Rowland Hill—Wellington, by a series of masterly movements which completely deceived the French and took them by surprise, crossed the Ebro and fought his difficult way across the successive affluents of its right bank, pushing the outmanœuvred Frenchmen ever before him through Burgos, which they blew up in their retreat, and compelling them to transfer their main position from the line of the Douro to that of the Ebro. "A grand design," wrote Napier, the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War, "and grandly it was executed. For high in heart and strong of hand Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter, the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he the leader so proud and confident that, in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand, cried out: 'Farewell, Portugal!'"

Wellington, so to speak, had now burned his ships, or at least his bridges, behind him. For, having executed his splendid flank movement, which compelled his enemies to fall back on their lines of communication with France through the Pyrenees, he transferred his own base of supplies, formed by his ships, from the Tagus to the Biscayan ports. It was like a transformation scene in a theatre; and the curtain of war now rose on the pleasant little town and valley of Vittoria, whither Joseph Bonaparte had hastened to concentrate about 60,000 of his men, together with all his stores and baggage, the pillage of five years, the artillery depôts of Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos, and a convoy of treasure from Bayonne—the birthplace of bayonets. "*Was für Plünder!*"—"What a city to sack!" old Marshal Blücher once exclaimed on looking down on London from the dome of St. Paul's. But the sight of all the treasure which was now amassed in the valley of Vittoria would have almost made the fingers of "Marshal Vorwärts" itch still more.

While Wellington expected, and expected not in vain, of his red-coated soldiery that they should prove second to none in battle, he did not exact of them a familiar acquaintance with the historical associations of the scenes which they immortalised anew by their bravery. But had they been aware of the incidents which, in times long past, had been enacted on the scene of their present battle array, they would doubtless have felt doubly resolved to sustain the martial glory of their country. For here it was that, in the year 1367, Edward the Black Prince had routed some of the finest troops of France under their famous leader Bertrand du Guesclin; and a prominent height in the region was still known as the "Englishmen's Hill" (*Altura de los Ingleses*), from the gallant stand which had been made by some English knights and their followers against a large body of Spaniards under Don Telo. Vittoria had previously to this derived its name from some ancient and forgotten victory, but now it was to receive a fresh coating of scarlet paint that would last to the end of time.

The position of the French could not well have been stronger by nature. Their left, under Maransin, rested on an elevated chain of craggy mountains; their right, under Reille, on a rapid river (the Zadora); while Gazan held the commanding heights in the centre, and a succession of undulating grounds afforded excellent situations for artillery. The French line extended for about eight miles, and this was guarded by about 60,000 men with 152 guns. King Joseph himself was in nominal command of this army—a splendidly equipped one in every respect—though he allowed himself to be guided in all things by Marshal Jourdan, who, on this 21st of June, was suffering so acutely from fever that he was unable to mount his horse. The French army could not have consisted of better fighting material, but it was badly commanded. In respect of position, cavalry and artillery, King Joseph was decidedly superior to Wellington; but, on the other hand, Wellington had the advantage of being numerically stronger than his opponent by about 20,000 men.

After an early morning of mist the day broke in glorious sunshine, and then the British army began to move forward over very hilly and irregular ground from its bivouacs on the Bayas river, running almost parallel with the Zadora. The scene was one of the most splendid and animated that could be imagined, being a perfect picture of all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," all the panoramic sights of battle, and all the sounds:

"The neighing of the cavalry horses, the roll

of tumbrils and gun-carriages, the distant yet distinct words of command, the mingling music of many bands, the trumpets of the Horse, the bugles of the Rifles, and the hoarsely-wailing war-pipes of the Highland regiments, ever and anon swelling upon the breeze, pealing among the heights of Puebla, and dying away among the windings of the vale of Zadora."

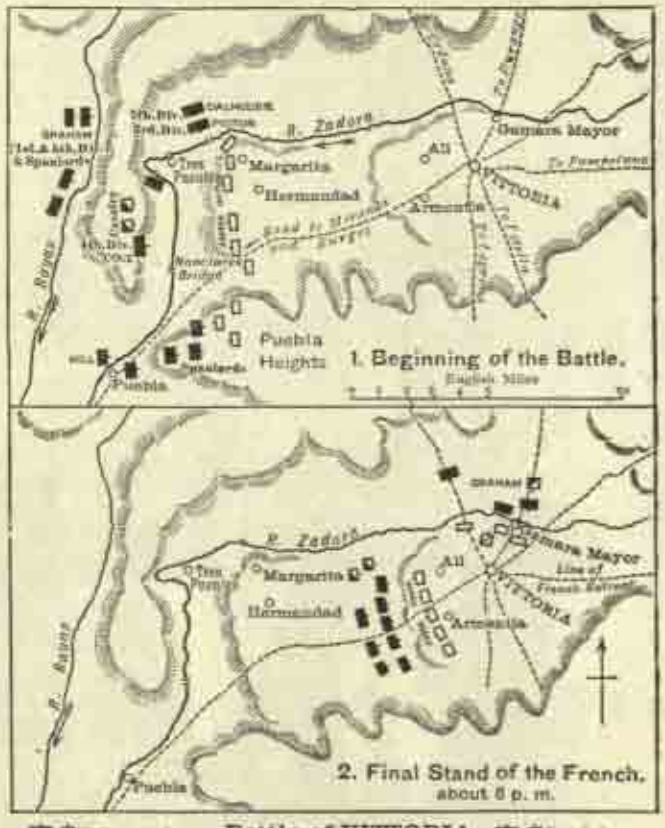
The attack on the French position was begun by Sir Rowland Hill on the British right, where he advanced a Spanish brigade under Morillo to gain possession of the Puebla heights. With great difficulty, though unopposed, the Spaniards gallantly scrambled to the top of those heights. But presently they were sharply opposed by the French, who, perceiving the danger which thus threatened their left, detached a portion of their centre force, and began to make immense exertions to hurl the overweening Spaniards down the hill again. And it would now have gone extremely hard with the valiant Dons had not Hill been quick to perceive the peril they were in, and tell off the 71st Highland Light Infantry with another light battalion, under Colonel Cadogan, to rush to their assistance. Then the pipers of the Highlanders struck up "Johnnie Cope," the regimental march, which had been written to celebrate the finest of all Highland victories—that of Prestonpans:—

"Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Saying, 'Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.'

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wankin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?" etc.

As though inspired by all the memories associated with these stirring strains, the 71st rushed to the succour of the hard-pressed Spaniards, and soon reached the summit of the heights, though at a great sacrifice of life. Scorning the use of bullets, the Highlanders, with levelled bayonets, swept up and upon the foe through clouds of smoke and tearing volleys of grape and musketry; and their fighting rage was further intensified by the sight of their idolised commander (Cadogan) falling mortally wounded from his horse. A few minutes later he died in the arms of Colonel Seaton, of the 92nd Highlanders. Nothing could now withstand their headlong charge, which was like that of the clans at Prestonpans; and after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, Maransin's Frenchmen were hurled back and down the reverse side of the hill, which now began to resound with the victory pæans of the Highland war-pipe.

"We lay on the heights for some time," wrote



a soldier of the 71st. "Our drought was excessive. There was no water there, save a small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men stooped to drink. A ball pierced his head. He fell in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood. Thirsty as we were, we could not drink of it. There were only three hundred of us on the height able to do duty out of one thousand who drew rations that morning. The cries of the wounded were most heartrending."

The spirit which animated the British troops on this day of victorious battle was well described by Sergeant Donaldson, of the Scots Brigade, in his "Eventful Life of a Soldier":—"Those who

have not known it from experience can form no idea of the indifference with which our soldiers entered a battle after being some time in the Peninsula. As an instance of this, when we were lying in front of the enemy in expectation of being engaged, one of our men, a Highlander, having lost a small piece of ornamented leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking it off the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said very seriously, "I wish there may be an engagement to-day, that I may get a rosette for my cap!"

While as yet the battle on the Puebla heights seemed doubtful, Wellington, with his eagle glance, had discerned the advance of the tartans, and then, turning to his staff, he announced that the hill had been won; and notwithstanding repeated efforts on the part of the French to dislodge them from this important position, the allies retained possession of them throughout the day.

VITTORIA: PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION.

Meanwhile, in the centre, where Wellington himself swayed the battle, General Picton, who commanded the famous "Fighting Third" Division, was fretting his heart away under his enforced inaction. His soldiers were straining to advance like greyhounds in leash, and their equally fiery leader had some difficulty in restraining them. As the day wore on, and the fight waxed ever warmer on his right, Picton became furious and observed to an officer, "D——n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us." His stick fell in rapid strokes upon the mane of his horse. At length a staff-officer galloped up from Lord Wellington.

Picton's face began to glow with animation at the prospect of his being ordered into action; but it suddenly grew black again on the officer simply asking whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. "No, sir," answered Picton sharply; "but have you any orders for *me*?" "None," replied the aide-de-camp. "Then pray, sir," continued the irritated general, "what are the orders you *do* bring?" "Why," answered the officer, "that as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the 7th Division, shall commence an attack on the bridge" (pointing to one on the left), "the 4th and 6th are to support him."

Picton could not understand the idea of any

other Division fighting in *his* front, so, drawing himself up to his full height, he said to the astonished aide-de-camp, with some heat, "You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the 3rd Division under my command shall, in less than ten minutes, attack the bridge and carry it, and the 4th and 6th Divisions may support me if they choose." Saying which, he turned from the aide-de-camp and put himself at the head of his eager men with a wave of his hand towards the bridge and the cry of "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!"

He well fulfilled his promise. Under a heavy fire of artillery his "fighting" Division moved steadily on, his leading companies rushing over the bridge, where they formed up in open columns. Then they moved by their left, so as to attack the enemy's centre. Still advancing in the same order, they pressed up the heights, where they quickly deployed into line. The foe hardly awaited the attack, for so ably and rapidly were these bold manœuvres carried out that the French for the moment were as if panic-stricken. Picton had gained the heights in front of him, but the Divisions on his right had not yet made sufficient progress to come into line with and support him. Halting his impatient "rascals," he waited for the advance of the 7th Division (Lord Dalhousie's) and part of the "Lights," while the 4th (under General Cole) passed the Zadora a little further to the right by the Nanclares bridge.

During the tardier advance of these Divisions, the French made desperate attempts to roll back Picton, opening upon him with fifty guns and hurling serried masses of infantry at his line. But the incessant fire which his "fighting villains" poured into the teeth of their assailants made terrible havoc in their ranks, and what they could not do with their bullets they did with their bayonets. When these were crossed with the enemy, the issue of the struggle in this part of the field was certain.

All this time "Picton's Division," as an eye-witness wrote, "acted in a manner which excited at once the surprise and admiration of the whole army. For nearly four hours did it alone sustain the unequal conflict, opposed to a vast superiority of force. From the nature of the ground, the rest of the army became witnesses of this animating scene; they beheld, with feelings more easily conceived than expressed, the truly heroic efforts of this gallant band. They saw the general—calm, collected, and determined—leading them on in the face of danger, amidst a shower of cannon-and musket balls. Nothing could appal, nothing could resist, men so resolute and so led. They subdued every obstacle, bore down all opposition, and spread death, consternation, and dismay in the enemy's ranks."

"THE SOLDIERS HELD AN AUCTION THROUGH THE NIGHT" (*p.* 591).

The uneven and broken ground made Picton's advance difficult and his line irregular, but there was no confusion in his ranks. A second time did the "fighting villains" charge down with the bayonet on the rearward position to which they had forced the enemy to retire, and so hasty was the French flight that they left twenty-eight of

their guns in the hands of Picton's irresistible men.

Thus the fight went on for several miles, prominent incidents in its course being the storming of the village of Margarita by the Oxfordshire Light Infantry at the point of the bayonet, and a similar carrying of Hermandad by the Royal Irish Fusiliers with a rousing yell of victory. Thus, for a distance of six miles, the tide of battle rolled backwards towards Vittoria. The whole basin was a scene of sanguinary strife. Every valley and height and woodland was covered with sheets of flame, and every vineyard wall and hedgerow served as a breastwork, which was desperately contested.

Later, on the British left, Sir Thomas Graham —with the 1st and 5th Divisions, Pack's and Bradford's infantry brigades, a Spanish Division under Longa, and Anson's brigade of horse— had been equally successful in passing the desperately-defended Zadora and threatening the French right.

Some idea of the fighting on this flank may be gained from the terse account which was given of it by Lieutenant Campbell (afterwards to become Sir Colin, the hero of Lucknow, and Lord Clyde), who was then acting as orderly officer to Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford: "While we were halted the enemy occupied Gamara Mayor in considerable force, placed two guns at the principal entrance into the village, threw a cloud of skirmishers in front among the cornfields, and occupied with six pieces of artillery the heights immediately behind the village on the left bank. At 5 p.m. an order arrived from Lord Wellington to press the enemy in our front. It was the extreme right of their line, and the lower road to France, by which alone they could retire. Their artillery and baggage ran close to Gamara Mayor. The left brigade moved down in contiguous columns of companies, and our light companies were sent to cover the right flank of this attack.

"The regiments, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, did not take a musket from their shoulder until they had carried the village. The enemy brought forward his reserves, and made many desperate attempts to retake the bridge, but could not succeed. This was repeated until the bridge became so heaped with dead and wounded that they were rolled over the parapet into the river below. Our light companies were closed upon the 9th, and brought into the village to support the 2nd Brigade. We were presently ordered to the left to cover the flank of the village, and we occupied the bank of the river, on the opposite side of which was the enemy. After three hours' hard fighting they retired, leaving their guns in our possession."

The battle now presented a magnificently imposing spectacle as the three divisions of Wellington's army, after having crossed the Zadora and beaten back their opponents from ridge to ridge, and from village to village, moved forward to a grand general attack. Here, again, Picton's "fighting villains" were ever to the front. Frequently the Divisions on the right and left would see them charging into the very heart of the enemy's centre, and immediately after the enemy retreating in confusion.

"Many guns," wrote Napier, "were taken as the army advanced, and at six o'clock the enemy reached the last defensible height, one mile in front of Vittoria. Behind them was the plain on which the city stood, and beyond the city thousands of carriages and animals and non-combatants, men, women and children, were crowding together in all the madness of terror; and as the English shot went booming overhead, the vast crowd started and swerved with a convulsive movement, while a dull and horrid sound of distress arose. But there was no hope, no stay for army or multitude. It was the wreck of a nation. However, the courage of the French soldier was not yet quelled; Reille, on whom everything now depended, maintained his post on the upper Zadora; and the armies of the south and centre, drawing up on their last heights, between the villages of Ali and Armentier, made their muskets flash like lightning, while more than eighty pieces of artillery, massed together, pealed with such a horrid uproar that the hills laboured and shook, and streamed with fire and smoke, amidst which the dark figures of the gunners were seen bounding with a frantic energy."

The French retirement was successively converted into retreat, flight, and headlong rout, followed by the scarlet masses of Wellington's victorious infantry from ridge to ridge, and from height to hollow. In the morning a superbly organised army, the French had by sunset become a wild and affrighted mob. King Joseph himself had a very narrow escape. The 10th Hussars galloped into the town just as he was leaving it in his carriage, and when Captain Wyndham dashed after him with a squadron, his Majesty only escaped by quitting his vehicle and mounting a swift horse. But the Hussars

were rewarded by the finding of the greater portion of the king's regalia in his carriage. Another object, though less of value than of interest, that was captured, was Jourdan's baton of a field-marshal, which Wellington sent home to the Prince Regent as one of the trophies of his almost unparalleled victory—unparalleled by its military and political results, as well as by the immense amount of booty of all kinds which fell into the hands of the allies.

This consisted, among other things, of all the enormous amount of plunder which the French had rapaciously amassed in the course of their campaigning in Spain. To use the words of one of their commanders, Gazan, "They had lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him. Generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the bare clothes on their backs, and most of them were barefooted."

The work of fighting had scarcely ended when the work of plundering began. The camp of every Division was 'like a fair: planks were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, disposing of such booty as had fallen to their share. Of five and a half million dollars alone, which were indicated by the French accounts to be in the money chests, not one dollar was ever credited to the British public. The British private, however, had his fair share of all this immense spoil, and he had richly earned it by contributing to one of the most complete victories which had ever been won—a victory which, purchased by the allies at the comparatively small cost of 5,170 killed and wounded (that of the French being about the same), secured to the British arms the glory of having finally delivered Spain from the insufferable presence of its French oppressors.

True, the work of the war was not yet complete. San Sebastian had still to be stormed, and the battles of the Pyrenees fought. But, meanwhile, as Napier wrote, "Joseph's reign was over; the crown had fallen from his head, and, after years of toils and combats, which had rather been admired than understood, the English general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror. From these lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
(From the Portrait by Sir William Beechy, R.A.)

BUENA VISTA.

22: FEB. 1846.

BY R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

"YOU are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in all human probability, avoid suffering rout and being cut to pieces with your troops." It was with these alarming words, by way of preface, that Santa Anna, the Dictator of the Mexican Republic, on the eve of the Battle of Buena Vista, called upon the United States commander-in-chief, General Taylor, to surrender within an hour. Taylor's reply was short and to the point:—

"In answer to your note of this date summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request."

The Battle of Buena Vista, or Angostura, when the foremost generals on either side met for the first and last time, was in many ways the most remarkable engagement of the war about Texas between Mexico and the United States. It will be well to state briefly the cause of the war. Mexico's struggle for independence and liberty was prolonged and painful, and revolutions were for many years of almost annual occurrence. In 1836, when Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, one of the most remarkable men that Mexico has ever produced, was President, the Texans revolted, and with the aid of the United States defeated the chief of the Republic at San Jacinto. Santa Anna was not one to forget that he owed a grudge for this. He declared some years afterwards that he would never recognise the independence of the "land pirates" of Texas while he could draw a sword. He vowed to exterminate them, and even to chastise the Government of the United States. However, this would-be Napoleon of America was rudely awakened from his ambitious dreams and banished by his fickle countrymen.

In 1845 a measure for the annexation of Texas to the United States was passed by Congress and ratified by the Texans. The motives for this step need not now be discussed. It is sufficient to say that General Zachariah Taylor was sent with forces to occupy the country to the banks of the Rio Grande, or the Rio Bravo del Norte, being instructed to act as much as possible on the defensive. The Mexicans, not unnaturally, regarded such action as amounting to a declaration of war. Active hostilities began in May, 1846, battles being fought at Palo Alto and at Resaca de la Palma, which General Taylor followed up by the brilliant capture of Monterey. Then the greater portion of the American troops were withdrawn to swell the ranks commanded by General Scott, the senior officer, whose scene of operations lay in another direction; and Taylor, whose prowess had greatly impressed the picturesque enemy, seemed fated to have nothing to do for a time. Meanwhile, successive Mexican Governments, unstable as water, had been overthrown by the dissatisfied and possibly alarmed people. Santa Anna was recalled in January, 1847, from his retreat in Havana. Compared to Cincinnatus, he was made Dictator, and was everywhere received with the wildest enthusiasm, and with as much confidence as that with which the Invincible Armada was despatched. With the cry of "God and Liberty!" Santa Anna called upon his countrymen to rally round him, and to deliver the land from "the northern barbarians, the despoilers of your soil, the desecrators of your churches." In an incredibly short time more than 20,000 men responded to his summons, and, even mortgaging his private estates to raise money, Santa Anna moved towards General Taylor at full speed.

A vivacious lady, who saw the Dictator not long before, described him as "a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly-dressed, rather melancholy person, apparently somewhat of an invalid, with a sallow complexion, fine, dark, penetrating eyes,

"THE MEXICAN LANCERS CHARGED THE ILLINOIS SOLDIERS" (A. 393).

and a wooden leg"—his own having been amputated below the knee. Altogether, "a more polished hero" than she expected to find. None other could have kept such an army together, or have moved it with such marvellous rapidity. Santa Anna left San Luis Potosi with 21,340 men, some of whom, however, were despatched in other directions before they reached Agua Nueva, a village some sixteen miles south of Saltillo, the capital of the province of Coahuila. General Taylor had previously occupied Agua Nueva, and he retreated thence before the foe. This was only a ruse of his, but the Mexican general encouraged his men with the cry that the Americans were flying before them. "Onward! onward!" he cried, "and avenge your slaughtered countrymen." He left San Luis Potosi with only twelve days' provisions, all of which had to be carried owing to the unfertile nature of the country. "The immense granaries of the enemy are before you," said the general to his men; "you have only to go and take them." As it happened the Mexicans reached the field of battle after a march of twenty leagues, for the last sixteen of which they had had no water nor food, except one ration of ham served out at Encarnacion. General Taylor had only retired a few miles nearer Saltillo. He had some time before noted the hacienda of Buena Vista as an invaluable retreat in case of need. "'Tis a principle of war," Napoleon once remarked, "that when you can use the lightning 'tis better than cannon"; and man could scarcely have made this place so well-nigh impregnable as Nature had done.

General Taylor, or "Rough and Ready" as he was affectionately called, had long before—he was now sixty-three years old—won his spurs on the battlefield. He was short, round-shouldered, and stout. His forehead was high, his eyes keen, his mouth firm, with the lower lip protruding, his hair snow-white, and his expression betokened his essentially humane and unassuming character. No private could have lived in simpler fashion. When he could escape from his uniform he wore a linen roundabout, cotton trousers, and a straw hat, and, if it rained, an old brown overcoat. In battle he was absolutely fearless, and invariably rode a favourite white horse, altogether regardless of attracting the enemy's attention. The old hero never wavered when he heard of the approach of the dreaded Santa Anna. He quietly went to work, and, having strongly garrisoned Saltillo, placed his men so as to seize all the advantages the position offered. The forces at his disposal for the latter purpose only numbered 4,425, of whom 344 were officers, and even of this small force but two squadrons of cavalry and three battalions of light artillery, or 453 men all told, belonged to the regular army. Very few had thus seen actual warfare, and so it was with Santa Anna's army. The Mexican forces that engaged in battle consisted of 13,432 infantry, 28 battalions; 4,338 cavalry 30 squadrons; and a train of artillery —three 24-pounders, three 16-pounders, five 12-pounders, five 8-pounders, and a seven-inch howitzer—all served by 413; a total of 18,133 men.

Imagine a narrow valley between two mountain ranges. On the west side of the road a series of gullies or ravines, on the east the sheer sides of precipitous mountains. Such was the Pass of Angostura, which, at one spot three miles from Buena Vista, could be held as easily as Horatius kept the bridge In the brave days of old; and here were placed Captain Washington's battery of three guns and two companies as a guard. Up the mountain eastward the rest of the American army was ranged, more especially on a plateau so high as to command all ground east and west, and only approachable from the south or north by intricate windings formed by ledges of rock.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of February the advance pickets espied the Mexican van, and General Wool sent in hot haste to Taylor, who was at Saltillo. The Mexican army dragged its slow length along, their resplendent uniforms shining in the sun. With much the same feelings as Macbeth saw Birnam Wood approach, must many of the Americans have watched the flow of the steely sea. Two hours after the pickets had announced the van, a Mexican officer came forward with a white flag. He bore the imperious message from the dictator the opening words of which have already been quoted.

After General Taylor's curt reply had been made, an immediate attack was expected, but it was delayed while the Mexican general waited for his rear columns to come up. In the course of the afternoon some of the enemy, as they made their way towards the plateau (while the main body was advancing up the pass where Captain Washington was waiting), exchanged shots with the Americans, and brought their howitzer to bear; and this kind of thing, which the ground prevented from being more serious, went on until after sundown. Then, seeing that nothing

of any importance was likely to happen that night, Taylor returned to Saltillo, whither also some Mexican cavalry, under General Minon, were advancing in order to cut off the expected retreat of the intruders. Night fell, and the silence could be felt. Already the vultures were gathered together. Although it was bitterly cold on the mountain tops, the Americans bivouacked without fires and upon their arms. Under the cloak of night some 1,500 of the Mexicans out-manœuvred their foes, gained the summits, and passed away in order to attack the left wing at the given signal. This was discovered at daybreak. The white mist slowly rolled away from the solemn mountain heights before the imperious sun, but the *vista* could scarcely have been considered *buena* by the Americans as their eyes rested everywhere on Santa Anna's legions.

But the ten hours' fight soon began in deadly earnest. While a heavy column of Mexicans advanced to the pass, being repulsed by the well-directed fire from Washington's battery, a rush, which it seemed must be irresistible, was made for the plateau eastward. The Indiana troops were ordered forward, but were presently called upon by their colonel—Bowles—to "cease firing and retreat." They fled, and only a few of them could be rallied, and these afterwards joined the men from the Mississippi. Riding up to upbraid such cowardice, Lieutenant Lincoln fell, riddled with bullets. Captain O'Brien, oblivious of the Indiana desertion, pressed onward with three pieces of artillery in face of a rain of grape and canister and the incessant musketry of 3,000 infantry. The captain, discouraged when he discovered the truth, was not dismayed. Above all the tumult he heard General Wool's voice ordering forward the trusty Illinois. Two horses were shot under him, and he himself was wounded in the leg. He opened fire with an effect that only those who have been on the field of battle can fully appreciate. Stimulated by his success, O'Brien went forward for another fifty yards, and repeated his dose—"as before." The brave Mexicans, however, rallied, and every breach was immediately filled. Before long not a single cannonier was left alive to work the guns, to say nothing of the destruction of the horses; and the captain had to retreat to the American lines. He soon borrowed two six-pounders from Washington and returned to the plateau, whose safeguarding was necessary, no matter at what cost.

Meanwhile, more American artillery to O'Brien's left was driving back the Mexicans, who thus involuntarily reinforced the cavalry opposed to the gallant captain. The Mexican lancers charged the Illinois soldiers—"the very earth did shake." It was not until the former were within a few yards of O'Brien that he opened fire. This gave the Mexicans pause, but with cries of "God and Liberty!"—on they came again. Once more the deadly cannonade—another pause. O'Brien determined to stand his ground until the hoofs of the enemy's horses were upon him, but the recruits with him, only few of whom had escaped from being shot down, had no stomach to this fight left. The intrepid captain again lost his pieces, but he had saved the day.

At this point the leisurely General Taylor, on his white horse, so easily recognisable, came

from Saltillo to the field of battle. North of the chief plateau was another, where the Mississippi Rifles, under Colonel Davis—who, although early wounded, kept his horse all day—stood at bay, formed into a V-shape with the opening towards the enemy. Nothing loth, the Mexican lancers rushed on, and the riflemen did not fire until they were able to recognise the features of their foe and to take deliberate aim at their eyes. This coolness was too great to be combated.

As energetic as ever, the Mexicans now resolved to make for Buena Vista, where the American baggage and supply train were. The Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry offered such opposition as they could, but a portion of the Mexican cavalry reached their rear, and in the conflict a lance entered the mouth of Colonel Yell, commanding the men of Arkansas, and wrenched off his lower jaw, mercifully killing him at once. Lieutenant-Colonel May had been told off in charge generally of the American horse, and he succeeded in cutting off the Mexican body, who had cause to regret their short-lived triumph, as in the narrow ravines they had no chance.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

In the rage of battle, especially when its operations cover so wide a field as this, it is not always easy to arrive at the truth. There are two accounts of what immediately followed, either of which may be correct. The more probable is that Santa Anna sent one of his officers with a white flag to ask what the American general "wanted," and that General Taylor ordered General Wool to see the Mexican dictator, but that the envoy was unable to stop the enemy's advance, notwithstanding the truce, and so returned with his mission unfulfilled.

The other story is that General Taylor, pitying the Mexican remnant and disliking the shedding of so much blood, sent Lieutenant Crittenden to demand their surrender and so save their lives. Crittenden, speeding on his errand, said in reply to May, "I am going to tell those fellows to surrender in order to save their lives." "Wait till I have charged them," May implored. "Impossible! The old man has sent me, and I must go on." "But," said the colonel, "my good fellow, for God's sake just rein up for five minutes and give us a chance." Taken blindfold to the dictator, Crittenden was told to point out to his general the folly of continuing the contest, whereupon the messenger coolly replied, "I have come to demand your immediate surrender to General Taylor." The veracious chronicler adds that Santa Anna raised his eyebrows in speechless amazement, as well he might. No matter which version be correct, it is quite clear that the wily Mexican gained sufficient time to enable his men to quit their unpleasant position, the Americans having to endure the mortification of seeing their sure prey escape under the pretext of the truce. General Minon came up to the rear at this period of the day, but was repulsed by artillery without any difficulty — as though, indeed, it were a sham fight.

There is some limit to mankind's endurance, and for a time the struggle was less arduous. Suddenly it was seen that the Illinois regiment and the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry were in grievous straits, in two senses of the word, and were being overwhelmed by the combined forces of the enemy.

> "Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
> Nothing there, save death, was mute;
> Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
> For quarter, or for victory,
> Mingle there with the volleying thunder."

General Taylor ordered Captain Bragg, a comrade-in-arms worthy of O'Brien, forward with battery, and he obediently rushed to the rescue with the lightest carriages that he could get. The advance artillery was taken by the Mexicans, who also repulsed the supporting infantry.

Bragg appealed for fresh help. "I have no reinforcements to give you," "Rough and Ready" is reported to have replied, "but Major Bliss (the assistant adjutant-general) and I will support you"; and the brave old man spurred his horse to the spot beside the cannon. Unheeding, the Mexican cavalry rode forward—the day was now theirs for a certainty. "God and Liberty!" their proud cry again rang out. Their horses galloped so near to Captain Bragg's coign of vantage that their riders had no time in which to pull them up before the battery opened fire with canister. As the smoke cleared, the little group of Americans saw the terrible work they had done in the gaps in the enemy's ranks, and heard it in the screams of men and of horses in agony. They reloaded with grape. The Mexicans pressed on: their courage at the cannon's mouth was truly marvellous. This second shower of lead did equal, if not greater, mischief. A third discharge completely routed the enemy, who, being human, fled in headlong haste over the wounded and the dead—no matter where. The American infantry pursued the flying foe, with foolish rashness, beyond safe limits. The Mexicans, all on an instant, turned about, the hounds became the hare, and had it not been for Washington's cannon checking the Mexican cavalry, who had had enough grape and canister for one day, they would have been annihilated.

"IN THE NARROW RAVINES THE MEXICANS HAD NO CHANCE." (*p.* 596).

But before Captain Bragg had come to the rescue the American loss had been very severe, so that General Taylor afterwards wrote, "I have no exultation in our success when I miss all the familiar faces"—for the old man called the army under him his military family, and regarded it with proportionate affection. The Kentuckians lost in those fatal minutes Colonel McKee, whom the Mexicans killed with their bayonets as he lay wounded on the ground, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, who was wounded in the leg. Clay's men carried him till the roughness of the route and the enemy's hot pursuit made it a difficult and dangerous task for them. He then insisted on being left to his fate, and he was last seen alive in the act of defending himself with his sword from the Mexican bayonets. Colonel Hardin, of the Illinois regiment, also fell at the same time, but, although wounded to the death and lying prostrate on the ground, he shot one of his foemen with a pistol before a bayonet thrust silenced him too.

At six o'clock, after ten hours' uninterrupted

and fierce fighting, the battle came to an end with the curious result that both armies left off "as you were," occupying the same positions as in the morning. But the losses on both sides had been very heavy, as will shortly be shown. The silence of that night—also passed on the mountain tops without fires, although with darkness came again the bitter cold—was unbroken, except by the cries of the injured, whose wounds smarted in the raw air, and by the howls of the wolves and jackals eager to dispute with the birds of prey the human carrion.

General Taylor expected a renewal of hostilities on the morrow, but the welcome daylight showed that the Mexicans had retreated—or rather countermarched—to Agua Nueva for rest and refreshment. Butler's words are not necessarily untrue because written in sarcastic vein—

> "In all the trade of war, no feat
> Is nobler than a brave retreat."

Both the rival generals would have liked to have continued the battle, but the Mexicans were utterly worn out, and the Americans were scarcely less weary. A day or two afterwards Santa Anna was invited to exchange prisoners, and he agreed to set free all those he had taken, Taylor undertaking to care for the wounded whom the Mexicans had left behind. The dead were buried with all convenient speed, and the wounded taken as comfortably as possible—which is saying very little—to Saltillo.

The American loss was reported by General Taylor to be 267 men killed, of whom 28 were officers (an unusually large proportion), 456 men wounded, and 23 missing. Santa Anna reported his loss to be 1,500 men killed—"and that of the enemy was much greater." By some the Mexican loss was estimated at double the figure given by the dictator.

At the close of the battle Wool embraced Taylor, who exclaimed, "Ah, general, it is impossible to whip us when we all pull together." That was the secret of the American success. They fought with perfect unanimity of action. But without their artillery this would have been unavailing. Success it was; for had the Mexicans triumphed, the army of occupation would have been destroyed from off the face of the earth. To General Wool the very highest praise is due. Before his superior officer arrived on the scene he directed everything, and his skill on the field proved invaluable. His volunteers had been almost mutinous before, all unused as they were to military discipline, and General Wool was a stern disciplinarian; but they lived to appreciate and to acknowledge the service he had done them in properly training them. General Taylor bore ungrudging testimony to his colleague's worth.

Santa Anna did not exaggerate the truth one whit when he said his army had done more than could be expected under the laws of Nature. It had just been formed, and had not had time to acquire discipline or military habits. The Mexicans were fatigued and famished—nay, many of them were positively ill—and it is not strange that their action was not so united as that of their adversaries. "Our last effort would have been decisive," said the dictator, "if General Minon had done his duty in attacking the enemy"; and he had the offending officer tried by court martial. As it was, Santa Anna claimed the victory, and the obsequious governor of San Luis Potosi proclaimed it as such, promising "eternal gratitude to the illustrious, renowned, and well-deserving general and his invaluable army."

As already stated, General Taylor and General Santa Anna never again tried conclusions. That the "northern barbarians" eventually won their point, and that the Rio Grande became the boundary between the two republics, are now matters of history. Among his grateful fellow-countrymen, who never forget Buena Vista, old "Rough and Ready" built himself an everlasting name.

TOO little is known by the general public of the expedition to Egypt in 1801. There is a vague idea that our troops forced a landing in the face of a stout resistance, and that afterwards a battle took place in which the French lost the day and we our general, Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

The above is generally all that is known of an expedition which was well conceived, ably carried out, and completely successful. Moreover, it was fertile in acts of gallantry, and served to give a much-needed encouragement to the British army, which during the preceding forty years had not been intoxicated by success.

In 1800 the French were firmly established in Egypt, and the British Government, anticipating a design on India, determined to send an expedition to the land of the Pharaohs. At the same time a force from India of some 6,000 men was to co-operate.

The principal blow was, however, to be dealt by an army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Before we come to the history of the campaign let us glance for a moment at the career of this gallant soldier. The son of a landed proprietor in Clackmannan, he was born in 1734, and was educated first at Rugby and afterwards at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leipsic. His father obtained for him, in 1756, a commission as cornet in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and he first saw active service in 1758, as aide-de-camp to General Sir William Pitt in the seven years' war in Germany. He became lieutenant in 1760 and captain in 1762. The year 1793 found him a major-general in command of a brigade in the army which, under the Duke of York, co-operated with the allies in the invasion of France. He greatly distinguished himself, and displayed much capacity when in command of the rear-guard on the retreat through Holland in August and September, 1794, having, it is worth noting, under his orders Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington.

In November, 1795, he was sent at the head of 15,000 men to reduce the French sugar islands in the West Indies, a task which he accomplished with signal success; and after serving as commander of the troops in 1797 in Ireland (and having come into conflict with the Castle authorities by his determination to suppress the outrages of the Yeomanry and Militia), and afterwards in Scotland, he was promoted in 1799 to the rank of lieutenant-general, and sent to the Helder in command of 10,000 men. He acquitted himself so well in this brief campaign that the Ministry wished to raise him to the Peerage; but, disgusted at the inglorious ending of the expedition, he indignantly refused the proffered honour. This is but the briefest *résumé* of Abercrombie's public career as a soldier previously to the expedition to Egypt. Of his private character, we learn from an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1801 that it was "modest, disinterested, upright, unstained by any negligent or licentious vice." "He was a good son, brother, father, husband," proceeds the writer, "as well as an able and heroic general."

It was in Malta that the expedition was organised. Abercrombie had been sent to the Mediterranean in 1800, and had proceeded, after an unsuccessful attempt to effect a landing at Cadiz, to Minorca with the intention of landing in Italy—a project which had been baffled by Napoleon's victory at Marengo. The object of the invasion, as has been said, was to arrest the apprehended danger of French designs on India, and it was arranged that the Indian contingent of 6,000 men should co-operate from the south. His army may be said to have been

organised at Malta, whence it sailed on the 20th and 21st December, 1800, for Marmorice, in Anatolia, on the coast of Asia Minor.

While there, the ship which was carrying the 42nd Highlanders was visited by a venerable white-bearded old Turk, evidently a person of rank. On seeing the Highlanders in their kilts he burst into tears, and to their astonishment addressed them in Gaelic. It seemed that he was a Campbell from Kintyre, and in early youth —according to the author of "Stewart's Highlanders," who was with the 42nd as a captain on the occasion of the visit—when playing with a schoolfellow had accidentally killed him. According to another account, the schoolfellow was converted into an adversary slain in a duel. Be that as it may, Campbell fled the country for fear of the law, and had about 1760 joined the Turkish army, in which he had risen to the position of general of artillery.

During the stay in Marmorice—which was made for the purpose of collecting gunboats and effecting arrangements with the Turks, both as to co-operation in the invasion of Egypt and a supply of horses—the troops were practised in embarking and disembarking. Only a few horses having been obtained, and there being little hope of immediate effective co-operation on the part of the Turks the expedition sailed for its destination in February, 1801.

"THE COLONEL IMMEDIATELY RAISED HIS CANE, AND, SHAKING IT AT THE SOLDIER, CALLED OUT, 'OH, YOU SCOUNDREL!'" (p. 602.)

The expeditionary force was composed as follows :—

Brigade of Guards.—Major-General Hon. George Ludlow : eight companies 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, the flank companies being left at home.

The 1st Battalion Scots Guards, the flank companies left at home.

Major-General Coote's Brigade. — 1st (the Royal) Regiment ; two battalions of the 54th Regiment ; 92nd Highlanders.

Major-General Cradock's Brigade.—8th, 13th, 19th, and 90th Regiments.

Major-General Lord Cavan's Brigade.—2nd, 50th, and 79th Highlanders.

Brigadier-General John Doyle's Brigade.—18th, 30th, 44th, 89th.

Major-General John Stuart's Brigade.—The Minorca, De Rolles', and Dillon's regiments.

Reserve (commanded by Major-General Moore, with Brigadier-General Oakes in command).—

Flank companies of the 40th Regiment, and the 23rd, 28th, 42nd Highlanders, 58th, Corsican Rangers, and detachments of the 11th and Hompesch's Dragoons.

Cavalry Brigade under Brigadier-General Finch.—12th and 26th Dragoons.

Artillery and Pioneers, under Brigadier-General Lawson.

The total strength was 12,864, including about 300 sick, according to Stewart; according to Walsh, 14,967, 300 sick. Wilson gives the force at 15,330 men, excluding officers but including 900 sick; 500 may be perhaps accounted for by Stewart's excluding our Maltese Pioneers and followers. He estimates the effective force at probably not above 12,000. Alison gives the following figures—16,513 infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and 999 sick. On the whole, I prefer to accept Wilson's estimate of 12,000 efficient fighting-men.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

The French numbered, according to Alison, 26,520 and 994 sick; but these were distributed at different points—chiefly Alexandria and Cairo. The commander of the French army was Menou, who, from a vain belief in conciliating the Egyptians, had married the rich daughter of the Master of the Baths at Rosetta, embraced the Mahommedan faith, and assumed the name of Abdallah Jacques François Menou—singular conduct in one who, under Louis XVI., had been a baron and a maréchal-de-camp. A gallant soldier, he displayed little ability as a commander-in-chief, and was not much respected by his officers and men. It may be mentioned that at Marmorice, Abercrombie received information which led him to believe that the French army was three times as numerous as the British force. This information was incorrect, as has been shown, but still the numerical superiority of the French was substantial. As will be shown, moreover, fortune gave Menou an opportunity of concentrating of which he failed to take advantage.

On the 1st March the British fleet anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, twelve and a half miles east of Alexandria. It was intended to disembark at once, but owing to bad weather the landing was not effected till the 8th March.

Though the British fleet had appeared in sight on the afternoon of the 1st March, the preparations for resisting a landing were insufficient and comparatively feeble. The total number of French troops in the Bay of Aboukir numbered only 2,000 men, including 200 dragoons with twelve guns. These were formed on the top of a concave arc of sandhills about one mile in length, and rising in the centre to about fifty or sixty feet above the beach. The slope was very steep and the sand loose, so that ascent was extremely difficult.

The arrangements for the landing were as follows:—About 5,230 men were to be put on shore first, to be supported as soon as possible by another body of troops. The men were to be conveyed from the ships in boats of the Royal Navy and of transports. The right flank of the boats was to be protected by the fire of a cutter

and two gun-vessels, the left by that of a cutter, a schooner, and a gun-vessel. On each flank also were two armed launches. Two bomb-vessels and three other ships also assisted to cover the landing by their fire. Sir Sidney Smith was in charge of the launches carrying the field-artillery.

The regiments were drawn up in the following order, from right to left:—The four flank companies of the 40th; the 23rd, 28th, 42nd Highlanders, and the 58th from the reserve; the brigade of Guards, the Royal regiment, and the two battalions of the 54th on the left of all. There is no special mention of the Corsican Rangers, but they must have landed, for they lost twenty-nine killed and wounded. Thus, it will be seen that the force first disembarked consisted of the whole of the reserve, with the exception of some cavalry detachments, the Guards, and a portion of the 1st Brigade, and ten field-pieces. Of the 2nd battalion of the 54th Regiment, only 200 landed with the first party. General Eyre Coote commanded the whole, but the commander-in-chief was close in rear of the centre. It was reported that Lord Keith, knowing the impetuosity and indifference to danger of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, had given a hint to the naval officer commanding the boat which carried the commander-in-chief to keep as far back as possible; nevertheless, Sir Ralph was on shore shortly after the landing of the troops.

The troops who were first to land—about 5,320 in number—were placed in boats at 2 a.m. of the 8th March, but as there was found not to be room for all, some 1,500 were left behind to come ashore in the second trip. The remainder of the 1st and 2nd brigades were removed to the most advanced ships in order to be able to give prompt support. The boats carrying the first instalment were ordered to rendezvous in rear of H.M.S. *Mondovi*, which was out of reach of the enemy's guns. Owing to the great distances which some of the boats had to row, all did not reach the *Mondovi* before 8 a.m., and it was 9 a.m. before the order to advance was given.

The sea was as smooth as glass, and for a short time there was no sign of an enemy. Soon, however, the castle of Aboukir (which from a promontory on the British right was able to take the boats in flank), and the field-pieces on the sand hills, opened a heavy fire with shot and shell, and afterwards grape, which dashed the spray into the boats. Captain Walsh, 93rd Highlanders, aide-de-camp to General Coote, who was present on the occasion, and wrote a history of the campaign, declares that the effect was that of a violent hailstorm upon the water. Two boats were sunk, one of them carrying a part of the Coldstream Guards, and most of those not slain by the fragments of the shell were drowned. The covering fire of our gun-vessels, launches, etc., produced little damage to the enemy, and as the boats approached the shore, to the shot, shell, and grape was added a destructive fire of musketry from the French infantry posted on the sand hills. Our boats, however, never faltered, and the beach was quickly reached. It had been arranged that they should all take the ground together, but owing either to the configuration of the coast or to the fact that some delay was caused in the centre owing to a momentary stopping to pick up men from the two boats that were sunk, the right wing reached the beach first; then came with a short interval the centre, and finally the left, which consisted of hired transport boats, last of all.

As soon as we got under the fire of the enemy's artillery some of their infantry rushed down to the water's edge and bayoneted men in the act of landing. The four flank companies of the 40th, on the extreme right, are believed to have been first on shore, the first, or among the first, of them being their commander, Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Brent-Spencer. The records of the 40th Regiment state, regarding this officer:—"As he leaped on the beach a French soldier instantly ran out from behind the sand hills, and, advancing to within a short distance from him, took a deliberate aim at Colonel Spencer, and seemingly deprived him of any chance of escape. The colonel, however, was not in the least dismayed, but immediately raised his cane, for he had not drawn his sword, and shaking it at the soldier, his eyes flashing ferociously at the same time, called out, 'Oh, you scoundrel!' Spencer's extraordinary composure under such desperate circumstances seems to have paralysed the Frenchman's intentions, for without firing he shouldered his musket with all possible expedition, and darted off to his comrades behind the sand hills."

General Moore, afraid that the landing would fail unless a post of the enemy situated on a high sand hill—probably that which we have mentioned as being the highest peak—from which the fire was very destructive, ordered Colonel Spencer to take it. At the head of his four companies, aided by the 23rd on his left,

he stormed that part of the position with the bayonet, broke two French battalions, pursued them, and captured three French guns. The 42nd Highlanders landed, and formed up as steadily as if on parade, and with the 28th carried and charged up the sandhills in their front, in spite of the fire of a battalion and two guns. The French infantry were drawn off, and Captain Brown, with the Grenadiers of the 28th, captured two guns with their horses, limber, and waggons, after a desperate resistance, which cost their defenders a loss of twenty-one men. No sooner had this event taken place, when 200 French dragoons attempted a charge, which, however, was promptly repulsed. This body of cavalry, however, soon rallying, swooped down on the Guards, who had just landed, and had not yet formed up. There was a momentary confusion, but the 58th, on the right, checked the onslaught with their fire, which gave the Guards time to get into line. This done, the Guards soon put the French horsemen to flight. The 54th and the Royal Regiment, being the last to land, appeared very opportunely on the scene, for at that moment they descried 600 French infantry, who had emerged through a hollow in the sand hills, and were advancing with fixed bayonets against the left flank of the Guards. The French, on seeing this fresh body of troops, fired a volley and retreated.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT IN 1801.

The struggle had now lasted about twenty minutes, and the French had been driven back everywhere. In fact, the action was virtually over. The French and the British, however, kept up a desultory fire of artillery for about an hour and a half, Sir Sidney Smith and the sailors having, with superhuman exertions, dragged up to the top of the sand hills several field-pieces. A little after 11 a.m. the French fell back, and our troops advanced to a position about three miles from the shore. Thus ended this hazardous enterprise, carried out under great difficulties of every description. Nor was our victory dearly purchased, our casualties being only 98 killed, 515 wounded, and 35 missing, the latter having been, no doubt, drowned. The loss of the French was computed at 400 killed and wounded, while eight guns and many horses were captured. So excellent were the arrangements that by nightfall the whole of the army was landed.

The ground which was the scene of subsequent operations was a narrow spit of land with the sea to the north and Lake Aboukir on the south; it is about a mile and a half broad and twelve miles long, on the western extremity being Alexandria. Immediately after the battle some men-of-war boats entered Lake Aboukir by an open cut. This lake was of great value to us in respect to protection to our left flank and also for the transport of stores. Thus a serious difficulty was overcome, as we were almost destitute of transport animals. Sir Ralph Abercrombie was at first anxious about the water supply, but his fears were soon dispelled by Sir Sidney Smith, who pointed out to him that wherever date trees grew water was to be found. Explorations were at once made, and proved successful. The castle of Aboukir on our right rear was blocked by the Queen's and the 26th Dragoons, who were dismounted.

On the 9th, the wind being fresh, no stores could be landed. On the 10th the disembarkation was completed, and the day was spent in reconnoitring. Some skirmishing between the

advanced posts took place, a surgeon and twenty men of the Corsican Rangers being captured by a sudden advance of French cavalry.

On the 12th the army advanced about four miles to Mandora Tower. Beyond a little skirmishing between the cavalry and advanced posts no fighting took place on that day. On the 13th the advance was continued, with a view of turning the right flank of the enemy, who had taken up a strong position across the peninsula, chiefly on an elevated ridge. The French having been reinforced by two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry from Cairo, and by a portion of the garrison of Rosetta, were able to put about 6,000 men and between twenty and thirty guns into line; their cavalry numbered 600 well-mounted men. Menou arrived that day from Cairo, but does not seem to have directed the operations. The advance was commenced in a line of three columns, with intervals. Each column was in mass of open column. The right column consisted of the reserve under Sir John Moore in two brigades, one in rear of the other. It skirted the sea, and was a little in rear of the alignment of the rest of the army. In the centre was Craddock's brigade with the 90th Light Infantry, under Colonel Hill as advanced guard. Craddock's brigade was followed by Coote's brigade, the Guards, under Ludlow. The left consisted of Cavan's brigade, with the 92nd Highlanders as advanced guard, Stewart's foreign brigade and Doyle's brigade following in succession.

It may here be mentioned that there had been a little re-distribution of regiments, and that a battalion of marines had been added to the force. Our small body of cavalry, badly mounted and only numbering 250, were on the right of the rear of brigade of the centre column. During part of the advance Lake Aboukir was on the left, and that flank was covered by a flotilla of armed boats under Captain Hillyar, R.N.

The army marched off at 6.30 a.m., and when it came within range the enemy opened fire from their artillery, which, searching out the columns from front to rear, caused heavy loss. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, therefore, ordered a deployment of the left and centre columns. They formed two lines—Doyle's brigade remaining in column in rear of the left, while the Guards formed a third deployed line in rear of Coote's brigade in the centre. The reserve, under General Moore, remained in column on the right, with their leading company on a level with the second line of the deployed troops.

ALEXANDRIA: VIEW FROM FORT CAFARELLI.

Whilst the troops were deploying the French descended from their position to attack us. The 90th, which were forming the advanced guard of the centre column, were charged with impetuosity by the 26th Chasseurs-à-Cheval. It is said that the 90th, as a light infantry corps, wore helmets, which fact induced the French to mistake them for dismounted cavalry. Hence they were attacked with great confidence. It is not expressly so stated, but it would appear that the 90th received their opponents in line, receiving them with a steady fire which emptied many saddles. Some of the more daring of the Chasseurs persevered, however, charging right up to the regiment, but were quickly bayoneted. Colonel Hill on this day owed his life to his helmet, which resisted a bullet which would otherwise have penetrated his head. In the *mêlée* Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whose personal intrepidity amounted to a fault, was surrounded, his horse was shot, and he was nearly captured, when he was rescued by a party of the 90th. At about the same time the 92nd Highlanders were attacked by the 61st Demi brigade, named "The Invincibles," and were also exposed to the fire with grape of two field-pieces. Nothing daunted, however, the gallant Highlanders sprang to meet them, and poured in so heavy and effective a fire that the 61st Demi brigade were forced to retire, abandoning the two guns. For their brilliant conduct on this occasion both the 90th and 92nd were authorised to bear "Mandora" on their colours. About this period of the action Dillon's regiment attacked with the bayonet a

"TWO OF THE NUMBER RODE AT THE GENERAL" (*p.* 607.)

bridge over the canal and captured it and two guns. The French fell back, halting from time to time to open on us with their well-horsed batteries. Our progress was, on the contrary, slow, for our guns had to be drawn by hand and the sand was heavy. About 2.30 p.m. the French having abandoned the crest which they had originally occupied, took up a fresh position on another crest close in front of the forts and works of Alexandria.

About this time the 44th captured in splendid style a bridge over the Alexandria Canal, which skirted the southern border of the field of battle; the bridge was defended by a body of infantry and cavalry, and a howitzer. The bridge was taken, but so heavy an artillery fire was opened upon them by the French, who had brought up some heavy guns from the

fortification in their rear, that the regiment was obliged to fall back. Almost simultaneously the commander-in-chief ordered General Hutchinson, with Stewart's and Doyle's brigades, to attack the enemy's right. Hutchinson was, however, met with a destructive fire, and Abercrombie, fearing that even if he carried the enemy's position the fire of the forts in rear would prevent him from retaining it, ordered a retreat to the position which the French had held before the action. Our force was about 12,000 combatants, that of the French about 6,000. The respective losses were: English, 1,300; French, 700 and 4 guns.

On the 15th we commenced to fortify our position, and the day was also remarkable as being that on which tents were brought up. So few, however, could be issued, that though intended only for fifteen, it was found impossible in some cases to serve out more than one tent to every thirty-nine men. Up to that date all ranks, from the commander-in-chief downwards, had slept in the open air. On the 17th the Castle of Aboukir, having endured a very severe bombardment, surrendered. On the 18th a portion of our cavalry had an affair which, though at first in our favour, ended disastrously.

On the 19th 500 Turks joined the army. On the 20th nothing occurred, but on the following day took place the battle of Alexandria, the most severe action of the campaign.

Before entering on an account of this glorious combat, we must describe the position of the British army on that eventful day.

The reserve, under General Moore, was on a height close to the sea, on the right and in advance of the rest of the army. On the right of the heights were some extensive ruins, evidently of palatial origin. These were occupied by the 58th. On the left of the ruins was a rock spoken of as a redoubt, but really it had no rear face. The garrison consisted of the 28th. In rear of the above-mentioned troops were the flank companies of the 40th, the 23rd, the Corsican Rangers, and the 42nd Highlanders. On the left of the height occupied by the reserve was a valley some 300 yards broad, in which was placed the cavalry attached to the reserve. To the left, or south, of this valley, on some rising ground, were the Guards, with a redoubt on the right, a battery on the left, and a trench and parapet connecting these two along the front. In echelon to the left rear was Coote's brigade, next to him stood Craddock's brigade. On the extreme left, and with part of his brigade thrown back *en potence*, so as to face the shore of Lake Mareotis, stood Cavan. In second line were Doyle's brigade, Stewart's Foreign brigade, and the dismounted cavalry of the 12th and 26th Dragoons.

It must be mentioned that Lake Mareotis was dry, and almost everywhere passable by troops. On the morning of the 21st March the army was under arms, as usual, at 3 a.m. Half an hour later a musket shot rang out in front of the left of the line. Several cannon shot followed, and the enemy advancing temporarily obtained possession of a small *flèche*, occupied as a picket post. The enemy were, however, soon driven back, and a profound stillness ensued. General Moore, who happened to be general of the day, had, on hearing the first shot, hurried to the left. He soon, however, became convinced that the real attack would be on the right, and he therefore galloped back through the dark, close, cloudy, and now silent night, to the reserve. Scarcely had he returned when cheers, followed by a roar of musketry, proved that his military instinct had not misled him.

The 28th, which had been drawn upon the left of the redoubt, were ordered into it, and the left wing of the 42nd, under Major Stirling, were directed to take up the ground left vacant by the 28th; while the right wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Stewart, remained 200 yards in rear. The enemy attacking the redoubt were received with so heavy a fire that they fell back precipitately to a hollow a little in rear, but soon recommenced fire. In the meantime, taking advantage of the darkness, which was so great that an object two yards off could not be distinguished, a French column, consisting of the "Invincible Legion" and a six-pounder gun, advanced by a shallow valley intervening between the 42nd and the Guards, and, wheeling to their left, were marching in profound silence between the parallel lines of the wings of the Highlanders.

It was, as we have said, still pitch dark, and the Frenchmen were further shrouded by the heavy smoke which hung about in the still night air. Their feet made no noise as they fell on the sand, and it is probable that they might in another two or three minutes have reached the ruins unperceived. Providentially, a soldier of the right wing, blessed with exceptionally sharp sight, perceived them, and stepping

out of the ranks said to his captain—Stewart of Garth—whose account we follow: "'I see a strong column of the enemy marching past in our front: I know them by their large hats and white frocks; tell the general, and allow us to charge them.' I told him to go back to his place, that the thing was impossible, as Major Stirling, with the left wing of the regiment, was in our immediate front, at a distance of only 200 yards. However, as the man still insisted on the accuracy of his statement, I ran out to the front, and soon perceived through the darkness a large moving body; and though I could not distinguish any particular object, the sound of feet and clank of arms convinced me of the soldier's correctness. In a few minutes Colonel Stewart and Major Stirling's wings charged the column in the ruins. But is is proper to explain that it was only the rear rank of the left wing that faced about and charged to their rear; the front rank kept their ground to oppose the enemy in their immediate front."

When the column saw that it was discovered it rushed towards the ruins. As the Frenchmen passed the so-called redoubt, but which was open at the gorge, the rear rank of the 28th faced about and fired into them, the front rank of the regiment, unmoved, keeping up a fire on the enemy in their immediate front. Weakened in number and in some confusion, the "Invincibles" dashed onwards to the ruins, chased by the fleet-footed Highlanders, and penetrated through the openings. The 58th and 40th, however, coolly faced about and fired into the French. When surrounded by foes and corpses the gallant survivors—two hundred in number—surrendered. The standard was given up by the officer who bore it to Major Stirling, of the 42nd, who handed it over to Sergeant Sinclair, with orders to remain with the trophy by the captured six-pounder. Subsequently he was overthrown and stunned by some French cavalry. When he came to himself the standard was gone. Some time after, Lutz, a soldier of the Minorca regiment, came to Colonel Abercrombie, and presenting him with the standard, said that he had taken it from a French officer. Lutz obtained a receipt and twenty-four dollars. This incident caused some ill-feeling. Generals Moore and Oakes were wounded about this time, but remained at their posts.

As the enemy made a renewed attack on the left of the redoubt, Moore ordered the 42nd out of the ruins to bar their progress. As the French drew close, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, ever at the point of danger, rode up and called out: "My brave Highlanders, remember your country; remember your forefathers." Responsive to the appeal, the gallant Black Watch, with a true Highland rush, dashed at the foe and sent them back in disorder and hotly pursued. Moore, who had a keen vision, differing in that respect from Abercrombie, who was very short-sighted, saw through the smoke and dust some fresh French columns drawn up on the plain, and three squadrons of cavalry about to charge through the intervals of the retreating infantry. Consequently, he ordered the regiment back to its old ground. Owing to the noise of the firing the order was only heard by some. Those companies who did hear it fell back, the others hesitated, and the next instant the French cavalry were upon them, with a fair prospect of success, for the advanced companies of the 42nd were broken and scattered. The men, however, stood firm, in groups, or even individually maintained a stout fight with the dragoons. The companies which had been withdrawn in time, and were in comparatively regular formation, repulsed the cavalry, some of whom galloped through intervals, and were almost all cut off. After penetrating our line, some wheeling to the left were shot by the 28th, who faced to the rear. They were thrown into great disorder by their horses falling over the tents and holes for camp kettles, dug by the 28th.

It must have been about this time that Sir Ralph Abercrombie was nearly slain on the spot by a French dragoon. He had sent off all his staff with orders when some French cavalry reached the spot where he was watching the fight. Two of the number rode at the general, and were about to cut him down, when the gallant veteran succeeded in wresting the sword from his adversary, who was immediately shot by a corporal of the 42nd, the other, seeking to ride away, was bayoneted by a private of the same regiment. According to Sir Robert Wilson, he was unhorsed in the struggle, and it is probable that he was, for we read of him as having afterwards walked to the redoubt on the right of the Guards, and as continuing to walk about. It was only known that he was wounded by the sight of blood trickling down his leg, for he never mentioned the fact that a bullet had lodged in his hip-bone, though he complained of a contusion in the chest, caused by a blow from the sword which he had eventually wrenched from the French officer. When the battle was over he

found himself utterly spent, and after having his wound attended to by a surgeon of the Guards, he was carried on board ship. While being carried to the beach he asked what had been put under his head. His aide-de-camp replied, "Only a soldier's blanket." "Only a soldier's blanket!" was the rejoinder; "make haste, and return it to him at once."

A little after the attack on the right the French assailed the Guards, driving in their skirmishers. The enemy advanced in echelon from the right, with a view to turning the left flank of the Guards. Several companies, however, of the 3rd Guards being thrown back, this manœuvre was foiled, and the steady fire of the brigade, coupled with the advance of Coote's brigade on the left, caused the French to retire.

Scarcely had this first charge of cavalry by two regiments of dragoons failed than the second line of three regiments made another bid for success. There was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting. According to Captain Walsh, the 42nd opened and let the enemy's horsemen through, and then faced about and fired on them. The survivors strove to force their way back, but few succeeded, their commander, General Roize, falling about this time. At the end of the charge General Stewart's brigade came up on the left of the 42nd. This was about 8.30 a.m., and till 9.30 a.m., when the battle virtually ceased, nothing but a combat of artillery and an interchange of musket-shots between the skirmishers took place on this part of the field. About 9.30 a.m. the French began to retreat, and by 10 a.m. all firing ceased.

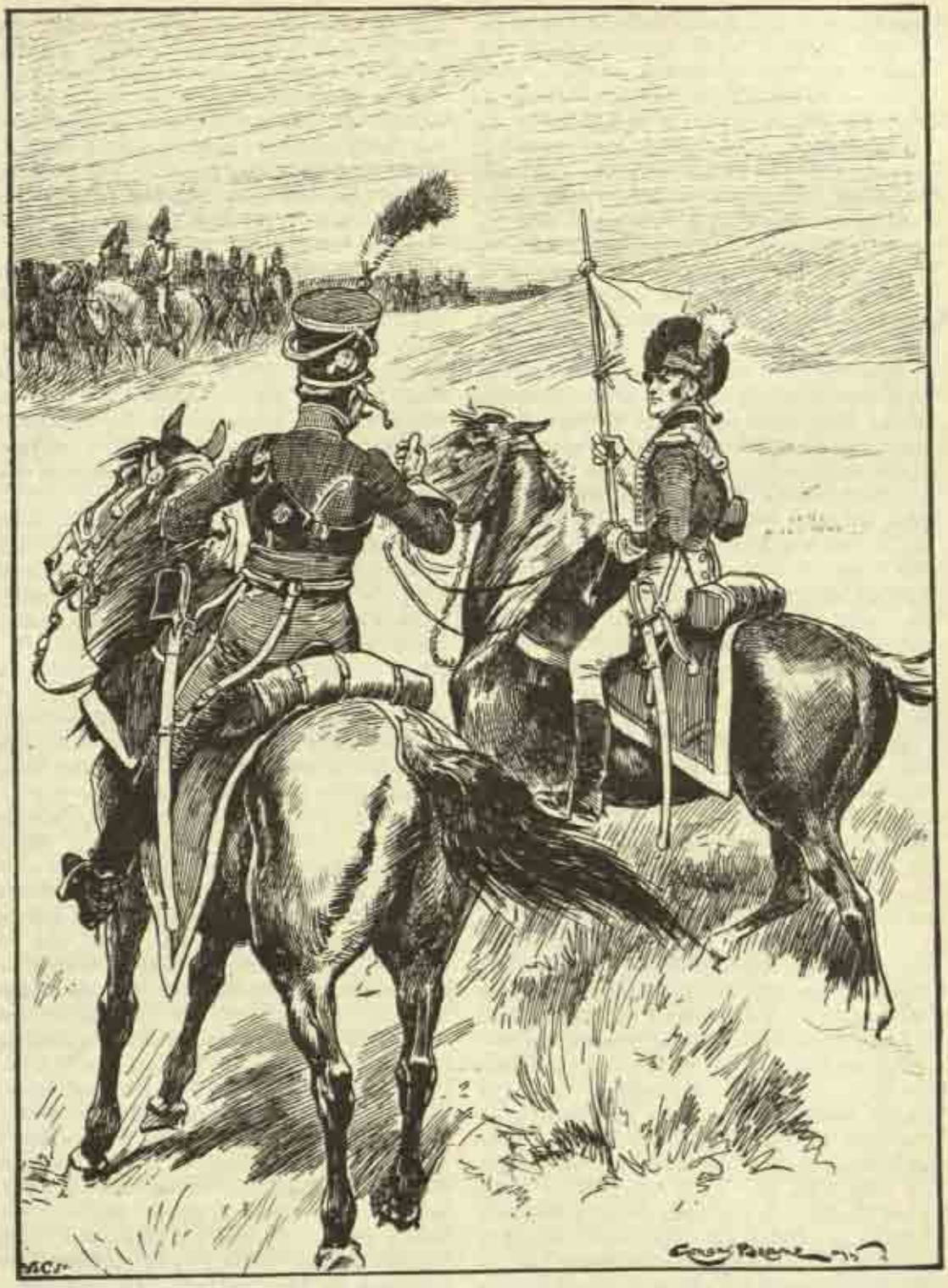
It may here be mentioned that the 92nd Highlanders had marched very early that morning towards Aboukir, where it was to go into garrison, being much weakened by casualties in action and from disease. When the firing began it was two miles from camp, but under Major Napier immediately countermarched, and arrived to take part in the battle. It is noteworthy that the steady conduct of the 42nd stood them in such good stead that, though twice engaged hand-to-hand with the enemy's cavalry, only thirteen men received sabre wounds.

The French of all arms behaved with the utmost gallantry, but it is with regret that we mention that many of them when captured were found to be drunk, and among these was an officer of high rank.

The brave and chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith was, as usual, to be found wherever the danger was greatest. In the heat of the action Major Hall, aide-de-camp to General Craddock, while carrying orders, had his horse killed under him close to where Sir Sidney was watching the fight. Disengaging himself from his fallen steed he went up to Sir Sidney and begged that officer to hand over to him his orderly's horse. Sir Sidney at once consented, and told the man to hand over his horse. While he was speaking a cannon ball took off the dragoon's head, on which Sir Sidney calmly remarked, "This is destiny. The horse, Major Hall, is yours."

A period of inactivity followed the battle, due, probably, to the wound of the commander-in-chief. The problem, moreover, was one that it was difficult to solve. Evidently the garrison of Alexandria would not soon surrender, and their position was strong, their resources considerable. A French force, moreover, occupied Cairo, and the capture of that city would produce a great moral and material effect. The distance, however, was great, and owing to the want of transport it would be necessary to advance on the capital by the Nile. The co-operation of the Turkish army was needed, and it was not yet certain to what extent it might be depended on. The attitude of the Mamelukes had also to be taken into consideration. Finally, General Baird was expected from India, and some regard to his movements had to be paid. At length, however, General Hutchinson, who had succeeded to the command of the army on the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie—who expired on board ship on the 28th—decided on a plan of operations, the main feature of which was an advance by a portion of the army under his personal command, while maintaining the investment of Alexandria by the remainder, under General Coote. He was the more readily enabled to arrive at a determination because, on the 26th March, the Capitan Pasha with 6,000 Turks had disembarked in the Bay of Aboukir.

On April 2nd Colonel Spencer, with the 58th Regiment, the flank company of the 40th, and thirty of Hompesch's Hussars, was sent to take possession of Rosetta and obtain command of the Nile, for the fleet wanted water and the troops fresh meat. Besides, the capture of Rosetta was the first step in an advance on Cairo. Spencer was accompanied by 4,000 Turks. On the 6th, Hutchinson, learning that the garrison of Rosetta had been strengthened, reinforced Spencer with the Queen's Regiment. On the morning of the 8th, Spencer, after a trying march across the desert, reached the neighbourhood of Rosetta, and found the passage of the river opposed. It



"SUDDENLY A FRENCH OFFICER GALLOPED UP TO MAJOR WILSON" (p. 610)

was, however, soon forced, and a portion of the French marched to El Hanted, on the left bank of the Nile. Detaching the Queen's and 500 Arnauts, under Lord Dalhousie, to blockade Fort St. Julien, with the remainder of his force Spencer marched south, and established himself in front of the enemy's strong position at El Hamed. There he remained for several days, sending out reconnoitring patrols and receiving reinforcements. Gradually during the following twelve days his command was brought up to —exclusive of Turks—about 300 cavalry, 4,000 infantry, with, however, only 100 horses and camels for the guns, water, and provisions.

Returning to Alexandria, Hutchinson had, with some misgiving and reluctance on account of the devastation which the measure would cause, cut the embankment of the canal and let in the waters of Lake Mareotis. By this means he almost isolated the town from external supplies, and succoured and secured his left flank, which was now protected by a flotilla on the lake. He was thus enabled to leave with confidence Coote, with about 6,000 men, in front of the town, while employing about 5,310 of his troops and some 9,510 Turks in the advance along the banks of the Nile towards Cairo. He himself proceeded to Rosetta, where he arrived on the 26th April. Lord Dalhousie and the Capitan Pasha had established batteries against Fort St. Julien, and on the 16th a bombardment was begun from these, aided by the fire from the men-of-war and boats. On the 19th, after a sturdy resistance, the garrison — having lost 40 killed and wounded and being without any prospect of succour—surrendered, with 15 guns and 268 men.

On the 4th May a detachment, consisting of two 6-pounders, two 12-pounders, two howitzers, twenty of the 12th Dragoons, the 89th Regiment, and a body of Arnauts with four horsed Turkish guns, under Colonel Stewart, was sent across the Nile, with instructions to conform with the movements of the main body on the left, or eastern, bank of the Nile. On the following day the main body advanced in two columns, one with its left on the Nile, the other with its right on Lake Edki, the whole preceded by about 4,000 Turks. At the same time a flotilla of Turkish gun-vessels and some armed djerms, or native boats, manned by British sailors, sailed up the Nile. On the 6th the allies halted in front of the canal of Deroute, which falls into the Nile on its left, or western, bank. To the south of the canal the French occupied a fortified position. On the 7th May our cavalry reported that the French had fallen back, and by a return picked up in their abandoned camp it was found that they numbered 3,931 men, including 600 cavalry. On this day the army was joined by 600 Syrian cavalry—badly mounted, undisciplined, half-naked, and many without weapons. On the 9th the army marched towards Rahmanieh, where the canal of Alexandria falls into the river.

Some skirmishing took place on both banks of the river, and Stewart constructed batteries with which to fire on the fort and an entrenched camp situated on the left bank. The next morning, when Stewart was in readiness to open fire, the fort capitulated and the entrenched camp was found to be evacuated. On the 11th the army resumed its advance, and on that day a very daring capture of a French convoy was effected.

The Arabs reported that a considerable body of French were advancing with a convoy, but perceiving signs of the proximity of the British army they retired into the desert. General Doyle was ordered to pursue with 250 cavalry, two guns, and his own brigade. Colonel Abercrombie, son of the deceased Sir Ralph, and Major —afterwards Sir—Robert Wilson, officers on the staff, galloped ahead of the force only accompanied by a few Arab horsemen. After a seven-miles' ride they came up with the enemy, whom they found drawn up in square, surrounding the convoy. A little desultory interchange of shots between the French and the Arabs ensued. Major Wilson thought that audacity might prevail, and obtained leave from Colonel Abercrombie to try what he could do. Riding up, waving a white handkerchief, he announced that he had been sent by the commander-in-chief to demand surrender on condition that the officers and men composing the party should be sent at once to France. Colonel Cavalier, commanding the convoy, peremptorily ordered him to withdraw. Major Wilson, however, persisted, saying that the offer was merely dictated by humanity, and that Colonel Cavalier would incur a heavy responsibility if he refused it. To this harangue the French colonel paid no apparent attention, and again ordered him to retire. Major Wilson, fearing that his attempt had failed, was riding towards General Doyle, who in the meantime had come up with his cavalry and was within musket shot of the convoy. Suddenly a French officer galloped up to Major Wilson with a request that he would return to Colonel Cavalier,

who requested time for consultation with his officers. After some haggling it was agreed that the convoy should surrender, being allowed to lay down their arms in the British camp and not in the desert before the Bedouins. The convoy consisted of 560 men—cavalry, infantry, and artillery (including 120 of the Dromedary Corps, who were picked men)—one four-pounder gun, and 550 camels. The captors and captured then marched off to camp, not meeting the infantry till they had gone about a league. It appeared afterwards that the mention of "France" by Major Wilson had produced so great an effect on officers and men that Colonel Cavalier had little choice about surrendering.

General Belliard, commanding at Cairo, marched with 5,500 men and twenty-four guns to attack the Grand Vizier. Meantime the advance of the British continued up the Nile, with occasionally great sufferings. On the 23rd May, for instance, there was a sirocco, the thermometer rising to 120°. So oppressive was the heat that several horses and camels died, and the troops were almost suffocated. On the 16th June the British army arrived in front of Gizeh, opposite to Cairo, on the other side of the river. Preparations being made to attack Gizeh, and the Grand Vizier being in position on the east bank of the Nile, threatening an assault on Cairo, General Belliard on the 22nd sent an officer to propose a capitulation on terms. The negotiations came to an end on the 26th, and it was agreed that the garrison should surrender on the following conditions — that General Belliard and his troops, numbering upwards of 10,000 effective men, with fifty guns, were to retain their arms and personal property and be escorted to the coast. On arrival at the coast they were to be embarked on ships provided by the British and transported to France. By a secret article it was agreed that the French should give up their arms as soon as they were on board ship. By the embarkation return given by Belliard, it would appear that exclusive of native auxiliaries and civil employees, the total number amounted to 12,862.

On the 15th July the march to the coast began, in the following order: A body of Turks, the British army, the French, the British cavalry, with some Mamelukes. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th August, the British troops from Cairo marched into camp before Alexandria, having arranged for the embarkation of Belliard and his men. This reinforcement was needed, for though Coote had been joined by several battalions and some drafts, sickness had reduced his force to 3,200 men fit for duty. Now the army in front of Alexandria was raised to a strength of 16,000 effective men. On the 16th, at nightfall, Coote with the Guards, under Ludlow, Lord Cavan's and General Finch's brigades, a few field-pieces, and 100 of the 26th Dragoons—4,000 men in all—were transported in boats by Lake Mareotis to the west of Alexandria. In order to cover the movement, on the morning of the 17th, Doyle with his brigade was ordered to carry the green hill on the French right, while Moore was directed to send some light troops to seize the knoll about a quarter of a mile in front of the French lines, in order to reconnoitre. Little opposition was made to Doyle, the French abandoning the open work on the green hill, the artillery on which had been previously removed. Moore having accomplished his object, and the knoll being too far advanced to be maintained, returned to our lines.

About 7 a.m. the enemy made a furious sortie with 600 men, and attempted to recapture the green hill. The 30th, being somewhat scattered to avoid the heavy cannonade, were taken by surprise, but rallied and charged, driving back the French, who suffered some loss.

Returning to Coote: he, seeing at daybreak that the French occupied a strong position about three miles to the west of Alexandria, left Finch to make a demonstration, whilst he himself went on a few miles further, where he disembarked, without meeting with any opposition, at a spot nine miles from Alexandria. The isthmus between the sea and Lake Mareotis was about half a mile broad. On the night of the 17th-18th there was a causeless alarm in camp, with much shouting and confusion. Coote issued a severe animadversion, but a brigade order stated that his remarks did not apply to the Guards. On the 18th, batteries were begun against Fort Marabout, which was situated on a rocky islet guarding the western entrance to the harbour of Alexandria, and 150 yards from the shore. The batteries were begun on the night of the 17th-18th, and aided by the fire of some small Turkish and British ships and a body of sharpshooters. On the 20th the tower fell, and on the 21st the commandant surrendered, with ten guns. The garrison had originally consisted of 200 men, of whom fourteen were killed. Our loss was *nil*.

On the 18th the army advanced about one and a half miles towards Alexandria. On

the 22nd the army advanced some four or five miles under a heavy cannonade, which caused us a loss of sixty killed and wounded. The French suffered heavily, and abandoned a strong fortified position, with several guns, their camp, and baggage. On the 23rd, Coote was reinforced by a brigade under Colonel Spencer. The enemy threw many shells into our camp, causing, however, but few casualties. Soon after dark on the 24th the 20th, 54th, and a detachment of the 26th Dragoons proceeded to drive in the French outposts. Our men used only the bayonet, and were completely successful after a struggle of about three-quarters of an hour. About 11 p.m. the French made a determined counter-attack, but after another three-quarters of an hour's fighting were again driven back, their loss on both occasions being heavy, seventy Frenchmen having been captured and thirty bayoneted, besides the casualties caused by our handful of cavalry. It was in one of these actions that a most singular event occurred. Coote was advancing with a company of the Guards when a discharge of grape smote them, taking off several hats but hurting no one. On another occasion a detachment of the 26th Light Dragoons were ordered to charge a halted body of French cavalry. The latter retired slowly on a battalion of infantry, who were not perceived by the 26th till they were within thirty yards. The French then fired a volley which, marvellous to relate, hit neither man nor horse.

GATEWAY, ROSETTA.

Coote on the 23rd had opened a fire from three 24-pounders and five mortars, and the French had retaliated with a heavy artillery fire. The crisis was evidently at hand, and in order to create a diversion for Coote the troops in the east, and the British batteries on that side, opened fire, and in the evening an aide-de-camp of Menou came in under a flag of truce with a proposal for an armistice preparatory to capitulation. After some disputing and a prolongation of the armistice, the capitulation was signed on the terms that the French army was to be transported to France, with ten guns and private property. The embarkation return of General Menou was 11,780, exclusive of 350 sick to be left behind. Our

force in front of Alexandria at that time was about 16,000 men. When General Menou signed the capitulation, he wrote his name "Abdallah Ali y Menou." Turning to General Hope, who represented General Hutchinson, he said that he was no doubt surprised at his signature; that he had tried most religions, but found the Mahommedan the best. After the capitulation Menou entertained Hope at dinner, horseflesh being one of the dishes. Probably this was a little *tour de théâtre*, but there can be no doubt that the French had been reduced to great straits for animal food, though they had plenty of rice left.

It was thought in the British camp that Menou was somewhat hurried into a surrender by fear of possible atrocities by the Turks in case Alexandria was carried by assault. It is undoubtedly true that, as soon as the armistice was signed, he begged Coote to withdraw all Turks and Mamelukes from the outposts. He had good reason to fear the cruelty of the Turks, for when Madame Menou was captured at Rosetta the Capitan Pasha wanted to send her as a slave to the Sultan. The British authorities, however, insisted on despatching her to join her husband at Alexandria.

SIR EYRE COOTE.

It now only remains to say that General Baird, with a force of 5,500 European and native troops, had proceeded from India, landed at Cosseir, in the Gulf of Suez, marched 120 miles across the desert to Keneh, on the Nile, and thence descended in boats to Rosetta, which he reached on 31st August. He was thus too late to take part in the campaign. Towards the end of September the army was broken up, most of the regiments belonging to it quitting the country.

The loss of the British army during this campaign was 23 officers, 20 sergeants, 2 drummers, and 505 rank-and-file killed; 168 officers, 1 quartermaster, 149 sergeants, 17 drummers, and 2,723 rank-and-file wounded; 7 officers, 1 quartermaster, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 73 rank-and-file missing.

As usual, however, disease was responsible for more casualties than the enemy. Ophthalmia and dysentery caused much loss. From ophthalmia 200 men became blind of one eye and 160 of two eyes. At one time there were no fewer than 700 men out of the two battalions of the Guards in hospital from ophthalmia, and Ensign [illegible] 3rd Guards, records in his unpublished journal that 3,500 men had died in the hospitals.

It will be seen from a perusal of the preceding pages that this was by no means, as so many believe, one sharp fight at landing and another in the battle before Alexandria; but a campaign in which, besides these two actions, there were many skirmishes, including some severely-contested engagements. Altogether, it was a creditable and glorious expedition, doing much to re-establish our military reputation, which, owing to our bad fortune in Flanders, had fallen very low in the estimation of Europe.

The value set upon it by the British nation was shown by the rewards conferred on the army and navy: a peerage to Abercrombie's widow, with a pension of £2,000 a year; the same to General Hutchinson, with the Bath; Lord Keith created a British Peer; thanks of Parliament to the Army and Navy employed. In addition, the Sultan granted the Order of the Crescent to the generals, and to other officers gold medals.

THE END OF THE ZULU WAR 1879

BY C. STEIN

THE first phase of the Zulu War of 1879 may be said to have closed on the 23rd January in that year. It had been marked by a terrible disaster to the invading army—the taking of the third column's camp at Insandhlwana. But though this, in its magnitude and severity, overshadowed the results of the operations carried on by other portions of the army, and sent a thrill of horror and mortification through the British Empire, there had not been wanting sufficient instances of bold and successful conduct to encourage confidence in the future and to point out how victory was to be achieved. The defence of Rorke's Drift had covered with glory a small detachment, and had secured the colony of Natal from invasion; the first column, under Colonel Pearson, had driven the enemy before it on the banks of the Inyezane river, and had established itself at the old mission station of Etshowe; while the fourth column, under Colonel Evelyn Wood, had traversed and widely reconnoitred the Zulu country to the north of the White Umvolosi river, had everywhere brushed opposition from its path, and was well prepared for further advance. In the meantime, however, the movement of British forces was checked, a new plan of operations had to be formed, the army had to be reorganised, and the stores and transport lost at Insandhlwana had to be replaced.

At the end of January the general situation was this: Colonel Pearson, though he had received permission and even advice from Lord Chelmsford to retire from his advanced position, had bravely determined to maintain his hold on the south of Zululand, and had built a strong fortification at Etshowe, sufficient for the accommodation of all his force except the mounted men, whom he sent back to the banks of the Tugela. Colonel Wood had moved to Kambula Hill, where he formed a strong entrenched camp as a *point d'appui* from which he could protect the north of Natal and harass the enemy by continued unexpected movements. Between Colonel Pearson and Colonel Wood the remains of the third column held Rorke's Drift, now strongly fortified, and Helpmakaar. The frontier of Natal was thus watched and guarded from end to end, and even if the Zulus, emboldened by their one great success, had been tempted to make an inroad into the colony, they must either have met with formidable resistance, or, if they avoided the strong posts, they would have exposed themselves to attack on their flank or rear.

Lord Chelmsford—who, after the disaster at Insandhlwana, returned to Pieter Maritzburg—had sent information about recent events to England. As South Africa was not then in telegraphic communication with the mother country, the general's despatch had to be conveyed by steamer to St. Vincent before it could be put upon the wires, and it did not arrive in London till the 11th of February. The whole of England was stirred by the calamitous news, and powerful reinforcements were at once prepared for despatch to the seat of war, in addition to others which were already on their way. But not from distant England alone was help to come. Colonial troops undertook the duties at Capetown, setting free the regular garrison; volunteers replaced the wing of the 88th on the frontier of Cape Colony; the *Shah*, which was on her way home from the Pacific station, was in port at St. Helena, and her commander, Captain Bradshaw, took the prompt decision to alter her destination, embarked the St. Helena garrison and sailed for Durban, thus providing an immediate force of 650 men, including 400 bluejackets; while the 57th Regiment, just on the point of leaving Ceylon, was directed to proceed to Natal.

During the whole of February and the early weeks of March the general attitude of the various portions of the English army was one of defence. Strong posts were established along the frontier of Natal, and the forts on the lines of communications were improved and held by increased garrisons. On the north alone, the column under Colonel Wood was unceasingly active, and carried out many raids and wide-reaching movements with perfect success. Zulu kraals were attacked and burned, sometimes at a distance of over thirty miles from Kambula, the enemy's cattle were swept in, in defiance of all resistance, and even the family of Oham, Cetewayo's brother, which was anxious to place itself under British protection, was sought out at a distance of forty-five miles in the heart of the enemy's country and safely escorted to Kambula. The heart and soul of all these daring operations, which did so much to restore confidence when confidence was sorely needed, was Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, whose tireless energy was checked by no obstacles, and whose colonial horsemen were ready to follow him through all hazards. The advantages gained by Colonel Wood were, however, more than balanced by the surprise of a convoy, escorted by a company of the 80th Regiment, which was conveying supplies to Luneberg. Captain Moriarty and sixty-two men lost their lives, and the remainder of the company was only saved by the boldness and presence of mind of Sergeant Booth, who rallied a small group of men and retired slowly, firing occasional volleys. The saddest part of the story was the misconduct of a subaltern officer, who forsook his men in action, and who, in general orders, was afterwards held up to the reprobation of the whole British army.

It has been said that Colonel Pearson had strongly fortified his position at Etshowe, and maintained his hold upon the south of Zululand. He had with him from 1,000 to 1,200 European soldiers with a sufficient supply of ammunition and provisions, and from his post of vantage he was able not only to survey and examine all the surrounding country, but also to carry out several well-devised and daring expeditions against the enemy, and to inflict on them severe loss. But he was unable either to advance or retire his force. The whole power of Cetewayo and the fastnesses of Zululand were in his front, and the long and difficult road behind him to the river Tugela, and the Natal frontier was occupied by the enemy in overpowering numbers. The first task which Lord Chelmsford had to perform, therefore, was to join Pearson's garrison with such reinforcements as would enable it either to push to the front or to retire to its immediate base of operations, pending the construction of a new scheme of campaign for the whole army. Some reinforcements had already arrived in Natal, but many more were still on the sea, and the general decided that Pearson should be withdrawn from Etshowe, and that in the meantime no further movement should be made along the line by which the first column had originally advanced.

The weather for some time had been wet, and during the African rainy season the difficulties of moving large bodies of men with sufficient transport to maintain their food supplies in a barren country are great. By strenuous exertion, however, Lord Chelmsford had collected on the banks of the Tugela, by the 27th March, a column strong enough to force its way through any probable resistance to the beleaguered post of Etshowe. It comprised the 57th and 91st Regiments, six companies of the 60th, five companies of the 99th, and two companies of the Buffs, in addition to a naval brigade formed of men from the *Shah*, *Tenedos*, and *Boadicea*. There were also a squadron of mounted infantry, some two hundred mounted natives, with two field-guns, four rocket tubes, and two Gatlings. Two battalions of the Native Contingent were added, but little confidence could be placed in their fighting qualities. The whole amounted to 3,390 whites and 2,280 natives, and was divided into two brigades under Lieutenant-Colonel Law, R.A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, 60th Rifles. Besides the fighting force, the column comprised 122 carts and waggons containing provisions and stores, intended not only for its own supply but also to relieve the wants of Colonel Pearson's men, who had been so long cut off from the outward world.

The lessons taught by the Insandhlwana disaster bore ample fruit in the method of movement in the relieving column. No precaution was neglected, no opening given for surprise by an active and bold enemy. A route was taken which was comparatively open and presented little cover for a concealed hostile attack. Surrounded by a screen of mounted Europeans and natives, the main body and the transport marched by day in the closest possible order, ready at any moment to form for defence in battle disposition, while at night the waggons were carefully parked in laager, a shelter-trench

was drawn round the camp, and besides ordinary picquets and sentries, each regiment kept one company alert and ready for immediate action. The first two days of the march, which commenced on the 29th of March, were over rolling grassy plains with gentle slopes, wooded knolls, and small streams at intervals, diversified with an occasional deserted kraal and patch of cultivated ground; but on the third day the aspect of the country began to change, the column entered on a more wooded land with large masses of the high and strong Tamboukie grass bordering the road, and many boggy places, the crossing of which demanded skill and resource. On this day (the 31st of March) little progress in distance was made, as the Amatikulu river had to be crossed by a drift where the current ran, swollen, angry, and dangerous from the recent floods; but on the 1st of April the advance was steadily maintained till a slight eminence was reached, about a mile from the Inyezane, and here the laager for the night was formed. The Gingihlovo stream ran hard by the camp, and the comparatively open surrounding country,

SIR EVELYN WOOD.
(Photo. Fradelle.)

free from thick bush, marked the spot as a good defensive position. During the day large bodies of Zulus had been seen by the watchful scouts, and one dark threatening mass had moved parallel to the English march; but so far no shot had been fired, no distant muttering told the approach of war's tempest. It was evident, however, that a crisis was at hand, and in Lord Chelmsford's force watchfulness was redoubled,

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

the strength of the camp defences was carefully made as perfect as possible, and the soldiers were ready to stand to their arms in their appointed places at the first alarm.

The day closed in heavy rain; and, wet and sodden, all lay down to take what rest they could in their silent, anxious bivouac. At three in the morning of the 2nd of April the general went round his waggons and trenches to satisfy himself that all was in order and that no precaution had been neglected. Still the enemy came not, and the advantage to be gained by night attack was passing away. Watchful eyes were strained, peering into the long, shadowy grass to see the expected mass of dusky warriors, and watchful ears were on the alert to catch the quick patter of naked feet which would tell of the Zulu charge, but all remained quiet. As day began to break, the mounted men were sent out to reconnoitre, and under the command of the gallant Barrow they cantered into the dim veldt, while their infantry comrades remained standing at ease round the laager, at each of whose angles looked out field-pieces, Gatlings, or rocket-tubes.

Hark! a shot in the distance, followed by several more faint reports in quick succession.

The Zulus have been found, and soon the mounted men fall back with the news that heavy masses of the enemy are approaching. A few quick, sharp orders, the shelter-trenches are manned, and over their slight parapet the lines of rifles are laid ready to speak when they have to answer the enemy's challenge. The mounted men form up close to the waggons, and on the waggons themselves the conductors and other non-combatants who are in possession of firearms place themselves ready to take a part in the approaching fray.

Two dense columns of warriors rapidly come into sight on the further side of the Inyezane river, and cross its channel at different points. These form the left wing of the Zulu army, and, deploying into a wide and loose order, they advance with the determined bravery of their nation against the northern and eastern fronts of the laager. Almost simultaneously another column—the right wing—shows itself to the westward, coming from the Amatikulu bush, and it also deploys for the attack of the southern and western faces of the English defences. The engagement begins with the fire of Gatlings at 1,000 yards; but, though this tells with cruel effect, the fury of the attack is unchecked: the men in rear press to the front, and, in wave after wave, mocking at death and only eager to close with the stabbing assegai, the Zulus surge forward. In all their warlike bravery of coloured shields, feathered crests, leopard-skin cloaks, and white oxtail necklets and knee ornaments, they come, chanting their battle song and marking the time of its measure with a dancing step. Occasional shots come from the savage host, but, confident in their numbers, in their dauntless courage, and in their prestige of recent victory, they think to annihilate their foe with their strong right arms alone as they had done at Insandhlwana.

But when the leading lines have come within 300 yards of the shelter-trenches a sudden sheet of flame bursts from the English parapets, and a leaden hail hisses over the plain, blighting them with destruction. Many a grim warrior reels and falls, many a kraal may now look in vain for its young men returning over the veldt. But there is no craven thought of retreat. As one man sinks to the earth, others rush on in his place, and from the cover afforded by the long Tamboukie grass the Zulus now keep up a heavy and well-sustained fire. An attempt is made on the northern angle of the laager, and some of the warriors even reach to within twenty-five yards of the death-dealing rifles. But nothing human can stand against the withering steady volleys that come from the 60th, and the attack, not checked alone, but blasted and destroyed, is hopeless. Better fortune or less steady resistance may be met with in an assault on another face of the laager, and, without confusion or delay, some of the heavy masses run round to join the western attack, which is withstood by the 57th and 91st. Again the desperate charge is

GROUP OF ZULUS IN FULL DRESS.

delivered, again it is met by the paralysing torrent of lead. Effort after effort is made with despairing courage to come to close quarters, and Dabulamanzi himself, the great induna who commands the whole, is seen leading heroically. But all to no purpose. The flower of Zululand are scattered and broken on the plain where they have fought so well. Lord Chelmsford sees that the time has come for counter-movement to complete the success of defence. Major Barrow, who, with his mounted men, is already in the saddle, is launched at the Zulu flank, and gives the order to charge. The little band of horsemen, their sabres biting deep, scatters the enemy's groups which still retain any cohesion, and soon the remnant of Cetewayo's warriors are in hasty and disordered flight.

Assault so desperate and defence so stern could not but entail loss to the English, even though they were completely victorious. Lieutenant-Colonel Northey, of the 60th, and Lieutenant Johnson, of the 99th, with 9 non-commissioned officers and men, were buried at Gingihlovo; and 6 officers, with 46 non-commissioned officers and men, were wounded. It cannot be said that Lord Chelmsford's success was dearly bought, but the price paid was none the less to be deplored.

As the immediate result of the battle, Colonel Pearson's garrison at Etshowe was relieved and withdrawn to the Tugela; and Lord Chelmsford was free to consider his future plans for invading Zululand.

Among other measures taken by Lord Chelmsford to facilitate his operations between the 28th March and the 4th April, he had sent directions to Colonel Evelyn Wood to make, if possible, a diversion in the north, which might have the effect of withdrawing in that direction a proportion of Cetewayo's army, and thus reducing the opposition which might be looked for on the march to Etshowe. Such orders were welcome to the commander of the force at Kambula, and he set himself with characteristic energy to act upon them, and to undertake such an operation as by its audacity should stir Cetewayo to employ a large force in reprisal, and by its vigour should shake the Zulu monarch's prestige in a great part of his dominions.

The Inhlobane mountain is a table-topped eminence about three miles long, whose nearest point is twenty miles from Kambula. Its sides are precipitous, and its summit can only be reached by a few difficult paths winding through rocks, and commanded at every turn by such strong positions of defence as caves and overhanging heights. In 1879 it was occupied by a strong and warlike Zulu tribe, whose kraals were perched on an almost inaccessible ledge or terrace, and whose cattle, in time of danger, found a place of safety on the topmost plateau. Colonel Wood had had, on the 16th March, an opportunity of reconnoitring this fastness; and he resolved that he would best make the diversion desired by Lord Chelmsford, in attacking and raiding it from end to end.

At so great a distance from his camp it was obviously impossible to employ the British infantry under his command, and the attack on the mountain was therefore entrusted to the mounted troops and to the light and active native allies who had been partially armed and organised as a portion of his force. The attackers were divided into two portions, which were to operate against the two ends of the mountain—that sent against the eastern end being intended to form the main attacking force, while the other was to create a diversion and act principally in support. The first, under Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, consisted of about 400 white men and 277 natives; the second, under Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, consisted of 200 white men and 440 natives.

On the 27th March the two small forces left Kambula camp and bivouacked for the night at different points in the neighbourhood of the mountain, Lieutenant-Colonel Buller about five miles from its south-eastern extremity, and Lieutenant-Colonel Russell four miles from it to the south-west. On the 28th Buller left his resting-place at 3.30 a.m., and, under cover of the morning mist, began the ascent of the narrow path leading to the summit. The way was hardly passable for mounted men, and it could not have been traversed in the face of prepared resistance; but the few Zulus who guarded it were taken by surprise, and could not withstand the daring attack. As it was, indeed, the plateau was only reached by the strength of Buller's energy, with a loss of two officers and one private, besides many casualties among the horses. Colonel Wood, with his staff and personal escort, passed the night at Russell's bivouac, and left it soon after 3 a.m., intending to join Buller. On the way he met Colonel Weatherley, who commanded some colonial mounted troops attached to Buller's party, and who, losing touch with the column in the darkness, had failed to follow it up the mountain side. In the now increasing light Colonel Wood could see Buller's

men already on the hilltop, and the sound of firing was audible on the north-east face. Leading the way himself, he pressed forward with Weatherley towards the path by which Buller had ascended, and followed the track marked by the bodies of dead and wounded horses. The enemy were, however, by this time thoroughly astir, and a heavy fire was opened from front and flank, poured from behind huge boulders of rock. Mr. Lloyd, Colonel Wood's interpreter, fell mortally wounded, Colonel Wood's horse was killed, and other casualties were suffered. The fatal shots seemed to come from a particular rocky crevice, and Colonel Wood ordered some of Weatherley's men to dislodge the Zulus who were in it. There was some little delay in obeying this command, and Wood's staff and escort, taking the matter gallantly into their own hands, charged into the cave. Captain Campbell, who was leading, was shot dead by a Zulu hidden within; but his comrades forced their entry, cleared the cave, and resistance at this point was overcome for the moment by their pluck and determination. Buller's task had evidently been accomplished, however, and, with two of his staff killed, Wood gave up the thought of joining him. Some of Weatherley's men had also been killed, and he received permission to try to force his ascent by another track. Colonel Wood then returned to see how Russell's party had progressed, bringing with him a wounded man.

Meantime, Russell had effected the ascent of the western end of the hill without opposition, but found himself on a lower plateau than that which Buller had reached. The descent from the upper plateau to the lower one was an almost sheer cliff, up the face of which was a path, practicable for men climbing, but quite impossible for the upward movement of horses. From hiding-places in the cliff fire was opened, which caused some casualties, but this did not prevent communication being opened by dismounted men with Buller's force above, and all seemed to be going well. A quantity of cattle was seized, and the force remained halted, waiting for the turn of events. Suddenly the keen-sighted native allies were seen gesticulating and pointing to a distant ridge of hills to the northward. The dull eyes of the Europeans could detect nothing, but a powerful telescope showed a Zulu army on the march, moving with the marvellous swiftness of their nation. Their number could not then be estimated, but there were evidently many thousands, and they were moving apparently towards Kambula camp. The threatening presence of this great force introduced a new and unlooked-for element into the conditions of the day's operations, and Russell judged it best to release the cattle which had been captured, and to send the dismounted natives who were with him back to Kambula; as, in case they were pressed, the horsemen would then be able to act more freely and independently. It was obvious that Buller must soon retreat from the top of the mountain, but it was uncertain by what route he would come, so Russell took up a position on some rising ground, from which he could give aid to Buller whenever he might appear.

Colonel Wood was moving westward along the side of the hill, as has been told, when he also became aware of the proximity of the Zulu army, and all that its threatening presence meant. Russell's force was the only one under his hand, and to it he sent a written order to move to the Zungen Nek, going on himself to the place which he distinguished by that name. Unfortunately, Russell, who had only lately arrived in that part of the country, did not know the Zungen Nek, and the aide-de-camp who brought the order was unable to direct him. The officers of the force, some of whom knew the land, were called in council, and all indicated a place about six miles distant, which had been passed on the march of the 27th. Russell then moved there rapidly, loath to leave the place where he believed that he could cover Buller's retreat, but supposing that Colonel Wood, who knew the whole situation better than he, had good grounds for wishing him elsewhere. Alas! Wood had meant another spot, and by this misinterpretation of the order Russell was removed from the place where he was afterwards sorely wanted, and took little further part in the day's work.

Not alone by Wood and Russell had the approaching Zulu army been noted, but Buller had also seen it from the upper plateau, and the inhabitants of the Inhloblane mountain, gathering renewed courage and confidence from the nearness of a great mass of allies, began to press on the men who an hour before had scattered them in flight. Buller had to retreat, and the only way that was open to him was the precipitous path at the western end of the plateau. Down this path no man could ride, and, even when left to themselves and driven down it like sheep, many of

GENERAL PLAN
OF THE
OPERATIONS IN ZULULAND, 1879.
Scale of Miles
Positions of 1st Column
Forts
Railway
Glanderton
Spitz Kop
Paarde Kop
Wakkerstroom
Alcockx
Luneberg
23th. March
Mooke
Langs Farm
Utrecht
23th. March
Kambula
28th. March
Piet Uys
Schuans Hoogte
NEWCASTLE
Ulundi
Conference Hill
Tinta
Cambridge
George
Warwick
Landmann's Drift
Harrisons Drift
Newdigate
Dundee
Pinex
Melvill
22nd. Jan.
Helpmakaar
Rorke's Drift
Isandhlwana
Marshall
4th. July
ULUNDI
Nodwengo
Victoria
Evelyn
Enlonganeni
LADYSMITH
Bengough
Albert
St. Paul's
Colenso
Middle Drift
Montgomery
Entumeni
Etshowe
22nd. Jan.
Chelmsford
Cherry
2nd. April
Estcourt
Greytown
Tenedos
Fort Pearson
Stanger
Williamstown
PIETER MARITZBURG
Verulam
DURBAN
INDIAN OCEAN
Drakensberg
Zululand

the horses, though African bred and surefooted in any ordinary circumstances, fell headlong almost from top to bottom. Buller was encumbered with wounded men, the horses of many of his followers had been killed, and his position

Dutchman who had rendered many valuable services to Colonel Wood's column. When the lower level was at last reached there was still a long and weary march before the shattered band, and if the great Zulu army had attacked, the

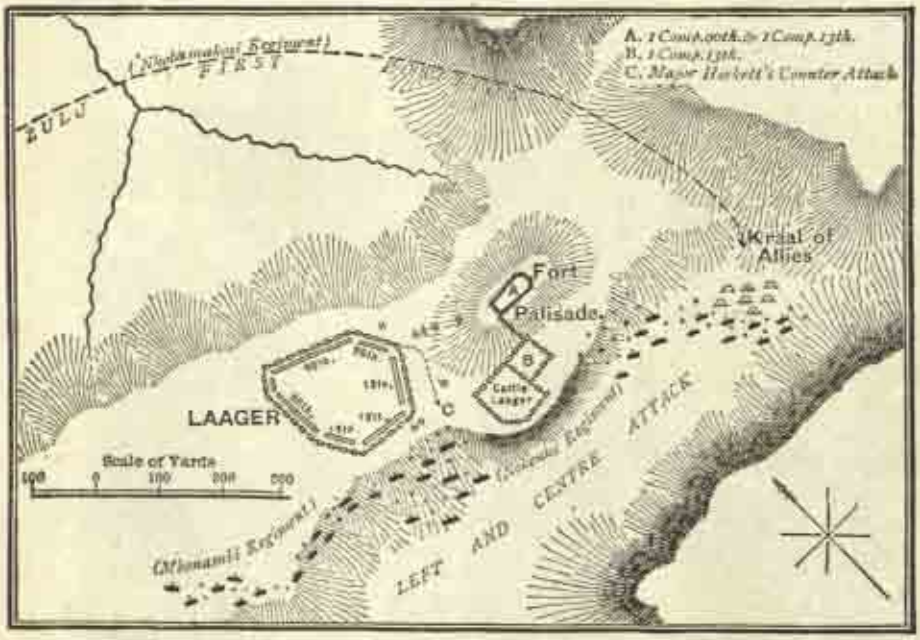
"RIFLE IN HAND, HE HELD THE POST OF HONOUR IN REAR."

seemed almost desperate, but his grand coolness and courage never failed, and he conducted his retreat with the utmost steadiness and heroism. The descent from the upper plateau was accomplished, the Frontier Light Horse and the Boer contingent forming the rear-guard, and striving to hold the enemy in check; and at this time fell sixteen men with Mr. Piet Uys, the gallant

result must have been fatal. But, exhausted by their rapid movement from Ulundi, they did not close, and Buller was able to bring off his men with little further loss. That he did so was entirely due to his own undaunted courage and resolution, and to the personal example which he set, as, rifle in hand, he held the post of honour in rear, and maintained a

steady front against the foes who thronged in pursuit.

But the heaviest losses of the day were not where Buller commanded in person. Before the great Zulu army came in view he had sent a party under Captain Barton, Coldstream Guards, his second in command, to bury his comrades slain in the early morning, with orders that, when the duty was accomplished, they should make their way independently to Kambula. Captain Barton eventually met Colonel Weatherley, after, as has been told, the latter parted



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA.

from Colonel Wood, and with him moved towards Kambula by the south side of the mountain. But they found themselves unexpectedly within a short distance of the Zulu army, "which had by this time approached the Inhloblane so closely as to leave no outlet between its right flank and the mountain." The position was critical; but as all were mounted men, there was still hope that, by retracing their route, they might pass to the safe line of retreat by the north side of the Inhloblane over the rising ground called the Ityentika Neck, without coming into collision with the overwhelming hostile force. Too late; the retreating soldiers might indeed have escaped from the portion of the main Zulu army which had been detached to pursue them; but their path over the Ityentika Neck was barred by a number of the enemy, occupiers of the mountain, who, scattered and defeated in the morning, had now again gathered from the caves of their refuge and had descended to the strong position where they had the English at their mercy. Captain Barton, supported by Colonel Weatherley, did all that a gallant soldier could do under the circumstances. He strove to cut his way through the now swarming masses of the enemy, but everything was against him. Hampered by difficulties of the ground, greatly outnumbered, with men and horses exhausted, all his efforts were unsuccessful, and of his and Colonel Weatherley's men only a few survived the fatal conflict. Neither Captain Barton nor Colonel Weatherley was among that few. The story of Captain Barton's end was not disclosed till the following year, when it was learned, principally from the story of a Zulu, who acknowledged that he himself had struck the last and fatal blow, and partly from the position in which the remains of the gallant soldier were then found. He had succeeded in passing the place where his enemies were thickest, and was in a fair way to escape but that he had taken a wounded man behind him on his horse. The wearied beast failed to carry the double burden away from his pursuers, and Captain Barton and the companion for whom he had sacrificed his own life dismounted and were separated. The latter being unarmed was killed at once. The Zulus then turned on Captain Barton, whose only weapon was a revolver, which unfortunately was out of order and missed fire. Even then, though defenceless, his bold front seems to have kept his enemies at a distance till he fell, shot by

a stealthy savage from behind, and the murderous assegai was able to do its bloody work. Brave, chivalrous, and gentle, when almost certain safety was within his reach he threw it away because he could not forego the chance of saving a comrade's life; and when all hope was gone and death stood before him he met it steadfastly as an English officer and a gentleman, with his face to the foe.

If the day on the Inhloblane mountain had stood alone, even though it was distinguished by many acts of personal self-devotion and left many proud memories, it would none the less have been counted as one of disaster and have shaken public confidence in the fortune of the English arms in Africa; but happily it was only the first act of a battle drama whose end was to wear a different aspect.

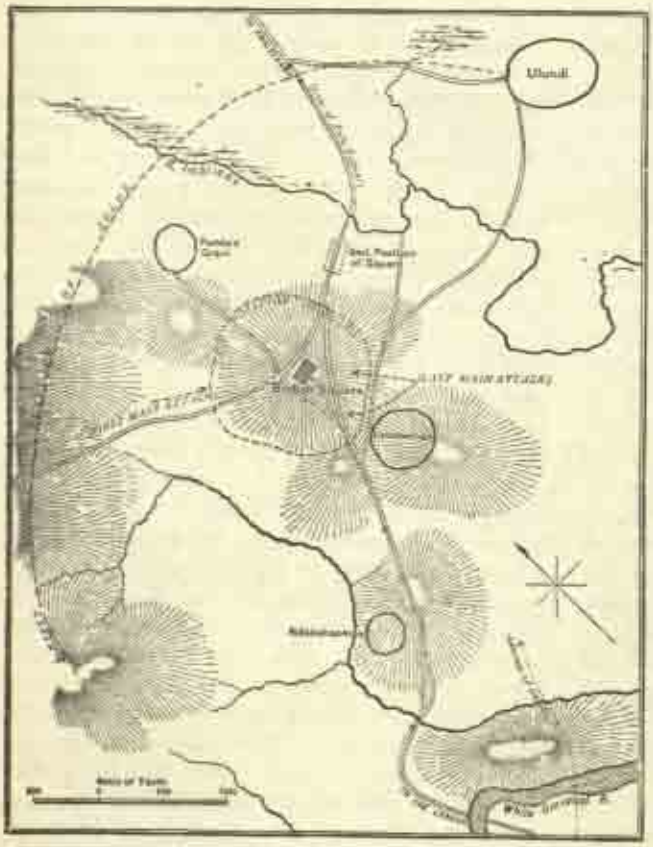
It was now certain that a formidable army was in the neighbourhood of Kambula, but it was not known what were its ultimate designs—whether it intended to attack the English force under Colonel Wood, or whether, neglecting that force altogether, it was preparing for the invasion of Natal. Information received from various sources, however, at length led to the belief that the English position would be assaulted about midday on the 29th of March.

The position taken up at Kambula was on the ridge of a mountain spur. Its most important feature was a large waggon laager, enclosing the hospitals, stores, and giving a circle of defence for the greater part of Colonel Wood's force. On a small knoll about 150 yards to the westward was a strong redoubt capable of holding three companies, while on the southern side, commanded both by the great laager and the redoubt, there was a second and smaller laager in which were sheltered the draught oxen. Towards the north the ground trended away in a gentle slope forming a natural glacis, but southwards there were several abrupt ledges and broken ground, which could not be commanded by the fire of the defence, and which afforded cover under which an attack might be made. The force at Kambula consisted of 2,086 men of all arms, including sick in hospital and some natives. It was in the highest state of discipline and preparation. No expedient of war had been overlooked by its commander. Every man knew his post, and all felt perfect confidence that if an attack came, however formidable it might be, it would break in vain against the well-ordered defence.

So thoroughly prepared was everything that on the 29th March it was not considered necessary to alter the daily routine of the camp. Two companies were sent to cut fuel, which was urgently needed, and the usual reconnoitring parties moved out to patrol and watch the neighbourhood. At 11 a.m. reports came in that the Zulus were approaching, and shortly afterwards they were seen moving from the Zungi mountain in five dense columns. The woodcutters were brought back, the call "Stand to your arms!" was heard, the tents were struck, boxes of reserve ammunition placed open in convenient spots, and every man fell in at his appointed post. By half-past one the general movement of the Zulu army was full in view, its right wing circling round the camp to the north, and the centre and left keeping to the southward, but both out of fire from the artillery. Colonel Wood wished to force the right wing to engage prematurely, and thus to avoid the delivery of a simultaneous combined attack from the whole army. To this end he sent out some of his mounted men under Lieutenant-Colonels Buller and Russell, and the action commenced by their riding up to the Zulu flank, dismounting and opening fire. Even Zulu discipline was not strong enough to keep in hand a powerful column when attacked by a handful of men, and the whole Zulu right wing turned and charged the little body of horsemen. These remounted and retired, having accomplished their task. As they neared the camp the artillery opened, and shell after shell sped over their heads against their pursuers. But the Zulus were committed to the attack, and pressed on, coming under the heavy fire of the laager and the redoubt. Their losses were severe, and, determined as they were, they never reached within 200 yards of the death-dealing muzzles, and eventually had to fall back to the shelter of some rocks to the north-east.

The attack of the Zulu right wing having been checked, Colonel Wood was now able to devote all his energies to repelling the enemy's centre and left. By 2.15 p.m. the west and south of the camp were heavily assaulted, and, taking advantage of the broken ground above described, the Zulus gathered in large numbers to pour themselves upon the cattle laager. Here Captain Cox, of the 13th, with a company of his regiment, was posted, and made a strenuous defence till, himself severely wounded, and with many casualties among his men, he was overwhelmed by numbers, and forced to retire to

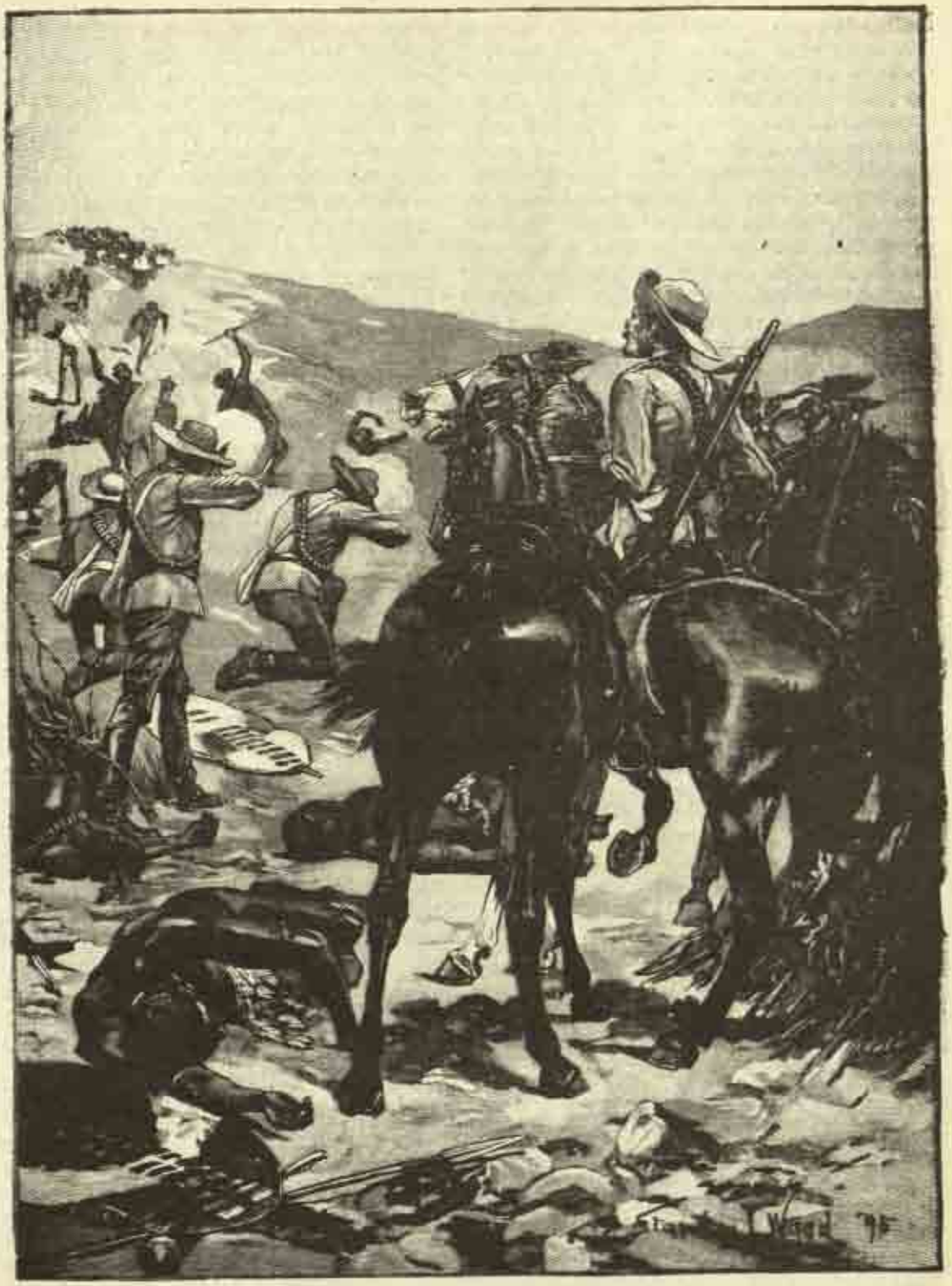
the main laager. This success encouraged the enemy to make a deciding effort, and a heavy mass began to form where the dip of the ground sheltered them from fire. But before they could make themselves felt, Colonel Wood, with the truest military instinct, resolved to anticipate them by a counter attack. The word was passed: "The 90th are going to charge: cease firing from the laager," and two companies, magnificently led by Major Hackett, issuing from the defences, swept down upon the gathering foe, and, opening a heavy fire, forced them to fall back. There was a heavy cross fire, however, from a westward height, to which Hackett's companies were exposed, and they were recalled to shelter, having suffered severely in their brilliant and effective movement. The gallant Hackett himself was most severely wounded, and never again saw the light of day, for a bullet passed through both eyes; Lieutenant Bright was mortally hit while running forward to pick up Hackett, and the rank-and-file paid dearly for their valour. The issue of the day was never in doubt after this episode. True, the defenders now only held the main laager and the redoubt. True, the Zulus, with desperate bravery, made rush after rush almost up to the English rifles, but the power of the defence never relaxed, while the attacks became feebler and feebler as the afternoon wore on. By 5.30 p.m. it became evident that the Zulus had thoroughly lost heart, and were beginning to draw back from the stern bulwarks which had so long defied their best efforts to break in.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI: JULY 4, 1879.

The Zulu attack was now repulsed on all sides. Wearied with their efforts, discouraged by their heavy losses, their choicest warriors mown down by the pitiless hail from the impregnable barrier before them, small wonder if the brave savages who had fought so well turned to flight. The threatening masses melted away, and were soon a disorganised stream of panic-stricken men fleeing across the plain to distant strongholds. But safety was not to be easily and quickly gained. The indefatigable Buller was again in the saddle, and, at the head of the mounted men of Wood's force, followed hard in pursuit of the shattered, hopeless foe. Rapidly as the Zulus moved, the mounted riflemen easily kept pace with them, maintaining a ceaseless galling fire, and the bodies of the slain marked their track across the veldt. Some turned, with the boldness of despair, to essay the chance of resistance; but their very bravery only made their fate certain, as their fire had little or no effect, and they were at the mercy of an enemy who could act with deliberation.

The pursuit lasted for seven miles, when the fall of night ended a day of victory for Colonel Wood, a day whose issue, more than that of any other in the whole war, broke the power of Cetewayo and secured Natal from any chance of invasion. But the pride of victory was mingled with sorrow. Three officers were killed—Lieutenant Nicholson, R.A., shot while bravely working his guns in the redoubt, Lieutenant White, of the Transvaal Rangers, and Lieutenant Bright, 90th; 25 men were also killed, 5 officers and 50 men were wounded. In the loss that was sustained Kambula paid the penalty for Insandhlwana, for the Zulus used



"RAPIDLY AS THE ZULUS MOVED, THE MOUNTED RIFLEMEN EASILY KEPT PACE WITH THEM" (p. 64)

with effect the captured rifles of the ill-fated first battalion of the 24th.

It has been told that when the calamitous news of Insandhlwana arrived in England powerful reinforcements were at once sent to South Africa. Besides those of which mention has already been made, a total strength of 387 officers, 8,895 men, and 1,866 horses was despatched from the United Kingdom, and all these had disembarked at Natal before the middle of April. Included in this force were four general officers, two regiments of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, five battalions of infantry, and strong detachments of Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, besides a due proportion of the departmental services. A gallant volunteer, the Prince Imperial of France, whose military education had been completed in the country which had sheltered his family after its fall from power, also sailed with England's soldiers to throw in his lot with theirs.

The successes at Gingihlovo and Kambula had paved the way for a definite scheme of invasion into Zululand, and the method of campaign was now entirely rearranged. The numerous columns were done away with, and the various forces already in the field, together with the lately-arrived reinforcements, were placed on a new footing. The first division, under Major-General Crealock, C.B., was to operate in the south from the lower Tugela. The second division, under Major-General Newdigate, C.B., was to advance from Landman's Drift on the Buffalo river, while Colonel Wood, now Brigadier-General, was to retain command of the troops which had fought so well under him, and which were now to be called "Wood's Flying Column," and to move from the north of Zululand. The cavalry brigade (the 1st Dragoon Guards and 17th Lancers) was attached to the second division.

With regard to the first division, it will be sufficient to say that it accomplished nothing important, though it may have, to a considerable extent, occupied the enemy's attention, and thus facilitated the operations of the remainder of Lord Chelmsford's forces. A long time was required for the final organisation of the second division and the flying column, for the newly-landed troops had to make a long and wearisome march up country, and there were many difficulties in procuring the necessary supplies and transport. When at last they did move forward, progress, though slow, was sure. There were several minor encounters with the enemy, in one of which the ill-fated Prince Imperial lost his life, under circumstances which, alas! reflected little credit on his English comrades. The Zulus made no great efforts, and day by day General Newdigate and Brigadier-General Wood closed, nearer and more near, upon the king's kraal at Ulundi or Ondine. On the 27th of June Cetewayo opened communications with Lord Chelmsford, but as he did not fulfil the terms insisted upon, these came to nought. On the 3rd of July the second division and the flying column, now moving as one body, were in the near neighbourhood of Ulundi—so close indeed that from the English bivouac the sounds of singing in the kraals could be plainly heard, and a night attack was anticipated. The distant din of the war song died away, however, and all remained quiet. With the dawn of the 4th, Buller with his men covered the further advance. The Umvolosi river had to be crossed, and on the other side the ground was rough and covered with thick bush. If opposition had here been met, it might have been, if not effective, at least very troublesome. But the passage of the river and the movement over the rough ground were not in any way interfered with. The force, consisting of 4,166 Europeans and 958 natives with twelve guns and two Gatlings, then on issuing into the open country assumed the formation of a hollow rectangle, the troops forming the sides of which marched in fours, those forming the front and rear faces being deployed, while the interior was occupied by the Native Contingent, the ammunition and tool carts, and the bearer company. The cavalry covered the whole.

Threatening clouds of Zulus had been seen on the surrounding heights soon after the British troops got clear of the bushy ground, and were by this time advancing on all sides. An attack in force was evidently in contemplation to prevent further approach to Ulundi, now about a mile and a half distant. The cavalry fell back, and entered the rectangle. Lord Chelmsford gave the order to halt, and at once, every man facing outward, the bristling formation stood prepared to receive the onset. Possibly for the last time in war the colours of the regiments had been carried into action. They were now uncased, and, as the proud old flags spread themselves to the air, the battalions made ready to add another scroll of triumph to their blazonry.

The Zulus advanced, firing, in a great converging circle, and if their musketry had been well aimed the casualties among the British troops,

collected as they were in a dense mass on open ground, must have been most serious; but fortunately they had not mastered the use of the weapons of which they were possessed, and their wild shots were, for the most part, harmless. As soon as the cavalry had cleared the front the artillery opened fire, and while the Zulus were advancing over perfectly shelterless ground the shells exploded among them with terrible effect. But the gradually contracting circle faltered not in its efforts to close with the British force and crush it with a deadly embrace. Now the infantry volleys began, steady and well aimed, and the Gatlings vomited their showers of bullets. Nothing born of woman could advance with the *arme blanche* alone against such a fire, and, for all practical purposes, the assegai was the Zulu's sole weapon. Every side of the rectangle was threatened, but everywhere the same solid wall of infantry showed itself. The gallant savages could not but recognise that their dash and determination had failed to produce any effect. They wavered and began to fall back. Their indunas lost confidence, and the heavy reserves which were in the field were not brought up to reinforce the shattered first line. At 9.25 Lord Chelmsford saw that the time had come to deal a crushing blow, which should complete the dissolution of the host in front of him; and he ordered Colonel Drury Lowe, with the 17th Lancers, to engage the enemy. An opening was made in the rear face of the rectangle, and the squadrons filed out. The commands rang out—"Form line!" "Gallop!" "Charge!"—and, with their lance-points down, the English horsemen, upon the tall English horses, swept upon the Zulu impis. The charge was well timed, well executed, and turned the defeat into a hopeless rout. One scattered volley was sent which emptied several saddles, but stayed not lance and sabre from slaughter. Buller and his men had followed the Lancers in their movement, and every knot of Zulus which still held together was scattered and overthrown. The last struggle of Cetewayo's army was over, and Zululand was at last at the mercy of the English conquerors. It was calculated that more than 20,000 Zulus were in the field at Ulundi, and their loss could not have been less than 1,500. The English loss was 3 officers and 10 men killed, and 18 officers and 60 men wounded.

CHARGE OF THE 17TH LANCERS AT ULUNDI.

Solferino. 24: June 1859.

By Major G. Le M. Gretton

USED as he was to splendid pageants, Napoleon III. can seldom have seen anything more impressive than his reception by the people of Genoa on the 12th May, 1859. He was welcomed as the friend of Italy, who had come to deliver two of her fairest provinces from the Austrian yoke. His troops had preceded him. Some had crossed the Alps over the pass of Mount Cenis, by a road first built by the Great Napoleon; others had been disembarked at Genoa from Algeria and Toulon. And now the Emperor of the French himself was landing, to take the command of the armies of France and of Piedmont, the kingdom of his ally, King Victor Emmanuel.

The harbour, one of the most beautiful in the world, was crowded with merchant shipping, anchored in long straight lines—perfect streets of ships; and at the breakwaters lay squadrons of French and Piedmontese men-of-war. As Napoleon left his yacht to take his seat in a gilt state barge, the warships manned their yards and thundered out the royal salute of 101 guns; the batteries along the water's edge replied; and then the forts which crown the amphitheatre of hills around the bay caught up the fire. The ships were all dressed with flags; the vessels between which he passed were gay with music; flowers were strewn upon his watery path; men swam before his barge; hundreds of rowing-boats put out to welcome him.

On shore a transformation had been effected in the narrow streets of imposing palaces through which the procession wound its stately way. Every window was a flower garden; costly tapestries fluttered in the breeze; garlands of roses were festooned from house to house; flags hung across the streets. Every window, every roof, every inch of standing-room in the densely-packed streets was occupied by handsome, dark-eyed Italians, vociferously welcoming the chivalrous Frenchman, who, they were assured, was pledged to rid Italy for ever of the hated presence of her Austrian tyrants.

There were few Piedmontese troops left in Genoa to receive the Emperor, for Victor Emmanuel's little army was facing the Austrians in Piedmont; but enough remained to make the French soldiers familiar with the uniform of their allies. The heavy cavalry wore huge brass helmets, with brightly-coloured horses' tails hanging from their crests, dark grey-blue tunics, and grey overalls. The infantry of the line had long, flapping grey coats, buttoned back at the hip to clear the knee in marching, baggy grey trousers gathered in at the ankle, long gaiters, and a kepi. The *Bersaglieri*—riflemen—were certainly the most picturesque corps in the Piedmontese service, as their successors are now in the army of United Italy. Short men, chosen for great strength, activity, and depth of chest, they were trained to perform forced marches against time, while carrying their heavy kit upon their backs: to swim with their rifles and cartridge-pouches held above their heads; to scale almost inaccessible mountains—in a word, to go anywhere and everywhere and to do anything. They were the idols of the Italians in 1859; and to this day their uniform of rifle green, with a huge round hat, worn over the right ear, and a plume of cock's feathers streaming down their backs, is the popular ideal of military beauty in Italy.

For a few days before the emperor arrived Genoa was full of French troops. They were encamped on every fairly level piece of ground within miles of the harbour. To walk through their camps was to see contingents of nearly every branch of the French army as they lived on active service. The stately Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, fresh from their luxurious

quarters in Paris, roughed it on the dry bed of a river: their camp was always thronged with admiring Italians, for as a martial spectacle it is difficult to conceive anything more attractive than these, the picked infantry men of France. Napoleon III. had revived for them the uniform of the Old Guard of his uncle, the Great Napoleon—huge bearskins, dark blue coatees, white breeches and gaiters. Splendid as was their appearance, it was equalled by the splendour of their manners—to ladies, at least, for to their brothers of the French line they were condescending, and to all civilians, except the English, superbly insolent. To a party of Englishmen who visited their camp they were affable, though a trifle patronising. They exhibited the Crimean medals which the British Government had distributed among the French troops who had taken part in the Crimean War. "Médailles de sauvetage" (life-saving medals) "we call them," said a grim old sergeant: "the Queen of England sent them to us because we prevented the Russians from killing all her soldiers at Inkerman!"

Near them were cavalry fresh from Algeria—Hussars in light-blue tunics and baggy red trousers strapped over the foot. Lean and tanned by their African campaigns, and mounted on beautiful Arab chargers, they looked the beau-ideal of light horsemen.

A mile or two away were the Algerian sharpshooters, or Turcos, as these swarthy Africans were called throughout the army. In their fantastic uniform of jacket and baggy knickerbockers of light blue, yellow leggings, red sashes and turbans, they looked picturesque, but savage to a degree. Indifferent to minor punishments, death was the only sentence they respected; and even a firing-party in the grey of the morning had little terror for them. One of them, sentenced to be shot at dawn the next day, sat cheerfully smoking and drinking coffee with his friends at the door of his tent, and chatted in gutteral tones with the sentry, who with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet mounted guard over him.

GENOA.

The Zouaves also camped for several days near Genoa. They were the very opposite to the Grenadiers of the Guard, except as regards politeness to women, in which the whole of the

emperor's army excelled. The Grenadiers were spick-and-span, well drilled, correct, decorous; the Zouaves were slouching, rollicking mad-caps, who disembarked at Genoa from Algeria with a menagerie of pets attached to each battalion. As they marched along the quay from the steamers, monkeys and parrots chattered from the men's shoulders, and dogs trotted beside their masters in the ranks. Their uniform was the same as the Turcos, but of different colours; and the men were French—

BERSAGLIERI.

often, it was said, young gentlemen who had exhausted the patience of their relations before they became soldiers.

Artillery was there in abundance, but the public were kept as much away from it as possible, as the French were anxious that no information as to the rifling of their new guns should reach the Austrians before the fighting commenced.

Needless to say that the infantry of the line were found at every turn—wiry, cheerful little men, who marched all day with huge weights on their backs without fatigue or grumbling, and who, like the French soldiers of every age, excelled in the art of making themselves comfortable. You would see a regiment led to a dried-up plain and ordered to encamp. At once the men piled arms, and took off their knapsacks; fatigue-parties filed off to fill the kettles carried on the march by the men themselves; and the little shelter-tents, which the men also carried in pieces between them, were run up like magic. Some parties made little cooking-places with stones, others collected wood and started fires; the water fatigues returned; meanwhile the food had been prepared, and in about half an hour the *pioupious* had a comfortable meal cooking in their camp-kettles.

As fast as possible the French troops, as they landed at Genoa, were pushed up towards Piedmont, which had already been invaded by the Austrians. At one time fears were entertained that the Austrians would be able to reach Turin before the French columns, which were pouring over the Alpine passes, had arrived there; but the quick marching of the French, and the procrastination of the Austrians, combined to save the capital of Victor Emmanuel from capture.

Eight days after Napoleon landed in Italy was fought the first of the series of battles which culminated at Solferino. At Montebello, and again at Palestro, the Austrians were worsted by the allied armies. On the 4th June, at Magenta, they made a gallant, though unsuccessful stand; and after this fresh defeat retreated slowly to a strong position east of the Mincio, their front covered by that river, their flanks guarded by the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua. The Franco-Piedmontese army, much hampered by want of transport, slowly pursued them, and on the 23rd bivouacked on both banks of the Chiese river, about fifteen miles to the west of the Mincio. Short were the hours of sleep allowed that night to the French and their allies, for at two o'clock in the morning the leading divisions resumed their march. Napoleon's orders for the operations of the day were based upon the reports of his reconnoitring parties and his spies. These led him to believe that

although a strong detachment of the enemy might be encountered west of the Mincio, the main body of the Austrians was awaiting him on the eastern side of the river. But the French intelligence department was badly served. The Austrians had stolen a march upon Napoleon. Undetected by the French scouts, they had re-crossed the Mincio, and by nightfall of the 23rd their leading columns were occupying the ground on which the French were ordered to bivouac on the evening of the 24th. The intention of the Austrian emperor, now commanding his army in person, had been to push forward rapidly and fall upon the allies before they had completed the passage of the river Chiese. But this scheme, like that of Napoleon, was based on defective information. The allies broke up from their bivouacs many hours before the Austrians expected them to do so; and when the two armies came into contact early in the morning of the 24th June the Austrians were quite as much taken by surprise as the French.

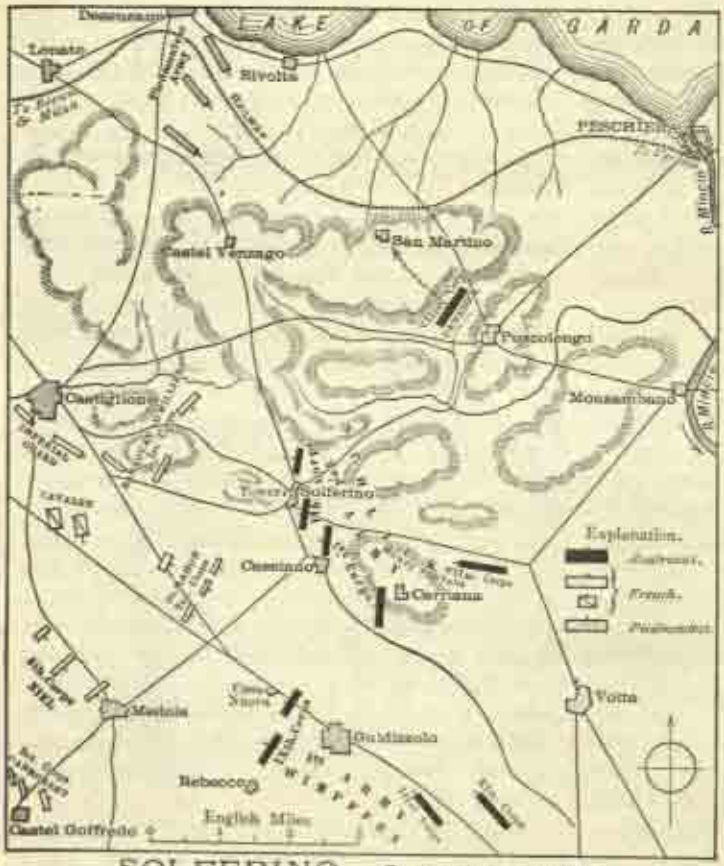
The march of the allies was in the following order:—Baraguay d'Hilliers was leading the 1st Army Corps from Esenta to Solferino; one of his divisions followed a country road along the crest of the hills, the other two marched by the plain. McMahon, with the 2nd Army Corps, had bivouacked at Castiglione, and was moving upon Carriana. Niel was ordered to proceed with his corps—the 4th—through Medole to Guidizzolo. Canrobert's corps—the 3rd—which had been encamped on the western side of the Chiese, crossed the river on a bridge thrown over in the night by the Piedmontese engineers, with orders to march to Castel Goffredo, and thence to Medole. The Imperial Guard, the reserve of the army, was in rear, on the road west of Castiglione. The Piedmontese contingent, under the command of Victor Emmanuel, were on the left of the French, and commenced their share in the day's work by sending out strong reconnaissances from their camps near Lonato, Desenzano, and Rivolta, in the direction of Pozzolengo.

The Austrians finding that the French had already crossed the Chiese, had occupied a position which ran from north to south through the village of Pozzolengo, Solferino, Carriana, and Guidizzolo. Guidizzolo stands on the level plain of Medole; the other villages are perched on the highest points of the triangular upland which juts out like a wedge from the shores of the Lake Garda for ten miles south into the plain. To the care of the First Army, under Wimpffen, was committed the defence of Medole and its surroundings; the task assigned to the septuagenarian Schlick with the Second Army was to maintain the position on the hills.

The hill of Solferino, the key of the position, is a formidable stronghold. It stands at the head of a network of valleys, so steep that the roads along them are locally known as the "Steps of Solferino." On the dividing spurs are strong stone buildings: a church, a convent, a high-walled cemetery, an old feudal tower, all command the approaches to the hamlet. The village itself is well adapted for defence. The houses, built on terraced gardens standing in walled enclosures, rise tier above tier on the slope of the precipitous hill. Early in the day the Austrians occupied the place in force. Each wall was loopholed, and at every loophole was posted a picked shot, with men behind him loading and capping the muzzle-loading rifles then in use. Solferino became a series of miniature fortresses which had either to be breached by cannon or taken by escalade. Yet, formidable as it undoubtedly was, it presented a grave tactical disadvantage. The back of the hill is so steep and scarped that it can only be descended by one winding path: and consequently, when the French had succeeded in establishing their artillery on the heights commanding the flanks of the village, and it became untenable, there was no way of escape for the garrison, whose only alternative was to die fighting, or to surrender as prisoners of war.

It has been already shown that the French, marching in several columns and on every available road, all unconscious of their enemy's sudden return across the Mincio, were moving straight for the very positions on which the Austrians were encamped. Very striking was the view which met the French columns as day broke upon their march. To the left rose the broken ground, with the old grey tower of Solferino looming high against the sky-line through the morning mist. In every other direction the plain of Medole stretched away before them. Long lines of poplars marked the roads; the red-tiled roofs and white belfrys of many a town and village showed in the distance. In the foreground solidly-built farmhouses rose like islands out of a sea of vines, mulberry trees, and Indian corn. Flat as a board, the plain was eminently fitted for the action of cavalry, and in this arm the Austrians excelled; yet

during the day they executed no grand charges they performed no feats such as live in history. Apparently the cavalry arm was demoralised by the defection of Lauingen, who, seized with panic early in the day, withdrew his whole



SOLFERINO,—8 a.m. June 24, 1859.

division of splendid horsemen from the field of battle, before the day's work was even well begun!

Soon after sunrise the advanced guard of Niel's army corps, the 3rd, met a strong detachment of Austrian cavalry in front of Medole. After a sharp skirmish Niel drove them off the road and took the place, though stoutly held, by storm. As he was directing his attacking columns, two staff-officers arrived at a gallop to report that about a mile and half to the north McMahon, with the 2nd Corps, was held in check by large numbers of the enemy. Some were debouching into the plain at Cassiano; others already crowned the heights in every direction; and McMahon feared that the 1st Corps, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, would be crushed. He wished at once to turn to his left to aid them. But if he did so, the gap, already dangerously wide, between his own army corps and Niel's would necessarily be increased. Would Niel conform to McMahon's movement and himself move off to the left? To this Niel, like a loyal comrade, instantly assented, on the condition that he should first secure himself by taking Medole, and that Canrobert, who commanded the 3rd Army Corps on the extreme right, and who was also moving on Medole, should guarantee Niel's outer flank from attack.

But Canrobert was unable to help his colleague till late in the afternoon. Orders from the emperor had reached him to watch for 25,000 Austrians who were said to be threatening the French right from Mantua. The Austrians did not appear, but the necessity of guarding against a possible attack paralysed Canrobert. Until after three in the afternoon he took no part in the battle, and Niel was left unaided for many hours to bear the brunt of the heavy and determined onslaughts of the First Austrian Army, under Wimpffen.

Soon after Niel had stormed Medole he ascertained that Wimpffen had thrown out brigades on all the roads leading to the village of Guidizzollo, that he was moving a whole division towards a farmhouse, Casa Nuova, about a mile out of Guidizzollo on the road to Castiglione, and that he was receiving large reinforcements. After a weary time of inaction, skirmishing, and distant cannonading, a welcome reinforcement of artillery reached the French general, and he at once concentrated his guns on the Casa Nuova farm. It was surrounded by trees, hedges, and ditches; its outbuildings gave a flanking fire; the Austrian engineers had improved these natural advantages and converted the homestead into a formidable work. By noon things looked very ugly for Niel: he had made no impression on the defence, and a fresh Austrian corps was seen

advancing against him; but the Scotch blood which he inherited with his name was not to be daunted. He saw that he must either take the Casa Nuova or retire. The farm was fiercely shelled. Suddenly the guns ceased, for a moment the hoarse roar of the battle was hushed; and then column after column of active little Frenchmen sprang forward to the assault. The Austrians stood well and firmly, they shot straight and plied their bayonets vigorously; but Niel was not to be denied. The green-coated 6th Chasseurs, with part of the 42nd and 85th of the line, threw down the barricades, smashed in the doors, climbed through the windows, and hunted the garrison from room to room. Casa Nuova was taken; and the tricolor now floated where the Imperial standard of Austria had flaunted its black and yellow colours in the breeze. A detachment of sappers were hurried into the farm to loophole its walls on the side facing the enemy, and the Chasseurs were ordered to hold the farm at all hazards and against all odds.

Several times during the remainder of this hard-fought day did Wimpffen make strenuous efforts to regain Casa Nuova and Rebecco—a hamlet to the south of the farmhouse, which Niel had occupied early in the day. In spite of great galliantry, however, the First Austrian Army failed to retake them.

Among the many episodes recorded of this part of the battle is the following:—A French

"EVERY SOLDIER WHO ATTEMPTED TO SAVE THE EAGLE WAS SHOT DOWN" (*p.* 634).

battalion, surrounded by greatly superior Austrian forces, was retiring, with the eagle proudly carried in its midst by a young lieutenant. Hard hit, he fell, clasping the colours to his breast. A grey-haired sergeant stooped to pick up the standard, when a shell swept off his head; a captain, bronzed by the sun of Africa, snatched up the pole, which fell, broken by the same shot that struck him down. Every soldier who attempted to save the eagle was shot down. But the flag was not destined to fall into the hands of the enemy. When the battle ceased it was found buried under a mound of dead.

Early in the afternoon Niel's position was becoming critical. His men were worn out by fatigue, by hunger, and by the extraordinary heat of the day. His formations were broken; his troops were in great confusion, and the pressure along his line was so continuous that he had no time to restore order. Even the forty-two guns which he had in action could not obtain for him the momentary respite necessary for reorganisation. The gap between his left and McMahon's right had, by the emperor's orders, been filled with the cavalry of the Guard and two cavalry divisions; and two regiments, the 2nd and 7th Hussars, were ordered to charge the enemy and distract his attention from the infantry. The Hussars rode straight and well; the Austrians staggered under the blow; and while the enemy were recovering their formations Niel rapidly restored order in his ranks. So much did he recover himself that, on the news that Canrobert was at last about to reinforce him, he collected seven battalions of infantry, and hurled them at Guidizzolo—a gallant enterprise, but unsuccessful. The head of the column reached the first houses of the village, but there meeting masses of troops, formed up for a counter attack, the leading ranks were crushed by a withering fire, and the French retired, overmastered by superior numbers.

It is now time to trace the progress of the fight on the other portions of this straggling battlefield, of which the total length was about eleven miles. The contending armies were of about equal strength: each side numbered some 150,000 combatants.

In McMahon's march across the plain towards Carriana his advanced guard early met the Austrian outposts, and the first actual contact between the scouting parties is thus described: "A detachment of French cavalry in front observed what seemed through the mist of the morning a giant hussar watching by the wayside. The figure for an instant disappeared, jumped over a ditch into the road, crossed it, then turned, and assaulting the French officer at the head of the detachment on his left or unprotected side, dealt him a tremendous cut across the head, followed by another equally well directed. A volley from the troops behind rattled after him, and brought him down. The echo of the fire was repeated by the hills, and was the signal that two hostile armies had met."

We have already seen how McMahon applied to Niel to assist him in aiding Baraguay d'Hilliers, and that Niel was prevented from giving his help by Canrobert's enforced idleness on the extreme right of the French line, where he was condemned to watch for 25,000 Austrians who never appeared. Thus McMahon for several hours, unable to advance, was forced, much against his will, to remain strictly on the defensive. In this part of the field the battle was for long confined to the artillery, and in this duel the French, thanks to the sound views which the emperor had instilled into the generals, were able to hold their own. Louis Napoleon was not a great captain. There were many of the secrets of his uncle's marvellous success which he had not mastered: for instance, the employment of cavalry reconnoitring parties forty, fifty, or even a hundred miles ahead of the main body was a lost art in the French army. But to do the nephew justice, he had thoroughly grasped the Napoleonic idea that artillery fire to be effectual should be overwhelming and concentrated under the direction of one commander.

The French grouped their artillery in masses; the Austrians fought their batteries independently. The result always proved the eternal truth that unity is strength. Thus a solitary Austrian battery was in action against twenty-four of the new rifled guns of the French, which were punishing it severely. To distract the French gunners, and enable the battery to retire, two or three horse-artillery batteries, supported by three brigades of cavalry, made a demonstration; but the batteries came into action singly. At about 1,700 yards range the French opened fire upon the first that opposed them, and in a very few minutes had dismounted five out of its six guns. Another battery galloped up to its help, but in the space of one minute half its guns were silenced by the weight of shells hurled against them by the French rifled cannon. While the *débris* of these two batteries were making

the best of their way to the rear the French guns were turned on the cavalry, and it is said that 500 out of the cavalry and artillery horses were hit in this affair, which lasted altogether but a few minutes.

Meanwhile, the 1st Corps, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, was hotly engaged round Solferino. Very early in the day this general received orders from the emperor to take the village. Slowly and painfully, after many a check, he had by noon succeeded in winning the lower slopes of the cone-like hill of Solferino. Further he could not go. The Austrians, with dogged courage, held to the crests of the spurs which commanded the valleys. Foret, one of the generals of division, led a fierce assault upon the old tower; but his columns, crushed and withered by the fire of the enemy, who overhung them in every direction, failed to attain their object. With equal firmness, but with less success, did the soldiers of Austria-Hungary defend the convent and the cemetery. The infantry attacks failed, but the artillery, playing against the walls at 300 yards range, made a practicable breach through which the French poured furiously, and then settled matters with the bayonet.

The emperor now determined to reinforce the first corps with part of the Imperial Guard, and the Chasseurs de la Garde were thrown into the fight. Formed up in the dense columns which had survived in the French army since the days of the Great Napoleon, they awaited the signal. "The bugles sounded the charge, and the hoarse voice of the colonel could be heard as he placed himself at their head, 'Bataillon en avant—pas de gymnastique!' 'En avant, en avant! Vive l'Empereur!' burst from every throat, answered by the fierce hurrahs of the Austrians; and in a perfect transport of military frenzy the whole mass sprang up the hill. The thunder of the guns, mingled with the wild cries of the combatants and the shrieks of the wounded, made an awful medley of sound. The men dropped cruelly fast: the dark forms of the Chasseurs were marked by the glancing of the sunbeams on their sword bayonets. The supporting columns pressed on. As they neared the village the puffs of Austrian smoke became less frequent. Now the French reached the first houses, and for a moment the column wavered; then with one mad rush the Chasseurs swept the white-coated linesmen and the Tyrolese jagers before them into Solferino; and the edge of the village was won." But every house, every garden, every vineyard, was a fortress, and had to be taken separately by storm. A newspaper correspondent said: "These small enclosures had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. I saw several of them which were literally covered with dead bodies. I have counted more than 200 in a small field, not 400 yards in length by 300 in breadth." It was not until 2 o'clock, after several more assaults and much hard fighting, that the French really became masters of Solferino; but once they had accomplished this, they had pierced the Austrian centre.

While this sharp work was going on at Solferino, a body of Voltigeurs of the Guard and other troops were slowly forcing their way along the heights towards Carriana. It was a series of hand-to-hand fights, in which the personal qualities of the French soldier, his courage, his intelligence, his *élan*, all stood him in good stead. Monte Fontana, a hill in front of Carriana, was the scene of a fierce conflict between the Turcos and the Austrian infantry. The Africans, who hated firing and loved the bayonet, were launched in the attack. Bounding like panthers from rock to rock, crawling like beasts of prey from cover to cover, rushing with horrid yells upon their astonished antagonists, they seized the hill; the Austrians, reinforced, took heart of grace, and after a sharp struggle hurled the assailants down the slopes. The Turcos reappeared, again drove all before them, and again the defenders by a supreme effort regained this much-disputed hill, which they held until the French, crowning the opposite height with artillery, made Monte Fontana untenable. To crown that height with artillery was no mean feat. So steep were the slopes that the gun-teams could not scramble up them. The Grenadiers of the Guard cast their usual dignity to the winds: they threw themselves on the guns and hauled them to the crest; then forming a chain, they passed from hand to hand the cartridges and shells from the waggons in the valley to the gunners on the top of the hill.

Soon after the Austrians had been shelled out of Monte Fontana, the French emperor, who had exposed himself freely to danger throughout the day, came up to a line regiment fighting to get into Carriana. The emperor, followed by his escort of Cent Gardes splendid men in bright steel cuirasses and tall helmets, "proceeded to the head of the battalion, and the fire became warmer as the uniforms and the breastplates of the body-guard served as

points to aim at. The colonel threw himself in front of the emperor, and said: 'Sire, do not expose yourself: it is at you they are aiming.' 'Very well,' replied the emperor, with a smile; 'silence them, and they will fire no longer!' The expression gave us fresh vigour, and, I know not how it was, but at a bound we gained a hundred yards, and twenty minutes later we had taken Carriana."

A hapless Austrian cavalry regiment, in protecting the retreat towards Carriana, suffered great losses. They charged the French mounted skirmishers, and in doing so passed the 11th Chasseurs-à-pied, who were lying down among the standing corn. As the cavalry went by, the Chasseurs sprang up and poured a deadly volley among them. Two French batteries completed their confusion by firing upon them in flank.

While the Austrian left and centre were thus hotly engaged with the French, their right was no less actively occupied with the Piedmontese. Victor Emmanuel, whose little army had been encamped about Lonato and Dezenzano, commenced his share in the day's work by sending out strong reconnoitring parties of all arms towards Pozzolengo, the village where by Napoleon's orders the Piedmontese were to bivouac on the night of the 24th. Very early in the morning these detachments encountered the Austrians at various points of the plateau of San Martino. They attacked bravely, but haphazard, without combination and without supports, and they soon found themselves thrust backwards down the hill. By midday the Piedmontese received reinforcements, and

"RUSHING WITH HORRID YELLS THEY SEIZED THE HILL." (*p.* 635).

fiercely assailed the village of San Martino, which had been solidly occupied by the Austrians. At first they carried all before them. They stormed outlying farms, the church, and some of the houses; and then in wild enthusiasm, cheering for Italy and for Victor Emmanuel, they surged forward against their enemy's main line. The Austrians stood firm. A storm of musketry swept away the heads of the Piedmontese columns, and guns, suddenly brought up within 250 yards of their left flank, mowed them down with grape shot. There was a panic; some of the troops thus roughly handled ran two miles before they could be stopped; but to their honour be it said, they rallied sufficiently to take a distinguished part

in the final capture of San Martino. On the centre and right the Piedmontese retired, but with deliberation, and only as far as the railway line, behind which, while waiting for reinforcements, they hastily entrenched themselves. At length, late in the day, came the welcome aid.

Victor Emmanuel had promised Napoleon that a division of Piedmontese infantry should co-operate in the French attack on Solferino; but on realising the desperate need of his own troops, he diverted the march of this division, and hurried them to the assistance of their fellow-countrymen. Again and again the heights of San Martino were assailed, and finally with success. The Piedmontese troops captured the village; they beat back an Austrian counter-attack by a charge of cavalry, and then, exhausted by the want of food, by fatigue, and by the terrible heat, they wearily dropped to sleep among the dead and dying, whose bodies lay thick upon this hard-fought field. Out of 25,000 Piedmontese engaged round San Martino 179 officers and 4,428 men were killed or wounded—a heavier loss than was sustained by any of the French army corps of equal strength either on the hills round Solferino or in the plain of Medole.

Early in the afternoon the Emperor of Austria determined to make a final bid for victory. His centre was broken. Solferino was lost, Carriana was threatened; but his right flank was still safe, and his left was holding its own against the 4th French Corps. A bold counterstroke against Niel's tired men might yet retrieve the fortunes of the day. He accordingly ordered Wimpffen to hurl three army corps at Niel, and to crash through his lines. The Austrian troops displayed their accustomed qualities of courage and devotion, but the Fates were against them. Round the farm of Casa Nuova, the key of the position, raged much hard fighting, and in the episode of its attack are found interesting illustrations of the value of cavalry against infantry. Prince Windisch-Graetz led a brigade against the farm, while other battalions were destined to attack it in front. To press home the frontal attack his columns deployed. Wave after wave of Austrians beat against the walls of the Casa Nuova, still held by the 6th Chasseurs who had wrested it from them in the forenoon. In all the confusion of the assault the prince fell mortally wounded. He insisted on continuing to command, supported in the arms of his faithful soldiers. Suddenly, with a hoarse shout, a French lancer regiment burst from its cover behind a belt of trees, fell upon the disordered Austrians, and drove them from the farm like chaff before the wind. At the same moment the column intended to turn the farm was once more proving that cavalry may delay, but cannot break solid and unshaken infantry. The Austrian column was repeatedly charged by two brigades of cavalry, but on each occasion the infantry had sufficient time to form square, and thus beat off the French with little loss in men. But the necessity for halting and forming square had consumed so much time, that before this column had arrived near Casa Nuova the assault in which it was to have played an important part had failed.

In laconic language Wimpffen announced to Francis Joseph the failure of the counter-stroke: "I have twice attempted to take the offensive, and have used my best reserves. I can no longer hold firm, and must retreat, covered by the 11th Corps." Francis Joseph received this report at Carriana, where, exposed to a heavy artillery fire, he was making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to stem the tide of French success. With great difficulty was the emperor persuaded to give orders for a general retreat across the Mincio; with even greater difficulty did his staff induce him to leave the rear-guard, where he was furiously urging his beaten troops once more to turn and face their foe. The fighting was still continuing along the long front of this straggling battlefield when, to use Niel's words, "a violent storm, preceded by whirlwinds of dust, which plunged us in darkness, put an end to this terrible struggle, and enabled the Austrians to retreat in safety to the east of the Mincio." The victory cost the allied armies dear, however; their killed, wounded, and missing were about 18,000; the Austrian loss amounted to about 22,000 in all.

MUDKI. 18. DECEMBER. FIROZSHAH. 21-22 DECEMBER. 1845.

BY HERBERT COMPTON.

TOWARDS the end of the fifteenth century a certain Hindu religious reformer, named Nának, founded the sect which came to be known as the Sikhs of the Punjab. Nának preached pure Deism: his gospel was one of glory to God and goodwill to mankind; and his endeavours were consistently directed to a reconciliation between Hindu and Mohammedan.

After Nának's death the increasing numbers and importance of his disciples raised up enemies against them, and they suffered much persecution. This in time led to reprisals on their part, and Govind, the Gúrú, or Teacher, tenth in succession to Nának, completely altered the character of their creed by destroying the system of caste (which, up to this period, had been religiously respected), preaching the doctrine of perfect equality, and advocating, as an argument, the use of cold steel, especially against their relentless enemies the bigoted Mohammedans. With this new departure in doctrine he changed the distinguishing title of his followers, from *Sikh*, student or disciple, to *Singh*, which means lion or warrior.

After the death of Gúrú Govind, the Sikhs became separated into different tribes or clans scattered over the Punjab, each ruled by its own *Sardár*, or chief, but all united as equal members of the Sikh Commonwealth, or *Khalsa*, a mystical term that included salvation, perfect equality, and government according to the principles of Gúrú Govind.

Early in the present century the Sikh clans were welded into a nation by one of the most remarkable men that India has ever produced—Ranjit Singh, the Lion of Lahore. In the distractions consequent on the decay of the Moghul Empire, he trained his countrymen into a homogeneous as well as a martial people, and led them to war with such success that at one time it seemed doubtful whether he would be content to confine his conquests to the north and west of his dominions, or dare to dispute with the English the mastery of India, which they had wrung from the Mahrattas. But Ranjit Singh was a sagacious statesman as well as a doughty warrior, and he decided on a policy of friendship with his British neighbours, to which he adhered with a faithfulness not common in an Asiatic sovereign.

At an early period of his rule Ranjit Singh had been vastly impressed with the discipline of the British troops, and like Madhaji Scindia, the founder of the great Mahratta regular armies of the previous century, the Sikh chief determined to train and order his troops after the methods of the West. To this end he entertained the services of several able European officers, among whom were Generals Ventura, Allard, Court, and Avitabile. Two of these had seen service under the Great Napoleon, and learned the art of war and its disasters in the campaign against Russia. These experienced soldiers of fortune brought the Sikh army into a state of high discipline; and more especially its artillery, an arm much more cultivated then in the countries of Europe than in England.

Ranjit Singh died in 1839, and when once his strong controlling hand was stayed, the Punjab speedily fell into a state of anarchy. In less than four years four rulers had ascended the throne, the last being the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, then a mere child. Under such fickle form of government factions arose, and insubordination amongst the Sikh soldiery made alarming progress. The troops began to elect *Panchayats*, or regimental committees, under whose sole orders and direction they acted; and when these came to decide questions of grave national policy it was plain the real power of the State had passed into their hands. One of their first acts was to increase the pay of the Sikh soldier, and before long the Punjab private drew

nearly double the amount given to the British sepoy. With an immense army to keep up, this naturally resulted in the depletion of the Punjab Treasury, and the national troops fell into arrears of pay.

The reins of government were in the hands of Dhuleep Singh's mother, the Rání Jindan, or Chundan, a young and beautiful but utterly unprincipled woman, whose court was an open scene of unbridled debauchery, and who had foisted her son on Ranjit Singh, whose offspring he was not. This woman attempted to rule through the medium of her paramour, Lál Singh, a debauchee remarkable only for cruelty and intrigue. But the army was the master of the situation, obtaining what it wanted by threat or violence, until the time came when there was nothing left with which to satisfy its avarice.

It was a stalwart army, equipped with every requisite which the prudence and administrative ability of Ranjit Singh had deemed necessary for war; its ranks were overflowing with men who were warriors by birth and long tradition, and who thirsted for battle and plunder. The recent reverses of the British in the disastrous campaign in Afghanistan had shaken our prestige. The Sikh soldier had learnt to sneer at us. He had beaten the Afghan in warfare, and the Afghan had beaten us, and the logical conclusion was that he could do it too, only better. In 1838, during a review of the British troops, some Sikh soldiers who were present scarcely veiled their insolent criticisms, and boasted that their regiments could manœuvre better than ours; and a few days later, at a review of their own forces, they actually copied our evolutions with the greatest accuracy and precision. And now suddenly this nation was possessed with a war fever. Contiguous to their territory lay the rich countries of the East India Company, which had ever been the goal of rapine in all the historical invasions of Hindostan. "To Calcutta" was the universal cry of the Sikhs—ay, and even "To London," in their ludicrous ignorance of geographical details. The Rání re-echoed it, and urged the soldiery to cross the Sutlej—the boundary between the two peoples—assuring them they might count on the co-operation of all the British sepoy troops. Action for the Singhs was a priceless panacea that would occupy them and keep her in peace from their pesterings. Unveiled, she stood in front of the men (a thing no other woman of gentle birth in her nation would have done) and pointed to the frontier. And where she pointed, thither the army pressed, with clamorous cries and shouts. The first Sikh war was one of pure aggression on the part of the Sikh nation: and the Sikh nation was the Sikh army.

The population of the Punjab at this time amounted to three millions, of whom half were Hindus, a third Mohammedans, and only one-sixth Sikhs. How martial and masterful were these 500,000 Singhs may be deduced from the fact that their army mustered 150,000 disciplined and irregular troops, of whom considerably more than half invaded the Company's possessions.

Sir Henry Hardinge was the Governor-General of India. On the 12th December, 1845, he received information that the Sikhs had crossed the Sutlej. British troops were immediately hurried forward from Ambála to reinforce our frontier posts at Firozpur and Ludhiana. Simultaneously a proclamation was issued confiscating and annexing to British territory the Cis-Sutlej States, which had hitherto preserved their independence. The gage of war had been thrown down and taken up with a vengeance.

The first division of the Khalsa army, under Lál Singh, the Rání's favourite, encamped in front of Firozpur, which was garrisoned by a force of 10,000 men under Sir James Littler. For the next week, daily reinforcements crossed the Sutlej and joined the Sikh general. On the 18th of the month Sir Hugh Gough, the British commander-in-chief, accompanied by the Governor-General, completed a forced march of 150 miles in six days, and reached Mudki, distant about eight leagues from Firozpur. But previous to this Lál Singh—leaving a strong force under Tej Singh, another Sikh general, to mask Firozpur and guard the passage of the Sutlej—pushed forward fifteen miles to Firozshah, a walled village half-way between Firozpur and Mudki, where he threw up a vast entrenched camp. On hearing of the approach of Sir Hugh Gough, and believing his force was merely an advanced guard, Lál Singh moved out of Firozshah at the head of 20,000 men and 22 guns to give him battle.

It was noon on the 18th December, 1845, when the British army arrived at Mudki, after a distressing march of twenty-one miles. Possibly insufficient use had been made of the cavalry for scouting purposes, for the propinquity of the enemy was not suspected. The order was given to rest, and the troops, suffering grievously from thirst, lay down to await the arrival of the baggage and snatch a hasty meal.

"Suddenly a scrap of paper was brought to Major Broadfoot, the Political Agent in charge of the frontier, who was with the Governor-General. He read it and said, 'The enemy is on us!' He was not at first believed, and even the cloud of dust which appeared in the direction of the enemy failed to convince the sceptical. 'That dust,' he energetically exclaimed, 'covers thousands. It covers the Sikh army!' Then, galloping up to Sir Hugh Gough, he gracefully saluted him and said: 'There, your Excellency, is the Sikh army.' It was the Political Agent making over the frontier to the Soldier."

"UNVEILED, SHE STOOD IN FRONT OF THE MEN AND POINTED TO THE FRONTIER" (*p.* 639).

About three o'clock the Sikh artillery began the battle. They were soon answered by our guns, whilst the troops hastily buckled on their accoutrements, seized their muskets—it was in the days of "Brown Bess," when battles were perforce fought at close distances—and formed up. The cavalry division, led by the 3rd Dragoons, was ordered out to the right and soon engaged the Sikh horse, who made a determined resistance. But the manœuvre intended was brilliantly executed, and the enemy's line—ample, and far outflanking ours—was turned. Soon the air was thick was dust, churned up by the hoofs of the squadrons, until it somewhat resembled a November fog, and daylight was fast fading when our infantry advanced in echelon of lines. The Sikhs fired with admirable rapidity and precision; but they had yet to learn the dauntless resolution of the British soldier, who closed in doggedly, drove them along at the point of the bayonet, dislodging them from the trees and jungle in which they were lurking, and capturing position after position. "Night only saved them from worse disaster; for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object."

The battle was sharp and sanguinary. It cost us 872 killed and wounded, although the English portion of the army did not exceed one-third of

THE CHARGE OF THE KING'S OWN DRAGOONS AT MŪDKÍ.

(By Ernest Crofts, A.R.A. By permission from the Engraving published by Messrs. George Rowney & Sons.)

the whole. Generals Sir Robert Sale and Sir John McCaskell were killed, and amongst the wounded was the late Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, who died in the spring of 1895. Fifteen cannon were captured, and "heaped round them lay the stalwart forms of the Sikh gunners, locked in death's last embrace. How the native reveres his gun was well exemplified: there were few that had not fallen near the pieces they worshipped."

Such was the first encounter between Sikh and Saxon on the field of Mars. Many hard knocks were they fated to give each other during the next lustre, and this initial trial of strength engendered a mutual respect which was destined to yield a rare result when, twelve years later, they stood shoulder to shoulder and contested with Pandy and Mussulman the supremacy of Hindustan.

SIR HENRY HARDINGE.

Lal Singh, after his defeat at Mudki, fell back on his entrenched camp at Firozshah. On the evening of the victory Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, tendered his services in a military capacity, as second in command, to the commander-in-chief. The act raised considerable criticism as one derogatory to the dignity of his high office as ruler of British India; but it has been well retorted that "to lead the wing of a British army against the enemies of the country can derogate from the dignity or no man." Sir Henry was an experienced Peninsular veteran, a soldier of calm resolution and cool judgment in danger, whose genius and quick perception, when yet only a young officer of twenty-three, had in a critical moment saved the battle of Albuera. Sir Hugh Gough was also a Peninsular veteran, but one of another type. No more gallant or dare-devil general ever breathed, but "his only tactics were storming batteries and carrying them at the point of the bayonet." It was by the desperate method of hurling his infantry at them that he captured the Mahratta guns at Maharajpur, just a year before the battle of Mudki; and these tactics he consistently adopted throughout the present campaign. An Irishman by birth, headstrong and impetuous by nature, he lacked that calmness in affront necessary in a great general. "I never was *bate*, and I never will be *bate*," he once exclaimed, when his rashness had nearly engulfed him in disaster; and these few words depict his character better than a page of analysis could do. Under these circumstances it was an enormous gain to the British arms that Sir Henry Hardinge, waiving the dignity of his high office, consented to accept command under his chief captain, and, as it were, supplied the ballast that was lacking in that man of war.

A day was devoted to the decent interment of the dead, and then an immediate assault on the Sikh entrenchment at Firozshah was decided on. The position was a formidable one, being a mile long by half a mile broad, protected with earthworks, breast-high in some places, defended by seventy-three guns of large calibre, and manned by 35,000 Sikhs, the flower of the Khalsa army. The force under Sir Hugh Gough consisted of 20,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry, with forty-two 6-pounder and twenty-four 9-pounder guns.

Orders were sent to Sir James Littler at Firozpur to move out and join in the attack with all the men he could spare, and to facilitate the junction a considerable detour was made by the main army, which carried it about four miles south of the enemy's position. At eleven o'clock on the 21st December Sir Hugh Gough called a halt in the middle of a broad expanse of level plain, much encumbered with thorn-jungle and dotted with infrequent villages. Meanwhile, Sir James Littler, leaving his camp standing to disarm suspicion, started quietly in the early morning to reach his rendezvous, without Tej Singh, the Sikh general in command of the army in front of Firozpur, being aware of his departure. But it was considerably past noon before he found himself in touch with the commander-in-chief.

Sir Hugh Gough, restless ever and impatient

for action, could not brook the delay, and shortly after he had ordered the halt, rode up to where the Governor-General was resting and exclaimed, "Sir Henry, if we attack at once I promise you a splendid victory." Hardinge at once realised the gratuitous rashness of assaulting the extended Sikh position before being reinforced by Littler. Rising from the ground on which he was seated, he withdrew, followed by the commander-in-chief, to a small grove of trees a few yards distant; and there, walking up and down, the two conferred, whilst much speculation was rife amongst the staff as to the result of the interview. Memory mechanically reverts to the days of Clive, and how he retired to Plassy's Grove to brood on the task that lay before him. The question now being discussed between Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough was fraught with almost as great importance for the British dominion in India as that which occupied the master mind of the man who laid the foundation of our Eastern Empire. "For the fate of India trembled in the balance during the eventful night of the 21st December. . . . and no moment was perhaps more critical during the whole campaign" than this, when the two leaders were discussing the advisability of an instant or deferred attack. Sir Hugh Gough, with all the energy of his fiery nature, pressed for the former, but the Governor-General resolutely refused acquiescence, and at last, after an animated discussion, terminated the conference by saying, "Then, Sir Hugh, I must exercise my civil powers as Governor-General, and forbid the attack until Littler's force has come up."

It was the first time that such powers had ever been exercised by a Governor-General in the field, but happy it was for the welfare of British arms that Sir Henry Hardinge had the moral courage to exert his authority in a way which must have been painful to himself and galling to the gallant veteran he overrode.

Littler arrived a little before one, but much valuable time was lost in getting the troops into position, and it was not until nearly three o'clock of the shortest day of the year that the Governor-General "informed the commander-in-chief there was daylight for an action . . . it being scarcely possible to adopt any alternative than to fight the battle that afternoon."

The advice was bold. Perchance it savoured somewhat of the very rashness which Sir Henry Hardinge had but a short time before reproved. He disregarded the experience of Mûdki, where a battle begun in the open plain at that very hour had been robbed of the fruits of victory by the advent of night. Scarce two hours of daylight remained within which to conquer an army of 35,000 disciplined men, entrenched in a strong position, with one less than two-thirds of their number. It was advice which very nearly ended in disaster as we shall see.

The British brigades advanced with some irregularity, owing to the jungle which obstructed their passage. The commander-in-chief led the right wing and the Governor-General the left. Sir James Littler's division moved against the west face of the Sikh entrenchment, and Generals Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions attacked the south-west and south, whilst the cavalry division formed the second line, and a fourth infantry division, under Sir Harry Smith, was held in reserve.

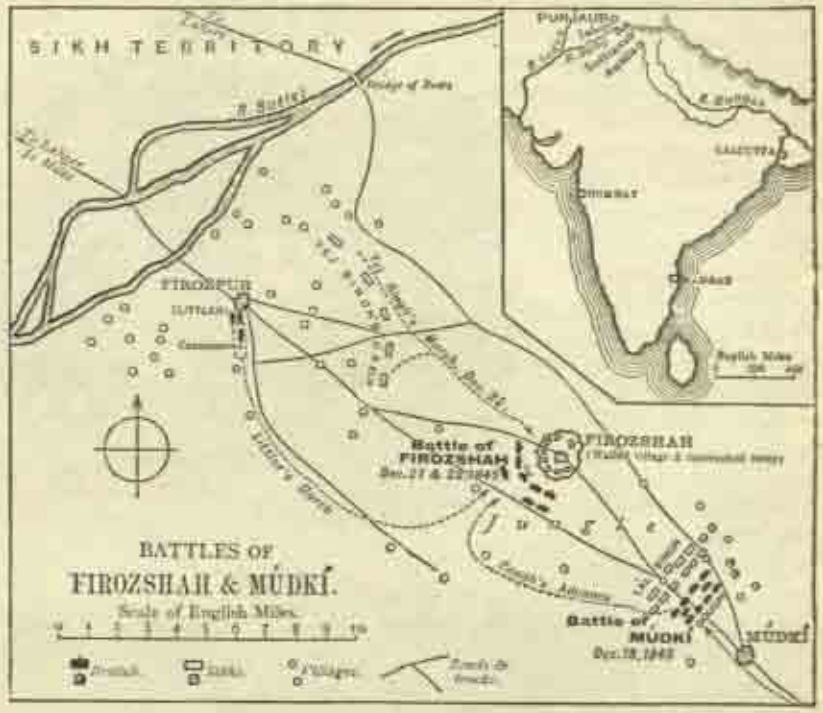
At four o'clock the actual attack began. The artillery was ordered to the front and the infantry wheeled into line. It was soon evident that our guns were far inferior in metal to those of the enemy, on whose batteries we could make no impression in our fruitless efforts to silence them. Littler's force was the first to come to close quarters, receiving in the act, at a distance of not more than three hundred yards, a furious discharge of grape and canister. His assault chanced to be against the strongest face of the entrenchment, and regiment after regiment advanced against it, only to waver and wither away under the leaden hail. Finally, the 62nd (Queen's), when almost in the battery they were storming, halted and wheeled about under orders from their brigadier, who conceived it necessary to withdraw them from annihilation, when nearly half the rank-and-file and the majority of the officers had been killed and wounded. "They were absolutely mowed down by the fire under which they were advancing," remarked the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords during a generous defence of their gallantry, which had been called into question. And we learn from a trustworthy historian of the war that "their ranks were filled with boys who had never before heard a ball whistle," and that they were but ill supported by the sepoy battalions. With this repulse Littler's attack failed, and he was obliged to draw off.

Towards the centre and right matters went better. Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions pressed forward in echelon of regiments, Sir Henry Hardinge with the former, which, diverging somewhat to the right, left a fatal gap between

his and Littler's line. The Sikh guns were served with extraordinary rapidity and precision: their infantry stood between and behind them, or lay on the ground priming their muskets and discharging their pieces in the face of the oncoming force. Advancing under this murderous fire of grape and ball, and led by the 9th Regiment, the British line captured the Sikh batteries one by one at the point of the bayonet with matchless gallantry. Gilbert, to the further right, was equally successful, and made good his footing in the Sikh camp, where his force was shattered and shaken by a terrific explosion from several mines. Notwithstanding this it gallantly held its ground until reinforced by the reserve under Sir Harry Smith, when the village of Firozshah was stormed and cleared of the enemy, whilst simultaneously the 3rd Dragoons delivered a charge that is enshrined in history. During the hottest period of the conflict they were sent against a battery which was playing on our struggling line with deadly effect. In front of them lay a yawning trench which no trooper could leap. With a wild cheer they filled it, the trench being soon levelled with the bodies of the men and horses of the leading squadron, and over this living bridge of their comrades the rear ranks rode. The Sikh artillerymen were sabred fighting at their pieces, even as Lake's Dragoons—the "Dumpty Pice," the ring of whose metal has sounded on many an Indian battlefield—sabred the Mahratta gunners at Laswaree, and then, "with a valour only equalled by the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the 3rd Dragoons faced the whole Khalsa army within the entrenchments, swept through their camp with loud huzzas, over tents, ropes, pegs, guns, fires, and magazines, cutting down all that opposed their passage, and having traversed the enemy's position from side to side, emerged, their numbers thinned, but covered with imperishable glory!"

But only a portion of the Sikh entrenchment had been carried, and the enemy still held the greater part of it. To the west they had beaten off Littler, to the south-west withstood Wallace; and now darkness came to their aid. Presently a portion of the camp, in which was stored a large supply of forage, took fire, causing many explosions: one magazine, in particular, "rent the 1st European Light Infantry in twain." The confusion became great amongst the British. Overhead, like a Titanic pall, hung a vast cloud of smoke supported on a murky flame, throwing its lurid glare far and wide. In the fitful light and shadow men became separated from their regiments, and, unable to find them, attached themselves to others; many of the battalions were hoplessly clubbed in the confined space, whilst the Sikhs poured a destructive and demoralising fire into them, which they were powerless to return.

At length the chances of successful progress seemed more and more impossible, and it was found necessary to beat the retreat. The troops were withdrawn from that part of the entrenchment they had captured to a position a quarter of a mile to the south of the Sikh lines, and here



the wreck of Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions bivouacked, whilst Sir Harry Smith's brigades retired to the village of Misriwala, two miles to the south-west. The Sikhs at once returned to the batteries on the south face, manned their recaptured guns, and turned them once more upon our dispirited men, who crouched and huddled on the bare ground, baffled and disappointed, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, and with the cutting winter night-wind of the bleak Punjab plains chilling them to the bone.

A SIKH SOLDIER.

And now they were called on to exhibit the highest and most trying form of courage—passive acceptance of suffering. Sir Harry Smith, "with admirable prudence," forbade his men to fire a shot in self-defence or retaliation, and ordered the white covers to be taken off their caps, so as not to afford a mark for the enemy, and Sir Henry Hardinge "insisted on every man lying down and not talking." Once, and once only, when the Sikh fire from a certain battery became insupportable, the 80th Regiment and European Light Infantry were ordered to charge it, and rushing forward in the dreadful dark the gallant fellows stormed the guns and spiked them "by as brave a charge as there is on record."

Never, surely, in the annals of our conquest of India had any British army found itself in such sore plight as this. Isolated in three divisions, each cut off from the other two and not even knowing where they were, 20,000 fighting-men crouched on the bare plain all through that long December night, baring their heads and hushing their voices in their attempt to secure safe hiding, whilst the fire of the foe sent shot and shell over their wincing bodies. Soon murmurs of despondency began to be heard, and there were those who carried her Majesty's commission and yet urged a retreat to Firozpur. But the leaders of the army were men to whom the honour of England was dearer than safety—dearer than life—and the timid councils met with the reception they deserved. "The two chiefs met at night and decided without hesitation that the attack must be at once resumed in the morning." Nor were they blind to the danger involved. "Sir Hugh came to me," wrote the Governor-General, "and candidly avowed the critical state of our affairs, but most cordially concurred in all my sentiments." They were sentiments worthy of a British soldier. "A British army must not be foiled, and foiled this army shall not be," was the dictum that went forth in that hour of desperate stress. And the resolute general who spoke those clarion words "delivered his watch and star to his son's care, to show that he was determined to leave the field a victor or die in the attempt." And we hear it from a trustworthy source that "in case of disaster, which was far from impossible, the Governor-General sent orders to Mudki, where Mr. Currie was in charge of the official papers of the Government of India and Mr. Cust of the Records of the (Sikh) Agency, for the destruction of all State papers."

Strange as it seems, during this critical period of anxiety and dire foreboding, and when the Khalsa army almost held victory in its grasp, insubordination and licence broke out in its ranks. The Akalis—a fanatical section of the race—plundered the tents of Lál Singh, their commander, and, a general riot ensuing, all remnants of discipline were lost. But the moral comfort of knowing this, and the confidence it would have engendered and restored, were not permitted to the British leaders.

The Sikhs during the night remained in possession of their entrenched camp, and towards morning the trampling of large bodies of men showed they were reinforcing their lines, whilst

the fire of their guns, which had continued sullenly booming throughout the long night, increased as daylight enabled the gunners to correct their aim.

A little before daybreak dispositions were made for the renewal of the assault. The Governor-General sent his son (the late Sir Arthur Hardinge, Governor of Gibraltar) to bring up Littler's division to the attack; but without waiting for its arrival Sir Hugh and Sir Henry put themselves at the head of the force, and "riding thirty yards in front of the British line to prevent the men from firing," led it to the storm of the south face of the Sikh encampment. British pluck and British persistency triumphed—as how often have they not triumphed on the battlefields of India? The men were worn out with fatigue, numbed with cold, and had passed a long, sleepless night without food and without water. The despondency of some of their officers had been manifested to them, and they had been deserted by at least one cavalry regiment, which, during the dark hours, had mounted and ridden off to Firozpur. But, animated by the sight and example of the two noble veterans who led them on, they flung themselves on to the masked batteries of the Sikhs amidst the screaming of shot and shell and the shrieking of rockets that rioted through their ranks. With the indomitable courage that has ever made their countrymen proud of them, the British troops advanced. Resolute and reckless of everything but the victory they were determined to win, they carried battery after battery at the point of the bayonet, surging on with the unimpeded majesty of a storm cloud, and rolling rank after rank over and through the Sikh encampment.

It was a just enthusiasm which prompted Sir Henry Hardinge to write thus of these heroes in his despatch: "The British infantry quite reminded me of the glorious days of the Peninsula!" The regiments whom he thus honoured were the 9th, 29th, 31st, 50th, 62nd, 80th, and (honourable comrades in arms and emulation) John Company's First European Light Infantry.

Driving the enemy helter-skelter from the village of Firozshah, the British line changed front to the left, and swept the Sikhs out of their entrenchments, capturing many standards and seventy-eight guns, and emerging victorious on the plain to the north. It was a feat of arms worthy of the best traditions of our gallant army, and the more memorable from the rapidity with

"THEY CARRIED BATTERY AFTER BATTERY AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET."

which it was effected after the serious repulse of the previous evening.

But the day was not yet won: the most critical hour had yet to be passed. Tej Singh, the Sikh general at Firozpur, attracted by the sound of the cannonade and the arrival of a few Sikh fugitives, struck his camp, and hurried to the succour of his countrymen at the head of an army of 30,000 men, chiefly cavalry, and seventy guns. He quickly drove in the British cavalry parties, whose wearied horses could not muster a trot. "The advance of the Sikh cavalry, accompanied by their horse artillery," writes an eloquent historian, "is described as the most splendid sight of the campaign. Their horses caracoling and bounding, and the bright sunlight flashing from steel armour, sabres, and spears, they came on at a rapid pace to within four hundred yards of the British line."

Littler's brigades were immediately thrown into the village of Firozshah to maintain our hold of the Sikh entrenchment, and the other three divisions formed in line to resist this new attack from an army the strength of which was more than double their own, and whose ranks were filled with men fresh, vigorous, and eager for combat.

Tej Singh, in a strenuous effort to recapture the entrenchment, concentrated his attack on the left of the British line, which, under a heavy cannonade from his well-served guns, was compelled to change front to the right. And then came an ominous sign—our own artillery did not reply. They could not, for their ammunition was expended. It is said that out of sheer desperation an occasional blank charge was fired to keep up the semblance of fight.

Disaster crowded on disaster, and at this perilous crisis the cavalry deserted and rode off to Firozpur, followed by half the artillery. Later on the brigadier commanding averred, in explanation, that he had received an order from the acting adjutant-general "to save his cavalry, and retire to Firozpur," nine miles distant; and the artillery stated that, "wanting ammunition, they had followed the cavalry." It is but charitable to add that the officer who delivered this amazing order was suffering from sunstroke and a mind unhinged.

Before the cavalry retired a stampede of the camp-followers had taken place, for the sudden appearance of Tej Singh and his enormous army struck panic far and wide. "The whole ground between Firozshah and Firozpur was covered with fugitives, some running, others looking behind them with terror depicted on their faces, the dread of the Sikhs at their heels almost depriving them of the power of motion. . . . The panic spread to the rear of the army. The bearers of the Dhulis threw down the wounded men and fled." It was *sauve qui peut* with cavalry, artillery, and non-combatants.

But the "thin, red line" stood firm—that glorious thin, red line whose heroism has so often stirred our blood in the quiet security of our English homes, and thrilled our pulses till they tingled with pride. In brief soldierly phrase Sir Henry Hardinge records how, "at this moment the British cavalry were suddenly seen to go off to Firozpur, followed by the horse artillery, but the infantry with the greatest unconcern held their ground, and advanced when ordered. The enemy retired, afraid of our infantry, which was actually abandoned by the cavalry and at least thirty pieces of artillery." It was three in the afternoon. The battle had been in progress twenty-four hours; the troops were exhausted, starving, driven mad with thirst. "Recollect, men," cried their leader, "you must hold your ground to the last, and trust to your bayonets." Nobly was that appeal responded to. The ground was held.

Out of evil sometimes cometh good. The retreat of the cavalry carried them past the right flank of Tej Singh's army. In his advance he had left the bridge over the Sutlej, and with it his line of retreat, weakly guarded. Unable to believe that such a large force as that which he now saw in rapid motion was retreating, he conceived their movement to be a tactical one to turn his flank and interpose between him and the Sutlej, whither Lál Singh had fled at an earlier period of the day. His apprehensions were further increased by information he received of the loss and carnage in the Sikh ranks during the storm of the previous night and their defeat this morning, and he felt hopeless of driving the British out of a position they were now defending and from which they had expelled the original holders. To the extreme surprise and relief of the British leaders, he drew his army off, and Sir Hugh Gough remained master of a field soddened with the blood of 2,400 of his brave men and 8,000 of their gallant foe.

So ended the most hardly-contested battle ever fought by the English in India. At set of sun the Sikhs sullenly sought the refuge of the Sutlej. The British army had staggered at their shock—staggered, but stood.

THE FOREST-FIGHTING IN DAHOMEY: 1892

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

RADAMA, king of Madagascar, once said that he had little fear of a European invasion, for he had always two good generals who could stop an army of white men from reaching his capital, and their names were "General Forest" and "General Fever." Not only in Madagascar, but in considerable portions of the African mainland, European soldiers have to contend with these same redoubtable generals; and this is especially the case on the west coast, as we found in Ashanti, and our neighbours the French in their recent conquest of Dahomey.

That enterprise had the same origin as most African conquests, the European Power first occupying some point on the coast, then becoming involved in disputes with the natives of the country behind it, and ending by annexing the whole country after one or two little wars. The French got their footing on the Guinea coast in 1862, when they assumed a protectorate over the trading station of Porto Novo and the neighbouring district. A negro kinglet was left to nominally rule the place, but he really exercised less authority than the latest-arrived French official.

Until 1862 the place had been reckoned a part of Dahomey, and the king of Dahomey made repeated attempts to reassert his right to levy tribute within the borders of the protectorate. In 1890 there was a short war between Behanzin, king of Dahomey, and the French; but the collapse of his army on its first attempt to capture Porto Novo led him to patch up a treaty with the white men. A temporary peace having been thus secured, he set to work to collect European weapons, breech-loading rifles and artillery, thinking that he would be thus in a position to tempt the fortune of war again with better chances.

Along the ill-defined frontier of the Porto Novo kingdom, his chiefs were always drifting into quarrels with tribes and villages who claimed to be under French protection. They pursued fugitives across the border, and in their slave-hunts they were not very particular as to where their own territory ended. Moreover, they accused Toffa, the king of Porto Novo, of conniving at the escape of fugitives from the rough-and-ready justice of Dahomey. Then the old claim of tribute was revived, and finally, in the early summer of 1892, this state of friction culminated in a regular invasion of the Porto Novo territory. Behanzin tried to explain that he had no quarrel with the French, but only with their black neighbours; but then these neighbours were their *protégés*, and in any case the French could not tolerate the total suspension of local trade and the serious danger that threatened their small garrisons, so they took measures to clear the Dahomeyans out of the protectorate.

For a short time the situation was not unlike what it was in our colony of the Gold Coast, when King Coffee's warriors were raiding up to the gates of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle, before the arrival of Wolseley and the first reinforcements. The trading posts held by the French on the coast were Porto Novo, Cotonou, and Grand Popo; and for some days there was considerable anxiety as to their safety, for they were unfortified and held only by small garrisons. In the month of March bands from Dahomey entered the territory of Porto Novo and burned several villages, after plundering them, and carrying off hundreds of prisoners to be enslaved or slaughtered at the annual "customs." The gunboat *Topaze* went up the Oueme river to try to stop the pillaging, but was fired on from the bank and forced to retire, much as Commerell's reconnaissance on the Prah was driven back by the Ashanti ambuscade at the outset of our

own campaign in the same region. Early in April the French settlements were threatened by bands of Dahomeyan negroes, mostly armed with modern European rifles and in some cases several thousands strong. No one was safe beyond rifle range from the fortified posts. On the 4th M. Ballay, the Governor of the Benin coast, received a letter from Behanzin composed in French and couched in language of insolent defiance.

PORTO NOVO: A FETISH PLACE.

"I have never gone to France to make war against you," wrote the negro king, "and I am pained at seeing that France is trying to prevent me from making war in an African country, with which it has no concern. If you are not satisfied you may do what you please. As for me, I am ready for you."

If Behanzin had made a determined rush he could have captured some of the French settlements, for it was not till May that the reinforcements despatched from France and the Senegal began to arrive. The first troops to reach Cotonou and Porto Novo were some companies of Senegalese tirailleurs—African troops officered by Frenchmen, who have done good service in all the recent French campaigns in Central Africa. A shallow-draught gunboat, the *Éclaireur*, was sent out to strengthen the naval force, and shortly after a stern-wheel steamer, built for river work and armed with machine-guns, was bought from Messrs. Yarrow of Blackwall, named the *Opale*, and sent out to Cotonou. At this place a light iron pier was run out from the beach beyond the line of the surf, to facilitate the landing of troops and stores, and finally, a very capable soldier who had already distinguished himself in African warfare was appointed to the command of all the forces on the coast, and ordered to march on Abomey as soon as he had got a sufficient force together, and thus put an end once and for all to the power of Behanzin.

This officer held the rank of colonel, and bore an English name. His grandfather was a Mr. Dodds, an English trader who had married a native woman in the Gambia colony, in territory afterwards transferred to France. He was himself born in the French colony of Senegal, and

he was thus a man for whom the climate of West Africa had no terrors. He had fought in a series of campaigns on the Upper Senegal and in the Western Soudan. He knew the country and the people, and withal was a well-trained soldier, who had received the basis of his military education in France. Colonel Dodds was taking a short holiday in Paris when he was ordered to prepare plans for the conquest of Dahomey, and to go out to the West Coast and "smash up" King Behanzin.

Briefly, the information on which he had to base his plans was this: To break the power of Behanzin it would be necessary first to clear his armies out of the coast district, and then to march upon Abomey, his capital. The operation was, roughly speaking, the same as that which Lord Wolseley had to carry out against the neighbouring kingdom of Ashanti, and Dodds carefully studied the campaign that ended with the burning of Coomassie. Abomey is about seventy miles from the nearest point on the coast. The distance to be traversed was thus fifty miles less than in the march upon the Ashanti capital. Abomey stands in a region of fertile undulating plains. To the northward the country is hilly. To the southward, after passing the swamps of Agrime, one has to traverse a broad belt of forest, with here and there occasional clearings round the villages. Then one comes down to the coast region of marshy, shallow lagoons, into which the rivers empty themselves, the coast towns generally standing on narrow belts of land between the lagoon and the sea.

The chief difficulty to be faced was the unhealthy character of the coast region and the forest, the latter being only passable by means of narrow paths and affording only scanty supplies. As for the forces that would have to be encountered, Behanzin, in one of his letters to M. Ballay, spoke of taking the field at the head of 40,000 men; but the French estimated that his real fighting strength would be nearer 15,000. It was composed of three classes of soldiers. First there were the famous Amazons, an army of women who were supposed to be the fiercest warriors in West Africa. In 1862 Burton, after visiting Abomey as our envoy and seeing a review of these dusky heroines, estimated their numbers at about 2,500. It was known that the population of Dahomey had decreased considerably in the thirty years since then, and it was supposed that there could not be more than 2,000 of them, if so many, in 1892. M. Chaudouin, who was a prisoner in Abomey in 1890, estimated the number of the male warriors at from 4,000 to 5,000. Besides these there would be a levy of some 6,000 armed slaves, the slaveholders being required to furnish the king with men and arms in time of war. These numbers added together would give a force of from 12,000 to 13,000, which would probably be supplemented by a few thousands more in case of a levy *en masse*.

DAHOMEY WOMAN.

DAHOMEY FIELD-LABOURER.

DAHOMEY MUSICIAN.

In the brief campaign of two years before, the warriors of Dahomey had been armed only with old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets. Their ammunition was so bad that their fire was ineffective even at a hundred yards, men being frequently hit at that range by slugs and bullets so spent that they hardly inflicted so much as a bruise. But in the interval that elapsed before the renewal of hostilities Behanzin had purchased, chiefly through traders at Whydah, a quantity of modern rifles, and some at least of his motley levies had been taught to use them. It was also reported that he had obtained artillery and machine-guns. But, in any case, Dodds felt that his real difficulty would be not so much fighting battles in the bush as keeping his men in good health during the march through the malarious coast and forest regions.

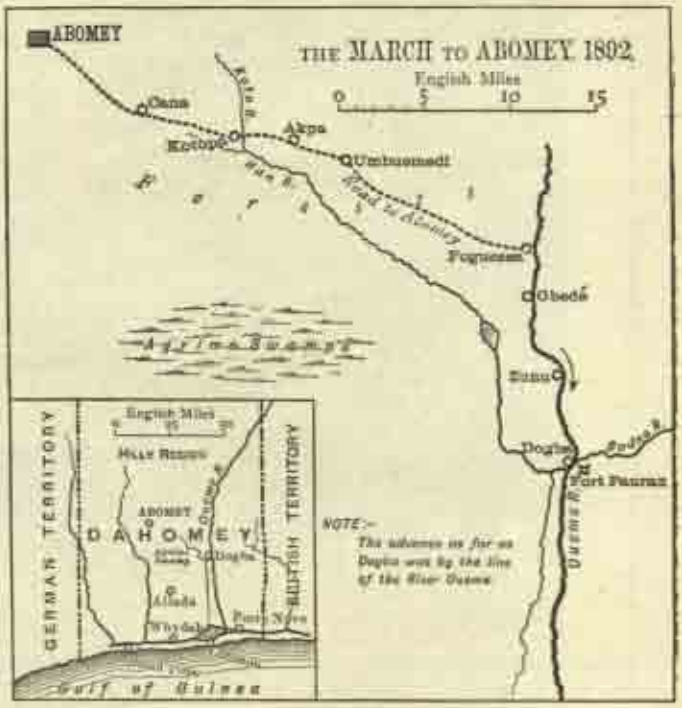
A Continental army is not like our own, ready at brief notice to send its line regiments to any part of the world, and the French Government could only draw upon certain restricted classes of its troops for the Dahomey expedition. One hundred and fifty marines from the fleet and 800 of the Foreign Legion were the European troops confided to Dodds at the outset. Besides these there were ten companies of Senegalese riflemen, each company about 150 strong, and two companies of Houssas, making altogether about 1,800 native African infantry under French officers. A company of engineers, a battery of mountain artillery, a handful of cavalry, and a transport and ambulance detachment, completed the force, which numbered in all 113 officers and 3,338 men. Under scientific advice a code of instructions was drawn up for preserving the health of the troops. A special dress and equipment were served out to them, quinine became part of the daily ration, and it was ordered that when, according to French custom, brandy was served out to the men, the quantity should be restricted to a minimum, and officers should be present to see that it was not drunk undiluted, but was mixed with a fair quantity of either water or tea. The first days of August were devoted to completing the preparations for an advance into the interior. The roads in the immediate neighbourhood of Porto Novo were improved by native workmen, and on the 9th a reconnaissance in force was made from Cotonou, a strong detachment supported by the fire of gunboats on the lagoon driving the Dahomeyan troops from their positions about Zobbo. In this first brush with the enemy the French lost two killed and thirteen wounded. But the weapons picked up on the field showed that the enemy had fought with nothing better than old flint-locks. The troops armed with more modern weapons, chiefly the Amazons and the royal guard, were farther away in the interior, camped near Allada, under the personal command of King Behanzin.

The direct route from the coast to Abomey passes by Allada, and everything was done to encourage the king to believe that this would be the direction taken by the expedition. A detachment of some four hundred Senegalese was pushing forward northwards from Cotonou, in the hope that Behanzin would mistake it for the vanguard of a larger force. But, meanwhile, the real advance began from Porto Novo. Dodds had decided to follow the line of the Oueme river as far as possible, and then strike off to the north-west for Abomey. This line of advance would enable him to pass round the east end of the Agrime swamps instead of having to cross that difficult region, and it would also allow him to make use of water transport for the bulk of his stores in the first stage of the advance, the gunboats and a flotilla of barges moving up the river while the troops marched along its eastern bank. Transport was throughout a serious question. After providing for the coast garrisons, 2,000 men were available for the expeditionary column, but they required nearly 2,000 more native porters to convey their stores. The rest of the troops assembled on the coast were left to guard the various trading stations, for the advance from Porto Novo in the extreme east of the colony left the rest of it open to attack until the power of Behanzin was broken by the first battles.

The advance along the lower Oueme began on August 17th. No resistance was met with until Dogba was reached; but the march was slow and toilsome, so many tributaries of the river, each flowing through a swampy hollow, had to be passed, and so much hard work had to be done, widening the tracks through the bush by cutting down the underwood and the tall coarse grass, which was often six feet high. The same severe labour had to be carried out at each camping-ground, in order to give a clear opening of at least a hundred yards all round the bivouac. On September 14th the column encamped just below Dogba, at the point where the Badao river runs into the Oueme. The Badao is the northern boundary of the kingdom of Porto Novo. Once it was crossed the French

would be actually invading the territories of Behanzin. But in order to cross it a bridge would have to be built, for it was ten feet deep and some fifty feet wide. Close to the junction of the two rivers there was a bit of rising ground, oval in shape, and about 300 yards long and 200 yards wide. On this knoll, which was comparatively clear of wood, Colonel Dodds resolved to establish a roughly-fortified post. Below it on the bank of the Oueme a small wharf was built for the landing of stores from the flotilla. North of the wharf, near the mouth of the Oueme, the stern-wheel gunboat *Opale* lay, with her machine-guns trained so as to sweep the front of the French bivouac. Just above this point on the other bank were the groups of native huts that formed the town of Dogba.

Four days of steady work nearly completed the stockaded post on the knoll. North and west the Badao and the Oueme covered it from attack; east and south there was a clearing little more than 200 yards wide, beyond which was thick low bush with a few large trees rising out of it. The advanced guard, consisting of 600 native troops, with two mountain-guns, had crossed the Badao and pushed on to the next bivouac, established opposite the village of Zunu. There were no tidings of the enemy, who seemed to be undisturbed by this invasion of his territory. But unknown to the French, who could not scout far from the ground they actually held, a considerable force of Dahomeyans was moving down through the bush to the east of their line of advance, and early in the morning the camp near Dogba was attacked from the eastward. It was the first serious fight of the war.

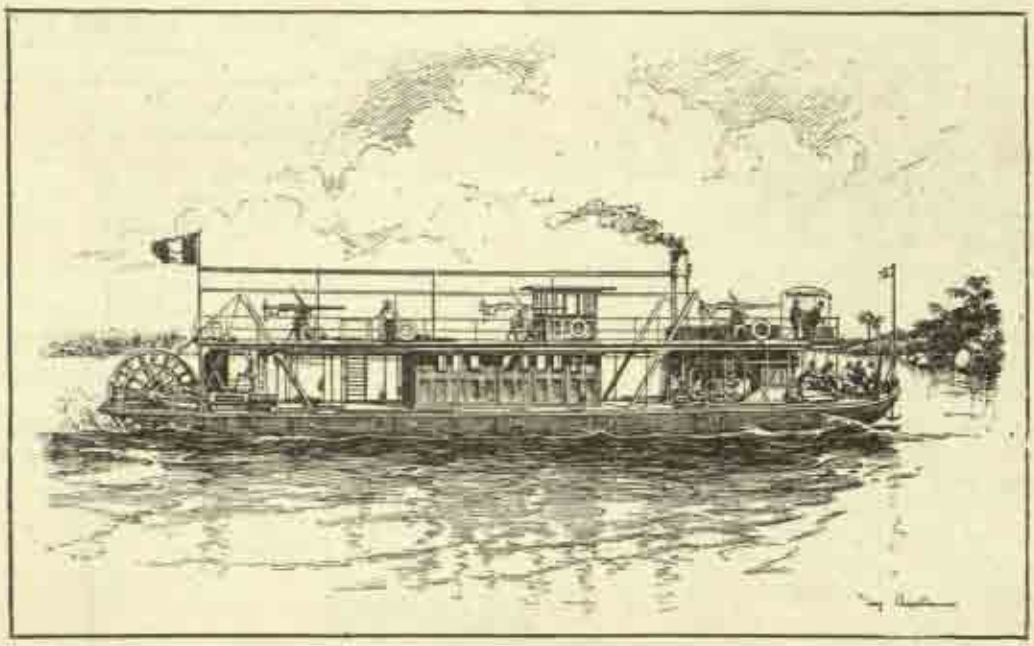


Throughout the expedition the column always camped in a large square. The infantry under the cover of tents, or improvised shelters, formed the four sides, each company having a post of two or three men on the look-out a hundred yards to the front. At the angles of the square were the mountain-guns, and inside of it the stores were piled, the mules picketed, and the native porters bivouacked. At five on the morning of the 19th, a sentry of the marines, in front of the north-east angle of the square, saw in the dim light of the early dawn a number of negroes moving stealthily out of the bush in his front. "*Halte-là!*" he cried. No notice was taken of the challenge, and he fired. His comrades fired also; but the reply was a wild yell, a rush of hundreds of dusky forms, and a rolling fire of musketry directed upon the camp, the warriors of Dahomey firing as they came on without halting for a moment. An officer of the marines was killed by a bullet through his head as he rose from the ground to come out of his tent. Several of the men fell as they sprang to their arms. But there was no confusion. They formed in line in front of the ground on which a moment ago they had been sleeping, and the rapid volleys of the repeating rifle checked the wild rush of the enemy, though when the first volley was fired he was within fifty yards of the camp.

But foiled in their first rush they made repeated efforts to close with the French. The light increased, and while the negroes kept up a heavy fire from the edge of the bush, their marksmen climbed into the larger trees and tried to pick off the French leaders by shots from these posts of vantage. The *Opale* now brought her machine-guns to bear, while the mountain-guns of the camp sent case shot and shell into the bush. The enemy began to

give way. Those who understood the Ewe, the dialect of Dahomey, could hear the chiefs calling out to their followers: "Is this what you promised to King Behanzin? How will you dare to face him again? Forward with you!" and then there was a final charge. But the wild onset of the enemy melted away before the fire of the French rifles, and then the Senegalese and the marines made a counter-attack, and the Dahomeyans broke and fled, pursued by the fire of the mountain-guns whenever an opening in the bush gave a glimpse of their retreat.

On the 27th the whole force was assembled at the bivouac of Zunu, and the gunboats steamed up the river to reconnoitre. At a sharp bend above Gbedé they were fired at with cannon and rifles from both banks. A few shells and a stream of bullets from the machine-guns seemed to produce no effect on the enemy,



THE *OPALE*.

The fight had lasted three hours, and cost the French two officers and three men killed, and twenty-seven men wounded. The enemy left 130 dead on the field, but he was seen carrying off numbers not only of wounded, but also of killed. The attacking force was afterwards ascertained to have been nearly 4,000 strong. Next day, leaving a small garrison at the fortified post on the knoll, which he named Fort Faurax, in honour of one of the two officers killed in the fight of the day before, Colonel Dodds began the advance of the main body to Zunu. The weather was rainy. The forest track became a swamp, and two wide creeks which had to be crossed on the way were in flood, so that the march was of the slowest. The advance was flanked by detachments which cut their way through the bush fifty yards on either side of the column, but the enemy had received so severe a lesson on the 19th that for some days he made no further efforts to disturb the march.

who, entrenched in the bush on the river bank, stood pluckily to his guns. The light stern-wheelers might easily have been sunk, even by the very inferior artillery thus brought into action against them. Moreover, it was discovered that the river was dangerously shallow, and the boats might ground under the fire of the hidden batteries. So it was decided to retreat. The fact was, that knowing that at this point there were several fords on the river by which the trade route from the south-east to Dahomey crossed the Oueme, Behanzin had decided that it would most likely be near here that the French would try to pass. He had therefore thrown up entrenchments and batteries along the western bank, and established strong advanced posts on the opposite shore.

But the weak point of savage armies is that their commanders never seem to realise that a position can in most cases be easily turned. Behanzin felt quite sure that the French would advance by the fords in his front; but Colonel Dodds no sooner heard that they were held in force by the negro king than he determined to cross lower down at Gbedé. He camped at this place on September 30th, and in order to confirm Behanzin in his preconceived idea, pushed forward a reconnaissance to the fords, while quietly preparing to ferry his army over the stream five miles below them. The crossing began with the help of rafts and boats, hauled backwards and forwards along ropes worked by the crew of the *Opale*, the operation beginning in the night between the 1st and 2nd of October under the cover of a fog, and being completed by the following afternoon. Colonel Dodds had thus established his 2,000 men and six guns, with their convoy of 2,000 porters, on the western bank of the Oueme river, about fifty miles from the coast. Abomey, the point he was aiming at, was just thirty-five miles away to the north-west. In Europe those thirty-five miles would have meant two days, or at most three, of marching. But the way lay through a tropical forest. Hitherto he had had the river

"'BALTEL-À!'" HE CRIED (*p.* 651).

for his chief line of supply, but he would now have to depend on what could be carried or dragged along the forest paths. Moreover, the warriors of Dahomey, both men and women, were prepared to make a desperate resistance now that the invader was in the heart of their wild woodlands. Those thirty-five miles cost Colonel Dodds more than six weeks of weary marching and hard fighting.

The first step was to break up the Dahomeyan force that had concentrated to oppose the passage of the river. A reconnaissance pushed to the northwards showed that the enemy was entrenched along the right bank of the Oueme, a little more than a mile away, and that he had artillery in position. The 3rd of October was devoted to preparations for the coming fight. To the right of the camp, at some distance from the river, a road was cut for 1,500 yards through the bush, the enemy having no scouts in this direction and making no attempt to disturb the work. Next morning the French advanced in two columns. Commandant Riou marched along the river bank, while the left column, led by Commandant Gonard and accompanied by Colonel Dodds, marched by the new path so as to turn the right of any enemy that met Riou in front. Two of the gunboats moved up the river. But the enemy did not wait to be attacked. They came to meet the French. About nine a.m. the two columns had almost closed on each other, when suddenly a heavy fire was opened on them from the bush at point-blank range. Deploying into line, the French replied, and for nearly two hours there was a sharp fight at close quarters in the trees and the long grass, the enemy bringing into action troops armed with European rifles. The French mountain-guns, and the fire of the gunboats which enfiladed the Dahomeyan line of battle from the river, turned the scale against King Behanzin's troops, and a little after eleven they were in full retreat. They carried off their wounded, but the victors found among the bushes one hundred and fifty dead bodies, and among them seventeen corpses of the famous Amazons. They were young women, tall, and strongly built. In every case a breechloading rifle lay beside them, and they had plenty of cartridges in their pouches. The French had lost in killed and wounded six officers and thirty-seven men, and their advance was checked for the day. The wounded were sent down the river in one of the gunboats, and the columns bivouacked, and spent next day in reconnoitring and cutting roads through the bush. On the 6th there was another sharp fight. Marching out from their bivouac, the French soon came upon a creek, and proceeded to bridge it. Before the bridge was begun several volleys and some shells from the artillery were fired into the bush on the other side, but nothing stirred there, and it was not till the first company began to cross the bridge that the enemy opened fire from his ambush. It took more than an hour of steady firing to drive him from his ground, and the passage of the creek cost the expedition three officers and thirty-two men. This bush-fighting was slow work. In six days only about three miles of ground had been won.

But now the prospects of the expedition began to improve. A mile beyond the bridge the vanguard came upon a large camping-ground that had evidently only just been abandoned. Behanzin was retiring, evidently afraid of being cut off from his direct line of retreat on Abomey. Near the village of Poguessa the column bivouacked. North-westward a marked track, with numerous ruts of cart-wheels on it, ran through the bush, which in places had been cleared for fifty or sixty yards on each side of the way. This the native guides recognised as the main road to the capital. No attempt was made to closely pursue the enemy. It was impossible to move rapidly until supplies had been brought up from the river. So five days were spent at Poguessa, a fortified post being established a couple of miles away on the river, a good road made up to the village, and a service of light carts organised to bring up supplies. Beyond this point they would have to be conveyed by the porters.

On October the 10th the march was resumed, and on the 11th the vanguard had covered about thirteen miles, and reached the village of Umbuemedi, where the country was more open, wide clearings giving a good view in many directions through the bush. The engineers constructed a kind of crow's-nest or look-out place on the top of a huge baobab tree, and from its summit they saw a long line of smoke out in front, and far away some large native buildings. The line of smoke was taken to indicate the fires of an extensive camp, and the guides declared that the buildings were those of Behanzin's palace at Kotopa on the Koto river, five or six miles away. All the wells in the neighbourhood had been filled up by the retreating enemy, but a downpour of rain supplied good drinking water, but at the same time made

the unpaved roads very difficult for both soldiers and porters.

On the 12th, in hot dry weather, the march began again. The country soon became a perfect jungle of bush, long grass, and frequent thickets of large trees. Within a mile of the camp the vanguard came upon an entrenchment dug across the road, and running into the bush on each side. Driven from this shelter by the fire of the guns, the Dahomeyans retired fighting doggedly through the bush. So close was it, that in order to keep his men in something like a connected line, Colonel Dodds ordered the bugles to sound and the drums to beat every minute. It was a battle in which little was seen either of the enemy or of comrades on the right and left, and the advance was slow, because as soon as the firing began a square had been formed, and with the porters and baggage animals in the middle this cumbrous formation marched on, not only fighting as it went, but also hacking and cutting away a good deal of the bush in order to make a passage on as broad front as possible. Two and a quarter miles was the extent of the day's march, and a halt was made in a clearing near the village of Akpa. Next day two more miles of bush fighting brought the column in sight of the Koto River.

The stream runs through a narrow valley, the ground on either side sloping rapidly to the water. Along the river there is a densely tangled tropical forest, the trees being knotted together with rope-like creepers, and a dense undergrowth filling all the space from the lower branches to the ground. Much of this underwood is made up of strong thorny plants. Until the river is reached the ground along the hollow is very dry, and on the margins of the thickets there are lines and masses of huge anthills. Where the road to Abomey crosses the hollow a narrow clearing had been made through the bush, and beyond the bridge over the river could be seen the huts of the king's house or "palace" at Kotopa. Scouts pushed forward by the road reported that on the other bank, commanding the passage of the river, there was a triple line of entrenchments. From the plateau on the French side guns could be seen in position on the higher ground beyond. Colonel Dodds was informed by the guides that there was another passage over the river a little higher up, and he decided on crossing there so as to turn Behanzin's defences and avoid the losses that would probably result from a front attack on an entrenched position.

For once he had made a mistake that very nearly imperilled the success of the whole expedition. A direct attack on the bridge over the Koto would hardly have cost more loss of life or entailed heavier risks than resulted from the attempt to avoid it. On the morning of October 14th two guns and some 500 infantry were left camped near the road, to protect the baggage and porters, and the artillery was directed to fire upon the position beyond the river in order to keep the attention of the enemy fixed on the ground near the bridge. Meanwhile the rest of the column marched northwards through the bush, the intention being to turn to the westward after the first three thousand yards, come down on the river, and find the passage through the bush and across the water which the guides had described. The battle began on the French left near the river, the mountain-guns opening with shell against the opposite heights. The enemy's artillery replied. They evidently knew the range, and had at least some trained gunners among them, for the very first shell dropped into the French camp. It came from a modern rifled field-gun, but, luckily, the ammunition was not of good quality, and the shell did not burst. The same thing happened with most of those that followed. But the fire of the enemy's guns was so rapid and so well aimed, that although they were practically only throwing solid shot, they forced the French guns to withdraw to a less exposed position. Ammunition was not plentiful with the column. When every shell has to be brought up through miles of forest on a porter's head it does not do to throw them away; so, as he could not observe the effect of his fire, the French artillery commander contented himself with an occasional shot just to show that he was not quite silenced.

Meanwhile the column was cutting and trampling its way slowly through the bush, in an atmosphere like that of a Turkish bath. About nine a.m. they came out into a clearing where the ground rose into a kind of plateau. The sun was shining brightly, and the reflection from the arms of the moving column must have told the Dahomeyans on the look-out at Kotopa that an attempt was being made to turn their position. The French now began to march westward toward the river, but at the same time along the high ground on the other bank there rapidly marched a mass of Behanzin's Amazons and warriors, with two guns. The guns were placed in position on the higher ground, and

while the main body held the rising bank above the bush, several hundreds of picked shots, many of them hunters of big game by profession, and therefore used to making their way through the forest, descended into the tangled bush along the river, and in many cases crossed to the French side so as to hold its edge. The guides now informed Dodds that they could not find the crossing. But, still believing in its existence somewhere in the neighbourhood, he sent three reconnoitring parties into the bush. All three were repulsed by rifle fire, and in one instance some men were severely wounded with explosive bullets. It is easy enough to forbid such horrible things in civilised warfare, but they are sent to Africa for use against elephants and other big game, and it is no wonder that when the hunter becomes an improvised soldier he uses the same deadly projectile against men.

The situation was now becoming serious. The supply of water with the column was all but exhausted. There were no wells or streams on the higher ground, and the river water was on the other side of a tangled mass of bush held by the enemy. The shells of the Dahomeyan artillery were dropping both into the camp and on the ground where the column had halted Their riflemen (and riflewomen also) emboldened by success, were stealing out of the bush, sheltering behind the "ant-hills" on its margin, and firing up the slope at the French. A few volleys would drive them back among the trees, but they soon came out again, and once they tried to rush the French position, but paid dearly for the attempt. On the road near the bridge they made another sortie from their position, and all but surprised the two guns that had been left at the camp. Unable to push on, harassed by these continual attacks, without water enough to make even a cup of coffee for the men, and encumbered with 140 wounded and 60 fever patients, Colonel Dodds felt that to remain where he was would be to risk a disaster. He reluctantly gave the order to retreat.

At the last moment, as the troops withdrew towards Akpa, rain began, and in the night there was a downpour. This, with a supply of water brought up by the cavalry from the wells at Umbuemedi, put an end to the greatest peril that menaced the expedition. Encouraged by the withdrawal of the invaders, the Dahomeyans attacked their camp the next day, only to be repulsed with heavy loss; and then for a week the two adversaries stood on their guard, without anything more than a few skirmishes. A reinforcement of 400 men arrived from Porto Novo for Colonel Dodds, the sick and wounded were sent down to the coast, and a large quantity of stores was accumulated at Akpa. Better still, a good supply of water was found within a few hundred yards of the village. At the end of the week Behanzin sent in a flag of truce. He wanted to know what terms the French commander could give him. Dodds replied that as a first step to negotiating the king must evacuate the position on the Koto. He was determined that his campaign should not end with a repulse. As the king would not hear of this, Dodds put his column in motion again on October 26th.

This time he tried to turn the right of the Dahomeyan position. Marching off to the south-west, the vanguard soon came upon a river which the guides declared was the Koto. It was bridged and crossed without any resistance, and in the bush beyond there was some slight skirmishing. The column was then ordered to wheel to the right and move northward, in order to strike the flank of the position at Kotopa. But soon there came in sight a hollow full of thick bush, with glimpses of shining water here and there, and what looked like trenches on the higher ground beyond. The guides then confessed that they had made a mistake. The Koto river was still in their front. They had only crossed the Han, a tributary of the main stream. Dodds was preparing to push on nevertheless, when word came from the camp near Akpa that Behanzin had sent in a letter and a flag of truce. The letter declared that, being anxious for peace, he would next morning withdraw from the Koto. The French might take possession of the bridge and the village of Kotopa.

This was good news; and accordingly the Han was recrossed, and the column bivouacked on the road a thousand yards from the bridge which it hoped to cross next day. When the march began in the early morning there were some fears of treachery. But the head of the column actually reached the bridge without any sign of the enemy. Then from ambuscades in front and to right and left a heavy fire burst out, while the artillery opened from the heights. Behanzin thought to catch the French in a trap. But he was "hoist with his own petard," for, furious at this treachery, and preferring to risk disaster rather than retreat in the presence of a savage foe, the French rushed the position with the bayonet. There was a close and desperate struggle, but the week's

"THERE WAS A CLOSE AND DESPERATE STRUGGLE" (*p.* 56).

rest at Akpa had done wonders for the men; and without halting for a moment, they ran forward from trench to trench, driving the Dahomeyans before them like a mob. Even the Amazons and the royal guard made hardly a stand after the first onset. They had been told that the French would be panic-stricken by the ambuscade, and would never cross the river. The failure of their own treachery filled the savage warriors with dismay. The lines of Kotopa, after having delayed the French for a fortnight, were stormed in half an hour, and with only trifling loss to the victors.

The end of the expedition was now almost in sight. The main line of defence taken up by King Behanzin had been broken through. Abomey, the capital, was only eleven miles away in front. Nearer still, a little more than four miles along the road, was Cana, the sacred city of Dahomey, the centre of its religion, the favourite residence of its kings. Throughout the expedition Dodds had found that nothing was to be gained by hurrying the march. It is a principle of warfare in countries where transport is difficult that supplies must be accumulated at the front before each movement is made, so there was a halt at Kotopa till November 1st. A fortified post was constructed, a reserve of ammunition and food was collected there, and every man was given two hundred cartridges for the repeating-rifle and three days' provisions. On November 2nd the march was begun once more.

This last advance was made in a square, with the convoy in the centre. Instead of following the road, on which entrenchments had been thrown up at various points, the square marched through the bush towards Cana. If resistance was encountered, the square could move in any direction, and turn obstacles, instead of rushing them in front, and at the same time it was ready to meet attacks from any quarter. It would have to cut its way foot by foot; progress would be slow, but it would be sure; nothing would be left to chance.

During the next four days there was almost continual bush-fighting. The Dahomeyans, though they must have already lost several thousands of their best fighting-men and women, nevertheless harassed the advance by ceaseless skirmishing, and at least once each day tried to overwhelm the little army with a rush from several sides at once out of the dense underwood, where the flintlock musket, loaded with slugs, was almost as effective as the rifle. In the last fight of all, at Yukue, the attack was made partly by some hundreds of prisoners and slaves who had been promised their freedom as the reward of victory. Several of them were picked up wounded after the fight, and it was found that most of them were half-drunk with gin or rum, which had been freely served out to them before the battle. So the four days went by, each day bringing the column about a mile nearer to Cana. On the afternoon of November 5th, as the firing of the last fight died away, the sacred city was seen close in front through a clearing of the woods; and along the path that led to its gates there came a party of mounted chiefs with white flags. Behanzin was suing for peace.

Cana was occupied on the 6th, and the peace negotiations began. What Dodds demanded was really the unconditional surrender of the negro king, and Behanzin made desperate efforts to be allowed to retain something of his former power. At last, on the 15th, Dodds, now promoted to the rank of general, decided to occupy the capital. As the vanguard advanced, the country became more cultivated. Instead of forest, there were groves of palm and pastures and tilled fields between them. Away in front rose the first houses of the scattered suburbs of Behanzin's capital. Suddenly a dense column of smoke shot up from the midst of the city. Then fires broke out here and there, and several loud explosions were heard. The cavalry riding on in advance found the suburbs in a blaze, and halted outside them. Behanzin had made a Moscow of Abomey, and as he fled to the northward, taking with him a handful of faithful warriors—some four hundred in all—he left to the French only the ruins of the great city, which for a century had been at the annual feasts little better than a vast human slaughter-house.

The kingdom of Dahomey had ceased to exist. Within a few weeks the king himself was hunted down and captured. Much as one may admire the dogged resistance he made to the conquerors in the almost daily fighting along the forest tracks, no one can regret his downfall. The success of General Dodds—a success due as much to careful organisation and patiently prudent leadership as to the bravery of his men—was one more victory of civilisation over barbarism; which, though it deprives the tribes of a nominal freedom, at the same time abolished human sacrifice, slave-hunting, and other hateful forms of savagery.

IT is instructive, though scarcely gratifying, to note how largely the British fighting-man depends, for due appreciation of his exploits by land or sea, upon circumstances which in common fairness ought not to be taken into account in settling claims upon the national regard. The British public is much too prone to gauge military and naval valour by the measure of success ultimately attained by the operations in connection with which that valour was specifically displayed. Thus, while we are at all times ready to exalt moderate achievements when arising out of notable surroundings or leading up to brilliant consequences, we often sadly under-estimate really praiseworthy work because its associations are humdrum or its results disagreeable. Of the latter class of injustice no more striking example could be found than the comparative obscurity in which is shrouded much, if not all, of the genuine heroism displayed in the ill-starred enterprise that forms the subject of this sketch. That the Walcheren expedition was disastrously marred by faulty conception, imperfect strategy, and miserable delays, is habitually accounted quite sufficient reason for denying to the gallant sailors and soldiers engaged in it the full meed of credit due to them for a notable exhibition of energy and pluck. No doubt this is human nature, and nothing will ever succeed like success. But it is not in the eternal fitness of things that the merest hanger-on of Trafalgar or Waterloo should go down to posterity as a popular hero, while the fine fellows who faced the Flushing batteries in 1809 should be forgotten, merely because their Government and commander alike were to be blamed for procrastination and ineptitude.

Advancing from this brief introduction into the region of fact, it may be noted, for the benefit of those whose geography is a "negligible quantity," that Walcheren is one of a group of very low-lying islands which have been formed by alluvial deposits at the mouth of the Scheldt, and now constitute the Dutch province of Zeeland. Walcheren is separated by very narrow channels from the adjacent islands of North and South Beveland: it is about thirteen miles long by eleven broad, and lies about a hundred miles due east from the English coast. Inland it contains the considerable town of Middleburg, and on the south the important seaport of Flushing, the batteries of which in 1809 closed the passage of the western or principal branch of the Scheldt to any but the most powerful of hostile fleets. On the north of the island the fortress of Veere commanded at the same period the Veeregat, the channel separating Walcheren from North Beveland, while at the eastern extremity of South Beveland, Fort Bahtz—or, as it is now commonly called, Bath—barred the East Scheldt, and so still further blocked for an enemy's ships the water-way to Antwerp. The latter port—the key to the great estuary which, as has been justly observed, is the natural rival to that of the Thames—although fallen indeed from its former commercial grandeur, was in 1809 fast rising, under the magic hand of Napoleon, to fresh importance as a great naval stronghold. Already an arsenal and vast wet-docks had been created, and various other steps taken with the obvious intent of rendering Antwerp an excellent base for a future great attack upon England. But, owing to distractions on the Danube and in the Peninsula, these preparations were temporarily in abeyance, and in the meantime Antwerp was being quite inadequately garrisoned by about 2,000 invalids and coastguards, the majority of the French troops still remaining in these parts being thrown forward, to the number of 9,000 or thereabouts, for the manning of Flushing and other forts on the islands of the Scheldt.

The immediate *raison d'être* of the Walcheren expedition is to be found in the memorable

effort made by Austria in the spring and early summer of 1809 to stem the torrent of Napoleon's career of European conquest. Although hostilities in that connection were not actually commenced until April, 1809, the resolution of the Austrians to declare war had been communicated to the British Government in November, 1808, and simultaneously the cabinet of Vienna had impressed upon that of St. James's the desirability of a British diversion, more particularly by a land force in northern Germany.

FLUSHING.

But England, although fully alive to the necessity for such action, and, moreover, fully equal, as regards resources, to the part it was proposed she should play, was lamentably slow in rising to the occasion. Instead of taking the field simultaneously with Austria in April, the Government allowed itself to be at any rate temporarily discouraged by the failure of Sir John Moore's Spanish expedition, and did not even commence to take preliminary steps until quite the end of May. Meanwhile, the Austrians had been badly beaten at Echmuhl, and had triumphed somewhat doubtfully at Aspern. Throughout June and July, an English expedition to the Scheldt having been finally decided upon, the work of getting ready ships, battering-trains, and men, went slowly forward—so slowly that the preparations were not complete until news had reached this country of Napoleon's rout of the Austrians at Wagram. Thus, at the outset, the expedition failed to accomplish its original object—the creation, namely, of a diversion calculated to assist a friendly Power in opposing the Napoleonic supremacy. Henceforth it was little more than a blow aimed at Napoleon's back by Great Britain on her own account, and never was blow more portentously delivered or more feebly followed up.

The expedition which left the Downs on the 28th July, 1809, *en route* for the Scheldt, was, from both a naval and a military point of view, one of the largest and finest ever despatched from these or any other shores. It consisted of thirty-seven ships of the line, twenty-three frigates, and eighty-two gunboats, besides transports having on board over 40,000 of all arms, including two complete battering-trains. The naval force was commanded by Sir Richard Strachan, the troops, and to some extent the expedition generally, being placed in charge of Lord Chatham, son of the great earl and brother of William Pitt, "a respectable veteran, not without merit in the routine of official duty at home," but "totally destitute of the activity and decision requisite in an enterprise in which success was to be won rather by rapidity of movement than deliberation of conduct." According to Lord Chatham's instructions, the object of the conjoint expeditions was the capture or destruction of the enemy's ships, either building or afloat, at Antwerp or Flushing, or afloat in the Scheldt; the destruction of the arsenals and dockyards at Antwerp, Terneuze, and Flushing; the reduction of the Island of Walcheren; and the closing of the Scheldt, if possible, to navigation by ships of war.

On the 29th July the left wing of Lord Chatham's force, under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, arrived off Domburg, on the north side of Walcheren Island, and on the following day was landed on the sandhills in the vicinity of Fort Veere. On the morning of the 31st

a deputation was received from Middleburg stating that the French garrison had retired into Flushing, and offering terms of capitulation, which were accepted. Fort Veere, after an obstinate defence by a garrison some 600 strong, was captured on the 1st of August. schooners, and fourteen gunboats—made a determined effort to recapture Fort Bath, but after a smart cannonade were forced to retire. Returning to Walcheren we find Lord Chatham's headquarters fixed from the 2nd of August at Middleburg, the troops being engaged

"SIR RICHARD STRACHAN KEPT UP FOR SEVERAL HOURS A TREMENDOUS CANNONADE" (*p.* 662.)

Meanwhile, a division under Sir John Hope had landed on South Beveland and had taken possession of the whole island, including Fort Bath. The enemy's ships, which, when the English expedition arrived off Holland, were moored off Flushing, had by this time retired up the river, and on the 4th August were lying some at Antwerp, others at Fort Lillo, between Antwerp and Bath. On the 5th a strong detachment of the enemy's flotilla—consisting of two frigates, thirty brigs, eight luggers or in getting guns into position and otherwise making vigorous preparations for the reduction of Flushing.

The activity and zeal of the naval force throughout the whole of these proceedings were beyond all praise. Loyally subordinating his own action to that of Lord Chatham in the first essential of getting the troops safely disembarked, Sir Richard Strachan subsequently lost no opportunity of rendering his hold upon the East and West Scheldt up to Fort

Bath as secure as he could make it both by general ubiquity and judicious concentration of force at points of importance. Nor was anything left undone that could be done in the way of useful minor bombardment, cutting communications and preventing supplies from being thrown into Flushing. One specially fine performance was the forcing of the entrance to the West Scheldt, under the fire of the Flushing batteries, by ten frigates,* under the orders of Lord William Stuart, captain of the *Lavinia*. This squadron was under fire for two hours, and the gallant and seaman-like manner in which it was conducted, and its steady and well-directed fire, were greeted with roars of applause by the English troops which were able to watch the action from the shore. But, notwithstanding these diversions, some of Sir Richard Strachan's despatches seem to indicate that the operations were regarded as unduly extensive and complicated, and that the protracted delay caused by the military preparations for the bombardment of Flushing was producing a certain amount of naval misgiving.

It is to the delay in question that the ultimate failure of the expedition is commonly attributed; and, indeed, there is much to support this view. Lord Chatham, at the time the expedition entered the Scheldt, was in possession of authentic information to the effect that Antwerp was practically undefended. If the division which landed in South Beveland under Sir John Hope, and captured Fort Bath without striking a blow, had, after leaving a sufficient garrison for the latter, pushed on to Antwerp at once, it would probably have captured both that town and Fort Lillo *en route* without any difficulty. Such a course, moreover, if promptly taken, would have had the effect of cutting off the French fleet, for, as noted above, when the expedition arrived off Holland the enemy's ships were moored off Flushing, and would probably have remained there or returned thither had Antwerp been carried by a *coup de main* and both Forts Lillo and Bath been in the hands of English garrisons. As it was, the French squadron escaped up the river, and Sir John Hope's division remained inactive in South Beveland, being joined on the 9th August by the divisions under the Earl of Rosslyn and the Marquis of Huntley.

On the evening of the 7th August a notable sortie was made from Flushing upon the right of our line, the attack being directed chiefly upon our advanced picquets, which were supported by the 3rd Battalion of the Royals—the 5th and the 35th—which, together with detachments of the Royal Artillery, the 95th, and the eight battalions of the King's German Legion, engaged the enemy with great gallantry, and forced him to retire. Subsequently the besieged garrison endeavoured to cause some embarrassment by opening the sluices at Flushing and letting in the sea upon the island; but adequate precautions had been taken to render this ingenious attempt at inundation ineffectual, and the preparations for the bombardment were steadily pushed forward.

On the 13th August, the land batteries before Flushing being completed, and Lord Chatham having duly notified the fact to his naval colleague, the latter caused his bombs and gun-vessels to take up suitable stations at the south-east and south-west ends of the town; and at half-past one p.m. the bombardment was commenced, the enemy promptly and vigorously responding. At the outset we had on land alone fifty-two pieces of heavy ordnance, and an additional battery of six 24-pounders was completed the same night, the whole continuing to play upon the town till late the following day. On the evening of the 13th an entrenchment in front of the right of our line was brilliantly forced by the 14th Regiment, now the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire), and detachments of the King's German Legion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls, who drove the enemy out, and effected a lodgment within musket-shot of the walls of the town, taking one gun and thirty prisoners. But otherwise no great impression appears to have been made on the gallant defenders till the following day.

On the morning of the 14th August Sir Richard Strachan, with the *St. Domingo*, *Blake*, *Repulse*, *Victorious*, *Denmark*, *Audacious*, and *Venerable* line-of-battle ships, got under weigh, and, ranging up along the sea-line of defence, kept up for several hours a tremendous cannonade, with the result that by four o'clock in the afternoon the town was almost everywhere in flames, and the enemy's fire had for the time entirely ceased. Lord Chatham, who describes the scene of destruction as "most awful," thereupon summoned the place to surrender, but no satisfactory reply being given, hostilities were resumed with the utmost vigour. About eleven o'clock at night one of the enemy's

* *Lavinia*, *Heroine*, *Amethyst*, *Rota*, *Nymphen*, *l'Aigle*, *Euryalus*, *Statira*, *Dryad*, and *Perlin*.

advanced batteries was carried at the point of the bayonet by detachments from the 36th, 71st, and light battalions of the King's German Legion, opposed to great superiority of numbers; and about two in the morning of the 15th August the enemy demanded a suspension of arms for forty-eight hours. This was refused, only two hours being granted, when General Monnet, commanding the French troops, agreed to surrender on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war. On the 16th, articles of capitulation were ratified, and the English troops took possession of the town. The return of the garrison which surrendered includes 16 officers of the staff, 101 officers, 3,773 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, 489 sick and wounded—total, 4,379. In addition to these the original garrison included, besides the number killed during the siege, which must have been very large, upwards of 1,000 wounded who had been removed to Cadsand previously to the complete investment of the town.

With the fall of Flushing the Walcheren expedition practically came to an end, but not in the manner that might have been expected from such a glorious beginning. Instead of being rapidly followed by the seizure of Antwerp and the destruction of the enemy's fleet, the siege, successful as it had been, had changed the whole aspect of affairs by giving to both the French and Dutch Governments time to place Antwerp in an excellent state of defence, to withdraw the fleet into a place of security, and to assemble 30,000 troops within striking distance of the Scheldt. This does not seem to have dawned on Lord Chatham until, with ridiculous tardiness, he had advanced his headquarters to Fort Bath, which he only reached on the 26th August, ten days after Flushing—barely thirty miles distant—had surrendered! Meanwhile the marsh fever was beginning to tell most seriously upon the troops, of whom little short of 3,000 were in hospital. A council of war was accordingly called, and it was unanimously decided that a further advance was impossible. Orders then followed indicating a gradual withdrawal from the advanced position in South Beveland and the embarkation of such troops as remained, after providing a substantial garrison for Walcheren, which it was hoped might still be permanently retained.

Had the retention of Walcheren been feasible, the expedition might still have secured an important result by practically sealing the Scheldt, and the garrison detailed—some 15,000 strong—was apparently ample for the purpose. But fate and fever were too strong for the "respectable veteran" and his unfortunate soldiers. The Walcheren malaria soon caught the Englishmen in its fell grip, and did not readily release its victims. By the middle of September—about a fortnight after the rest of the expedition had returned home—half the garrison were in hospital, and the death-rate was running up to two and three hundred a week. After two months of ghastly misery the final order for evacuation was given and carried out—one can imagine, with gloomy cheerfulness—after the works and naval basin of Flushing had been carefully destroyed.

Thus ended "Walcheren, 1809," an expedition which cost us 7,000 British lives, not to

THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

speak of nearly twice that number who were invalided home, and thousands more who brought back constitutions so shattered by malaria that they never fully regained their strength. What lessons are to be gained from such a colossal failure are writ sufficiently large in the foregoing simple narrative; but, at least, it is comforting to reflect that, serious as those lessons are, they involve no sort of slur upon the courage and discipline of the British naval and military services. As a great stroke of Continental policy the Walcheren expedition was radically culpable, in that it started at least three months too late. Strategically speaking, it was characterised by utter want of enterprise and sinful waste of time. But it included a very fair modicum of what Mr. Kipling's Terence Mulvaney calls "sumpshuous fightin'," and there is plenty of evidence to show that in this respect the British troops engaged, as well as their gallant opponents—who for thirty-six hours maintained their hold on Flushing against one of the most terrible bombardments ever recorded—worthily upheld the best traditions of their respective nations.

The Story of Riel's Revolt.

CANADA: 1885

PART I

By Major General T. Bland Strange.

IT was the early spring of 1885. Canada was still covered with her mantle of snow, pure and unsullied on the vast prairies of the west and the farms of the east; and like tufts of cotton-wool on a child's Christmas tree, it still rested on the dark branches of the pines and the hemlocks of her pathless forests, where the axe of the lumberman and the tap of the woodpecker alone awakened the silence of winter.

Less beautiful, the snow was piled and dirty in the streets of her great cities, which were just waking to trade and to the opening navigation of the mighty rivers, whose fleets of ice floes surged slowly to the sea. In the far north the tributary rivers still bore upon their frozen breasts a wealth of piled logs, to be floated to the huge saw-mills of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, or shipped as squared timber across the Atlantic from the stately old city of Quebec.

The rosy-cheeked, light-footed Canadian girls and athletic young men were getting tired of the fun and frolic of winter carnival. Snow-shoe and skate and toboggan would soon be laid aside for the canoe and tent and fishing-rod, among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or on the shores of Rivière du Loup and Tadousac. But the tinkling sleigh-bells were not yet silent, and gay picnic parties still frequented the leafless maple groves, and disturbed the stolid Habitan at his sugar harvest. The seven provincial Parliaments and the Federal Parliament at Ottawa still debated on every subject, including woman-suffrage (which the Dominion Parliament discussed at an all-night sitting), till daylight dawned upon the corpses that strewed the battlefield of Fish Creek. Though a free hand had been given by the Cabinet to the minister, no one thought war imminent, except the lonely settler on his ranche hard by the Saskatchewan, where the Indian was fast becoming dangerously insolent, and the French half-breed was sullenly nursing his discontent at the delay of the Government in legalising their claims to the scattered log huts and half-tilled prairie farms.

The pioneer white settlers were also working themselves into wrath over similar delays in granting homestead rights. The prairie Indians had no tangible grievance against the Government beyond their natural dislike to sharing their country with white men. They had been given ample reserves and daily rations of beef and flour, blankets, and a small sum of money annually. But with the buffalo had disappeared not only food and clothing, but happy hunting. The transition from hunter and horse-thief to rationed loafer was too sudden. Work they would not, to beg they were not ashamed; so they mounted their kyuses (ponies), and, rifle in hand, left their reserves, followed by their women bestriding the ponies that drew the travoises—a trailing contrivance of tepee poles that carried tent, papooses, puppies, and cooking-pots. As the ration-issuer could not follow their peregrinations, they frequented the small towns that spring up along the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the usual demoralising results. Rifles they had from the old buffalo days, ammunition they craved, though there was little to shoot but the white man or his cattle. For cartridges they would sell anything, from squaws to medicine pipes.

The Wood Indians, Crees, and Chipwayans, in the far north, lived on fish, game, and barter of furs with the Hudson Bay posts. They also had been relegated to reserves, a system they disliked. The great chiefs "Big Bear" and "Poundmaker" had collected bands they could not feed. The emissaries of Riel were busy among them, with promises of a millennium of pork and flour from the plunder of the Hudson Bay stores and settlements—"no police, plenty whisky." These blessings were to be obtained with the aid of their brethren from the United

States and the evergreen Fenian Brigade. They were also told King George's red soldiers could not help the Canadians, as they were fighting the Russians.

At Frog Lake an Indian had been imprisoned for stealing beef (said to have been put in his way by the Indian agent) While undergoing imprisonment his squaw became intimate with the prosecutor. When the Indian had served his imprisonment he returned, and the agent was shot, as well as two Roman Catholic priests at the mission and some equally innocent settlers. Three Government officials were murdered, and the rest, with all the women and children, taken prisoners; the church, sawmill, and the whole settlement plundered and burnt by Big Bear's band, his son, "Bad Child," being conspicuous. And so the curtain rose on the first act of the tragedy.

After the last fight of Steele's scouts at "Loon Lake," the squaw was found hung on a tree in our line of march, also the agent's dog. With this last mute protest the Indians released all their white prisoners, and surrendered themselves and their arms.

But we are anticipating, as the Canadian Government did not anticipate. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand that hung over the great lone land suddenly spread and burst. The news was flashed to Ottawa that a detachment of North-West police—fifty strong, with a 7-pounder gun and a company of loyal volunteers from Battleford, sent out to collect supplies

RAPIDS AT THE MOUTH OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

—had been forced to retire to Fort Carlton with heavy loss; that the fort had been abandoned and burnt; and that the police and volunteers had fallen back on Prince Albert. The rebels had taken cover in a coulee, or depression of the prairie; and when the advancing mounted police and volunteers showed themselves, they were met by a withering fire from the half-breeds and Indians, under Gabriel Dumont, a celebrated old buffalo-hunter. Before the mounted police and volunteers, who were in sleighs, could properly extend, their losses became so heavy that retirement was found necessary, and, to add to their difficulties, the first shell was jammed in the bore of the 7-pounder M. L. gun, rendering it useless.

Captain Morton and eight men were killed, Captain Moore and four men wounded. The large proportion of killed, and the picking out of officers, shows the deadly accuracy of the half-breed aim. It was unfortunate that police-inspector Crozier allowed himself to take the initiative, when he knew that Colonel Irvine, commissioner of police, was within a day's march with a reinforcement of 100 men. The latter officer had marched from Regina with unexampled rapidity—291 miles in seven days, 42 miles per day, the thermometer often below zero. He had marched through hostile country and evaded Riel, who, with 400 men, desired to prevent his passage of the Saskatchewan river and junction with Inspector Crozier. Colonel Irvine got scant credit for the swift strategy with which he opened the campaign, or for the efficiency of the North-West Mounted Police, which could make such marches and yet were left shut up in Battleford and Prince Albert.

Then the fact was brought home to the Government that a police force was not sufficient to cope with so formidable an outbreak.

The long familiarity between police, Indians, and Métis had bred mutual contempt. The fact that Louis Riel, who fifteen years before had seized the government of the Red River country, proclaimed himself president, turned the governor sent by Canada out of the territory, imprisoned all those opposed to him, and after a mock trial executed Scott, a sturdy Orange Loyalist—and yet had been amnestied, allowed to return from the United States, and for many months to hold seditious public meetings, caused the half-breeds to hold the Government in profound contempt, so much so that the Indian name for the then Premier, on account of his policy of procrastination, was "Apinoquis"—"Old To-morrow." On the other hand, the Government thought that because Louis Riel had fled, and his force collapsed without firing a shot against the Red River Expedition under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, that the outbreak of 1885 would also be a flash in the pan.

CREE INDIAN.

It was fortunate at this juncture that a young French-Canadian gentleman, Mr. (Sir) Adolphe Caron, was Minister of Militia and Defence.

He did not hesitate, but wisely left the executive to General Middleton, commanding the Militia, who acted with equal promptness, and left for Winnipeg the day after the receipt of the telegram of the disaster at Duck Lake. He picked up on his way to Winnipeg the 90th Battalion Militia Volunteers (Major Mackeand), 268 rank and file, and Major Jarvis's Militia Field Battery. Orders were sent for the immediate entraining from Quebec and Kingston of "A" and "B" Batteries Royal Canadian Artillery, consisting of two field-batteries (two guns of each only were taken), under Majors Short and Peters, and a detachment of gunners acting as infantry, the whole commanded by Colonel Montizambert. From Quebec also came the Cavalry School Troop (Colonel Turnbull), 50 sabres; from Toronto "C" School Infantry Company (Major Smith), 90 rank and file.

The Royal Canadian Artillery and the so-called "Schools" of infantry and cavalry are the regular disciplined troops of Canada, whose duty in peace time is to instruct the Militia of their respective arms—an excellent system, but puzzling in nomenclature.

Every province and city sent its quota. The 10th Grenadiers, strength 250 (Colonel Grassett), the Queen's Own Rifles (Colonel Miller), 274, and the Bodyguard Cavalry, 81, under Colonel Denison, from Toronto; from Ottawa the picked marksmen of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, 51 (Major Todd), the Midland Battalion, 340 (Colonel Williams). The French-Canadian rifle regiments—the 9th (Colonel Amyot) the 65th (Colonel Ouimet)—from Quebec and Montreal respectively, were pitted against the Western Indians rather than the French half-breeds. All answered with alacrity. Officers and men left the law-courts, the House of Commons, the office desk, the store, the plough, the workshop, the forest, with no experience of war and but little training. They proved themselves enduring and gallant soldiers, eventually

overcoming a force of half-breed hunters and Indians; as good shots as the Boers; as brave, as wily, and as skilful as those Transvaal "commandoes" who inflicted upon British arms one of the few reverses they have sustained.

The most noticeable feature of the whole campaign, a feature which makes its study of the greatest value to British militia and volunteers, is the extraordinary facility with which the young Canadian volunteers became converted into excellent marching and fighting soldiers. It may also be a matter of pride to young Englishmen that their brothers and cousins settled in Canada, many of them "army competition" failures, vied with the young Canadian. In their eagerness to go to the front they left their farms to take care of themselves. Though indifferent farmers, they made excellent scout cavalry. Bolton's, French's, Dennis's, Steele's, Stuart's scouts, and the Alberta Mounted Rifles were a mixture of young Canadian and English settlers, Western men, surveyors, and cowboys mounted on the toughest of bronchos. Many of the cowboys of the Western Column were American citizens. A difficulty was anticipated as to their taking the oath of allegiance to Her Majesty, but a cowboy will swear to anything for the sake of a scrimmage with the Redskins; always to the front, never grumbling or giving trouble to anyone but the enemy.

In peace-time Canada has no organised transport, commissariat, or field medical department. Within four weeks all three were improvised, mainly with the aid of the great Hudson Bay Company and the supervision of General Laurie at the central base.

The astonishing rapidity with which Canada carried through the campaign speaks well for her volunteer militia system, and for the inherent military qualities of Canadians. It is not impossible that in the future the martial spirit of the Old Dominion of Canada, and what some of us hope will soon be the New Dominions of Australasia and South Africa, may be a source of strength to the Old Country and save us from the need of foreign alliances.

A glance at the map shows the Canadian Pacific Railway stretching across the continent, 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean. The western part was not completed, and ended in a wilderness country that supplied nothing but wild horses, beef on the hoof, Indians, cowboys, cayotes, and gophers. Unfortunately, the railway was also not finished further east. There was a gap of 400 miles along the north shore of Lake Superior, which Riel believed would be an impassable barrier to the passage of troops at that season. Parallel to the railway, and for 800 miles, about 200 miles north, rolls the mighty North Saskatchewan. Upon it were three settlements (our objectives), surrounded by the enemy, and held by small garrisons of police:—(1) Prince Albert, with Batoche, the half-breed headquarters of the rebels; (2) Battleford; (3) Fort Pitt, with Edmonton beyond it. Opposite to these objectives were our bases at Qu'Appelle, Swift Current, and Calgary, from each of which marched a column—the eastern, under General Middleton, from Qu'Appelle; the central from Swift Current, under Colonel Otter, a Canadian officer; and the western column, under General Strange, from Calgary.

From his own account, General Middleton concentrated his attention on Batoche, and intended to take the central (Colonel Otter's) column with him, the southern branch of the Saskatchewan being between them. He tells us he doubted the strategic necessity of considering the other objectives, and that "nor'-westers" were his pet abhorrence! Yet the nor'-west had eventually to be taken into consideration. Perhaps it was difficult for a man who had never been beyond Eastern Canada at once to grasp the strategic geography of a new continent. He, however, believed in himself—an excellent quality in a general. Fortunately for General Middleton, Riel, who, as he naively wrote, "did not like war," had evidently not studied that subject at the University of Montreal, where he was educated. Riel chose to take his stand in the fork of the North and South Saskatchewan, navigable for General Middleton's armed steamers, which could take him in reverse. He also exposed his line of retreat at Prince Albert to Colonel Irvine and the North-West Police, who were to attack him in combination with General Middleton.

With a river at his back, therefore, both branches of which were navigable for his enemies' steamers, and a telegraph line behind the latter, Riel awaited the attack of the best regular troops of Canada, with field-artillery and Gatling guns. The houses he occupied were mere shell-traps, and some were not even Gatling-proof. A half-breed knows just enough to take up a faulty strategic position; an Indian does not.

As the three columns, when once started, could not communicate till their objectives were

reached, they acted independently, and must be treated separately. So much for the strategy which forced itself on the general, owing to the geography of the country. Now to consider its execution by his subordinates. The initial difficulties of bringing up troops across the railway gap are best set forth in Colonel Montizambert's report :—

"Here began the difficulties of passing the gaps on the unconstructed portion of the road, between the west end of track and Red Rock or Nepigon, fearful weather, round the north shore of Lake Superior, the roughest region in the world, and Nepigon or Red Rock was reached on the evening of the 3rd April. The men had no sleep for four nights. This command was the first that passed over this route from the east."

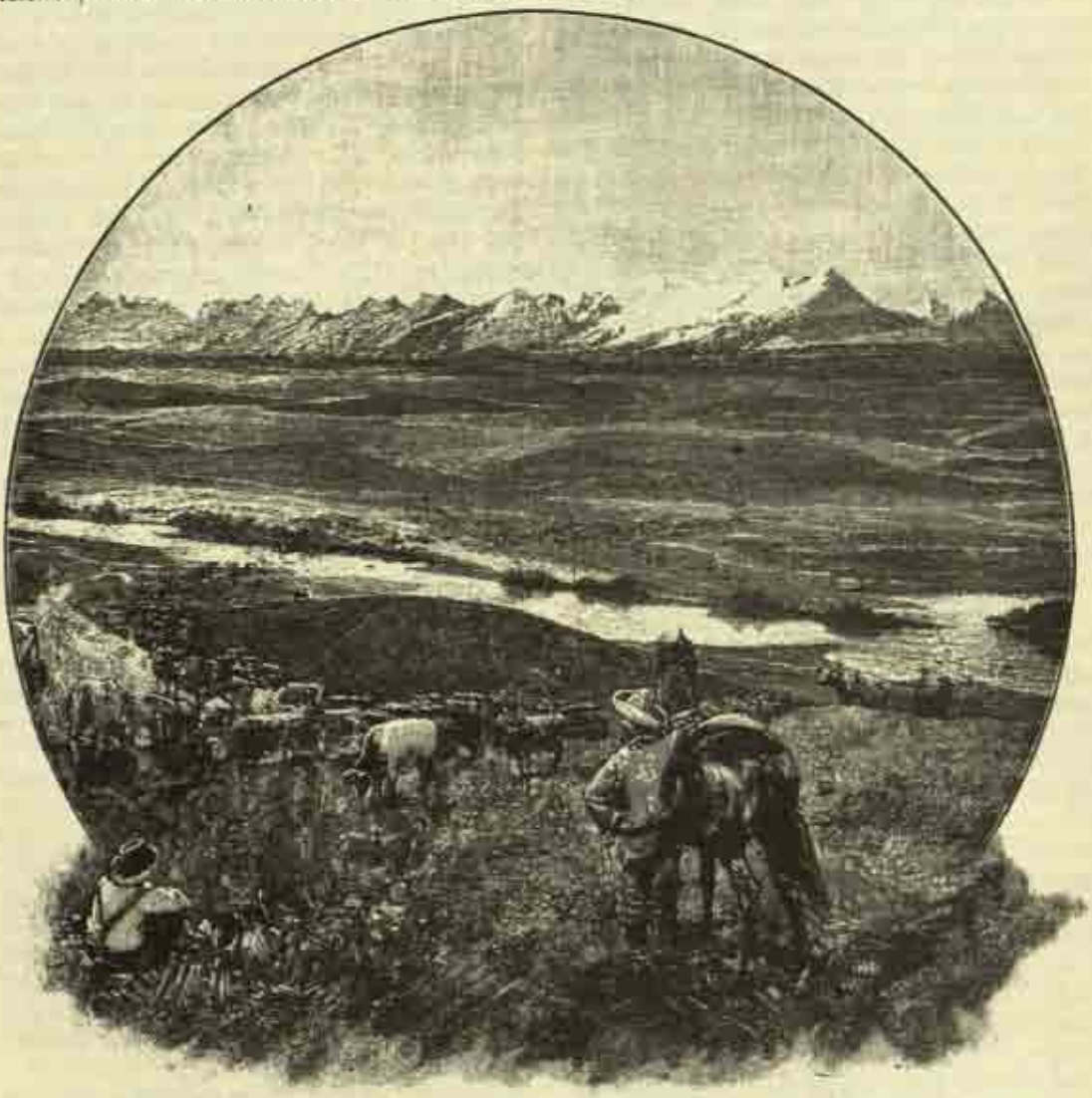
Having collected troops at Qu'Appelle, General Middleton began his march on 6th April, with a force of 402, all told, consisting of 90th Winnipeg Rifles, 2 guns Winnipeg Field Battery, and French's Scouts. The regular cavalry, under

CANADIAN GUN SLEIGH TEAM.

sixty-six miles from Port Arthur. About 400 miles had to be passed by a constantly varying process of embarking and disembarking guns and stores from flat cars to country team sleighs and *vice versâ*. There were sixteen operations of this nature in cold weather and deep snow. On starting from west end of track on the night of the 30th, the roads were found so bad that it took the guns seventeen hours to do the distance, thirty miles, to Magpie, and from there to east end of track by teams, and march further on; then on flat cars for eighty miles, with thermometer at 5° below zero. Heron Bay, Port Munroe, McKeller's Bay, Jackfish, Ibster, and McKay's Harbour were passed by alternate flat cars on construction track and teams, in Colonels Turnbull and Denison, were left to guard his communications at Touchwood Hills and Humboldt respectively. On the 8th General Middleton was joined by Colonel Montizambert and the "A" Battery regular artillery, 100 strong, with two-horsed guns, 9-pounder M.L.R. Men and horses appeared none the worse for their long journey of 1,000 miles by rail and trail, including the passage of the gaps previously described. On the 9th General Middleton received news of Frog Lake massacres, and telegraphed General Strange to raise a force, assume command of it and of such troops as might be sent, relieve Edmonton, and then to move on Fort Pitt, where General Middleton would meet him with troops coming up the Saskatchewan by

steamer, after the relief of Prince Albert and Battleford. General Strange (who will have to speak later on in the first person) was an ex-artillery officer settled on a ranche near Gleichen, who had volunteered his services.

himself with cutting the wire only between Batoche and Prince Albert. When a prisoner he told General Middleton: "I only wanted to cut off Prince Albert, as I thought I might want the wire, after defeating you, to communicate



VIEW NEAR CALGARY.
(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

On 10th April Major Smith, "C" School of Regular Infantry, 40 men, overtook General Middleton, and Major-General Laurie, a retired Crimean veteran living in Halifax, also joined, and, though senior to General Middleton, volunteered to serve under him.

The march generally followed the telegraph line, which was tapped at every halt, and was of the greatest service, for Riel had contented

with Ottawa, and make terms with the Government." On this march the Indian "Day Star" and his people on the Indian farm were met and a "pow-wow" was held: they expressed loyalty in proportion to the tea, tobacco, bacon, and flour with which they were presented.

On the 11th the great salt plains had to be negotiated in bitter cold, through wind,

snow, and slush; there were also several streams which took the infantry above the knee. As firewood had to be carried, fires were limited; although the alkaline water was only drinkable as tea, and even then was conducive to dysentery.

On the same day, when nearly through the salt plains, a despatch was received from Irvine stating he had 180 mounted police and ninety volunteers at Prince Albert, plenty of ammunition and beef, but only flour enough for a month; and also one from Superintendent Morris, holding Battleford with forty-seven North-West Mounted Police and thirty-five settler volunteers, asking urgently for help, Chief Poundmaker's large band of Indians being in the vicinity. General Middleton telegraphed to Colonel Otter, at Swift Current, to march at once, with all the troops he had, on Battleford. He left on the 13th, General Laurie leaving simultaneously to take command of the base at Swift Current.

It was very necessary to communicate with Colonel Irvine, and the services of Captain Bedson (transport officer) and Mr. McDowell, who volunteered for this duty, were accepted, as the general did not wish to send a written despatch. It was unfortunate for Colonel Irvine that these orders were verbal, as a difference of opinion has arisen as to the precise date of his co-operation. He states in his report that he had orders from General Middleton to come out of Battleford and co-operate in cutting off fugitives, and that the attack on Batoche would be on the 18th or 19th of April, on which day Colonel Irvine marched twelve miles towards Batoche; but as his scouts did not hear anything of Middleton's advance on Batoche, he returned to Prince Albert, dreading an attack on that place in his absence. General Middleton, in the *United Service Magazine*, says he informed Irvine he would attack Batoche on the 25th of April. But as he was engaged at Fish Creek on the 24th, where he was detained, it was not till the 9th of May that the attack on Batoche commenced; so that Colonel Irvine would have had a longish time to wait, and is hardly to be blamed under the circumstances for returning to Battleford. It is only in theory that war combinations work like clockwork.

Middleton's force had now marched 124 miles in eight days (including a day's halt) over a bad trail in terrible weather—good work for untrained men. The food supplies were good, and the knapsacks throughout the campaign were carried in waggons. On the 15th he pushed on with a small force to Clark's Crossing. The rebels had not molested the ferry and not even cut the telegraph wire. The force remained at Clark's Crossing till the 23rd. In scouting, three Indians were run down and brought to bay, standing back to back in a gully. Lord Melgund was unwilling to shoot them, and two or three scouts who spoke a little Indian tried without effect to get them to surrender; finally Captain French walked down alone and unarmed, in spite of their covering him with their rifles, and insisted upon shaking hands with them; they then smoked the pipe of peace together and surrendered themselves. They were found to be part of a band of American Sioux from across the border. One was released and sent to Batoche with a proclamation in French, offering pardon to those who would surrender: he was promised a reward on his return. The man never came back, and at the taking of Batoche his body was found in the front, lying on his back in full war-paint, with a bullet through his head.

The persuasive coolness of Captain French was characteristic. He was a gallant, genial Irishman, and had been an Inspector of North-West Mounted Police, under his brother, the first Commissioner, Colonel French, R.A. He left his farm and his young wife for fighting-sake, raised a troop of scout cavalry, and was killed at their head in the rush on Batoche.

During the seven days' halt at Clark's Crossing, Bolton's scouts and 10th Grenadiers joined the force. Forage was very scarce, and the teamsters refused to advance without oats, the horses being their own property. Colonel Houghton, D.A.G., suggested bayonet persuasion; but the general, perhaps wisely, declined this drastic measure, and oats arrived on the 22nd. A further supply was secured by a night raid made by Colonel Houghton in advance with a handful of scouts.

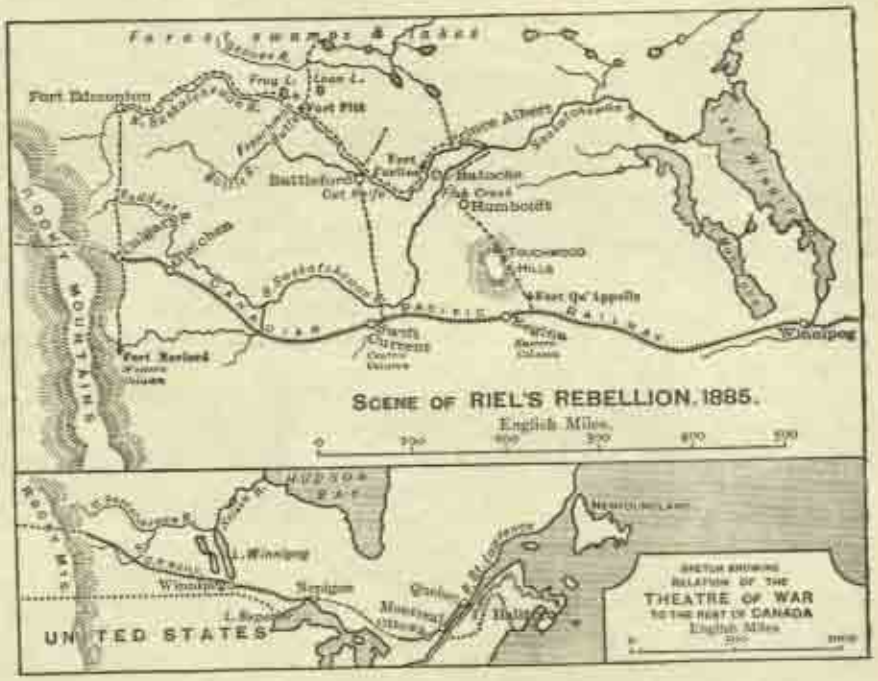
The ferry had been put in working order, and General Middleton divided his force of 800 men. Crossing a column on the 21st and 22nd, under Colonel Montizambert, to operate on the opposite side of the river, the columns keeping abreast, the ferry barge was floated down between them.

The left column was composed of 10th Royal Grenadiers, strength 250; Winnipeg Militia Field Battery, two guns, 50; detachment "A" Battery R.C.A., under Lieutenant Rivers, 23; French's scouts, 20; detachment Bolton's scouts, 30; total, 373.

The right column consisted of the 90th Regiment, 268; "A" Battery R.C.A., two guns, 82; "C" School Company, 40; Bolton's scouts, 50; total, 440.

Signals by bugle notes were arranged between the columns, but it was found impracticable to work in the noise of battle.

On the 23rd, news came of the surrender of Fort Pitt by the police garrison under Inspector Dickens (son of the novelist). They made their way by boat to Battleford. Mr. McLean, the Hudson Bay factor, left the fort to parley, and found himself in Big Bear's grip. He was induced by the wily savage to order his family (three very pretty girls) and the other officials and their families to join him. When these were secured, the police were allowed to depart unmolested. They broke the stocks of the rifles left in the fort; but these were ingeniously repaired by the Indians, and used against us at "Frenchman's Butte." A large supply of provisions and stores and a quantity of ammunition fell into the hands of the Indians, who had a good time in the fort until the arrival of the Western Column.



On the 24th, Middleton marched for Dumont's Crossing. Mounted scouts extended in front, the supports under Major Bolton 200 yards in rear. The general, as was his custom, rode at the head. On approaching some clumps of poplars (bluffs, in prairie phrase) a heavy fire on the left was opened, but did not do much damage, as it was delivered in a hurry.* Bolton instantly directed his men to dismount, and let loose their horses, some of which were immediately shot, as well as a few men, the flankers and files in front falling back on the supports, and the wounded crawling back to the line. The enemy were kept in check till the advanced guard of the 90th came up. Captain Wise's horse was shot in going back for them. Meanwhile, amid the rattle of rifle fire and the "ping" of bullets, could be heard the oaths, shouts, and jeers of the excited Métis, mingled with the yibrating war-whoop of the Indians; but the English scouts spoke only with their Winchesters. One brave, alone, in full war-paint, dashed boldly out of cover, shouting his war-cry. He was immediately shot, and his example was not followed. When the advanced guard of the 90th came up, it was extended on the right of the scouts; Captain Clarke (in command) and several men were wounded. The main body were brought up by Colonel Houghton, and Major Mackeand (90th) and two more companies extended to the right. The two guns of "A" Battery,

*Gabriel Dumont's despatch to Riel, found at Batoche, says, "I had a place to ambush them at Fish Creek. It was frustrated by a fool in a buckskin coat, who, seeing a milch cow on the prairie, rode after her, and instead of driving her into the enemy's *cortège*, drove her right on to me. Seeing I was discovered, I fired at him, in the hope that the shot would not be noticed, as he was always firing shots himself at birds and rabbits, as my scouts have frequently reported. I unfortunately missed him; and my shot being mistaken for the signal, all my men began firing, and exposed their position before the enemy had fallen into the trap I had laid for them." It will be seen fools have their uses, even the irrepressible sporting British tenderfoot.

under Major Peters, came into action; but as the enemy were too well covered, the general withdrew them. Subsequently they dashed into the fight at close quarters, which was necessary, as the men in the rifle-pits could not be reached from a distance. The guns took up various positions on both sides of the coulee. Captain Drury and Lieutenant Ogilvie at last ran their guns up by hand to within twenty yards of the edge of the ravine, and giving extreme depression, fired case shot into the bush which concealed the pits, whose whereabouts were only seen by the puffs of smoke, and the presence of the enemy felt as gunner after gunner fell in the act of ramming home (the guns were muzzle-loaders, and the men completely exposed).* About this time the enemy's fire slackened. They were seen moving down to their right. Major Boswell (90th) was sent to seize a farm-house on the left front, to check this movement, and the enemy fell back down the creek towards the pits.

The firing-line of infantry had in the mean-time pushed up to the edge of the ravine, suffering severely, the men in their eagerness exposing themselves to the fire from below: any man raising himself showed against the sky-line, and many were shot through the head. The rebels now attempted a turning movement on our right, along the bottom of the coulee, and set fire to the prairie, to cover the movement and check and embarrass our men, the wind blowing towards us. The general had previously sent his two aides to extend three companies of the 90th, Captain Buchan and "C" School Company, Major Smith, to the extreme right, the remainder of the 90th, under Major Mackeand, were held in reserve near the field hospital, where the waggons were corralled. Things looked critical, but from general to bugler every man and boy did his duty. The plucky old general was everywhere; a ball passed through his fur cap, his horse, "Sam," was also grazed.

His two aides-de-camp, Captain Wise and Lieutenant Doucet, were both wounded, the former had two horses shot under him; and above the din of the battle might be heard the shrill treble of the boy-bugler, Billy Buchanan, of the 90th, as he walked up and down the firing-line: "Now, boys, who's for more cartridges?" The bandsmen were busy bringing the wounded to the doctors, under Surgeon-Major Orton, an old army hand; and the teamsters were brought up, led by Bedson, the transport officer, and under the enemy's fire beat out the blazing prairie with branches.

Captain Drury shelled the farmhouse and buildings occupied by the enemy on the right, and cleared them out. Colonel Montizambert, commanding the left column, hearing the firing, brought down his force and guns to the edge of the river, though the banks were a hundred feet high, with no sort of a roadway. Unfortunately, the scow had been sent for forage, and was not at first available; eventually 250 men and two guns and horses were crossed over, and the Grenadiers were immediately extended in support. By this time the enemy's fire had almost ceased, and they had retired along the ravine, except a determined handful, who still held the pits. Major Peters got permission to try the bayonet: he made a desperate rush, followed by a detachment of garrison gunners of the "A" Battery; some of the 90th followed Captain Ruttan, and Lieutenant Swinford, and Colonel Houghton. After making several gallant attempts, they remained in the ravine until ordered to retire by the general, with the loss of three killed and five wounded, including Lieutenant Swinford and a gunner, whose body was found within ten paces of the pits. The general refused to allow any further attempt, considering it a futile waste of life.

The Grenadiers were left extended along the ridge, while the rest of the force retired about a mile to pitch camp—a difficult task, as a blinding snow storm had set in. As the Grenadiers were moving off, a considerable body of mounted men showed themselves on the opposite side of the ravine. They had probably been sent to bring off the gallant fellows in the pits, for on the Grenadiers facing about they disappeared.

General Middleton had about 400 men actually engaged; the rebels 280, most advantageously posted. Our casualties were fifty—ten killed or died of wounds. The Indians only left three dead on the field, but were subsequently found to have had eleven killed or died of wounds and eighteen wounded; about fifty of their ponies were shot, as the poor brutes were tied up in the wooded ravine. The steamer *Northcote* not arriving as expected, the wounded were sent to Saskatoon in extemporised ambulances, the settlers taking them into their houses. Surgeon-Major Douglas, V.C., had paddled two hundred miles alone in his canoe to give his aid, and Deputy-Surgeon-General Roddick arrived

* *Some day* we shall have shields for our B.L. field-guns.

"HE SHOT THE INDIAN THROUGH THE SIDE" (p. 84)

with a complete staff, and Nurse Miller, pleasant, kind, and skilful; as nurses are wont to be.

The steamer *Northcote* had been delayed by low water, but she propped herself over the sand-banks with her long legs like a great grasshopper, as Western stern-wheel steamers manage to do, and arrived on the 5th May with supplies and reinforcements. Colonel Van Straubenzie, a veteran of the Crimea and India, Colonel Williams, M.P., commanding 100 men—"Midlanders"—a Gatling gun with Captain Howard, late U.S.A. agent of the Gatling Gun Company.

Leaving General Middleton to bury his dead, let us turn to the Central and Western Columns. The Central Column, under Colonel Otter, when organised for the relief of Battleford, was composed of: Personal staff, Lieutenant Sears, I.S.C., and Captain Mutton; Major Short, "B" Battery, R.C.A., 2 guns and 1 Gatling; garrison gunners, Captain Farley, 113; "C" Infantry School, Lieutenant Wadmore, 49; Governor-General's Foot Guards, Captain Todd, 51; Queen's Own Rifles, Colonel Miller, 274; North-West Mounted Police, Superintendent Herkmer, 50; scouts, 6; total, 543.

Their march was very rapid after crossing the South Saskatchewan: 160 miles were covered in five days, with a long waggon-train carrying the infantry, twenty-five days' rations, and wood-fuel. On the evening of the arrival Colonel Otter did not enter the settlement, and deferred doing so till daylight. The Indians utilised the delay to burn and loot the suburbs on the south side of the river. Next day he marched into Battleford, and on the 29th April learned from his scouts that about 200 Crees and Stoneys were encamped with Poundmaker about thirty-eight miles distant. It was decided to make a reconnaissance in force and surprise their camp. On the 1st May Colonel Otter marched out of Battleford with 325 of his force, including the Battleford Rifles, and forty-eight waggons to carry the men and rations, Major Short's two 7-pounder M.L.R. guns.* Halting at 8 p.m. Colonel Otter waited till the moon rose, and then pushed on through the night. Daybreak showed the Cree camp on a rise, partially surrounded by wooded coulees; Cut Knife Creek ran across the front. The advanced scouts had crossed the creek and mounted the rising ground before they were discovered and the alarm given. Scarcely had the scouts gained the crest of the hill than they were met by a sharp fire; the police extended on the brow, and the guns, pushed forward into the same line and supported by the garrison gunners as infantry escort, opened with shrapnel fire on the camp. An Indian, on emergency, makes a short toilet and dispenses even with fresh paint, so that in a short time they were running down through the brushwood coulees and almost surrounded the force, pouring in a destructive cross-fire upon our men, who at first exposed themselves carelessly, but soon learnt their lesson. The whole force had to be put in the fighting line to meet the attack, the Battleford Rifles guarding the rear and the ford. The police horses and waggon-train were well sheltered in a slight declivity, where only two casualties occurred—a waggon-horse and Major Short's charger being shot.

Shortly after the fight became general, a desperate rush was made by the braves to capture the Gatling, which had jammed for the moment.* The two 7-pounders had broken their rotten trails with the recoil, and were being lashed up and spliced by Captain Rutherford and the gun detachments; but Major Short, calling on the garrison gunners and police, advanced at their head to meet the onset of the braves, repulsed them with loss, and drove them back on the run—a pace an Indian very seldom adopts with his back to the foe. A tall brave, retiring slowly, turned and took deliberate aim at the major, who was about twenty feet in front of his men; the bullet passed through the top of the jauntily-cocked cap, and cut a crisp curl from his head. He drew his revolver and shot the Indian through the side. He rolled over, jumped up, staggered a few paces, dropped, and drew his blanket over his head, to die decorously, as Cæsar might have done. Alas! a moment after, a blow from a rifle-butt in the hands of an excited French-Canadian gunner sped him to his happy hunting-ground. The major took his scalping-knife but left him his scalp—a compliment the Indian might not have returned had things gone the other way.† Repulsed from

* At the last moment, and contrary to the wish of the artillery officer, the equipment was changed—7-pounders, the carriages of which had been rotting in store since the last Red River expedition, being substituted for 9-pounders.

* Maxims were not then so well known for never jamming.

† In this action "B" Battery had Lieutenant Peltier, Sergeant Caffney, Corporal Morton, and Gunner Reynolds severely wounded. After literally hairbreadth escapes in battle, Major Short died doing his duty in peace-time, from an explosion of gunpowder in blowing up a house to stop a vast conflagration in the city of Quebec.

the front, the Indians strenuously tried to surround the force by working through the wooded coulees from both flanks.* The right rear and ford were menaced, but the coulee was cleared of the Indians by a party of Battleford Rifles under Captain Nash, Ross, chief of police-scouts, and individuals of other corps, for the fighting had got mixed, from the nature of the ground and the character of the attack. In a similar manner, the left rear was cleared by parties of the Queen's Own and Battleford Rifles. There remained, however, a few braves who doggedly held their ground until outflanked by the scouts, making a long *détour*, towards the end of the day.

After six hours' fighting, the flank and rear were clear, but the position was not tenable for the night. The guns could only be fought by lashing up the broken trails with splints after each round. Colonel Otter had accomplished his object by handling Poundmaker and his braves so roughly that Big Bear did not care to join his discomfited friend, but preferred to try conclusions with the Western Column in the forest swamps north of the Saskatchewan.

* Colonel Otter puts the strength of the Indian braves at fully 500 and 50 Métis.

Colonel Otter returned to Battleford the same night, fearing a counter-attack on that place. The retirement was effectually covered by the artillery, crippled though it was, Short—first in advance and last in retreat—bringing up the rear with the Gatling. The dead and wounded were brought over the creek safely—8 killed and 14 wounded. The body of Private Osgood, of the Guards, alone could not be recovered. The force made a rapid return march to Battleford. General Middleton has left on record that he did not approve of the dash made by Colonel Otter, nor, indeed, of the action of any of the commanders whom distance made it impossible for him personally to control.

So far, we have followed the fortunes of the Eastern and Centre Columns, up to the battles of Fish Creek and Cut Knife. Should the reader so desire, he may at no distant date follow also the wilderness march of the Western Column, with its fights at Frenchman's Butte and Loon Lake in pursuit of "Big Bear," and read the story of the four days' battle at Batoche, where the brave but misguided half-breeds were lured to destruction by the foolish fanatic Riel, who paid the penalty of the folly that becomes crime.

GENERAL MIDDLETON.

THE CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO
19. JAN: 1812

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

ALL was ready for the attack. Major George Napier, one of the three illustrious brothers whose names are now household words, stood at the head of his volunteer stormers, taking his instructions from Lord Wellington himself.

"Now do you quite understand? Do you see the way you are to take so as to arrive at the breach without noise or confusion?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," replied Napier.

Someone of the staff, who was standing by, then said—

"You are not loaded! Why don't you make your men load?"

"No," sturdily replied Napier; "I shall not load. If we cannot do the business with the bayonet and without firing, we shall not be able to do it at all."

"Let him alone; let him go his own way," remarked Wellington, interposing, and thus fully endorsing the view which Napier took of the work in hand.

A few minutes later Napier was shot down as he entered the breach at the head of his men. His arm was shattered, and hung helpless, but he disdained all assistance.

"Push on, lads, push on!" he cried undaunted, still cheering his men. "Never mind me; push on—the place is ours!"

And there he lay, till all had passed him, getting terribly bruised and trampled upon in the confusion in the darkness.

It was not till he heard the shouts of "Victory! Old England for ever!" that he gave himself up to the surgeon for the amputation of his arm.

They were true heroes, these old Peninsular worthies; and there were few finer fellows than the Napiers—Charles, William, and George. But at Ciudad Rodrigo there were others who gained great fame: Generals Craufurd and Mackinnon, both killed at the breaches; Gurwood and Mackie, who led the forlorn hopes; Hardyman, a captain of the 45th, of whom it was said so gallant was his demeanour, so noble his exploits, that although three generals and seventy other officers had fallen, "the soldiers fresh from the strife talked only of Hardyman." The taking of Ciudad Rodrigo was indeed a splendid feat of arms.

Time was of vital importance. The French general, Marmont, was collecting his strength for its relief; the ground the besiegers occupied might at any moment be flooded, for it was the rainy season, and a night's downpour of rain would have ruined the trenches. The only chance lay in boldly attempting an assault, without waiting till the fortifications were ruined by bombardment. Heartless as it may sound, the only solution was to sacrifice life rather than time. This is what Wellington had meant when he prefaced his final orders by the announcement that Ciudad Rodrigo must be taken on a particular day. His men knew what was expected of them, and, without hesitation, they answered: "We will do it!"

It was no light enterprise, the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but Wellington undertook it on sound, reasonable grounds. In the first place, he was bound to do something just then. A real, substantial success was very urgently required. Great dissatisfaction prevailed in England at the prolonged inactivity of his army. The Government at home was unpopular, and it passed on what it could to its general commanding in the field, finding fault, yet giving him no very generous or sufficient support. He stood practically alone—he must bear the brunt of all he did and all that came of it; but not the less did he reckon up his chances and consider the various operations open to him independently of their difficulty or the risk attending them.

The one he chose was that which lay nearest

and yet seemed almost hopeless and impossible. Its very audacity was what really made it feasible. Marmont was really misled by the many disadvantages that told against the English, and must prevent them, as he thought, from attempting any serious blow. It was the depth of the winter season; the weather was intensely cold, snow and frost alternated with heavy rains. The country around was so wasted and depopulated as to impede all military movements. The English army was in very poor case; the troops suffered greatly from ill-health, due to their long occupation of damp, low-lying ground; hundreds were in hospital, the rest were dispirited and badly found, their uniforms were ragged, their pay three months in arrear; supplies were scanty, and brought up with great irregularity; men were put on half-rations, and for three consecutive days they had no bread; the horses of the cavalry and artillery, the mules of the military train, were half-starved—chopped straw, the only food, was exceedingly scarce; and the muleteers, upon whom much depended, had been eight months without pay. Above all, the Portuguese, Wellington's allies, were apathetic, disinclined to co-operate in any forward and decided move.

"'NOW DO YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND?'" (p. 676).

Yet Wellington, nothing daunted, proceeded to gather up the threads and weld them together for his purpose. His troubles, after all, were working to his advantage: the enemy was aware of them and magnified them greatly. The dispersing of the British troops over a vast area was taken as a clear proof of the difficulties of subsistence, and as a certainty that they could not assume the offensive. Other small matters

encouraged this false security in the French. Nothing, least of all a siege, could be contemplated, for it was firmly believed that the English had no battering-train. Again, the Quartermaster-General, Murray, was granted leave of absence to go to England. No great operations could be near at hand when so prominent an official was suffered to leave the army. When Murray afterwards reproached Wellington for allowing him to lose all share in the coming brilliant exploit, the general laughingly replied that his absence had been of the greatest service to him, for Marmont had heard of it, and was in consequence satisfied that nothing much was about to happen.

Profound secrecy was a first condition of success in an operation which, as the historian puts it, needed extreme nicety, quickness, prudence, and audacity. Wellington was careful to divulge nothing, and only a masterful, self-reliant leader could have made such extensive preparations without betraying his purpose. He had begun them really the previous autumn when he had refortified Almeida, which had recently fallen into his hands, intending it as a secure place of arms, where he might collect his siege artillery. Large detachments of infantry had been practised in the business of military engineering, in the manufacture of gabions, fascines, and pickets in the digging of trenches and earthworks. He had also set the military artificers to build a great trestle bridge to be used in crossing the river Agueda, upon which Ciudad Rodrigo stands.

By the 1st January, 1812, he had brought up half his guns, had fortunately found ammunition in Almeida, and had begun to lay the bridge at Marialva below the town. Four divisions were to be employed in the siege—the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and Light; but as the weather was bitterly cold and the army had no tents, there was no cover or protection to the troops on the north side. It was ordered, therefore, that the regiments should occupy cantonments on the south bank among the villages. They were to cross over to their work from day to day as their turn of duty came round. In this way each division was to have one whole day in the trenches out of every four, taking with them their food, cooked, and their entrenching tools. The hardship of this service was great. It was necessary to cross the icy-cold river Agueda going to and fro, wading through water sometimes to the waist. No fires could be lighted, and their wet clothes often froze on to the men during the night. One of those who went through this siege describes how pieces of ice were constantly brought down by the rapid current, and so bruised the troops in fording the river that cavalry were ordered to form four deep across the ford, and under this living shelter the men crossed comparatively unharmed.

The fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo stood on rising ground in a nearly open plain with a rocky surface, but to the northward there were two hills respectively some 180 and 600 yards distant from the ramparts. The first of these, called the Lesser Tesson, was about on a level with the walls; the second, or Greater Tesson, rose a few feet above them. Upon the latter an enclosed and palisaded redoubt had been constructed, called San Francisco, and this prevented any siege operations on this side while it was in the enemy's hands. The town itself was defended by a double line of fortifications—one, the inner, an ancient wall of masonry not particularly strong; the second, outside it, intended to cover the inner wall. The latter is known in old-fashioned fortifications as a "fausse braie." It gave but little defence, being set so far down the slope of the hill. Besides the foregoing, the suburbs of the town were defended by an earthen entrenchment hastily thrown up by the Spaniards a couple of years previously. But since the French had held Ciudad Rodrigo they had utilised three convents, large and substantial buildings, in the general defence, fortifying them and placing guns in battery upon their flat roofs.

Wellington, having resolved to attack from the north side, was compelled, in the first instance, to get possession of the redoubt of San Francisco on the Greater Tesson. This was effected upon the night of the 8th January in most gallant style by a portion of the Light Division, led by Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, one of the most brilliant of the soldiers who earned fame in the Peninsular War. Major George Napier, who has been mentioned already, had volunteered, but Wellington said the stormers should be commanded by the first field-officer for duty. Colborne's orders were given so clearly and precisely that it was impossible to misunderstand them. The storming party was to descend into the ditch, cut away the palisades, and climb over into the redoubt. They moved forward about 9 p.m., the watchword being "England and St. George"; and finding the palisades close to the outward side of the ditch, sprang on them without waiting to break

them down. Then they rushed on "with so much fury that the assailants appeared to be at one and the same time in the ditch, mounting the parapets, fighting on the top of the ramparts, and forcing the gorge of the redoubt." Such undaunted courage was irresistible. The garrison of the redoubt were all killed or made prisoners, and this with only the most trifling loss on our side.

The capture of the redoubt was the signal for "breaking ground," as it is called, the digging of the first trench or parallel—the first of the series of zigzags or approaches—under cover of which the assailants creep up to a fortress which is being besieged. The work must be done at night, and quickly. A whole brigade covered this operation, and 700 men with pick and shovel laboured to such purpose that a trench three feet deep and four feet wide was dug by daylight. Once safely established at a height which gave a good view of the whole place, the English engineers proceeded to lay out batteries and improve the parallel. The work was continued the next night, and so on, 1,200 men being regularly employed in pushing forward inch by inch till a point was reached near enough to batter down the walls and make a breach in the place. Five days were thus fully occupied, the daily progress being always good, although the siege was marked with vicissitudes which tended to retard it. The enemy's artillery was powerful according to the ideas of those days—although now the heaviest would be thought a mere popgun—and their fire was often most destructive, both to the assailants and their works.

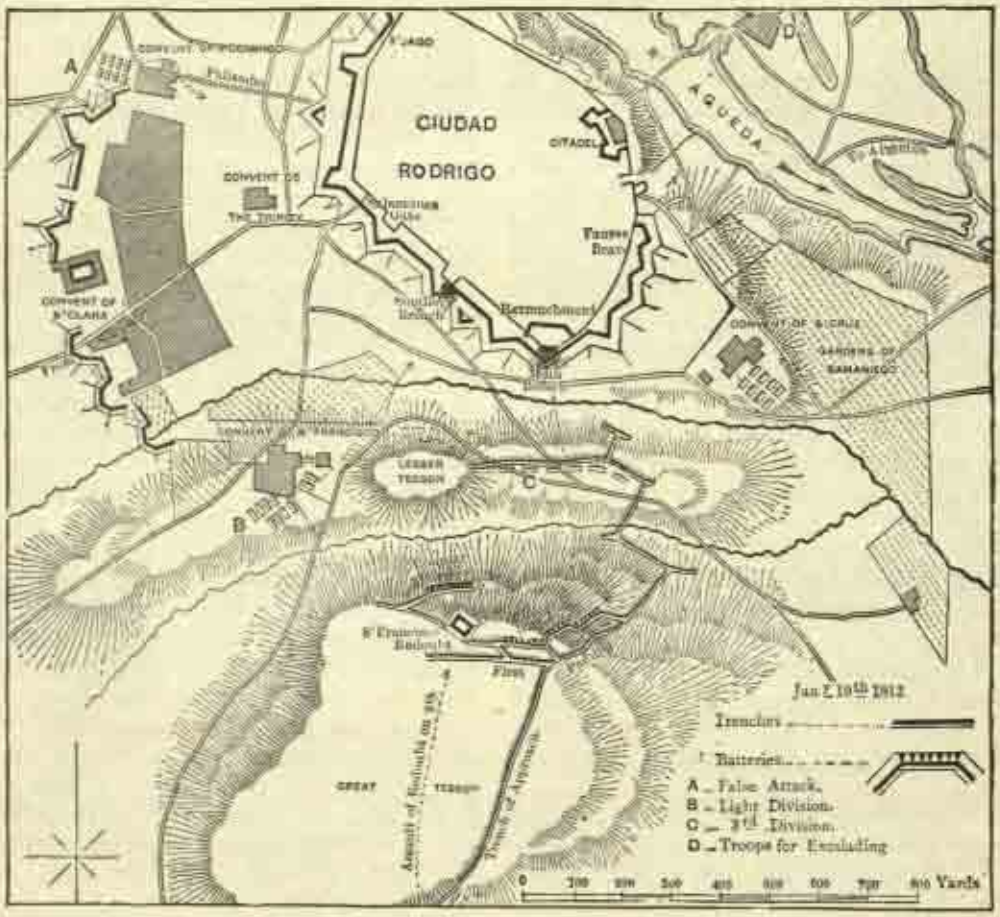
On the night of the 13th the English batteries were armed with 28 guns; one convent—that of Santa Cruz—was taken and secured on the right flank. Next day the French made a successful sortie at the time when the guards of the trenches were being changed, and when the old relief did not wait for the new, but retired in a hasty and disorderly manner. The works being thus left unguarded, the enterprising garrison did them much mischief, and might have gone so far as to spike the guns, but the sortie was checked by the stout stand made by a few of the workmen collected together by an officer of engineers.

After this the battering-guns were directed upon the convent of San Francisco, and fired up with great vigour till dusk, when the building was forcibly entered and captured. Next day the fire was concentrated upon the ramparts at two particular points—one known hereafter as "the great breach," where the walls jutted forward at a very salient angle; the other upon a turret, within the inner line of defence, and this was called the "lesser breach." The battering continued fiercely and without intermission until the 18th January. Towards evening on that day the tower and turret were seen to be in a ruinous condition, and the opening at the main or great breach was yawning wide enough to justify an attempt to enter. This was the deadly work of just ten days. The outer wall, or "fausse braie," was greatly shaken there were two formidable breaches in the main walls, and sweeping discharges of grape and canister prevented the garrison from repairing them.

Then Wellington, ready to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, summoned the place to surrender. The French commandant, General Barrié, bravely refused, declaring that his emperor had entrusted him with the defence of the fortress, and that he could not give it up. "On the contrary," the message ran, "my brave garrison prefers to be buried with me under its ruins." Assault became inevitable therefore, and Wellington at once issued his orders, prefacing them with the memorable words already quoted, that Ciudad Rodrigo must be attacked that evening. There is no more striking picture in our military records than that of the Great Duke seated on the reverse or inner side of one of the advanced approaches writing out his orders with his own hand, after having made a close reconnaissance of both breaches. The minuteness of these orders, the mastery of intricate details, which in such a position he must necessarily have carried in his head, his strong grasp of the situation, and his unerring decision as to the method and best points of attack, show the great British general at his best.

There were to be two principal attacks, made by the two divisions on trench duty that evening—the night between the 18th and 19th January. These were the 3rd and Light Divisions. To the first was entrusted the assault upon the main breach, to the latter that on the lesser or breach by the tower. The brigade of General Mackinnon was to lead the first, supported by Campbell's brigade; Vandaleur's led, and Andrew Barnard's brigade supported, the second. Both were to be preceded by forlorn hopes and storming parties, with others carrying wool-bags and ladders to facilitate descent into the ditch and the escalade of the walls. The eagerness, the noble emulation, among British soldiers to be

foremost in these, the most dangerous services in an assault, were well illustrated on this occasion. George Napier, who had obtained a promise from his general, the famous but ill-fated Craufurd, that he should lead the Light Division stormers, was directed to call for volunteers. The intrepid young major, addressing the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifle Corps, said :—"' Soldiers, I want



PLAN OF ASSAULT.

a hundred volunteers from each regiment : those who will go with me, step forward.' Instantly there rushed out nearly half the division, and we were obliged to take them at chance ": such is Napier's own account of the affair written years afterwards.

Seven o'clock in the evening was the time fixed for the assault, which was to be led off by Pack's Portuguese. A regiment under Colonel O'Toole crossed the river and attacked the work in front of the castle, lending a hand to another column, which, issuing from behind the convent of Santa Cruz, and consisting of the 5th and 94th regiments, supported by the 77th, were to cover the attack of the main breach by Mackinnon's brigade. The latter were not slow to advance : even before the signal was given, and while Wellington in person on the left was instructing Napier how to move with the Light Division stormers, the 3rd division had rushed on to the breach. First came a party of sappers with hay-bags to fill up the ditch ; then the stormers, 500 strong, under Major Manners, preceded by a forlorn hope ; then the whole brigade. The whole space between the advanced parallel and the ramparts was alive with troops advancing reckless of the iron tempest that ravaged their ranks. Already on their right the column from Santa Cruz had made good its entrance and scoured the opening between the two walls of defence, driving the French before them. This cleared the ground for Mackinnon's men, who pressed gallantly on ; but they were met by a retrenchment, a fresh obstacle, a parapet and

ditch constructed within the breach, and behind which the defenders offered a still stubborn resistance.

At this moment, while the assailants were vainly seeking to cross the ditch, a mine was sprung with a terrible explosion which proved fatal to many, including the brave Mackinnon. Still the remainder held their ground; and now Mackie, who led the forlorn hope, clambered over the rampart wall and dropped inside, to find there an opening on one side of the main breach by which an entrance was possible. Climbing back, he collected his men and led them by this road into the interior of the place. About this time they encountered and joined O'Toole's Portuguese regiment, and, the whole of these columns of attack having made good their footing, established themselves strongly among the ruined fortifications, awaiting the result of their comrades' attack.

Meanwhile the Light Division, whose goal was the lesser breach, had also got down to serious business. The stormers, with their forlorn hope, were formed under the shelter of the San Francisco convent, and were there addressed by General Craufurd, the divisional general, whose fiery spirit kept him always in the forefront, and who intended now to charge at the head of the attacking party. Craufurd's name will long be remembered in connection with this Light Division, which by his unwearied efforts and his stern, relentless discipline, he had trained into one of the finest bodies of British troops that ever fought through a campaign. This was the last occasion, unhappily, on which he was to stand at the head of his men, and his short, stirring speech to the stormers were almost the last words he spoke.

"Soldiers!" he said—and the words are so reported by one who heard them—"the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady; be cool; be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts, and in doing this keep together." A rocket was to be signal for the advance, and when its fiery track

"POSTING HIMSELF ON A POINT OF VANTAGE." (p. 682).

was seen in the black sky Craufurd added briefly, "Now, lads, for the breach!" and led the way.

He did not long survive. As the columns advanced he kept to their left, and, posting himself on a point of vantage, continued to give his instructions while his men entered the ditch. His voice, raised to the loudest pitch, drew down upon him a fierce fire of musketry at short range, and his situation was of such extreme peril that, not strangely, he was soon hit, and with a mortal wound.

There were some three hundred yards to cross under a murderous fire, but the men raced forward and, disdaining to wait for ladders, jumped down a depth of eleven feet into the ditch, which was swept with a storm of grape and musketry. Here some of the forlorn hope went to the left instead of to the right; the main body of the stormers took the proper direction, but were checked at the breach because the opening was so narrow. This crushed the attacking column into a compact mass, upon which the enemy's fire told with terrible effect. Just now George Napier, its leader, was struck down. The men halted, irresolute, and, forgetting they were unloaded, began to snap their muskets. Then their wounded chief, from where he lay disabled, shouted "Push on with the bayonet!" And the wisdom of his decision in the early part of the evening was plain, for the stormers answered the inspiriting command with a loud "Hurrah!" and pressed hotly forward. The breach was carried; the supporting regiments—Vandaleur's whole brigade—"coming up in sections abreast, gained the rampart, the 52nd wheeled to the left, the 43rd to the right, and the place was won."

All this had occupied but a few minutes in time. The battle was thus, practically, decided, but other successes contributed to the general result. The struggle at the great breach was still being maintained when three of the French magazines in this neighbourhood exploded, and then the 3rd Division broke through the last defences. The garrison still resisted, however, fighting as they fell back from street to street; but finally the castle, their last stronghold, was captured, and Lieutenant Gurwood, who had led the Light Division forlorn hope, received the governor's sword. The attacks on all other sides had prospered equally, both O'Toole's and Pack's, the latter having entered without opposition on the south-eastern front of the fortress.

It would be well if there was no more to be said of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. But unhappily the glory of this great achievement was greatly tarnished by the shameful excesses of the victorious troops. The French garrison, it is true, were spared; there was no cruel and unnecessary carnage where the men laid down their arms. This is proved by the fact that out of a total garrison of 1,800 men, 1,500 were taken prisoners. But the town itself was plundered, under the most wanton and brutal circumstances. Houses were ransacked and burnt, churches desecrated and destroyed; the wine vaults and spirit stores were broken open, universal drunkenness prevailed, and every species of enormity was perpetrated. No Englishman can read of the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo, and of other Spanish fortresses during that war, without a blush of shame at the madness which overtook brave men in the hour of their triumph.

It is pleasanter to think of their deeds of prowess or their cool courage in the face of danger. There is a story told of an old soldier, who during the siege treated a live shell in a way that would in these days have certainly earned him the Victoria Cross. A 13-inch shell had dropped into the trench, and everyone within reach had fallen flat upon his face as the custom was, for when shells explode the pieces fly upwards, and a recumbent position is the safest till the danger is over. But this one man ran up to the shell and knocked out the still burning fuse with a blow of his spade. Then he carried the now harmless projectile to his commanding officer, saying: "She can do your honour no harm now, for I've knocked the life out of her."

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo had important consequences, for it paved the way to that still more brilliant feat of ours, the taking of Badajoz. It was a triumphant vindication of Wellington's iron and unquenchable spirit, for at the outset everything seemed against him—the season, the condition of the country, the state of his troops, the inferior quality of the siege material. The tools supplied by the British storekeeper were as bad as the bayonets so recently held up to public scorn, and the English engineers were eager to pick up the enemy's implements and use them whenever they could. At the moment of the attack it was found that the army was unprovided with scaling-ladders. "Well," said Wellington quietly, "you must make them—out of the waggons. The transport has done its work, by bringing up ammunition and supplies: cut up the waggons."

THE THIRD BATTLE OF PLEVNA

11:12 SEPTEMBER 1877

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT.

THE unique race in July, 1877, for the sleepy Bulgarian townlet, hitherto obscure, known by name only to scholars or travellers, now famous for all time, had been won by the Turks by a short head.

Osman with his small corps, hurrying from the west, had arrived on the 19th of July a few hours before Schilder-Schuldner with his division came up from the north-east.

On the following day the first battle of Plevna was fought, resulting in a disastrous defeat for the soldiers of the Czar. Ten days later the Russians, with two corps, renewed their attack, and General Krūdener's forces received the best beating that army ever had. The Russian retreat resolved itself into a flight of the most disorderly description, but a rally was made with admirable promptitude. Then six weeks were spent in virtual inactivity on both sides, broken only by some fighting around Lovdcha, and by Osman's futile sortie in the direction of Pelishat on the 31st of August. The Turks had utilised this period of tranquillity for constructing the system of redoubts and trenches which constituted the stronghold of Plevna, and which General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, has characterised as an impregnable fortress.

Meanwhile, reinforcements had reached both belligerents. In the beginning of September the Turkish army of defence counted forty-six battalions of infantry, nineteen squadrons of regular and five of irregular cavalry, with seventy-two guns — altogether 30,000 men, under the command of Osman Pasha, whose chief-of-staff was Tahir Pasha. The Russian-Roumanian army of assault consisted of one hundred and seven battalions of infantry, ninety-one squadrons of cavalry (including Cossacks), with four hundred and forty-four guns—a total of 95,000, 30,000 of whom were Roumanians; its nominal leader was Prince (now King) Charles of Roumania, who was, however, a mere figurehead, and had no real command over any but his own (the Roumanian) troops, the actual principal being his chief-of-staff, General Sotow. Both the Czar and the Grand-duke Nicholas, the Russian commander-in-chief, watched the third battle of Plevna from one of the hills beyond Radischevo, and had invited a brilliant staff of foreign attachés, officers, and journalists to witness the Unspeakable's discomfiture and collapse.

He who pens these lines—then a lad of eighteen—was a lieutenant in the Turkish infantry, and had command of his company, whose captain had been disabled in the second battle. He himself had been slightly wounded in this action by a sword-cut across the face, and had recovered after a week's sojourn in an ambulance. He was stationed in one of the redoubts which protected the north-front of the camp of Plevna.

In the night of the 6th to the 7th of September the Russian-Roumanian army completed its march of concentration on Plevna, and with the next dawn commenced the great cannonade which was to usher in a general assault on the Ottoman lines. The shelling lasted four days, during which period some 30,000 projectiles were hurled into the Turkish camp, the effect of which, material and moral, was practically *nil*. The Turkish gunners returned the fire much more deliberately and slowly, but with far greater truth of aim and force of moral impression upon the foe, as the Russian historians themselves admit. In the course of these four days there was some sharp fighting south of Plevna, where the dashing Skobeleff took possession of the two ridges in front of the Turkish redoubts, which the Russian writers have styled the "Green Hills."

The weather, which up to the 6th September had been splendid, had suddenly changed: rain

had set in, the atmosphere was raw and moisture-laden, the sky a uniform grey, the nights were chilly. The actual battle, on September 11th and 12th, was fought in an almost uninterrupted downpour of the heaviest and most demoralising description.

Vividly impressed on my mind is the burning of the large village of Radischevo, which the Turkish shells set aflame in the afternoon of the 10th, and which blazed for twelve hours, lighting up the midnight sky in a superb and terrible manner.

OSMAN PASHA.

It would take too long to describe in detail our many excellent arrangements for battle. To mention only one feature: each redoubt had its own cooking, firewood, water, ambulance, and workmen's parties. Particularly in the north front, which contained our first division (of fourteen battalions, including that of the writer), and was commanded by Adil Pasha—one of the best generals Turkey has ever had, and Osman's factotum—our preparations were of the most extensive and elaborate description, and we were all quite disgusted that they were not called into play, for our wing was not attacked; in fact, my redoubt did not receive the honour of a single hostile shell, an absence of courtesy on the enemy's part which quite perturbed the equanimity of my men in the beginning, but which was subsequently compensated for in an unlooked-for manner by my battalion being withdrawn from its redoubt proper and sent to the south to confront that burning soldier Skobeleff.

At dawn on Tuesday, the 11th September, the cannonade was renewed in a way that shook the ground, as if this globe were quivering in the throes of terrific fever-heat. It rained hard, and fog hung heavily over the landscape. About an hour after noon the shelling suddenly ceased, and then commenced the great assault which was meant to end the war with one decisive and tremendous blow, which was to beat the record as regards the storming of entrenched camps, hitherto claimed for the seizure of the Düppel redoubts in the Danish campaign of 1864; but the unexpected result of which was for the assailants a disastrous failure, for the defenders a brilliant success—one that procured their commander that title by which he will be known amongst his own people for all time to come: "Ghazi"—the victorious.

The Russian programme was this. The Turkish camp was to be attacked on three points: the north-east corner—the famous Grivitza redoubts, which the Turks called respectively Bash Tabiya, *i.e.* Head Battery (No. 2), and Kanli Tabiya, *i.e.* the Bloody Battery (No. 1)—by the Russian right wing, consisting of a Roumanian division and two Russian divisions, under the command of General Krüdener, the man who had suffered such a disastrous defeat in the second battle; the south-east corner—the redoubt called Omer Tabiya—by the Russian centre, composed of two divisions, under General Krylow; the south front—six redoubts, of which the two northern ones, close to Plevna town, were called Kavanlik Tabiya and Issa Tabiya—by the Russian left wing, or Prince Imeretinski's detachment of twenty battalions, the real leader of which was General Skobeleff, the prince's adjutant. The two remaining Roumanian divisions were to keep the formidable Turkish north front engaged by their mere presence, and two cavalry divisions, mustering a total of sixty squadrons, were to cut off Osman's western line of retreat. The appointed hour of attack was 3 p.m., but fog and deficient arrangements wrecked the programme, and in the Russian centre, through misadventure or blundering, two regiments broke up two hours too early.

At 1 p.m., then, these two regiments—Ugla and Yaroslav—started on their assault against Omer Tabiya, defended by three battalions and two guns, and came to utter grief. Again and again they charged, but the stubborn resistance of the Turks was not to be denied. In the end 2,300 men out of 5,000 paid with life and limb the penalty of premature attack, and two splendid regiments were, for campaigning purposes, wiped out. The commander of this division, General Schnitnikoff, stuck literally to the text of his regiments were hurled against the death-dealing little enclosure, only to be wrecked, battalion by battalion, until at 5 p.m. Sotow, in despair and horror, ordered the cessation of the assault. The Czar had been an eye-witness of this stupendous struggle. How the famous gipsy warning, "Beware of Plevna!"—uttered months before Plevna had been heard of—must have come home to the proud autocrat as in his agony he watched his troops making onslaught after onslaught, one more futile and disastrous than the other!

"FIVE MORE REGIMENTS WERE HURLED AGAINST THE DEATH-DEALING LITTLE ENCLOSURE."

order, and despatched no aid until after 3 p.m. Can the foolish fellow possibly have imagined that two regiments could have taken a fortified camp twenty square miles in area? After Ugla and Yaroslav had been utterly ruined, five more

The attack on Omer Tabiya had failed, with a loss of 6,000 men. The Turkish casualties amounted only to a few hundred. Twenty-one battalions had been practically destroyed by three. Such is the value of fighting from

covered positions, however roughly made, granted that they are held by troops like the Turkish infantry, which, when on the defensive, is the most formidable in Europe. The man who commanded the little mud-bank on which seven regiments encountered their doom was Colonel Omer Bey, who was wounded in the last despairing rush of the brave Moskoflus. Not long afterwards I had a lengthy consultation with this officer—an incident of my life to which I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure.

A day after the termination of this battle, on September 13th, I was sent on burial duty to the devastated maize-fields in front of Omer Tabiya, which had been the scene of the rush and the downfall of the enemy's brigades. The sights which I encountered, and the task which I had to perform, have remained with me in their ghastly intensity during all these years. In the high corn maimed men were left undiscovered for three or four days to rot in a living body. May the reader never witness such horrors even in his dreams, much less in their awful reality.

The slopes of Omer Tabiya saw also the only cavalry attack of the Plevna campaign. It was the fine regiment of mounted auxiliaries of Saloniki (ten squadrons, each eighty men strong), which charged here into the already retreating Russian columns in a brilliant and successful manner.

Our narrative must now turn to the attack on the Russian right wing. Here the two square-shaped redoubts which I have named, defended together by three battalions and six guns, and separated from each other only by a stretch of meadow-land 300 yards broad, were assailed for the first time punctually at three o'clock. The attack failed after some fighting of the most desperate and ferocious description. At 5 p.m. the encounter was renewed, the assault being directed against the southern work alone—the world-famed Grivitza redoubt, No. 1. Once more the eager young soldiers of the embryo kingdom were hurled back. A third attack had a like result. But at seven in the evening, in the darkness and during a terrific deluge, the work was once more stormed by the Roumanians coming from one side and the Russians from the other, and was carried after a hand-to-hand conflict of the most ferocious description. The Bloody Battery was lost to the Turks for ever, and the price paid for the glory of this encounter was 2,600 Roumanians, 1,300 Russians, and 500 Turks, dead and disabled.

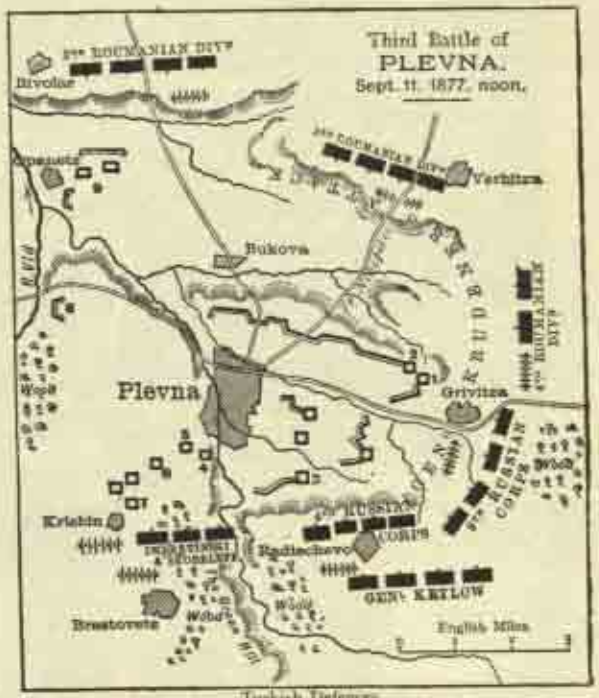
Before I shall invite the reader to follow me to the "Green Hills" south of Plevna I may perhaps add a few words as to my personal experiences and impressions during these sanguinary encounters. I had been roused in the early morning by the growl of cannon, and for ten hours my comrades and I were condemned to watch idly the furious fighting on our right and behind us, and to be drenched in the merciless rain. No enemy was visible in front of my redoubt, and our battery did not discharge a single shot, since there was no one to fire at. Again and again I climbed our signal pole, and searched the misty battlefield through my glasses. How those hours of dead inaction weighed on us as we listened rapturously to the crashes of our Krupp guns in the Grivitza redoubts, to the thunder of the Russian heavy ordnance, to the clatter of company fire! Around us men were playing for their lives, and all we could do was to sniff the air, which, in lazy, curling vapours of fog and mist, carried with it the smell of powder. At last, past four in the afternoon, my battalion was withdrawn from its redoubt, and formed in march column in the rear. A smoke-begrimed Circassian brought an order, and we started, filing past our divisional general and his staff, who bade us God-speed. We tramped for two and a half miles across sloppy meadows, through ankle-deep slush, in a drizzling rain, and presently we came to the hill on which Osman Pasha had his headquarters. There was a brief delay, and then we passed before our leader. I drew my sword, and joined lustily in the cries of "Allah!" with which my men greeted their grand chief. He pointed to the south-west, where Skobeleff and Yunuz Bey were wrestling with all the ferocity which this well-matched couple had already exhibited in the second battle, and shouted, "That is your way. Go on, in the name of God the merciful, the compassionate!"

We passed through Plevna, which was in a state of indescribable confusion, and left town by the Ternina road; and half an hour later we took part in the futile attempt to recover the two redoubts which had been conceded to the skill and impetuosity of Skobeleff.

This brings us to the attack of the Russian left wing. Skobeleff's task had been to conquer the four southern redoubts, which were commanded by Colonel Yunuz Bey, one of the ablest officers in Osman's army, both in bravery and in readiness of resource, and a match even for Skobeleff. The works were his own construction; one—Yunuz

Tabiya—had been named after him. This last-mentioned redoubt has been accepted as a model by Russian and German writers, and is planned, pictured, measured, and described in every book bearing upon the subject of improvised fortification. The Russian general, mounted on his white horse and followed by his standard-bearer (an apparition familiar not only to his own ranks but also to the Turks owing to the frequency with which he exposed himself in the very front of the fighting-line), headed a series of desperate assaults, all of which were wrecked on the stubborn resistance of mere handfuls of Osmanlis. Finally, Skobeleff conceived the audacious plan of pushing past these works, conquering the two redoubts on the southern margin of Plevna, and thus separating Yunuz and his force from the main body of the army. He surmised rightly that Yunuz, whom in this wise he had unbeaten on his left flank, was not strong enough to seize the offensive. The fighting was terrible, the losses enormous. Whole battalions of the Turkish forces sent to Yunuz Bey's assistance were wiped off the face of the earth; but the daring project succeeded. Issa and Kavanlik Tabiyas fell to the white-capped, white-mounted, heavily-whiskered Muscovite. He very nearly battled his way into Plevna; but, although he did not succeed in entering the town, the latter was so gravely compromised by his proximity that immediate and decisive measures had to be taken. To recover the lost redoubts, to ensure the safety of the town, to relieve the heavily-pressed Yunuz, and to connect the two now disjointed sections of the Turkish army, the general of brigade, Rifa'at Pasha, organised a scratch detachment of 2,000 men, mostly disbanded troops. My battalion arrived just in the nick of time (5.30 p.m.) to be incorporated with Rifa'at's little force. With this an attack was undertaken on Kavanlik Tabiya, which came to utter grief after furious fighting. It was only with the greatest difficulty that a group of 150 men, which included myself, was enabled to save my battalion colours from the rush of pursuing Chasseurs and Cossacks. Rifa'at was disabled. In the dusk of the waning day we scampered back to Baghlarbashi Tabiya (*i.e.* Battery on the Summit of the Vineyards), the most northerly of Yunuz Bey's redoubts. The fighting was over for the day.

In a wet ditch, forming part of Yunuz Bey's system of trenches, with the drizzling sky as a roof, and the slush—pink-coloured by the rivers of human blood which had flown here—for a bed, I spent a night of unmentionable horrors. How the wounded in the adjoining fields groaned throughout those never-ending hours! and how the fierce blaze burst forth from the haystacks and grain-stores in Plevna which the treacherous Bulgarians had set alight! A tall spire of flame rose literally right up into the clouds, and disclosed all the atrocious sights left by the turmoil



and devilry of battle. No food, no water—except the pool-slush—no medicine or bandages for the maimed, no hope of victory, cut off from the main body of the army, and before us another day of slaughter! Little wonder that I heard men praying for deliverance from these terrors.

But every suspense has an end, and Wednesday, the 12th September, opened with a hideous grey dawn and a cold wind like the chill of death. Soon it commenced to rain, and the downpour never left off till nightfall.

In the Russian right wing there was again heavy fighting on this day; but all efforts of the dashing Roumanians to capture also the other

Grivitza redoubt were unavailing. In the evening Adil Pasha made a brave but futile attempt to recover the lost work.

In the Russian centre there was no engagement on the 12th. Small wonder; for the few troops left here had become demoralised by the crushing defeat of the previous day, of which they had been either participators or eye-witnesses. General Sotow, also, considered the battle as lost—had, in fact, come to that conclusion already at five on the previous afternoon. Neither the capture of the Grivitza redoubt nor Skobeleff's brilliant and so far successful venture could induce him to modify his opinion. We have it on the authority of the Russian historians that, when Skobeleff urgently asked—nay, implored—for help during the 12th, Sotow responded: "I can send no troops, because I have none to spare: the battle is lost, and you must retreat." Thus Skobeleff was left to fight out the action alone and to the bitter end. All the time Sotow had seventy-one battalions standing idle, half as much again as the entire Turkish force, but was so utterly cowed as to be unable to dispose of them. The situation is absolutely unique. Let the reader ponder over this: When Osman, in the afternoon of the 12th, staked the very last two battalions of his forty-six, for life and death, and won the game, Sotow had seventy-one battalions idle, forty-one of which had not fired a shot yet, and suffered one of the most disastrous and bloody reverses ever incurred by any general. These things are not surmises by one of the opposite side, but are facts and figures taken from the historical work of the eye-witness and Russian author, Kuropatkin, then a captain in Skobeleff's staff, now a general. This is the man to whom, next to Skobeleff himself, the Russians owe the splendid defence of Kavanlik Tabiya against the Turkish onslaughts.

RUSSIAN CAMP OUTSIDE PLEVNA.

In the Russian left wing alone the action was fought out to its termination by either victory or defeat. The battle turned now solely and entirely upon the recovery of Issa and Kavanlik Tabiyas by Osman's forces. At half-past seven in the morning the Turks, reinforced by seven battalions despatched by Osman Pasha from other parts of the camp to the scene of conflict, attacked Kavanlik Tabiya, led by the chief of Osman's staff, Tahir Pasha. I had again the honour to

participate in the fighting, and my men had already reached the last trench in front of the redoubt when the whole attacking column—eleven and a half battalions, 5,000 men approximately—was stopped and ordered back by Tahir's express command. The reason for this sudden check upon a promising assault has never been made known. Osman was furious, deprived Tahir of his command, sent his last available two battalions, and entrusted Colonel Tewfik Bey with the herculean task of recovering the lost redoubts and thus winning the battle. It is but right to mention that Tahir evidently vindicated his character, for he was reinstalled the next day, and retained the post of chief-of-staff until the end of the campaign.

At 3.30 in the afternoon the Turks played their last stake in the great game by under-

RUSSIAN ATTACK UPON A TURKISH REDOUBT.

taking, with every available man, a desperate assault on Kavanlik Tabiya. The attacking force numbered thirteen and a half battalions, mustering, after the losses incurred, no more than 5,500 men, instead of the nominal 10,800. The onslaught was delivered with the utmost precision and vigour, and at 4 o'clock the lost redoubt fell into the hands of the jubilant Osmanlis. My battalion was again in the foremost line, and my men were among the first to scale the parapet. Then Issa Tabiya was abandoned by the Russians, and at 5 o'clock, as dusk was setting in, the greatest battle of the Russo-Turkish war had been fought and won.

The sight which greeted me as I climbed into Kavanlik Tabiya utterly surpasses my powers of description. There were walls and parapets built of dead bodies, erected by the Russians to close the rear entrances of the work; there were piles of corpses and maimed men; there were brooks and rivers of blood. Skobeleff had lost 40 per cent. of his force (or 8,000 men), and his division had to be broken up. Of the Turkish casualties in the battle, four-fifths (or 4,000 men) fall upon this wing.

As soon as Skobeleff had been driven out of his position, the Russian army commenced a general retreat, on all points except the north-east corner, where the Roumanians retained the conquered Grivitza redoubt. Every other section of the huge semi-circle retired to a distance of six to ten miles from the Turkish front. In fact, Sotow contemplated a total withdrawal of his army beyond the Osma, and it was only the

Grand Duke's peremptory order which compelled him to abandon this idea.

During the battle the Russian-Roumanian cavalry had quietly taken possession of the western approaches to Plevna, which they held until the 24th September, when they were driven out of their positions by a reinforcement column coming from Orkanyé. Then for exactly one month the roads were open and were utilised almost daily for bringing in stores. On the 24th October the circle of investment was once more completed, and this time for good.

The Russian losses in this battle of giants, which lasted twenty-eight hours, amounted to 18,600 men (inclusive of 5,000 Roumanians); the Turkish losses to 5,000, in killed and *hors de combat*. The Turks had 2,000 Russian-Roumanian prisoners, mostly wounded, but had themselves hardly any "missing" men to record. On both sides the casualties included an exceptionally large share of officers of high rank. Of the twenty-four Turkish redoubt commanders, nine had been killed or disabled. Nine redoubts had been assailed; eight others had participated in the artillery combat; seven had remained unengaged.

The man to whom—next to the indomitable leader, Osman Pasha—the Turks owe their victory is Tewfik, who recovered the two redoubts to which Skobeleff had clung with such wonderful tenacity. He was promoted to brigadier's rank, was publicly thanked in a general order read out during parade, and was ever afterwards popular with the troops. The Turkish army was in a state of indescribable confusion. It took days to restore order and cohesion. To give only one instance of the straits to which the Turks had been reduced by draining their resources towards the south to face Skobeleff: the north front, seven miles long, garrisoned originally by fourteen battalions, was held by four on the evening of the 12th. It was a providential thing for us that the enemy did not attack us here. And to mention but one of the after-horrors of battle: the negotiations between the Turks and Roumanians to establish a line of demarcation in the space dividing the two Grivitza redoubts failed, and as a consequence the 2,000 corpses on this spot remained unburied, and were, under the eyes of the men in the trenches, devoured by carrion crows, vultures, and vagrant dogs.

My company had lost twenty-five in killed and disabled out of a total of 145; but on the evening after the battle quite sixty men more were missing, including the entire squad of my friend Lieutenant Seymour, a young Englishman who subsequently gave his life for Plevna. These had all merely gone astray, and turned up the same night or next day. To make up for this temporary loss I had forty or fifty strangers in my ranks.

Seymour and his men had somehow found their way into Plevna, and had assisted in hunting down and punishing the miscreants who had fired the haystacks—a most dangerous task, since the town contained thousands of traitors. My friend and forty men had to face and charge an infuriated Bulgarian rabble of several hundred men, women, and children.

The fact that the Roumanians conquered and held one Grivitza redoubt is sometimes taken as a proof that the Czar's army was not defeated in this battle. An action is a success if the purpose for which it is fought is achieved; if this is not the case, the action must be held to be a failure. The Russians had engaged their enemy with the avowed intent of storming and taking the entrenched camp of Plevna, and they had conquered one small redoubt out of twenty-four, large and small, and that one, as all critics and historians admit, of no tactical importance, the possession of which did them subsequently more harm than good; the loss of which proved to be of no injurious consequences to the Turks. Add also that on all points but one the assailants retreated beyond fighting-range and left the defenders in possession of the vast battlefield, even to bury their slain, and the Turks will be deemed fully justified in boasting of the third battle of Plevna as one of the most brilliant victories ever won by the armies of the Crescent.

It is somewhat remarkable that not one of the Russian generals who had been defeated by the Turks received, apparently, as much as a reprimand for his misfortune. Schilder-Schuldner, who was beaten on the 20th July; Krüdener and Prince Schachowskoy, who were so utterly routed on the 30th July; Krylow and Schnitnikoff, whose forces were well-nigh annihilated on the 11th and 12th September, and their chief, Sotow, all retained their commands, and, to outward appearances, the full confidence of their superiors.

One feature distinguishes the third battle of Plevna from many world-stirring actions—the enormous numerical superiority of the defeated. The Russians outnumbered the Turks by three to one in men, and six to one in guns. And yet nobody will deny the wonderful stubbornness of the Russian soldiery, whilst the dash of the

Roumanian infantry was the admiration of all who saw the army of the young kingdom in the field. For the display of abstruse tactical science there was neither opportunity nor inducement. The great September battle was won by the superior *morale* of the Turkish leader, by the indomitable will of one individual against which hordes and numbers counted as naught.

The immediate effects of the battle were momentous, the ultimate result was *nil*. The Russians had come to the conclusion that Plevna was impregnable. Dazed and faint with slaughter, they had reeled back, all fight knocked out of them, and for many weeks Sotow's army was utterly demoralised. It was only when the engineer's skill was summoned that the troops recovered their *morale*. It fell to the lot of the veteran defender of Sebastopol to starve the victorious Pasha into submission. The Turkish spade had won two big battles (not counting the first battle of Plevna, which was fought in the open); the Russian counterspade procured the fall of the best-defended town of modern times. But this was not accomplished until three months later, and not until after Osman had struck a last and stupendous blow for liberty. Todleben's calculating genius succeeded where Skobeleff's and Gourko's audacity had failed. The patient skill of the mathematician and engineer achieved that for which 50,000 soldier-heroes had sacrificed life and limb in vain.

RUSSIAN WOUNDED LEAVING PLEVNA.

SHERMAN'S ATLANTA CAMPAIGN 1864

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE friendship between Grant and Sherman, begun amidst the carnage of Shiloh, lasted loyally throughout and beyond the war. Staunch friends as they were, in almost every attribute save soldierly ability the two men were the opposites of each other. Grant was ever a silent and, indeed, a saturnine man; Sherman was a witty and voluble man. Grant was calm-pulsed and imperturbable; Sherman was vivacious, excitable, and, indeed, electric. For the rest Sherman, when not engaged in hard fighting, was a friendly, unaffected, genial style of man, with a quaint dash of cynical humour, and an abiding conviction, which he frequently expressed to me in his breezy, cordial manner, that all war-correspondents ought to be summarily hanged, and that he personally would have infinite pleasure in performing the operation.

From Shiloh until after the momentous battle of Chattanooga—"the battle above the clouds," as General Meigs fancifully yet truthfully called it—Sherman had been Grant's most trusted and most capable lieutenant. In March, 1864, Grant was ordered to quit the western section of the theatre of war, in which he had earned undying fame, and to betake himself to the east to assume command of all the armies of the United States, and more personally that of the Army of the Potomac. On the 18th of that month Sherman succeeded Grant in the high command of the military division of the Mississippi, embracing the departments and armies of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee, commanded respectively by Generals Schofield, Thomas, and McPherson. Sherman threw himself with characteristic energy into the arduous task of organisation and preparation which lay before him. He had to assure the general security of the vast region of the South which had already been conquered by the Union forces, and of the routes of supply and communications with the active armies in the front. And, most important undertaking of all, he had to organise a great army with which to penetrate into Georgia and make himself master of Atlanta, the chief city of that State, coincidentally with the advance of the Army of the Potomac against Richmond, the headquarters of the Confederacy.

The Confederate army which had been defeated at Chattanooga—believed to be about 50,000 strong, and now under the command of that able commander General J. E. Johnston—was lying securely entrenched at Dalton, only thirty miles south of Sherman's advanced base at Chattanooga. It was standing purely on the defensive, so that Sherman had time and opportunity to make his arrangements for the impending campaign deliberately and completely. The great problem of the campaign, he recognised, was one of supplies and communications. Nashville, his principal base, was itself partly in hostile territory. Chattanooga, his advanced base, was 136 miles south of Nashville; and every foot of the way, especially the many bridges, trestles, and culverts of the railway line between the two places, had to be strongly guarded against attacks on the part of a local hostile population and of the enemy's cavalry. Then, during the further advance from Chattanooga into Georgia, it was manifest that the railway towards Atlanta on which he relied for the carriage of his supplies would have to be repaired and also guarded, since his march would be through hostile territory. Fortunately, the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas, was equipped with an excellent corps of engineers, railway managers, and repair parties, as well as a body of spies and provost-marshals. Sherman took the strong measure of limiting the railroads exclusively to the carriage of *material* for the army proper, and of cutting off all

civilian traffic, for he realised in his masterful way that a great campaign was impending, on the result of which the fate of the nation hung; and that the railroads with their limited capacity could not provide for the needs of the army and of the people too.

In his three army commanders Sherman had generals of education and experience, admirably qualified for the work about to be undertaken. commanded, numbered 24,465 effectives, with 96 guns. Schofield, to-day the general-in-chief of the United States army, commanded the Army of the Ohio, 13,559 strong, with twenty-eight guns. The grand aggregate, therefore, of the troops under Sherman's command was 98,797 men and 254 guns. In this detail, however, were not included the cavalry divisions of Stoneman and Garrard, together about 8,500

CHATTANOOGA AND THE TENNESSEE, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The Army of the Cumberland had for chief the grand old fighting soldier General Thomas, wise, cautious, and discreet. His force had a strength of 60,773 effectives, with 130 guns. McPherson was young in years, but already a veteran of war. The Army of the Tennessee, which he men, nor McCook's division of irregular cavalry and Kilpatrick's small brigade, the strengths of which are not mentioned. The cavalry was chiefly used on the extreme flanks, or for some special detached service.

The 5th of May was the day named for the

simultaneous advance of all the Union forces in the field. The punctual Sherman was in full preparedness. On May 4th Thomas was in person at Ringold, eighteen miles out from Chattanooga, his left at Catoosa, his right at Lee's. Schofield was at Red Clay, closing in on Thomas's left. McPherson, from Chattanooga, was pushing out towards Gordon's Mill. On the 5th, Sherman rode out to Ringold, and on Grant's appointed day the great campaign was begun. The force was stripped for fighting. The waggons were restricted rigorously to the conveyance of food, ammunition, and clothing. Tents were forbidden to all save the sick and wounded, and one tent only was allowed to each headquarter as an office. The commanding general himself had no tent, nor had any officer about him. He and his staff had merely wall tent-flies without poles, and no tent furniture of any kind. They spread their flies over saplings, or on fence rails or posts improvised on the spot.

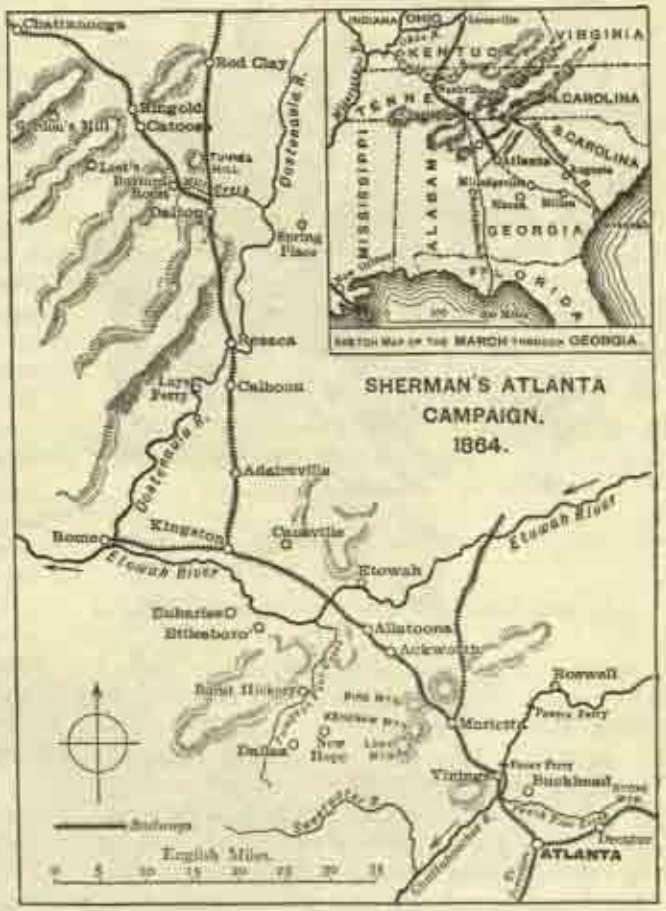
On the 6th, Schofield and McPherson came up into position; and on the 7th, Sherman, from Tunnel Hill, looked south into the gorge of Buzzard's Roost, in and behind which the enemy was descried. Mill Creek, flowing through the gorge, had been dammed up to form a lake in Johnston's front at Dalton, with batteries crowning the cliffs on either hand. Sherman realised that Johnston, during his six months' stay at Dalton, had fortified the position to the utmost. His orders to Thomas and Schofield were that they were merely to press strongly all along the hostile front, ready to rush in on the first sign of the enemy's wavering and, if possible, to catch him in the confusion of retreat Meanwhile, McPherson was on the march from Chattanooga by the right of the other two armies. At Ship's Gap, well to the south-west of Dalton, he bent eastward on the 9th, passed through Snake's Creek, right in Johnston's rear, and perfectly undefended. On receiving those tidings Sherman ordered Thomas and Schofield to be ready for the instant pursuit from Dalton of what he expected to be a broken army in full retreat by difficult roads to the eastward of Resaca. But Johnston was not a man easily scared, and McPherson lost Sherman the great game on winning which the latter had been counting. McPherson reported that he had found Resaca (a town due south of Dalton) too strong for a surprise, and that, therefore, he had fallen back three miles to the mouth of Snake Creek, where he had fortified himself. Sherman was grievously disappointed. "Such an opportunity," he wrote, "does not occur twice in a single life." With his 23,000 good soldiers McPherson ought to have "walked into Resaca," held as it was by only a small brigade; or he could have placed his whole force astride of the railway north of Resaca, and there withstood Johnston. Had he done this, Sherman was convinced that Johnston would not have ventured to attack him, but would have retreated eastward by Spring Place, in which case he (Sherman) would have captured half his army and all his artillery and train at the very beginning of the campaign.

Johnston on the 11th showed indications of evacuating Dalton, whereupon Sherman, leaving a corps of observation in front of Buzzard Roost gap, turned Johnston's left in Dalton, and marched southward through Snake Creek gap straight on Resaca. In this operation were consumed the 12th and 13th, owing to the rough waggon paths over which the movement had to be made; and when the Union forces deployed against Resaca, it became apparent, as Sherman had anticipated, that Johnston had abandoned Dalton, and was now in Resaca with the bulk of his army, holding his divisions well in hand, acting purely on the defensive, and fighting stoutly at all points of conflict. The place was covered by a complete and strongly manned line of entrenchments. On the 14th the Union armies closed in, enveloping the town on south and west; and the 15th was a day of constant fighting, which rose to the dignity of a battle. Towards evening McPherson moved his whole line of battle forward, till from a ridge commanding the town he was able to pour in upon it a heavy artillery fire. Repeated but futile sallies were made extending into the night, but the Confederates were repulsed always with heavy loss.

During the night of the 15th, Johnston abandoned the town, burning behind him the bridges over the Oostenaula, and at daylight the Federal forces entered Resaca. Their loss up to that time was 600 killed and 3,375 wounded. Sherman acknowledged that his army about doubled Johnston's in numbers, but he claimed that while the latter had all the advantages of natural positions, artificial forts, roads, and concentrated action, the Federal forces had to grope their way through forests and across mountains, with more or less inevitable dispersion. Those early successes, nevertheless, gave the latter the initiative and the usual prestige of a conquering army.

Early on the 16th, Sherman's whole army engaged in immediate pursuit. On the same afternoon Thomas and McPherson united at Calhoun, and on the evening of the 17th the head of Thomas's column, with that commander and Sherman in its front, struck Johnston's rear-guard near Adairsville. The pursuit by Thomas was continued to Kingston, which was reached on the 19th. McPherson was four miles west of Kingston, Schofield was nearing Cassville, due east of Kingston, and Thomas reported to Sherman that he had found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on open ground about midway between Kingston and Cassville. Sherman, riding rapidly, about six miles from Kingston found Thomas deployed, but the enemy had fallen back, steadily and in superb order, into Cassville. Thomas was ordered to push forward his deployed lines rapidly, and as night was falling two field-batteries galloped forward into a wooded position between the Federal front and Cassville. The town was not visible, but on the range beyond it could be seen fresh-made parapets full of men, on which the batteries opened a long-range fire. The stout resistance made by the enemy all along their front seemed to indicate a purpose to fight at Cassville. Sherman and Thomas passed the night on the ground, during which orders were sent to all the Federal troops to close down on Cassville at daylight and attack the enemy wherever found. But when day broke on the morning of the 20th, after a night of skirmishing, the Confederate army had departed. Cavalry sent in pursuit reported that the enemy were beyond the Etowah river. Sherman's army by this time was well in advance of the railway trains on which it depended for supplies, so the general determined to halt for a few days to repair the railroad and restore the injured bridge at Resaca, before going further forward. In and about Cassville were found many evidences of preparation for a grand battle—among others a long line of fresh entrenchments on the hill beyond the town, extending nearly three miles to the south. Sherman also became convinced that the whole of Polk's corps had joined Johnston, and that the latter, therefore, had now in hand three full corps—viz. Hood's, Polk's, and Hardie's—numbering about 60,000 men.

Sherman had been acquainted with the region when a young lieutenant, and had carefully noted its topography, especially that about Kenesaw, Allatoona, and the Etowah river, some distance to the southward of Cassville. His recollections


Chattanooga
Red Clay
Ringgold
Catoosa
Dalton
Resaca
Calhoun
Adairsville
Kingston
Cassville
Etowah
Allatoona
Acworth
Marietta
Dallas
New Hope
Burnt Hickory
Vining's
Powder Springs
Buckhead
ATLANTA
Etowah River
Oostanaula R.
Connesauga R.
Kenesaw Mt.
Lost Mt.
Pine Mt.
Lattimer's Mill
Tunnel Hill
Rocky Face Ridge
Spring Place
Lay's Ferry
Euharlee
Stilesboro
Burnt Hickory
Powder Springs
Vining's
Buckhead
Kenesaw Mt.
Pine Mt.
Lost Mt.

abandonment of the railroad, and dependence for some twenty days on the contents of the waggon trains; and, because of the intricacy of the region and its infrequent roads, the advance

"STRUCK COLONEL TAYLOR SQUARE IN THE BREAST."

was necessarily slow. The Etowah was crossed by several bridges and fords in a broad front, with intercommunication by couriers on the cross-roads. Sherman accompanied Thomas, who had the centre, and whose command was the "column of direction." Dallas was the point of concentration of a great many roads leading in every direction. Its possession would threaten both Marietta and Atlanta; but an attempt on neither could be made until the use of the railroad, which followed the Allatoona Pass, should have been regained. The object of the turning movement just described was chiefly to compel Johnston to evacuate his strong position at Allatoona.

On the 25th, Hooker's three divisions of the Army of the Cumberland on their march on Dallas came upon a hostile cavalry force at Pumpkin Vine Creek. It was driven off, but the bridge was on fire. The fire was extinguished, but Hooker's leading division followed the enemy's cavalry on a road leading due east towards Marietta, instead of heading for Dallas. Four miles from the creek Hooker came into contact with a strong force of hostile infantry moving down from Allatoona towards Dallas, and a sharp battle ensued. Sherman soon came up, and ordered Hooker to secure an important cross road called New Hope. Hooker's two other divisions presently arrived, but before they could be deployed the enemy had gained corresponding increase of strength. The resistance was so strong that Hooker was unable to carry the position, although the fighting lasted far into the night. Daybreak of the 26th revealed a long line of Confederate entrenchments facing Hooker's divisions, with a heavy force of infantry and guns. The battle was renewed, but without success for the Union troops. Sherman then became assured that Johnston was at New Hope with his whole army, and that point was much nearer his own objective—the railway—than was Dallas. He therefore desired that McPherson should leave Dallas and take position on Hooker's right. But McPherson also was confronted in Dallas by a heavy force, and when he attempted to fulfil his orders, on the morning of the 28th, his right was fiercely assailed. A bloody battle ensued, in which McPherson repulsed attack after attack, inflicting heavy loss on his assailants; but it was not until June 1st that he was free to withdraw from Dallas and effect a junction with Hooker in front of New Hope.

Meantime Thomas and Schofield were completing their deployments, gradually overlapping Johnston's right and thus extending the Federal left nearer and nearer to the railroad about Acworth, a place about eight miles distant. All this time a continuous battle was going on, fought by strong skirmish-lines taking advantage of every species of cover, both sides fortifying themselves each night with rifle-trenches and head-logs, many of which grew to be formidable defensive works. Frequent sallies and counter-sallies were made, both sides continually within musket range of each other; yet, though the fire of musketry and cannon resounded day and night along a line varying from six to ten miles in length, one rarely saw a dozen of the enemy at any one time. Sherman, his generals, and their respective staffs were continually at the front in the musketry fire. Once a minie-ball grazed General Logan's arm and then struck Colonel Taylor square in the breast. The memorandum-book in his breast-pocket broke the force of the

ball, but he was struck down and disabled for the rest of the campaign.

On June 1st, McPherson closed in on the right, and Sherman held himself in close contact with the hostile position at New Hope, working meanwhile gradually and steadily by his left, until his strong infantry lines held possession of all the waggon roads between New Hope, Allatoona, and Ackworth. He then sent two cavalry divisions into Allatoona, one by either end of the pass in which that place lay. It was occupied, and orders were at once given to repair the railroad forward from Kingston to Allatoona and to reconstruct the bridge across the Etowah river. Thus the object of Sherman's detour past Allatoona to Dallas was accomplished. On June 4th he was drawing off from New Hope to take position on the railroad in front of Allatoona, when General Johnston himself evacuated his position. The railroad was then held in force forward to Big Shanty, in sight of the famous Kenesaw Mountain. Thus, during May and the early days of June, Sherman had driven his antagonist from the strong successive positions of Dalton, Resaca, Allatoona, and Dallas; had advanced his lines in strong, compact order from Chattanooga to Big Shanty, over nearly a hundred miles of most difficult country; and he now stood prepared for a further advance—his troops confident of success and eager to fight—as soon as the railway communications should be complete for the forwarding of the necessary supplies. The Federal casualties during May had reached a total of 1,863 killed and missing, 7,436 wounded; aggregate, 9,299. During May, Johnston's total strength was 64,456; his casualties were 721 killed, 4,672 wounded; missing (prisoners), 3,245; aggregate, 8,638. With the drawn battle of New Hope, and the occupation by Sherman's forces of the natural fortress of Allatoona, terminated the first stage of the campaign.

During the halt about Ackworth, Sherman received reinforcements equal to the losses which he had incurred from battle and sickness, and by detachments; and thus the three armies of which he was the supreme commander aggregated still about 100,000 effectives. On 10th June, having garrisoned Allatoona with 1,500 men, he moved forward the combined armies to Big Shanty, whence was clearly visible the enemy's position on the three prominent hills of Kenesaw, Pine Mountain, and Lost Mountain, on each of which Johnston's people had signal-stations and fresh lines of entrenchments. Heavy masses of infantry were discerned. The Confederate commander's ground was well chosen, and he appeared prepared for battle; but his ten-miles-long front was too extended to be held adequately by his 60,000 men. One advantage he had in having a full command of vision over Sherman's operations on the lower ground; and Sherman, aware of this, proceeded with due caution.

In a day or two the Etowah bridge was finished, and the railroad repaired right up to Sherman's headquarters at Big Shanty. After three days of continuous rain there came fine weather on the 14th, and the Federal troops occupied a continuous entrenched line ten miles long, conforming to the enemy's position. During a reconnaissance made on that day by Sherman, he saw at a range of about eight hundred yards a group of Confederate officers observing his position with telescopes. He ordered a battery close by to

"ONE OF MCPHERSON'S STAFF DASHED UP TO THE PORCH" (p. 700).

disperse this group by firing on it three volleys, one of the shots of which happened to kill General (and Bishop) Polk, the commanding-general of one of Johnston's army corps. On the 15th the Federal lines were advanced, in search of a weak point somewhere between Kenesaw and Pine Mountain; but the latter eminence was abandoned, and Johnston had contracted his front, connecting Kenesaw with Lost Mountain. On the 16th he abandoned Lost Mountain, and now held only Kenesaw, whence he covered Marietta and all the roads southward. Torrents of rain on the 17th and 18th made movements impossible; but the positions were carefully strengthened, to guard against a sally from Kenesaw against Sherman's depôt at Big Shanty. In this work of entrenchment Sherman employed a pioneer corps of 200 negro free-men, who worked at night, while the white soldiers benefited by nocturnal sleep.

On the 19th the rebel army threw back its flanks to such an extent that Sherman supposed that it was retreating to the Chattahoochee river, fifteen miles further south; but this movement was simply in the nature of a closer concentration covering Marietta and the railroad. On the 20th, Johnston's position was wonderfully strong. Kenesaw Mountain was his salient; both his flanks were refused, covered by parapets and creeks. Notwithstanding the abominable weather, Sherman continued to press operations with the utmost earnestness, aiming always to keep his lines in actual contact with the enemy. On the 24th he considered that it would be unwise to extend his lines any further, and in consultation with his army commanders, it was agreed that there was no alternative but to make serious assaults on the fortified lines of the enemy. The 27th was fixed as the day for the attempt. The points of the attack were chosen, and the troops were all prepared with as little demonstration as possible. About 9 a.m. of the appointed day the troops moved to the assault, and all along the lines for ten miles a furious fire of artillery and musketry was opened and maintained. At all points the assailants were met by the enemy with determined courage and in great force. McPherson's attacking column fought up the face of the lesser Kenesaw, but could not reach the summit. Thomas's assaulting column, just below the Dallas road, reached the defenders' parapet, on the lip of which Brigadier-Generals Harker and McCook received wounds which proved mortal. By 11.30 a.m. the assault was over, and had failed. This was the hardest fight of the campaign up to that date; the Federal losses were about 2,500 killed and wounded, chiefly in Thomas's command. The losses in two of the three Confederate corps were stated at 800, those of Hood's corps were not reported. Sherman's losses in killed and wounded during the month of June amounted to 7,530; Johnson's were 4,000 killed and wounded and about 2,000 missing, most of whom became prisoners to the Federals.

Johnston held on staunchly to the Kenesaw position. Chary of bloodshed, which he deemed useless, Sherman determined to attempt manœuvring him out of it. He gave orders to bring forward supplies sufficient to fill the waggons, intending to strip the railroad back to Allatoona, and make that place his depôt, and to turn Johnston's left, so as to reach the railroad below Marietta. Johnston, however, detected the movement, and promptly abandoned Marietta and Kenesaw. At dawn of July 3rd Sherman, through his telescope, saw his own pickets on the Kenesaw position which Johnston had just evacuated, and he ordered an immediate pursuit by every possible road, hoping to catch Johnston in the confusion of retreat, especially at the crossing of the Chattahoochee river. But Johnston was not the man to make a disorderly retreat. He fell back from Kenesaw and Marietta on an entrenched camp prepared in advance on the north bank of the Chattahoochee, covering the railway crossing and his pontoon bridges. Sherman had not learned of this strong place, which was in the nature of a *tête-de-pont*, and had counted on striking Johnston an effectual blow in the expected confusion of his crossing the river. The Federal pursuit was necessarily by devious roads, whereas Johnston had in advance cleared and multiplied good and more direct roads to his bridge-head. The same night, nevertheless, Thomas's head of column ran up against a strong Confederate rear-guard entrenched at Smyrna camp-ground, six miles south of Marietta; and there on the following day was celebrated the Fourth of July by a noisy but not a desperate battle, maintained chiefly to hold the enemy there till McPherson and Schofield should get well into position near the Chattahoochee crossings.

On 5th July Sherman could report to Washington that he had driven the enemy to cover

in the Chattahoochee valley, and that his forces held possession of the right bank of the river for eighteen miles above, as far as Roswell, and ten miles below to the mouth of the Sweetwater. It was his turn now to hold the high ground, and so overlook Johnston's movements. From a hill behind Vining's station Sherman could discern the white houses of Atlanta, about nine miles to the south. Johnston was still in his *tête-de-pont* with his infantry, but had sent across his cavalry and trains. It was open to Sherman by crossing the river to threaten either Johnston's rear or the city of Atlanta itself, which was of vital importance to the existence not only of Johnston's army, but even of the Confederacy. The repairing of the railroad up to Vining's station was being actively prosecuted. Sherman had determined to cross the river by his left, above Johnston's position, using one crossing place at Roswell for McPherson's command, and one lower down at the mouth of Soap's Creek, by which Schofield crossed on the 9th. That same night Johnston evacuated his *tête-de-pont* and crossed the river, burning his bridges; and so left Sherman in full possession of the right bank. McPherson crossed at Roswell on the 13th. Thomas in the centre was preparing his bridges at Power's and Paice's ferries.

On the 17th began the general movement against Atlanta. On the 18th all three armies made a general right wheel, Thomas moving to Buckhead, forming line of battle facing Peach Tree Creek; Schofield was on his left, and McPherson was nearer the railroad between Stone Mountain and Decatur, when he turned toward Atlanta and at night joined Schofield at Decatur. The same morning Sherman obtained an Atlanta newspaper of that date, containing Johnston's order relinquishing the command of the Confederate forces in Atlanta and Hood's order assuming that command. Hood was known to be a man of great courage—bold even to recklessness; and Sherman inferred that the change of command meant "fight." Sherman remarks that the change was just what he wanted—to fight in open ground on something like equal terms, instead of being forced to butt his men's heads up against prepared entrenchments. It may be remarked that Sherman's desire for something like "equal terms" was rather a peculiar aspiration, seeing that he outnumbered his opponent two to one.

Hood lost no time in giving the Federal troops a specimen of his fighting character. On the morning of the 19th, Sherman's three armies were converging towards Atlanta. Next day Hood made a furious sally, chiefly on Hooker's corps of Thomas's command, while the troops were resting during a halt. It was a complete surprise. The rebels suddenly came pouring out upon Hooker's people; Confederate and Federal commingled, and fought in many places hand to hand. After two hours of hard and close conflict the enemy retired slowly within his trenches, leaving his dead and many wounded in the field. Hooker's corps had fought in open ground, with a loss of some 1,500 men. He reported 400 rebels dead left on the ground, which was probably true; but his assertion that the rebel wounded numbered 4,000 was rather in Hooker's vein. It was certain, nevertheless, that a bold sally had been met successfully; and the occurrence was a useful illustration of the future tactics of the enemy. Sherman's lines were advanced in compact order, but between them and Atlanta were the strong parapets, with ditch, *chevaux-de-frise*, and abattis, prepared long in advance. It was on this afternoon that Colonel Tom Roberts, of Wisconsin, was shot through the leg. When the surgeons were about to amputate he begged them to spare the leg, as it was very valuable, being an "imported leg." He was of Irish birth, and this well-timed piece of wit saved the limb, the surgeons agreeing that if he could perpetrate a joke at such a time his vitality might be trusted to escape amputation.

On the morning of the 22nd July—the day of the Battle of Atlanta—the section of rebel parapet on the "Peach Tree line," in front of Schofield and Thomas, was found abandoned, and the Federal lines advanced rapidly close up to Atlanta. Sherman supposed that the enemy intended to evacuate, and had mounted his horse in front of Schofield's troops on open ground before the Howard House, which was his headquarter. But soon were observed the enemy preparing abattis, and the rebel line fully manned, with guns in position at intervals. Thomas was already engaged, and Schofield was dressing forward his lines, when McPherson and his staff rode up. Presently Sherman and McPherson moved to a short distance and sat down, while Sherman pointed out to McPherson on the map Thomas's position and his own. Occasional cannon-shot were coming through the trees, and presently was heard some gun-fire towards Decatur, farther back. This firing was too far to the left rear to be accounted for, and McPherson

hastily called for his horse, staff, and orderlies. McPherson, at the age of thirty-four, was in his prime—a very handsome man, over six feet high, universally liked, and possessed of many noble qualities. He gathered his papers into his pocket-book and mounted, telling Sherman he would send him word back what the inexplicable sound meant on the left rear. Then he galloped away in the direction of the firing. Not many minutes later one of McPherson's staff, his horse covered with sweat, dashed up to the telling him of the strong sally which had just been made from Atlanta, and suggesting that the hostile lines in his front must have been weakened for the sake of making it, adding that Thomas ought to take advantage of the opportunity to make a lodgment in Atlanta if possible. Word was also sent to General Logan to assume command of the Army of the Tennessee vacated by McPherson's death.

An hour later an ambulance came through the hurricane of fire, bearing McPherson's body

"THE WHOLE LINE FROM BIG SHANTY UP TO ALLATOONA WAS MARKED BY THE FIRES OF THE BURNING RAILROAD" (*p.* 703).

porch on which Sherman was walking up and down, and reported that McPherson was "either killed or a prisoner." The general and his staff —so reported the messenger of evil tidings—had ridden rapidly across the railroad, the sounds of battle increasing as they approached General Giles Smith's division. McPherson had then ordered up some reserve brigades to the exposed left flank, and had hurried Dodge's corps to the same point; and then—almost, if not entirely, alone—he had disappeared in the woods behind the 17th Corps. The sound of musketry was then heard, and McPherson's horse came back, wounded and riderless. Sherman immediately despatched orders to Thomas, to the Howard House. McPherson's wound had been immediately fatal. His dress had not been touched, but his pocket-book was gone. Its contents might have yielded matter useful to the enemy, but that it had been almost immediately recovered from the haversack of a captured prisoner, and secured by one of McPherson's staff. The enemy attacked boldly and repeatedly the whole of the Federal left flank, but met with an equally fierce resistance, and on that ground a bloody battle raged from noon until well on into the night. At 4 p.m. came the expected sally from Atlanta, directed against Leggat's Hill and along the Decatur railroad. At Leggat's Hill the rebel sortie was boldly

met and bloodily repulsed. Along the Decatur railroad the rebels were more successful. Reaching the Federal main line, they broke through it and got possession of a battery of four 20-pounder Parrott guns, killing every horse and turning the guns against the broken Federals. Generals Logan and Schofield, after a desperate and prolonged struggle, retrieved the endangered situation; Wood's division swept the enemy from the line of parapet originally held by the Union troops. These combined Federal forces ultimately drove the enemy back into Atlanta; but two field-guns were lost, having been carried off by the rebels. So ended the Battle of Atlanta, the most severe struggle of the campaign. It cost the Union armies 3,521 officers and men killed and wounded. The dead of the Confederacy numbered nearly as many, and its total losses were estimated at nearly 10,000.

While maintaining the siege of Atlanta after the battle of the 22nd, Sherman determined to move the Army of the Tennessee, now commanded by General Howard, rapidly and boldly to the right against the railroad below Atlanta, and at the same time to send all his cavalry to effect a lodgment on the Macon road about Jonesboro'. The movement began on the 27th, and next day was followed by the commanding-general to the extreme right, where some sharp fighting was in progress. It began about 11 a.m., and lasted nearly five hours. A fierce attack was made by the enemy on the extreme Federal right, which, however, was quite unsuccessful. It was the first fight in which General Howard commanded the Army of the Tennessee. He very judiciously left Logan, who had been his temporary predecessor, to fight his own corps, but exposed himself freely, and the Army of the Tennessee took warmly to the one-armed veteran. The loss in this combat amounted to 579 killed, wounded, and missing. Over 600 rebel dead were buried on the field, and the total Confederate loss was estimated at not less than 6,000. The Federal losses during the month of July amounted in all to 9,719, those of the Confederates to 10,841.

SWAMP IN GEORGIA.

In the beginning of August Sherman had ill-fortune with his cavalry, which he had sent to the south-east. McCook's whole division had been badly mauled. Sherman became convinced that the cavalry could not make a sufficiently strong lodgment on the railway below Atlanta; and to Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, was committed the charge of this particular object. Desultory fighting, never attaining the dignity of a battle, lasted during the period from July 29th until August 31st. On the latter date Howard found Hardee's corps in an

entrenched position covering Jonesboro', which sallied from that place on the Federal 15th Corps, but was easily repulsed and driven back within its lines. On the following day, September 1st, energetic attempts were made to make a capture of the whole of Hardee's corps; but "somebody blundered," night came on, and Hardee escaped. That same night there rose in Atlanta the sound of shells exploding, and another sound resembling that of musketry. Next morning, while Hardee was being pursued to the southward, tidings came from General Slocum that at daybreak he had entered Atlanta unopposed, and that his letter was written within the place. The news soon spread to the army, and the triumph was a full recompense for the labour, toils, and hardships endured in the course of the previous three months. The glad excitement throughout the North was a heartfelt and eloquent tribute to the soldierly merits of Sherman and his gallant, staunch, and loyal men.

Sherman's earliest undertaking on entering Atlanta was to have all its inhabitants removed from the city. It was a stern measure, which has no parallel in modern times; but Sherman had the courage of his opinions, and did not hesitate to formulate his reasons. They were as follows: All the houses of Atlanta were required for military occupation and storage. He desired to contract the lines of defence, and thus diminish the garrison to the limits necessary for the defence of the city proper. Atlanta was a fortified place, had been stubbornly defended, and was fairly captured; it belonged, therefore, to the captors. The residence in it of a civilian population with inadequate food-resources would entail the alternative of having to feed that population or see it starve. "These," wrote Sherman, "are my reasons: if they are satisfactory to the Government of the United States, I do not care whether they are palatable to General Hood and his people or not."

In accepting, perforce, the arrangements for the exodus insisted on by Sherman, Hood gave his view of Sherman's measures in the following terms: "Permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity, I protest." Sherman retorted voluminously, and a bitter correspondence followed between him and Hood. But, meanwhile, in order to effect the exchange of prisoners, to facilitate the exodus of the inhabitants of Atlanta, and to keep open communication with the south, Sherman established a neutral camp, where a Federal officer with a guard met an officer similarly detailed by Hood; and the two harmoniously expedited the arrangements agreed on by the respective commanders. There was no more fighting in the vicinity of Atlanta after Hood's evacuation of the place; and the losses of the campaign, which lasted from May 6th until 15th September, could now be reckoned up. Those of Sherman's forces amounted to 4,423 killed, 22,822 wounded, and 4,442 missing; the total casualties reaching the aggregate of 31,687. The Confederate losses were 3,044 killed, 18,952 wounded, 12,983 prisoners captured by Federals; aggregate of Southern losses 34,979.

Towards the end of September it became apparent to Sherman that Hood was moving northward with the intention of operating offensively against the Federal communications. Sherman could not afford to have his long line of railroad between Nashville and Atlanta seriously interfered with. He therefore despatched Thomas with two divisions back to Chattanooga to meet the contingency of Forrest's offensive in Tennessee, and another division to Rome, about half-way between Atlanta and Chattanooga, for the protection of his communications. Sherman left a corps in garrison at Atlanta, and marched northward with the rest of his forces, now reduced by detachments and discharges to about 60,000 men. Hood's army he estimated at a maximum of 40,000 men. Sherman had strong railroad guards at all points of importance between Atlanta and Chattanooga. All the principal railroad bridges were protected by good blockhouses, garrisoned to withstand infantry or cavalry, and at the railway stations were detachments inside entrenchments. Sherman did not apprehend that the enemy's cavalry could damage his roads seriously, but it was absolutely necessary to keep Hood's infantry off his main route of communication and supply.

On October 4th, when at Vining's Station, Sherman learned that hostile masses had been seen marching north from Kenesaw, whose objective point he inferred was Allatoona; and he promptly signalled to General Corse at Rome to hurry to the support of the small garrison holding that point. Sherman ascended Kenesaw Mountain on the morning of the 5th. To the south-west rose the smoke of camp fires, indicating the presence about

Dallas of large hostile forces; and the whole line from Big Shanty up to Allatoona, full fifteen miles, was marked by the fires of the burning railroad. He could plainly see the smoke of battle about Allatoona, and hear the faint reverberation of the cannon. Sherman remained on the Kenesaw summit until his signal-officer reported the message from Allatoona "Corse is here," the first assurance to him that General Corse had received and acted on his orders, and that therefore Allatoona was adequately garrisoned.

Towards afternoon the smoke of battle about Allatoona grew less, and about 4 p.m. ceased altogether; later in the afternoon the signal-flag announced the welcome tidings that the attack had been fairly repulsed, but that General Corse had been wounded. Next morning there came from that gallant officer the lively but profane communication: "I am short a cheek-bone and an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet!" It had been a brisk and bitter fight: 1,900 Federal troops, in the open and later in redoubts, against more than 4,000 Confederate soldiers. Sherman's railroad had been wrecked for a space of eight miles, every tie burnt, every rail bent: the estimate for repairs required 35,000 new ties, and eight miles of iron. Ten thousand men were distributed to repair the great break; and such was the expedition that in seven days the road was again in working order. Sherman tells an amusing story of a dialogue between two rebel soldiers. One remarked to the other: "Well, the Yanks will have to git up and git now, for I heard General Hood himself say that General Wheeler had blown up the tunnel beyond Allatoona, and that the Yanks would have to retreat, because they could get no more rations."

"Oh, hell," replied his comrade; "don't you know that old Sherman carries a duplicate tunnel along?"

It was in September, while still in Atlanta, that the idea of the famous march to the sea entered Sherman's mind. He saw his way clearer when Hood moved to the northward; and now that the latter had gone further in that direction, Sherman disclosed his project to Grant in characteristic terms.

"I propose," he wrote, "to break up the railroad from Chattanooga southward, and that we strike out with our waggons for Milledgeville, Millen, and Savannah. By attempting to hold the Chattanooga-Atlanta railroad, we should lose 1,000 men per month, and gain no result. I can make this march, and make Georgia howl." This was on October 9th; it was not until the 21st that a cipher message from General Halleck intimated that the authorities in Washington were willing that Sherman should undertake the march across Georgia to the sea. That same day he telegraphed to General Easton, his chief quartermaster, in the following terms: "Go in person to superintend the repairs of the railroad, and expedite its completion. I want it finished, to bring back from Atlanta to Chattanooga the sick and wounded and surplus stores. After November 1st I want nothing in front of Chattanooga except what we can use as food and clothing, to be hauled in our waggons. I allow ten days for all this to be done, by which time I expect to be in Atlanta. I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, and to sally forth to ruin Georgia and bring up on the Atlantic seaboard at Savannah."

On November 10th the movement for the great raid may be said to have been fairly begun. All the troops designed for the Georgia campaign were ordered to march for Atlanta, and General Corse, before evacuating his position at Rome, was ordered to destroy everything that could be useful to the enemy, should he attempt a pursuit or a resumption of military possession of the region to be abandoned. Meanwhile trains of cars were whirling northward, carrying to the rear an immense amount of stores which had accumulated at Atlanta and at the other stations along the railroad; and General Steedman had come down to take charge of the final evacuation and the withdrawal of the several garrisons below Chattanooga.

On the 12th at Carterville, a few miles north of Atlanta, as Sherman and his staff sat in a porch to rest, his telegraph operator tapped the wire to receive a farewell message from General Thomas in Nashville. Sherman answered simply: "Despatch received—all right—good-bye!" "At that instant of time," wrote Sherman, "some of our men burnt a bridge, the telegraph-wire was severed, and all communication with the rear ceased thenceforth." The famous "march from Atlanta to the sea" began on the morning of November 15th, 1864, and no further tidings reached the outside world of Sherman and his army until the Atlantic was reached at Savannah on the evening of December 12th.

THE lawless black flag floated on the topmost peak of the ridge of forts. A large sheet, ebon as a funeral scarf, it recalled to those acquainted with the East the curtain outside the tent of the Prophet's wife, which was only used to proclaim war, and to others the Jolly Roger of piracy—the sign that no quarter was either sought or given. Whatever meaning was to be attached to it, there it flaunted on the outer walls of Carthagena like an ugly, big pall; and every time it was struck by a splinter of shell it was lowered: but it was not down for long, because it went up again larger with a new black scrap sewn on to it. This may have been only an artifice to keep up the spirits of the besieged—it could have no other value in warfare; but the Spanish Loyalists outside chose to regard it as defiance, and made it a target with such excellent effect that they boasted that they would soon be unable to see the fort because of the ensign that covered it.

There is much virtue in a flag. The green quickens the fevered pulse in a fanatic Moslem, the blue was sacred to the Covenanters, and the white starred with golden lilies is prized as the badge of Legitimacy. To preserve its flag from dishonour or loss—to "save the colours," as the saying is—is the dear ambition of every regiment that respects itself. That token of honour in silk or stuff is the rallying point in action; those who serve under it are proud of it, and look upon every rent in its tattered folds as subject for boast, for it is proof of genuine service.

Red and black are among the accursed colours It was only by a touch of inspiration that Lamartine averted the disgrace from the French Republic of adopting the red flag of carnage as the national emblem. "Take that!" said the poet. "Never! Why, it has but made the circuit of the Champ de Mars smeared with the blood of fellow-citizens. Give me the tri-colour, for it has gone round the world, linked with victory and glory." And the Republic took as its own the red, white, and blue of Bonaparte, and clings to it still with affection, except in a frenzy of passing madness, when it may unfurl the red of the Commune. It was this baleful hue—the red—the rebels of southern Spain chose as their emblem until Saenz, the letter-carrier, or Galvez, or Roque Barcia, or one of the other mediocrities who had grasped power when the revolt of the *Intransigentes*, or Irreconcilables, sprung into activity, had the singular whim to shake out the ominous black flag. That appeared to be the first and only time it was flung to the free sunlight on land in this nineteenth century. *Cosas de España*, "things of Spain," as what cannot be accounted for is calmly dismissed.

The reader must bear yet with a brief narrative of what preceded in the Peninsula before we come to the siege which was the last stand (for the time) of the Extremists, or *Intransigentes*. It was the final disturbance of the waters afar when settling down after the great storm of the Commune.

Carthagena, or new Carthage (37, 33 N. lat., 1, 5 W. long.), is an ancient and historic spot in the province of Murcia, on the south-east corner of the Spanish coast between Cabo de Palos and Tinoso. Asdrubal, the Carthagenian general—killed more than two centuries before the Christian era—by whom it was founded, considered it a commodious haven for the armada designed to ruin the might of Rome. At present it is the chief naval stronghold of Spain. Its natural situation with a land-locked port, barriered by steep sentinel heights, makes it formidable. The islet of Escombreras abuts on the port, then there is the Bay of Porman close to the bare dark hills, whose surface is gapped

"A LARGE SHEET, EBON AS A FUNERAL SCARF" (p. 704).

with sinkings for lead, and whose air is impregnated with the sickening odour of antimony. Near it, still in the northerly direction, is a lagoon called the Encañado, whose borders are hedged with canes. The town itself is narrow and irregular, like most walled places, but contains some wide streets, such as the Calles Mayor and Jaboneria, and abounds in inscriptions and antiquities that speak of its splendour of yore, in monuments, an amphitheatre and pyramids in memory of past glories. The climate is half tropical and the vegetation rich, and the people wear in the rural districts a sort of Albanian kirtle, or light Highland kilt. They have a strain of the Moor in their veins. They are indolent and hot-blooded like all races which dwell where the flamingo and chameleon are known, and orange and date, sugar-cane, cotton and rice are common growths. It is veritably a delicious, fat, lazy, lotus-eating land, except when the torrid *solano* blows across with furnace breath from the African desert. There is no snow there, the mid-winter is temperate, the beginning of the year is as mild as an English spring. It is a pet region of the cochineal and silkworm, and there are cork-oaks about, but the staple product near Carthagena is esparto grass.

Spain was very restless at the close of 1873. Madrid, nominally the seat of government, was a regular republic legally, but virtually more resembled a "crazy quilt," as young ladies call those curious spreads of patchwork they tack together with such industry from different materials. Queen Isabella had been driven from the throne, but left behind her old-fashioned followers sighing for the monarchy. Then came for a short time the Regent Serrano. Amadeo, the Italian Prince to whom the crown had been offered, had quitted it contemptuously, as if the prize were a bauble not worth toying with, and the country was in a transition of unquiet, apparently not knowing what to do with itself pending the arrival of the strong man who would clutch the reins and show himself the master of the beast simply by virtue of assuming the mastership. A man with an iron will and tough fibre was wanted, like Narvaez, of whom it was said that on his death-bed his confessor asked him had he forgiven his enemies. "My enemies," said the dying marshal with a grim chuckle that turned to a leer; "I have none to forgive. I shot them all!" And there were Spaniards who admired him and said his was the true policy.

In the North the Carlists were risking their lives for the king of their choice; in the Centre generals had resigned by batches, and Ministries, directed by the popular statesmen of the hour, were renewed as often as the moon. Spain was in a parlous way. Between the white spectre in the North and the red spectre in the South, as Castelar said, it was coming to the ground like a man seated between two stools, and craved a Dictator. It wanted somebody who knew his own mind, and had the strength of purpose to carry it out.

On the 8th June the Federal Republic was proclaimed, and on the 1st July the *Intransigentes*, or non-compromising Republicans—who

were not incorrectly termed by a London paper a set of crazy and ferocious democrats—withdrew, and on the 18th July proclaimed Murcia and Valencia independent republics or cantons, as self-governing as the States of the American Union. Cadiz, Seville, Malaga were insubordinate, and each had set up on its own account. There was no stable Government—it was a hotbed of anarchy, and he was the ruler who had the greatest audacity or the biggest lung-power until another with more impudence or louder voice arose to supplant him. Pi y Margall, as Premier, had been succeeded by Salmeron. Castelar the eloquent, surnamed Musica, had risen on the fall of a less dreamy statesman perhaps. It was a perfect game of cross purposes—a reproduction of the witches-scene in *Macbeth*, and from the burning fire and bubbling cauldron in the cave came forth only double toil and trouble. There were various risings got up by the more ardent and violent of the Republicans in the South. General Pavia, with such loyal troops as he had under his control, attacked Almeria, in Granada, and quieted Seville and Cadiz by August 4th; Valencia was taken by the troops on the 22nd, and the bombardment of Malaga was stopped by the English and German war-ships in the Mediterranean. But Carthagena was the headquarters of the insurgents. They had the pick of the navy in their hands. It was reported that Pi y Margall, who was of their political tinge, had managed this of *malice prepense*, as Buchanan had massed the United States ships in the South before the War of Secession. To the insurgents resorted all the unruly spirits of Europe, those who had something to earn in the division of spoil—revolutionists from Italy and Portugal,- exleaders who had fought at the barricades of the Commune of Paris, and even one Englishman, who probably threw in his lot with his rebel comrades more to pass the time, or from the seaman's love of novelty, than from any profound political convictions or strong sympathies. He was there, and as there was likely to be some fighting, he was as good as any Diego of the lot. And so Peters, when epaulettes were going about, thought he might as well have his share as another, for could he not give as hard knocks as the best?

The fleet quietly seized by the rebels was very strong. It consisted mostly of armour-clad vessels constructed in England and France, such as the *Vitoria*, launched at the Thames Ironworks Company's yard in 1868, and the *Numancia*, built at Marseilles, the *Mendez Nunez* and the *Duque de Tetuan*, the *Almanza*, *Fernándo el Cattolico*, *Arapiles*, and others.

The *Vitoria* was armoured from stem to stern with five-and-a-half-inch plates and ten inches of teak, had engines of 5,000 horse-power, and an armament of four 12-ton, three 9-ton, and twelve 7-ton guns. Its length was 316 feet, its breadth 57 feet, and displacement 7,053 tons. Only second in size to this huge machine of war was the *Numancia*, which had an armament of six 18-ton, three 9-ton, and sixteen 7-ton Armstrong guns in a broadside battery. Furnished with such fighting engines, all of which were Spanish property provided by solid Spanish gold, which was not easily to be had and did not grow on every bush, the insurgents were not to be despised. Every wound inflicted upon them was a blow dealt at the prosperity of the country at large. That is one of the beauties of civil war.

As crowds gather round the scene of a street-fight, scenting the symptoms of mischief, the armed ships of the greater part of the civilised world swarmed in and near Carthagena in observation and to safeguard the interests of those under their protection The rebel vessels were strictly watched, and on the 1st of September the *Almanza* and *Vitoria* were captured by Captain Warner, of the *Friedrich Karl*, an armour-clad frigate with eighteen 12-ton guns, built at La Seyne, near Toulon, on a French model. They may have wished to be captured: anyhow, the German gave the two larger vessels up to Admiral Yelverton, who prepared for action against the Spaniards, who claimed them at first, but thought better of it by-and-by, and sent them to Gibraltar unmolested. They were detained in the shadow of that fortress until the 26th of September, when they were given over to the Spanish Government, and Admiral Lobo made the *Vitoria* his flagship. Two days after, the Intransigente ironclads *Mendez Nunez* and *Numancia*, with their gasconading, gorgeously-bedizened chiefs and motley, half-disciplined crews, bombarded Alicante and were repulsed.

About this period there was an immense floating force of almost all the nations, in Escombreras Bay, or in holding-ground in its vicinity. Of the British fleet there was present the orthodox Mediterranean squadron, including the *Lord Warden*, the *Triumph*, under Admiral Yelverton, the *Swiftsure*, the *Torch*, the *Hart*, the *Pheasant*, and the *Helicon*; and Campbell's detached squadron, embracing the

Narcissus (flag), the *Endymion*, *Immortalité*, *Doris*, and *Aurora*; the French were represented by two ironclads—the *Thétis* and the *Reine Blanche*, mounting six guns of seven tons each; Italy had the armoured *San Martino*, with ten guns of six and a half tons each, and the *Antheon*, a light-draught rapid boat, used for carrying despatches; the Stars and Stripes had the *Wabash*, a screw first-rater with forty-five guns, and the *Wachusett*, a third-rater of six guns; and Sweden, with perhaps other Powers, answered at the muster. Altogether it was an unequalled display of armed strength to be collected to witness the grotesque andrew-martins of a pack of mutinous mountebanks and their half-earnest opponents.

The first encounter between the Madrid fleet (as that which was loyal to the Government was called) and the insurgents occurred on the 11th of October. Early on that day four vessels—the *Numancia*, the *Mendez Nunez*, the *Tetuan*, and the *Fernando el Cattolico*—steamed out of Carthagena, and appeared off Porman Bay, to the left of Escombreras. The *Numancia*, with General Contreras on board and several of the hardier members of the Junta, took the lead as the longest and quickest of the ships, and faced the *Vitoria*, exchanging broadsides and wildly firing, and then passed quickly to the extreme right of the line, attempting to run down a paddle vessel which ran helter-skelter to escape being rammed. Then, as she turned from her, pursued by the *Vitoria*, for some inexplicable cause—cowardice was attributed by the crew to Contreras, and by Contreras to the crew—the monster sheered off and got back to the shelter of the harbour. The *Mendez Nunez* kept at long range, and did not aid the *Numancia*, and could or would have been captured by the *Vitoria*, which intercepted her retreat, had not the French ironclad *Thétis* run between her and the *Vitoria*. The French officer pleaded that his machinery had broken down. The *Mendez Nunez* got away with one killed and nine wounded. The *Tetuan*, whose captain was a smuggler, warmly engaged and received the doubtful compliment of some smashing shots, but on retiring she swopped broadsides with the *Vitoria* almost at pistol range, which elicited a rousing cheer from the British tars who were looking on at the fight. But when the smoke cleared off, sides and spars were untouched, as if blank had been fired by mistake. Indeed, so it may have been. A shell killed Mayor, Vice-President of the Junta, and the *Tetuan* had five killed and twenty-two wounded. The *Fernando el Cattolico* could not get up sufficient speed, and prudently held on the skirts of action entirely out of range. Altogether the demonstration lasted two hours. Lobo claimed the victory, having repulsed the attempt to break the blockade, and reported to the English, who proffered surgical help, that he did not need it, having only a few contused. But the insurgents, in addition to the killed, had numerous wounded.

On October the 13th the Intransigentes reappeared bold as brass, and levelled a saluting shot at Lobo; but that worthy declined the fray, and drew off in an easterly direction, when the chase was given up by the rebels about fifteen miles from Carthagena. Lobo had no desire for a brush. At all events, they were never less than three miles apart. His adherents said he was off to seek the *Zaragoza*, which was expected to reinforce his fleet.

Early on the 18th the *Numancia* collided with the *Fernando el Cattolico* off Alicante, whither they had gone in quest of Lobo on a foraging expedition, and the latter went to the bottom with sixty-six of her crew. The remainder were taken off by boats. Many high-handed privateering adventures were entered upon by the Intransigentes at this time. To sustain life in their cause they had to depend on raids on non-combatants. The contraband captain of the *Tetuan* brought in cargoes of 750 tons of wheat, salt fish, and live sheep. More than half a dozen barques, nationality not particularly inquired into, were coolly swept into the Intransigentes' net. But Peters, the Englishman, was a veritable amateur Red Rover. He had been chief engineer of the *Fernando el Cattolico*, and was saved from the accidental ram of the *Numancia*. He declared himself a plain, rough man, but he had a taking way with him. With a gun on board a little steamer, the *Darro*, he scoured the coast on flying trips, and never returned without a captured felucca. Lobo was fighting with tied hands, so to speak, and had no intention of destroying Spanish property; but he never reappeared on the scene. He was tried by court-martial at Madrid, and dismissed to private life, and Chicarro was named general-admiral in his stead.

The make-believe of a siege on the landward side was proclaimed on the 22nd of August, but there never was a regular line of investment, and it was always possible to get in or out from Carthagena by rushes in the dark, or edging

round the extremities. Ordnance and material were detrained at La Palma, the last station on the railway from Murcia; sunken batteries erected on the ground behind; scouts were planted on the hill of Beaza, with signals to the cannoneers in the rear how to alter their aim at its unseen object; and a bombardment was started on the 26th November, General Ceballos in command. It was estimated that there were 700 guns in Carthagena. A very hot fire was opened on the first day, and, after the maiden surprise, as hotly returned, volleys of great guns sweeping forth until the soil in our front was dented with craters. The view, as the smoke rested or curled on the low dusty plain, studded with windmills, bushes of cactus, stunted clumps of olive, and flat stone houses with sections of infantry hid in the shadow, was stirring and theatrical.

At this epoch it was computed that the forces of the Intransigentes, reckoned roundly 3,800, thus made up—Tomaset's guerillas, 30; Galvez's Murcian volunteers, 150; the Chasseurs of Mendigorria, 300; the two mutinous battalions of Iberia, 600; infantry of the marines, 100; artillerymen, 100; Chasseurs of Carthagena, a sort of local militia, 220; volunteers of Carthagena, 1,300; released convicts, 1,000. There may be some small differences of detail, but it may be assumed that there were in all available about 3,000 efficients at the very most. The volunteers were puny, and, like all improvised troops, readily yielding to panic, given to indiscriminate firing and needless outlay of ammunition, more for the purpose of making a noise than anything else. Some of them were mere boys, no taller than the guns they carried, and had gone into the revolution as a game of holiday soldiering. There were a certain proportion of these volunteers urged by political enthusiasm, but pelf was the ruling motive with the majority of them rather than principle. They looked with patronising airs upon the regulars, who repaid their condescension with interest; but the convicts, who were despised by both, were the real withes that bound the garrison together. These were not political prisoners, but the very scum of the earth—cut-throats, coiners, forgers, highwaymen, enemies of society. They had no political convictions, but they revelled in their easily obtained freedom, and stood out pluckily, because they felt that defeat meant to go back to gaol. At large, they were somebody; they were feared if not caressed. Cast into durance they were fed, it is true, but no more content than caged hyænas. The convicts, with their seamed brown faces and downward scowl, contrasted with the soldiers with their ruddy, frank country complexions, who joined the movement because their officers had joined it, and would fain leave it now when they found the company they were in; but they were not sure of how they would be received, as they thought they were fighting with ropes round their necks.

The normal population of Carthagena was 30,000, but all the wealthy and orderly or timid inhabitants had left for Murcia or the smaller towns in the neighbourhood. The garrison had short commons, but were not so badly off considering. What with legal raids on the larders of the rich citizens who had fled—the rebels kept up a pretence of chivalry, never taking property without leaving promise to pay to the full value—and with requisitions remarkably like free-booting by their ships, they managed to stave off hunger. They kept two steam mills going, and they stoked their furnaces with coal they indented upon from English merchants. Otherwise they were powerless to use their ships, and they argued that necessity has no law. And they were justified from the rebel point of view. Coinage was struck by the convicts—and not so badly either, for there were experts among them—and the markets were swamped with bright silver pieces of two pesetas and hard douros, massive as crown pieces—intrinsically good, for the metal was sound, but not negotiable as currency.

To capture this stronghold—which should be a second Gibraltar, impregnable if properly equipped and provisioned — the Government forces were ridiculously small, consisting of some 6,000 troops, half of whom were raw recruits. General Pasaron, who had the engineer's signs in the white band on his cap and the tower on his collar, was averse to resorting to such an extreme measure as a bombardment, and was half inclined to excuse himself to the rebel General Contreras, who was an old comrade and brother-officer.

"*Cosas de España*," he murmured; "there is hardly a leader in our army who does not owe a step of his promotion to his connection with a successful revolution. Our troops are disciplined, but the discipline is tempered with *pronunciamientos*. Those who are in the trough of the sea to-day may be on the crest to-morrow." The general was a practical soldier of the Burgoyne type, and had seen service alongside the English levies in De Lacy Evans's time, and had been

engaged in all the minor domestic troubles since. He had a great respect for the man who laid out Carthagena, for he knew his business and had taken advantage of every accident of the ground. So cleverly were the angles of the forts arranged that it was impossible to get ricochet shot. The

"SHE SWOPPED BROADSIDES WITH THE *VITORIA* ALMOST AT PISTOL RANGE" (*p.* 707).

walls were bastioned like those of Paris, but there was no moat or covered way. Towards the sea-side, which does not immediately concern us now, there were several batteries. The heights of Molinos and Despenaperros dominate the town, and on the land-side, on the extreme right as we looked, was the detached fort of Atalaya on a high hill. To the left of it was the castle of Galeras on an eminence, and corresponding with it, on a similar elevation, was the Fort St. Julian, and to our left, back towards the town, was the fort of Moros, warding the bastions to its flank and rear. Down in the hollow between the hills and the Mediterranean was the town, with its arsenal, basins, barracks, rope-walks, hospitals, and foundries. Galeras, it was estimated, could hold 500 men, and St. Julian and Atalaya 250 each. When General Pasaron sat down before Carthagena his orders were to take it. In other words, he was given a task that was well-nigh impossible to perform, bar miracles. With a weak and undisciplined force and no artillery, he was asked to overawe the greatest marine stronghold in Spain, with its ramparts, forts, and

cannon—a garrison of revolted troops and released felons, backed by the greater portion of the Spanish fleet. He shook his head at the ignorance of those who instructed him, but he stood to his post all the same. The unexpected might come to pass: this was the land of surprises, and he might achieve a feat like that corporal of the Connaught Rangers who was questioned as to how he, single-handed, had captured and brought into camp three of the enemy. "By the tare of war," was the Irishman's reply—"I surrounded them!"

The attacking Spanish force was divided into three brigades, the left commanded by Lopez Pinto, the centre by Caleja, and the right by Rodriguez de Rivera. There were 400 gunners and 500 sappers engaged in the battering and entrenching works. One hundred cavalry, civil guards and troopers, were employed as orderlies, vedettes, and in patrol duty. And yet there were but seventeen guns in this bombardment; but then No. 1 battery consisted of four rifled guns of 16 centimetres—the first occasion that rifled ordnance was employed in a Spanish siege. No. 2 (the only battery which commanded the Plaza) comprised five guns of 21 centimetres; No. 3, six guns of 21 centimetres; and No. 4, or the Windmill battery, two guns of 16 centimetres each. Detachments of the 2nd and 3rd Foot Artillery handled the siege-guns, while men from the 1st, 4th, and 8th had in the background, to repel sorties if required, some pretty guns, field-pieces and howitzers, useless in siege operations.

There had been a futile sortie on the 25th on our centre from the Madrid gate towards Alumbres, which was sent home with empty hands when its design was discovered. About 500—an insufficient force for any good—was detailed for this duty. On the eve of the bombardment they were playing *Guzman el Bueno* at the theatre. The siege was getting serious; the programme was dabbled with blood. To the interlude of humour succeeded an interruption of horror. On the first day three persons were killed in the street and forty wounded; on the second seven were killed and fifty wounded. The Governor of Fort Julian was killed. The bombardment became less fierce. If it does not succeed at the opening alarm it will never succeed. An intermittent bombardment has no effect. An armistice of four hours from midnight was given for the removal of foreigners, women, and children from the town; but many of the women handled weapons, and scornfully rejected the proposal of leaving their people.

The bombardment was becoming more dogged. Let us go to the top of the Cabeza de Beaza on a bright day. This hill, which is about 100 metres above the level of the plain, is the exact centre of the line. In front, bounded by rocky heights, stretches the blue Mediterranean, with Chicarro's ships floating motionless upon it like birds on the wing at the back of Carthagena. The town itself is perfectly open to the view—to the right, away back, is the ruined castle of Concepcion crowning a rising ground, and to the right of that the fort of Despenaperros, with Las Galeras frowning on a height above. Las Galeras commands the harbour on the right, and is about 220 metres above the level of the sea. Las Galeras is flanked on the side towards the sea by a fort on the harbour edge, the battery of the Navidad commanding the entrance, and of the Podadera sweeping ships on the side as they approach the mouth of the port. To the right of Galeras, and within the town, is the arsenal, and over it, but outside, and much nearer to our point of view than Galeras, is Atalaya. Atalaya is steep and loftier than Galeras. To the left of Concepcion and nearer to us on a sloping acclivity, not more than 20 metres high, outside the walls, is Moros. To the left rear of Moros is the castle of San Julian, corresponding in its efficacy for the defence of the port on that side with Atalaya on the other. San Julian is some metres higher than Atalaya, and is flanked by the forts of San Leonardo, Santa Fiorentina, and Santa Anna on the harbour's edge, in the order mentioned as they approach the sea, with the batteries of Trincabotija, upper and lower, outside. The battery of Calvario was on a hill nearer than San Julian, and to the right of it. So much for the defences of Carthagena. The town itself is bordered on the left, as we look always, by the barrier of Santa Lucia, and presents a bastioned *enceinte* with the gate of St. José (leading to Herrerias) on the left, the fort of Monte Sacro about the centre, and the gate of Madrid on the right centre. To the extreme right, advanced towards the land side, is the barrier of San Antonio.

The batteries of attack commence on the left with that on the Sierra Gorda; one of the lateral hills extending from Herrerias. It is 100 metres lower than San Julian, and 65 lower than Calvario. This battery consists of four brass guns of 16 centimetres calibre, and is numbered nine, the batteries being numbered not as they occur, but by seniority. Between that and us in the open

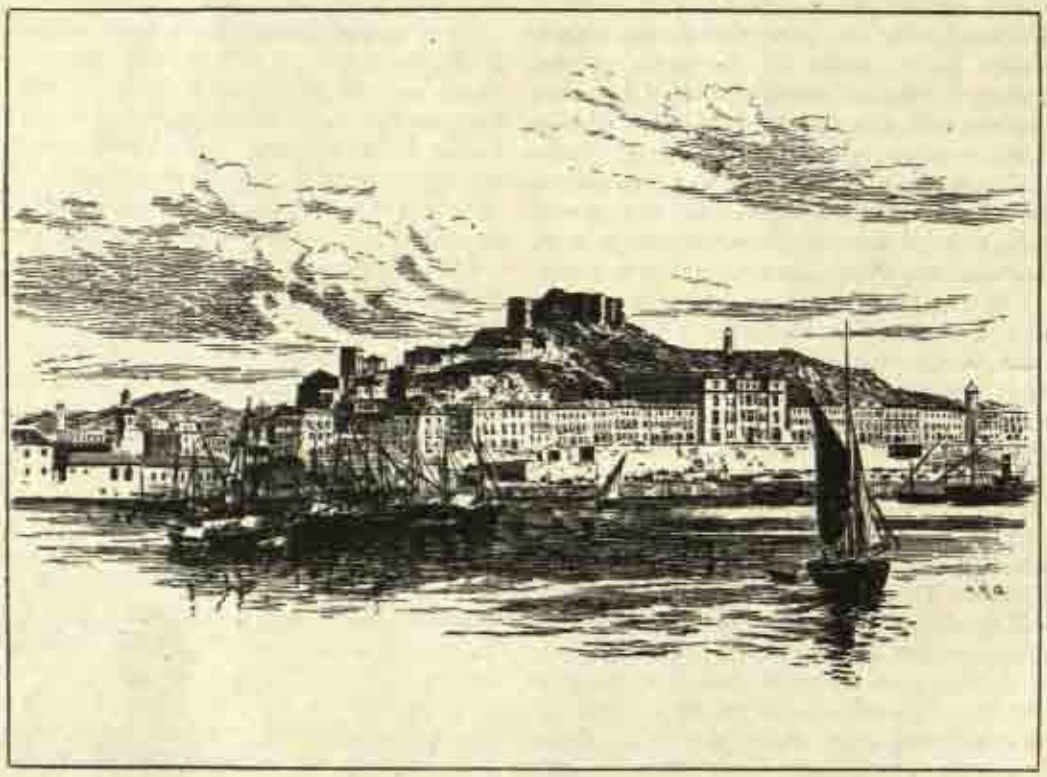
field are the batteries of Ferriol (No. 3), consisting of six bronze guns of 16 centimetres calibre, 3,200 metres from the walls, and the most exposed to the fire of the besieged; and of San Felipe (No. 2) of four guns of 16 centimetres, at 4,000 metres distance. Between No. 2 and No. 3 is battery No. 7, a provisional one of Krupp guns, which does not work since the first day of bombardment, and appears only to have been thrown up to protect the permanent batteries from sallies. To the right of the Cabeza is the Solano battery (No. 1) of four iron guns with steel coils round the breech. This is the heaviest battery in use, consisting of pieces of 21 centimetres calibre, and is 3,600 metres from the walls. It has apparently most reason to complain of the Spanish artillerists, as most of the elevating screws have been thrown out of use. There was a fifth gun, but it has burst, owing to some fault in the casting. To the right of the Solano, and exchanging shots with the gate of Madrid and Monte Sacro, is the Piqueta battery (No. 4) of four bronze guns of 16 centimetres of 3,600 metres range. Between No. 1 and No. 4, and so much behind that it is out of firing distance, is No. 6, a supporting battery of Krupp guns. No. 5, beside the railway and to the right rear of the Piqueta, fulfils the same functions. The extreme battery to the right, No. 8, in the pueblo of Dolores, one of the two recently erected, is intended to batter Atalaya, and is about 2,000 metres distance from the gate of Madrid. These batteries are supposed to be connected with each other and with headquarters by a telegraph wire. But the wire takes an occasional holiday, like any other Spaniard, and declines to work on the pretext of rain. There is a good anecdote *à propos* of this wire, which has the charm of being true, and which will be grateful to Englishmen as proof that red-tape exists with others as with them. The captain of the Sierra Gorda battery, while firing upon San Julian, saw that his platform needed shifting before the guns could touch the forts with precision. The alteration required was very little; the artillerymen on the spot could do the work in a few hours, but they dare not meddle with it—it was not their duty, but that of the engineers, and the engineers are jealous of encroachment upon their preserves. The captain of the battery telegraphed to the general to send the engineers to his aid, but the wire had struck work, the message miscarried, the guns had to lie idle under fire at a critical moment, and all because of the omnipotence of red-tape. While on the subject of these batteries, another instance must be mentioned of how ill they were supplied, in addition to the want of proper glasses. Bunches of esparto had to serve as wads in many cases. Plugs of "grummet" or round rope were used with our old smooth-bore guns, and served very well; but the esparto is very bad, as it is not sufficiently close in texture, and permits a waste of explosive power.

The siege was protracted for many weeks still, until the noise of cannon was monotonous. There were slight casualties daily. A pillar of flame shot up from an insurgent frigate towards the last days of the year. After burning for three hours the powder magazine exploded. The *Tetuan* was blown up. It was suspected that this was intentionally caused. At the Ferriol battery nineteen of ours were killed by an attempt to unload a shell which had been fired by the enemy.

On New Year's Day stormers from the Figueras battalion, young soldiers, assaulted Calvario with the bayonet. The insurgents had two killed, but spiked three guns before they decamped. On Twelfth Day a powder magazine in the town exploded, causing wide havoc and a panic alarm. Seventeen big guns were landed from the *Majorca* and joined our fire. The battery of Sierra Gorda silenced Calvario and shelled Fort Julian, and a few hours afterwards the San Antonio suburb was occupied, and a white flag drooped in the mists over Galeras to the mortification of Roque Barcia, the firebrand conductor of *El Canton Murciano*. It was reported that twenty-five of the besieging force had been treacherously admitted past the sentinels.

A deputation of the besieged, consisting of Benedicto, a major of the Mendigorria regiment, Rubio y Rubid, a great man of the canton, and four galley-slaves to keep an eye on the two spokesmen aforesaid, were conducted by Brigadier Carmona to the then general-in-chief, Lopez Dominguez, who was at headquarters to treat of surrender. It was an arrangement previously concluded. The high pretensions of the Intransigentes about flags flying and drums beating were not listened to, nor, perhaps, was it intended that they should, being merely meant as a cover to the Madrid authorities for the easy conditions granted. After a lot of preliminary tall talk about "the heroic defence" of Carthagena, a general amnesty to all insurgents not guilty of ordinary crimes was signed, the mutinous officers of the army to hold their

previous rank, Mendigorria and Iberia being disembodied, but distributed among other corps, no penalty being exacted, the convicts to go back to prison unreproved; the revolutionary Junta were the only persons exempt from grace. But the revolutionary Junta provided for that by taking leg-bail before the entry of the troops, the gates were mined, and the first to enter would be blown up. But these promises are not always realised. We went to the Gate of Madrid, which was closed and guarded. At a side postern we knocked. The lieutenant's uniform was his passport, and, challenged as to who the writer was, he replied, "A British



CARTHAGENA.

embarking on the *Numancia*, which made for the Algerian coast near Oran, accompanied by the *Darro* packed to the water's edge. Chicarro made a pretence to bar the passage of the huge ironclad, but the *Numancia*, having feinted to ram him thrice, was allowed to go her course scot-free. The *Darro* was captured at sea, and her living cargo brought back, Roque Barcia among them. It is not known what happened to him, but certainly he was not executed; nor was Peters badly treated.

The entry was fixed at eight o'clock on Monday, January 12th, when Lopez Dominguez was to make his triumphal progress through the town. The writer, together with Mr. John G. Millvain, of Newcastle, and a lieutenant of Carabineros, both of whom had houses in Carthagena, chartered a tartana, as it was reported that consul," and as to Mr. Millvain, he replied at random, "Another British consul." We entered the Calle della Marina Española, meeting a few truculent-visaged convicts with revolvers in their belts, but were unmolested. The thoroughfares were strewn with broken glass, large bronze cannon pointed threateningly at the gate, marks of desolation were everywhere in battered roofs, dismantled houses, and the wrecked stonework of public buildings. The walls about the barrier of San José were literally pockpitted with shot. Defaced bills of the *Siege of Zaragoza* to be played by Antonio Price in the bull-ring were visible. The lieutenant's house in the quarter of Santa Lucia was occupied by sixteen squatters in his absence. Mr. Millvain's pantry was looted, but none of his plate was touched. In his wife's boudoir a

shell had crashed through a girandole over the open piano, burst through a chandelier, and passed out at the opposite side. The music was open at *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and a copy of "Oliver Twist" lay with upturned back on the dust-coated flooring. It was nine before the general made his appearance. About fifty people awaited his arrival. He was preceded by two mounted civil guards and two dragoons with drawn swords. Then came the conquering hero himself attended by some officers of the staff, brigade majors, surgeons, and aides-de-camp, who went with anxious gaze, noisily clattering through the deserted hollow-sounding street to the Fonda Francesca by the water-gate. After them came 400 troopers—civil guards, lancers, hussars, and chasseurs; then, at an interval of twenty minutes, a mixtum-gatherum of demi-companies of cazadores, civil guards, engineers, carabineros, and the line, blowing a quickstep on their light infantry bugles. Some officers from the foreign ships, those of the German frigate *Elizabeth* foremost, and others from the Italian *Roma*, the French *Alma*, and some British ships, trotted briskly in their wake; Spanish officers of the revolted battalions met and embraced their incoming comrades, and there was much discourse of their valour. They were disappointed that they were not rewarded with promotion. In other armies they would have been summarily shot. By degrees the *cafés* reopened, hysterical females with pinched features peeped from lanes and alleys, a small shoeblack set up his stool at a street corner. The siege of Carthagena, which had wasted six months, during which there were forty-five days of bombardment of different degrees, and a serious prodigality of blood and money and loss of trade and reputation, was over. It had ended by a transaction. Philip of Macedon said no city that had a gate wide enough to admit a mule laden with gold was secure; and there was whisper of some wardens on the watch tower not being proof against a bribe of ten thousand pillar-dollars.

"THE OFFICERS OF THE REVOLTED BATTALIONS MET AND EMBRACED THEIR INCOMING COMRADES."

THE desperately-contested action of Firozshah, when the British army under Sir Hugh Gough snatched a bare victory from the Sikhs on the 21st and 22nd December, 1845, exhausted the resources of the conquerors, and for a breathless month reduced them to inaction. The commander-in-chief took up his headquarters at Sultán Khán Wala, a village but three miles nearer to the Sikh frontier than the battle-field, and showed no signs of advancing. There have lived few more impetuous or gallant generals than Gough, and only the most cogent reasons could have restrained him from resuming the contest. Ammunition, stores, heavy guns—all were wanting, and had to be sent up by slow-moving siege-trains from Delhi, two hundred miles and more distant. Reinforcements, too, were required, especially of cavalry (for the Sutlej campaign was fought on the level Punjab plains, where a horseman might ride for a week in a beadline), to resume the offensive against so stern and stalwart a foe as the Sikhs had proved themselves, who, despite the capture of a hundred of their guns at Múdkí and Firozshah, were still in possession of a numerous artillery and of large reserves of disciplined troops eager to give spirit to those who, in the moment of almost assured victory, had turned and retreated before that "thin, red line" which has traced the crimson border round the map of India.

After their repulse at Firozshah, the Khalsa army withdrew to the west of the Sutlej; but three small isolated Sikh outposts still flew their flag in our territories—namely, the forts of Wadni, Dharmkót, and Badhowál. The two former were captured by Sir John Grey and Sir Harry Smith, but the latter was the scene of a minor reverse which, without being of strategic importance, gave the enemy great encouragement. It came about in this way: Finding themselves unmolested, and attributing our attitude to fear, early in January, 1846, several predatory bands of Sikhs began to cross the Sutlej again, and advanced to our frontier station of Ludhiana, which had been denuded of troops to reinforce the main army, so that only a weak garrison remained in the fort. To the very walls of the fort the Sikhs penetrated, and burnt several bungalows in the cantonments and civil lines around it. Simultaneously one of their chiefs, Ránjur Singh, at the head of 8,000 disciplined troops and 70 guns, crossed the river at another point, either with the intention of reducing Ludhiana, or, as was thought more probable, of sweeping down and intercepting a siege-train moving up from Delhi.

Sir Harry Smith was immediately detached by the commander-in-chief to relieve Ludhiana and watch the movements of Ránjur Singh, who, hearing of his approach, broke up camp and retired to Badhowál, a small fort which lay in the route of the relieving army.

Sir Harry Smith could easily have avoided this stronghold, and was, indeed, warned to do so. But, after capturing Dharmkót without difficulty, he pressed on to Ludhiana, and imprudently chose to beard the Sikh by taking a road that led him under the bastions of Badhowál.

Ránjur Singh immediately opened fire on him, to which Smith did not respond; whereupon the Sikh chief, by a clever tactical movement, "bent round one wing of his army, and completely enveloped Smith's flank." Sir Harry was compelled to withdraw, after losing the greater portion of his baggage. His retreat was skilfully covered by Brigadier Cureton, the manœuvres of whose cavalry, and their dashing charges, were amongst the most brilliant feats of the

campaign. By the night of the 23rd January Smith had effected the relief of Ludhiana, and being further reinforced by Wheeler's brigade and the 53rd Regiment, found himself at the head of a compact army of 10,000 men and 32 guns.

Eager to wipe out the slur of his late repulse, Sir Harry started from Ludhiana to give battle to Ránjur Singh, who had taken up an entrenched position at Aliwal, six miles distant, with the Sutlej river at his rear. The Khalsa troops were jubilant over the affair of Badhowál, and notwithstanding the earnest advice of their leader—who remembered the field action of Múdki and its results—insisted on leaving their camp and issuing forth to meet the English on the open plain, instead of fighting from behind their earthworks. Over-confidence in their own prowess and their superior numbers—for their force had now swelled to 20,000 men, with 52 guns—was fated to meet with a rude disillusioning.

It was the 28th January, and the atmosphere was clear and the sky serene, when the battle of Aliwal began with a smart cannonade from the Sikh guns, under which the British infantry deployed into line. The village of Aliwal was the key of the enemy's position. Against this our attack was concentrated, and it was bravely stormed and captured, the 53rd leading the way. As our regiments advanced, Major Lawrenson galloped his light battery of horse artillery to within a short distance of the Sikh guns, halted, wheeled round, and unlimbered with admirable celerity, and opened such a brisk and well-directed fire that he forced the swarthy Khalsa artillerymen to quit their pieces, and materially assisted our capture of the village.

Sir Harry Smith now turned and fell on the left and centre of the Sikh line, whilst the cavalry, acting in co-operation, delivered several daring and effective charges, to receive the brunt of which the enemy made a singular disposition, said to be copied from the French. Instead of forming square, they closed up in a triangular formation, the apex to the front, so that when the 16th Lancers, who on this day made history for their famous corps, broke through the head of this novel defence, they were confronted by the base, bristling with bayonets. But nothing daunted, and splendidly led by their officers, our troopers broke through the wedge of flame and steel—a feat seldom accomplished by mounted men even against Asiatic troops. As the impetus of their charge carried them past the dense mass, the Sikhs flung themselves flat on the ground, out of reach of the lances, only to rise directly the squadrons had emerged and pour a volley of bullets after them. Thrice did the gallant 16th repeat this reckless charge, losing a hundred of their number in the effort, or nearly one-fifth of the total casualties on the British side during the action.

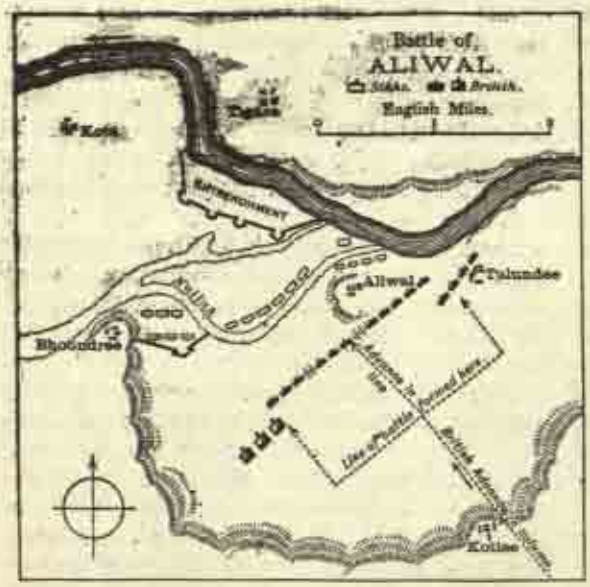
Animated by this spirited example, the infantry stormed and took the Sikh batteries one after another, notwithstanding the amazing resolution with which they were defended. Step by step the Khalsa troops fell back, true to the discipline that had been so well taught, and halting every few paces to discharge a volley into the faces of their foes. At last they were forced to abandon the last of their fifty-two guns, and, being driven to the banks of the Sutlej, crossed in confusion under a heavy artillery fire, abandoning everything to their conquerors and saving only their bare lives.

It was a brilliant battle, in which the combined powers of infantry, artillery, and cavalry were successively and successfully brought into play. To this day Aliwal is one of the most cherished memories of the 16th Lancers.

Three defeats had the Khalsa army suffered, but they still retained what Americans call their *grit*. The remnants of Ránjur Singh's force rallied at Sobraon, where the Sikh nation, represented by its warriors, was nerving itself for a great final effort. Their leaders had already resolved on another occupation of the east bank of the Sutlej, across which they had thrown a bridge of boats and possessed themselves of the village of Sobraon, situated on the British side in a deep bend of the river just below its junction with the Beas. Here they formed another vast entrenchment, semicircular in form, bristling with triple rows of guns, and much stronger in design than the earthworks of Firozshah. The plans had been laid down by a competent Spanish engineer officer, named Huerba. The *tête de pont*, covering the bridge of boats, consisted of a series of half-moon bastions connected by curtains, its front defended by a ditch and its flanks resting on the river, and further protected by batteries on the western bank of the river which could enfilade any hostile attack. These formidable works, which, for reasons never thoroughly explained, continued in progress for six weeks without any molestation from us, extended two and a half miles in length. A French officer,

Monsieur Mouton, serving under the Sikh flag, assured Tej Singh, the Khalsa commander-in-chief, that it was utterly impossible for the English to effect an entrance into Sobraon, which, defended as it was by 120 pieces of artillery and 30,000 picked troops, was an impregnable fortification compared to the entrenchments of Firozshah.

So slow was the crisis in culminating that our troops grew stale with waiting for the siege-train from Delhi. "The army was sickening for want of a battle," wrote Sir Herbert Edwards; "a malignant fever or epidemic horrors must have broken out at Sobraon had it been delayed another week." During the fifty days intervening between the 22nd December and the 10th February, 1846, all that had been done was to advance the camp and headquarters a few miles nearer the river on three successive occasions. For the main army it was a period of absolute inaction.



On February 7th the first portion of the long-expected siege-train arrived, and on the following morning Sir Harry Smith's division rejoined the commander-in-chief. The British camp was pitched opposite Sobraon, between which and it lay a dry nullah, or river bed. Directly fronting the centre was the outpost of Rhodawala, and about two miles to the advanced right the Tower of *Chota*, or Little Sobraon. Rhodawala was the point of demarcation between the two armies, being, by a sort of tacit understanding, occupied by us during daylight and by the Sikhs after nightfall. Between Rhodawala and Little Sobraon stretched one of those tracts of low jungle which fringe most of the Punjab rivers. It abounded with wild pig, "and it was one of the events of the day to watch General Gilbert—a noted 'pig-sticker' and the commander of the central division of the army—riding after the boar with an enthusiasm which took him pretty close to the enemy's range, but without molestation." It is curious to note that the love of sport, so characteristic of the British race, was chivalrously respected by an enemy who, in the heat of action and when their fury was aroused, had proved themselves utterly merciless.

Some hesitation occurred in deciding upon the attack, owing to a divergence of opinion amongst the engineer officers; but by the evening of the 9th February they were all won over to acquiescence, and the order went forth for the assault to be delivered on the following morning. It was proposed to cannonade and then storm the enemy's right flank, and sweep the camp from right to left. To accomplish this we had 15,000 men in the field, of whom one-third were Europeans, and about 100 guns. The enemy's numbers were more than double, their artillery superior, and their whole front protected by as formidable field-fortifications as it is possible to conceive.

It was a misty morning—this memorable 10th of February—such as is often experienced during the cold weather in the Punjab plains. Under cover of a fleecy bank of fog, in the cold, shivering dawn, the British army formed up in silence, the artillery in an extended semicircle which embraced the whole of the Sikh works within its range, and the infantry in three divisions supported by the cavalry. Sir Robert Dick's brigades were on the left of the line, their left flank touching the margin of the river; Gilbert commanded the centre, his right resting on the village of Little Sobraon; and Sir Harry Smith's division completed the investment, his right thrown up towards the Sutlej. General Sir Joseph Thackwell, the commander of the cavalry division, was in the rear of the left and centre divisions, whilst Colonel Cureton's brigade supported Sir Harry Smith and guarded the Hárichi *ghát*, or ford, on the further side of which the Sikh horse, under Lál Singh, hovered threateningly.

At seven o'clock Grant's battery of Horse

Artillery opened fire from Little Sobraon, and in a few moments the roll of the Khalsa drums beating to arms was heard, whilst our mortars and battering-guns took up the salvo, and soon the cannonade thundered out from the entire line. Sheets of flame and clouds of blue smoke flashed out and drifted slowly away before the breeze, revealing in the sunlight the grim outlines of the Khalsa entrenchments, whence evil tongues of fire began to leap out, and the serried scarlet

"COLONEL WOOD SNATCHED THE COLOURS, AND, WAVING THEM ALOFT, CARRIED THEM TO THE FRONT" (*p.* 718.)

Suddenly—as if the god of war, aroused from his slumbers by the crash of battle, had drawn aside the curtain that hid the scene—the bank of fog rolled away, and the Sikh entrenchments and masses of British soldiery formed up for the attack came into view. It was a great and awe-inspiring drama that was rapidly developed. rows of the British infantry ready for action. Before long the artillery duel was in fierce progress: the air rang with the roar of guns and mortars; rockets screamed as they whirled and darted overhead; and in the few lulls of the heavier cannonades the Sikh *zamburaks*, or 1-pounder swivels, snapped out their lesser venom.

The Sikh fire was not so destructive as it had been at Firozshah, the majority of their shells bursting in mid-air, and their aim in many cases being laid too high. But, on our side, the guns made no impression upon the enemy's earthworks, and after ineffectually pounding at them for two hours our ammunition began to run short, and it became evident that, if Sobraon was to be taken, it must be at the point of the bayonet.

It was a weapon Sir Hugh Gough loved and believed in, and essentially the weapon of the older school of officers. "The bayonet is almost the only weapon that a soldier ought to trust in," wrote one of the most gallant soldiers who helped to win India for us, "and Europeans ought to recollect that the bayonet is the service required of them, and that they demean themselves by firing at the foe!" These sentiments, although expressed seventy years before, were the same as those which ever animated Sir Hugh Gough, and he now determined to drive the Sikhs out of Sobraon with cold steel.

At nine o'clock the order went forth for the infantry to advance and storm the enemy's lines. Sir Robert Dick began the attack, sending forward Stacey's brigade, led by the 10th and 53rd Foot and supported on either flank by horse artillery. Away they went swiftly, but in perfect line, whilst the guns took up successive positions at the gallop until they came within 300 yards of the Sikh heavy batteries, where, under a withering fire, the brigade was forced into a critical halt. Sir Robert Dick immediately led his reserve forward, whereupon, with a wild cheer, the leading line rallied and rushed on. The 10th, on the extreme left, effected an entrance amidst the banks and trenches of the earthworks, and news of their success, rolling down the line as if by magic, reanimated their comrades, who, chafing under the slur of the check, broke their formation, and instinctively forming themselves into wedges and masses, stormed the entrenchments with irresistible insistence and drove the Sikhs before them in confusion.

The check sustained on the left had been observed by both Sir Hugh Gough and his second in command, Sir Henry Hardinge, and, although far apart and unable to consult, they sent simultaneous orders to General Gilbert to advance. The centre division was drawn up a mile to the right of Sir Robert Dick's, fronting the centre of the Sikh defences, their attack on which had originally been intended as only a feint. But, with the temporary repulse of the left, the plan of action was changed; and first Gilbert, then Sir Harry Smith, were ordered forward in grim earnest to storm the lines and batteries directly facing them.

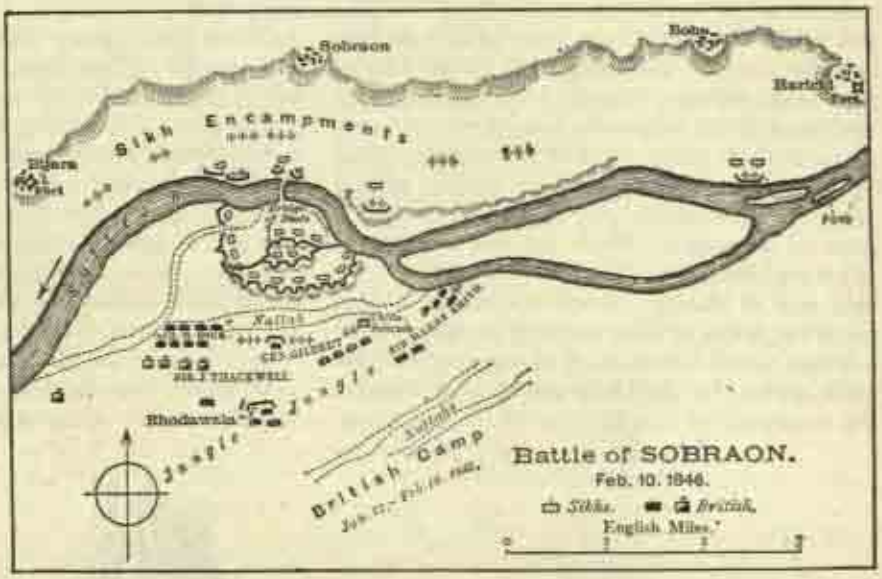
Gilbert's leading brigade took a somewhat diagonal line with a view to assisting Stacey, but it missed the objective and arrived, unsupported by either cavalry or artillery, in front of the apex and strongest point of the enemy's defences. Her Majesty's 29th and H.E.I.C.'s 1st European Light Infantry were leading, and in the face of a murderous fire of grape and canister crossed a dry ravine and charged right up to the earthworks, which were too high to clamber over.

The position was a desperate one, for the walls rose high above the reach of the men. Thrice did the 29th and the European Light Infantry attempt to scale them, and thrice were they repulsed and compelled to retreat across the ravine, followed each time to its edge by the Sikhs, who spared none and cut to pieces the wounded. At this critical moment Sir Henry Hardinge shouted out, "Rally those men!" His aide-de-camp, Colonel Wood, instantly galloped to the centre of the wavering line, snatched the colours from the hand of an ensign, and, waving them aloft, carried them to the front. The act of heroism was responded to as nobly as it was performed. The line rallied, returned to the assault, and flung itself against the high embankment. The men helped each other to scramble over, the pioneers tore open breaches with their pickaxes, and just as Dick's division had made good its footing on the left, Gilbert's men burst into the centre of the Sikh camp.

Smith, on the right, fared in much the same wise, his men sustaining a check before they finally carried the defences: "For a few seconds they winced under a hailstorm of bullets, which it seemed impossible to weather." But, in their extremity, the cavalry were ordered to their assistance, and dashed up under General Sir Joseph Thackwell, an ideal leader who, in the somewhat laboured phrase of the commander-in-chief, "established a claim on this day to the rare commendation of having effected much with a cavalry force, where the duty to be done consisted of an attack on field-works, usually supposed to be the particular province of infantry and artillery."

During the process of the assault the pioneers had made some openings in the Sikh earthworks, and through one of these Sir Joseph Thackwell led his squadrons in single file. "It seemed as though they were doomed to annihilation," an

eye witness has recorded. This extraordinary feat of daring was achieved by the 3rd Dragoons, the same heroes who had swept through the Sikh camp at Firozshah, and "whom no obstacles usually held formidable by horse appeared to check." The memory of their former act of prowess was vivid in their recollections and gave confidence to their audacity. Filing through the earthworks, furrowed with trenches and blocked with batteries, they reformed inside the hostile camp, and then charged and cut down the Sikhs as they served their guns and manned their positions. A few minutes later, reinforced by the reserve brigade, Sir Harry Smith's division had carried its objective point. With this final success the whole weight of the three divisions of the British army was brought to bear simultaneously on the Sikh left, centre, and right, and with an irresistible force the semicircular attack contracted and concentrated upon the head of the bridge.



The Khalsa army defended itself with surpassing bravery and resolution, displaying a cohesion which had never before been apparent in its ranks. Shoulder to shoulder the Sikhs stood, and resisted sternly and stubbornly as one man. Perchance they had learnt the lesson from the British soldier against whom they had matched themselves so often and so gallantly in the short seven weeks of the war; perchance the fanaticism of a crusade urged them to conquer or to perish. They fought with the lion-hearted valour their national designation claimed for them, these *Singhs* of the Punjab.

Although their commander-in-chief—Tej Singh—with the characteristic cowardice of an Eastern potentate, fled at the first glint of British bayonets in his camp, there remained a worthy leader to the Sikhs. Shám Singh Atáriwala was an old and brave soldier who had fought under Ranjit Singh during his warlike career. On this day Shám Singh commanded in the entrenchments, and was engaged at his devotions when the first boom of the British cannon fell upon his ears. Immediately gathering his officers and chiefs around him, he reminded them how great was the stake at issue, and bade them fight in a way worthy of the sons of Gúru Gobind, and exterminate the Feringhees. The only road to glory was the road in front of them; and that there might be no retreat from it the veteran chief commanded the two centre boats of the bridge over the Sutlej to be cut adrift. This done, he solemnly vowed to offer up his life that day as a propitiary sacrifice to the Gurus of their race. Clothing himself in white, in token that he had devoted himself to death, he took his stand in the front of the Khalsa army, and there remained, a rallying point for his countrymen, until, covered with wounds and glory, he fell where the slaughtered bodies of his followers lay thickest.

Directly the British infantry had gained a footing in the works the Sikhs betook themselves to their swords, and a hand-to-hand struggle succeeded. Faster and more furious grew the conflict; but ever, with resistless pressure, like the contracting coils of some huge serpent wound round its victim, the red circle narrowed, as line after line of guns were stormed and taken, and the Khalsa soldiery were borne back upon the river. But there was no panic, no wild flight. The Singhs knew

disaster was at their rear, but they retreated in admirable order. At last their fire slackened, for they had become huddled into one dense mass as our three divisions closed in on the objective point of the bridge. Then it was recognised that the possibility of further resistance was over, and in a few seconds the narrow pontoon was crowded with guns, horses, and soldiery of all arms, swaying it to and fro as those who had reached the gap strove to keep back the pressure at their rear. Suddenly, with a mighty crash, the overladen bridge parted from its moorings, and the boats that composed it broke up and foundered or were swept down stream. There was no alternative left for the defeated army but to take to the river. During the flight the Sutlej had risen several inches, and the current ran strong and deep. Into it the Singhs plunged, literally in thousands, until they choked the water-way from bank to bank. Close at their heels followed the victors, whose horse artillery was galloped up to the water's edge, and brought to play upon the struggling mass of humanity. Then followed a scene of sickening slaughter. The river became a veritable hell of waters. It was packed with dead or dying Sikhs, whose writhing bodies formed a bridge across the blood-dyed stream. "None were spared, for they had spared none," writes the historian of the Punjab. "In the whole annals of warfare no parallel can be found to the carnage of Sobraon."

The actual contest at Sobraon was short, for the storm and battle only raged from nine to eleven o'clock; but in those two dread hours we lost 2,383 killed and wounded. Amongst the former was the gallant general of the left division, Sir Robert Dick, who fell at its head. "The bullet is not moulded that will kill Bob Dick," he was often wont to observe, for in a long career of fighting he seemed to have borne a charmed life. But this veteran of many a stern Peninsular battle, this Waterloo man who had led the Black Watch against Napoleon's Guards, met a soldier's death on the plains of the Punjab.

Of the Sikhs, many thousands went to their last account. They faced their fate with the heroic fortitude of their race. Lion-hearted sons of the land of the Five Rivers, the gathering waves of their own frontier stream, across which they had marched so proudly to conquest, received them back into her bosom. The sacrifice of Shám Singh Atáriwala was the signal for the extermination of the Khalsa army of 1845, and the majestic instrument of war created by the ability and ambition of Ranjit Singh was annihilated at Sobraon. In the glare of the midday sun the glory of the Sikh nation sank beneath the silent waters of the shining Sutlej.

"INTO IT THE SINGHS PLUNGED."

ALONG the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains lies the prairie Province of Alberta, a country bigger than England and Wales, with a population of some 10,000 Indians and but few whites. In the immediate vicinity of the then small settlements of McLeod and Calgary there were about 2,500 braves—Bloods, Blackfeet, Peigans, and Sarcees—armed chiefly with Winchesters. The settlers, few in number, were unarmed, scattered over the country, and panic stricken. The half-breeds mixed with the white men were disaffected, and had already joined or instigated the Indians to plunder and ill-treat missionaries and solitary ranchers. The armed force at the disposal of her Majesty's Government in these parts consisted of a police inspector and four constables already in charge of five prisoners in the otherwise empty police barracks of Calgary, the rest of the force having marched East with Colonel Irving.

On the 29th March I received the following telegram from the Minister of Militia :—

"To Major-General Strange.

"Gleichen, Alberta.

"Can you get up corps? Would like to see you to the front again: trust you as ever. Arms and ammunition will be sent up upon a telegram from you.

"A. P. Caron."

In reply I put my fastest team into my buckboard (a light prairie contrivance on four wheels) and started for Calgary. As my half-broken bronchos were plunging to be off, the foreman, Jim Christie, making a long-forgotten military salute, put a paper into my hand. It was a list of volunteer troopers, to furnish their own horses, arms, and appointments. Heading the list were both my boys, one of whom sat by me on the buckboard, and with the twinkle of a merry brown eye he said, 'It's all right, governor; the boys will stick to you—every man on the ranche is down.' He let go the horses, and I shouted back, 'All right, boys! Sergeant Christie, take charge.'"*

On my way I was met by an Indian who handed me the following telegram:

"Gleichen, March 30.—To General Strange,—Latest report, Fort Carleton burnt. Crozier retiring to Prince Albert. Slight skirmish—2 mounted police killed, 10 wounded, 7 civilians. Not known how many Breeds. Great fright in Calgary Sunday night. Report Blackfeet going to take the town. People all assembled in hall. Great excitement. Women very much frightened. There will be a train going West to night or early a.m.—J. E. Flaherty, Stationmaster."

The Mayor of Calgary called a public meeting. Men, and fine ones too, were forthcoming, but of arms, ammunition, and saddlery there were not enough; of wild horses from the prairie ranches there was, of course, no lack.

Captain Hatton, an ex-militia officer, volunteered and obtained the command of the corps. A detachment of troopers, mostly cowboys, were posted on the Blackfoot Reserve to watch the braves and protect the railway. The military colonisation ranche was only seven miles from the Blackfoot Reserve. In my absence the family (until they could be taken to a place of safety) were left in the charge of my second son, only eighteen, and Jim Christie, an old hand with Indians. I left directions to put things in a state of defence, without alarming the ladies or letting the Indians see we were afraid. The six plucky fellows on the ranche were well armed. Jim Christie loopholed the cellar about the level of the ground, under the plea of ventilation: the house being plank, was not bullet-proof. The men's quarter—a log hut detached from ours and flanking it—was defensible. A band of Indians were camped in the

* I have been obliged in the course of this narrative to draw upon my autobiography, "Gunner Jingo," as well as upon official despatches and an article in *The United Service Magazine*.

brush near the river, without women or impedimenta, which meant mischief. They tried to run off our horses, but one of our men dropped the leading Indian; his comrades carried *him* off, but not our horses.

Major Steele's detachment of twenty police was withdrawn from the mountains. He added to this number a body of forty excellent scout cavalry, under Captain Oswald. Major Walker, an ex-police officer, was put in command of the volunteer home guards. Major Stuart raised the Mounted Rangers at Fort McLeod to patrol the frontier. But the main difficulty was transport, supplies, camp equipage, and field hospital. The first was got over by using Government survey carts and hiring settlers' waggons. Supplies were sent by the Hudson Bay Company from its Eastern branches—most of their posts in the North were already plundered. The two last, with arms, ammunition, and militia infantry, had also to come from the East, where the pressure was great—the West had to wait. General Middleton and the Militia Department at Ottawa were doing their best to meet the strain. The first troops to reach Calgary (April 12), were the 65th French-Canadian Voltigeurs—2,000 miles by rail—from Montreal, 298 rank-and-file, Major Hughes in command, Colonel Ouimet, M.P., being invalided. The majority were recruits who had never fired a rifle. It was found that few trained men could be taken from civil employ. During the week that elapsed before sufficient transport, etc., could be collected, Mr. Hamilton (Police) worked hard as supply officer. The Voltigeurs were encamped and drilled incessantly, target practice, outpost instruction, and their arms overhauled. Officers and men were cheery and active, for the French-Canadian has a touch of the *gaieté de cœur* of the soldier of Old France; they were armed with Sniders, and uniformed like the Rifle Brigade—spruce little men they looked when they started. I got the whole force supplied with the Western broad felt hat, looped to the left with the regimental button: it could be worn to the sunny side at will, and gave them a jaunty, devil-may-care aspect, except when the thermometer dropped below zero and a muffler was tied over it: anyhow, it was better than the spiked pot. Three days after the arrival of the first detachment of militia the advance was made under Lieutenant Corryell,* with fifteen mounted scouts, to escort back the settlers who had abandoned the Red Deer Settlement. I armed them with the first lot of Sniders received, and transformed the Rev. M. Beatty (nothing loth) into a sergeant. The Rev. John McDougall, a Methodist missionary, born in the country, volunteered to accompany this force with four faithful Indians. He pushed on, carrying despatches to Edmonton: the Citizen Committee of Defence had sent to me for help. Corryell had a rough experience: there had been a snowstorm, the glare of the sun producing snow-blindness. Corryell and seven of his men were so smitten; but not to be daunted, he got a leading-rein attached to his bridle and was led by a trooper. He so continued his advance to the Red Deer, where he loopholed the log houses and waited for the rest of the column. The few days' rest restored their sight. On the evening of the 17th, Colonel Osborne Smith reached Calgary with his newly-raised Winnipeg Battalion—326 of all ranks. The men were far superior in physique to a modern British regiment; the officers, except the colonel and a few others, had little military training, but all were eager to get to the front. He left a company at Gleichen to relieve the detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles guarding the railroad and workshops, and watching the trails from the North, which centre at Crowfoot. The rest of the battalion was camped at Calgary. Next morning Captain Valency's company set out to garrison Fort McLeod, a hundred miles south, from which a detachment of twenty mounted police, Inspector Perry, with field-gun, had been withdrawn for the Northern column.

On the 20th April the first column marched, Major-General Strange commanding, Lieutenant Strange, A.D.C.; Scout Cavalry, Major Steele; 20 Police, 40 Scouts, Captain Oswald; 65th, 160 men, Colonel Hughes; supply and transport officer, Captain Wright; medical officer, Surgeon Paré (six stretchers), 175 waggons and carts, with fifteen days' provisions and forage, reserve ammunition, tents, and the men's packs.

As I rode out of Calgary at the head of my command, an elderly man with a tired look in his face and wearing the Lucknow clasp and medal, took hold of my horse's mane and implored me to give him one more chance of a fight before he died. He was an old Indian comrade I had long lost sight of. He became a settler in Manitoba. I made him baggage boss on the spot, and as he performed the

* Corryell was a land surveyor, who was trained at the Canadian Military College, an institution invaluable to Canada and the Empire: its pupils have already made a red mark in the annals of the British Army.

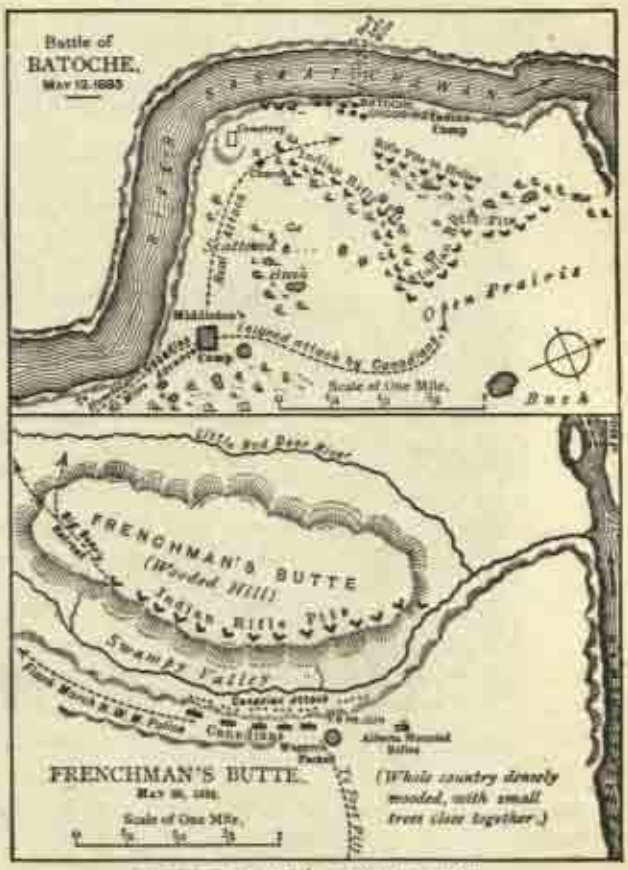
distressful duties satisfactorily, and as the only staff officer I had was my son, who was A.D.C., I appointed my veteran friend, Dale, brigade major. During the campaign he showed unwearying assiduity and pluck, though his old-time British-officer habit of damning militiamen in general and Frenchmen in particular was productive of much frictional electricity, which required all my best French and most oleaginous manner to neutralise.

We were entering a wilderness country from which no supplies could be drawn; the Indians had burned the prairie to the Red Deer River, beyond was forest and swamp. The second and third columns were to march when transport was available. The early spring of 1885 was most unfavourable to the advance. A few days' warm chinook (as the wind from the Pacific is called) melted the snows, flooded the rivers and coulees, and made Sloughs or Despond in which waggons sank to the axletrees. Then the warm wind ceased, the thermometer fell, and blizzard snow-storms obliterated the trail. The first obstacle was the Bow River—three feet deep, with an icy current. It had to be forded: there was neither bridge nor ferry. Nose Creek, its tributary, was a second obstacle the same day; thus the first march was of necessity a short one.

21st.—The column marched to and camped at McPherson's Coulee. A snowstorm came on, and continued next day. The tents were frozen stiff, the ropes like rods, and the pegs had to be chopped out of the frozen ground with axes. But the march was not much delayed. As we came into brush-wood country, numbers of white hares tempted the sporting proclivities of our medico, which had to be repressed for fear of false alarm.

The regimental officers were busy imparting what instruction was possible on the march. At every short halt they taught judging distance and aiming drill.

On the 25th the column reached Red Deer River, swollen and rapid with melted snows. There had formerly been a ferry run across by a wire rope. It had been cut adrift by "hostiles." As we neared the Red Deer dense clumps of poplar and alder clothed the north side of the river; the bush was too thick for cavalry to scout with effect. The Voltigeurs were sent across in waggons raised on their axles by blocks of wood. The infantry advanced in extended order. They were not opposed, though the Indian signal-smokes (sent up in long and short puffs on the Morse system) showed they were watching our movements. They also used the heliograph. There is nothing new under the sun. An Indian brave wears a small looking-glass on his breast, which he uses for flashing signals as well as for adornment—his vanity may be put on a level with that of Tommy Atkins wishing to captivate his best housemaid. Their vedettes on a subsequent occasion were seen on a rising ground signalling our advance by circling right and left, just as laid down in the red-book. The cavalry under Steele forded the river, then the transport waggons. A few carts were swept away, but were recovered, the provisions they contained scarcely damaged, as flour in sacks only wets to a depth of about an inch, the interior, from the caking of the outside layer, remaining



BATTLES OF RIEL'S SECOND REVOLT.

dry. The consumption of supplies had left waggons available to return to Calgary for the second column, and as the grass was sprouting, it was no longer necessary to carry forage.

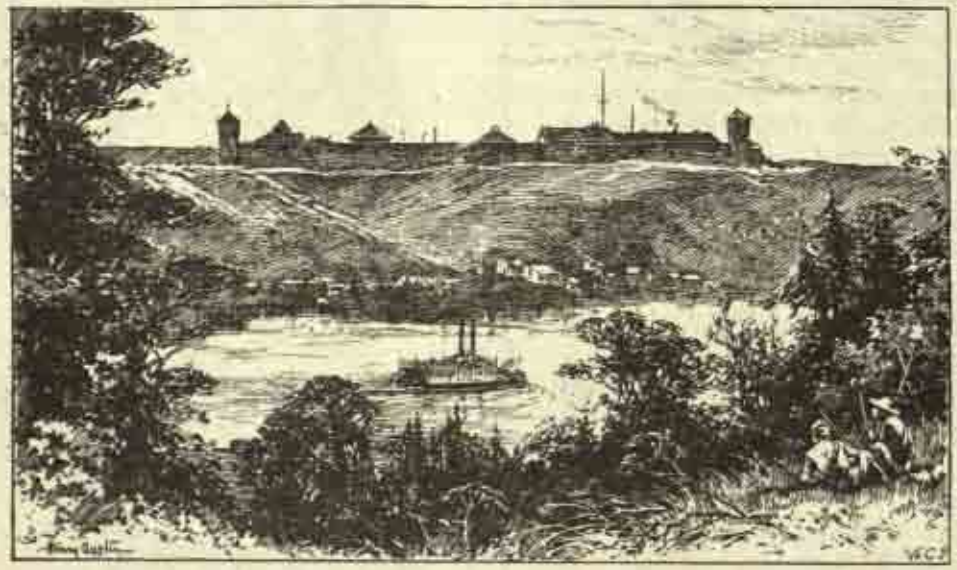
27th.—The force camped on south bank of Blind Man's River, a deep but sluggish stream. The bridge had been partially burnt by "rebels," but was rapidly repaired by the pioneers. Canadians are axemen *par excellence*, and can build a house or make a toothpick with an axe.

29th.—At Battle River camp Fathers Lacombe and Scullen met us. They brought with them the now penitent thieves—"Ermineskin" and "Bobtail"—who had plundered the H.B. store and Protestant mission, and who wanted to shake hands; but I put mine behind my back, saying I would shake hands on my return, provided they behaved themselves in the interim. Otherwise—— I left a blank for their imagination to fill. I was told the Indians were not impressed by my little French-Canadian soldiers, who they declared were not King George's men, because they did not wear red coats, and talked French like half-breeds; but when the Winnipeg Light Infantry, in scarlet, and swearing in English, marched through their reserves, they began to feel that the long arm of the Great White Queen could reach them.

The plundered Protestant missionary families came into camp. The Rev. J. McDougall, my *avant courrier*, wrote to Corryell from Edmonton on April 5th:

"I am sending the accompanying despatch. Please forward by first opportunity. The 'hostiles' are still at Frog Lake. The white women are in their hands worse than murdered. This is the latest Indian report sixteen days since—Fort Pitt was still all right, our mission Indians at White Fish Lake and Saddle Lake loyal, and this has influenced others to be so. I hope the advance will be quick to relieve Fort Pitt and rescue prisoners. There is still a feeling of insecurity about here. My regards to the boys."

There was also a despatch from Inspector Greisbach, who was holding Fort Saskatchewan, about twenty miles east of Edmonton, with ten police, who wanted help. The settlers from Beaver Lake had taken refuge with them. A company of the 65th were left as garrison. As the column neared Edmonton the settlers came out with waggons for the tired soldiers; but the Voltigeurs, after their two hundred miles' march, were toughening, not tiring. That this little column, with its long line of waggons, reached its destination unmolested was due to the careful scouting of Steele and his men, who also guarded the horses at night. The march of two hundred miles was accomplished in ten days.



EDMONTON.

The approach to the little town of Edmonton, peeping through clumps of pine and poplar, the blue sky and brilliant sunshine gilding the grey stockades of the Hudson Bay fort, with its quaint bastions and buildings crowning the steep bank over the broad sweep of the Saskatchewan, made a picture that lingers in the memory.

As I neared the opposite bank white puffs of

smoke wreathed from the little guns of the fort, and the echoes of a salute reverberated across the river. The dear old flag floated over the grim citadel of the far North, its folds displaying

was rapidly put into a state of defence, and provisions collected. The chief factor anticipated a famine in the district, as many H.B.C. stores had been raided and communications interrupted.

A HALF-BREED CAMP.

the wondrous letters H.B.C. (Hudson Bay Company), which are a history of two hundred years of British pluck and trading energy.

"Hullo! What's them letters on the flag?" asked a young English scout.

"Why, I guess that's 'Here before Christ,'" was the ready reply of his Canadian comrade.

The force crossed the Saskatchewan, and on May 1st encamped under Fort Edmonton, which

A large flat-bottomed boat, 100 feet long by 25 feet beam, and four smaller ones, were patched and strengthened, as it was my intention to float down half my force and the bulk of the provisions, the other half and cavalry marching. All transport that could be spared was sent back to assist the second column, the remainder prepared for the forward march to Victoria. While waiting for the rest of the

force incessant drill and target practice were again carried on.

On the 5th, Steele's scouts were to march; but the teamsters refused to budge without arms. They knew that General Middleton's teamsters were supplied with rifles, and I only induced them to move by a promise (pie-crusty) that arms should be given at Victoria: they had been wired for before leaving Calgary. One was sick of worrying the wire and being worried by it. It was a relief that it went no further than Calgary, with which communications were established by couriers, and kept open by detachments of the 65th at Red Deer Ferry, Battle River, and Peace Hill Farm. The trail was also patrolled by a detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles, and no convoy or courier was molested. It was otherwise with the other columns: a convoy was captured and looted by Poundmaker's men. Colonel Osborne Smith pushed forward the two remaining columns from Calgary, which marched simultaneously.

Inspector Perry arrived on the 5th with left wing of Voltigeurs and the field-gun. He had stretched a wire rope across the Red Deer and repaired the scow sufficiently to transport the gun, etc. As the artillery ammunition had been twelve years in store, it was necessary to try it and give the gunners practice. On the 8th, Colonel Hughes with the rest of 65th marched along north bank of Saskatchewan to Victoria, preceded by Steele's scouts. On the 10th, the third column arrived—Colonel O. Smith, W.L.I., Alberta Mounted Rifles, with further convoys of provisions. All the waggons and horses, except six for the guns, were sent on to Victoria under escort.

Some half-breeds from the settlement of La Boucan were arrested by Captain Constantine of the police, who knew them to have been concerned in Riel's first rebellion. Compromising letters from Riel's camp were found upon them. Half-breed pilots were the only men acquainted with the river, but such a scare was established as to the certainty of boats and men being destroyed, that it was difficult to obtain boatmen: indeed, it was evident that where the river was narrow, a few trees felled into the water, and carried down by the current to some of the numerous shallows, would effectually detain the flotilla under fire.

I made the best provision I could against plunging fire from the banks. The boats were not decked, but had a narrow platform running round. Barrels of salt pork and sacks of flour were arranged along the sides above and below the gunwale, giving a double tier of fire, loop-holes being formed by intervals between the sacks and holes cut under the gunwale. A high traverse was raised along the centre of the boat.

The gunboat and horse-boat were stouter than those for infantry, and protected by bales of pressed hay. The sketches (on p. 732) indicate the arrangements. My flour-clads, carried along by the current and steered by sweeps, did not inspire the same confidence as the steam flotilla of General Middleton. To add to my difficulties, some of my officers took to foolscap, "condemning the construction of the boats, requesting permission to try experiments on the penetration of flour sacks by rifle bullets, and finally condemning the ammunition issued to the troops, the defects of which had been brought to light by target practice." The protest against the boats was met by ordering a board of officers to take the evidence of the boatbuilders. The experiments on flour-sacks were left to the enemy, and officers objecting to the quality of ammunition were advised to restrict the fire of their men to short range.

A snowstorm delayed the embarkation till the 14th. The flotilla consisted of five infantry boats, a gunboat, a horse-barge, and a ferry scow, carrying a coil of wire rope, to span the river and establish communication, enabling the troops to act on either bank. The flotilla was preceded by river scouts in canoes, men of the type one finds on all the wilderness waterways of the West, who can navigate a log or balance a portly Englishman as he plays a salmon from a birch-bark canoe.

The weather cleared, the tall pines rustled overhead, and the swift, yellow gold-bearing waters of the Saskatchewan swirled beneath us for many a mile, for it was three hundred to Fort Pitt.

Il dolce far niente after hard marching was enjoyable, but a sharp look-out was kept, and the Winnipeg men pulled lustily at the sweeps, cheered by the lively boat songs of the French-Canadian pilots, with which one had become familiar in many a lumber camp in days gone by:

"C'est l'aviron qui nous monte qui nous mène,
C'est l'aviron qui nous monte en haut.

"Il y a longtemps que j'e t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

I had not the heart to stop them, though they might have attracted the attention of prowling Indian scouts. But the song dropped towards dusk—the men knew it was dangerous.

Passed Fort Saskatchewan on the morning of the 15th. The Metis prisoners were here handed over to the police. Another snowstorm, and the snow lodged on our blankets as we slept in the open boats. The refugees in tents within the palisades were far from comfortable. Among them were Major Butler, his family, and governess. These ladies bore their hardships splendidly, even the necessity of throwing all their finery and adornments down a well for concealment.

Major Butler begged to accompany my force. As he had some experience as a settler, I put him in charge of the road-repairing party. The ladies volunteered as hospital nurses, but of this offer I did not feel able to avail myself.

The composite character of volunteer service was added to by a telegram from an ex-hussar, my old friend Captain Palliser, who wired thus:

"OTTAWA.—Minister consents. Am off to join you as captain, but will serve with pleasure as full private."

He made his way to the front, riding courier's horses, which was rough on both parties, for he stood about six and a half feet, and rode over fourteen stone. Finally, he paddled down the Saskatchewan in a canoe with a half-breed, and restored communications which had been interrupted, rendering important service.

The church militant was strong in the force. With the leading scouts as interpreter was Canon McKay, of the Anglican church. He, like Mr. McDougall, was born in the Indian territory. The son of an old Hudson Bay official, he had a university education and the gift of tongues—Indian. Mr. McKenzie, a young Presbyterian minister, marched from Fort McLeod with the mounted police, and the 65th had their chaplain, Father Prevost.

All these gentlemen were well armed and mounted, except the latter, who rode in an ambulance, and carried no weapon but a crucifix, with which he went under fire to administer the rites of his church to the mortally wounded. These reverend scouts were men as well as missionaries, and eagerly desired to rescue the English women from the Indians.

Fort Victoria was reached on May 16th. Settlers, after the Frog Lake massacre, had crowded within the half-rotten palisade, and were without food. The young children looked wretched, and many died. I left rations in charge of the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. McLachlan, and a small detachment of the 65th as garrison.

The horse-boat sank near Fort Saskatchewan. The drivers swam the horses across the river and marched. The boat was raised by pumping, and towed in rear. All this caused delay. On 17th Steele's scouts were pushed on to Saddle Lake. Peccan, a Cree chief, who had not joined Big Bear, sent messengers asking the inevitable "Pow-wow." I reluctantly consented, as it was important to get some of his men as scouts. My cowboys were on new ground and in wooded country, very different from the open prairie.

Corryell's scouts had not been heard of, and must be short of provisions. There was a report of their capture, and no news of Hattan with Alberta Rifles. Peccan came into camp on the 20th, and said that his people would not consent to act as scouts, so I marched from Victoria to Vermillion Creek with the Winnipeg Infantry and field-gun. The 65th, under Colonel Hughes, embarked in the boats, and dropped down the river, touch being kept between the land and river columns by mounted scouts. To encourage the others, who objected to the boats, I had embarked in one myself with my staff, but I had no intention of being caught floating. The tussle with Big Bear I knew must come off on land, and I wanted the stiffest part of my force with me—the dogged English-Canadians.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

Leaving the English of the Western Column to plod through forest and swamp while the French-Canadians floated in their flour-clads, we must return to the Eastern Column, to General Middleton's steam flotilla and the coming battle of Batoche. It must be borne in mind that the two columns were operating with about eight hundred miles of wilderness between them, and as yet without communication, hoping to concentrate at Fort Pitt. After the battle of Fish Creek, General Middleton was delayed, waiting for the steamer *Northcote* with supplies and reinforcements from his base at Qu'Appelle. On her arrival she was made, as far as practicable, bullet-proof, and "C" Company went on board, fifty strong, Major Smith in command, with orders to move abreast of General Middleton's shore column, 724 strong.

Lieutenant Freer (of the Canadian Military College) was appointed aide-de-camp; Colonel Strawbenzie, brigadier of infantry; and Captain Young, of Winnipeg battery, brigade major.

On the morning of the 7th May, leaving camp standing with a small guard, the column marched on Batoche, scouts in advance. As they neared the river a rattling fire and the steamer's whistle showed she was already engaged. The houses and village church were found to be held by the

enemy, who opened fire. The part taken by the artillery is best described by the man who commanded it—Colonel Montizambert.

"On the morning of the 9th the welcome command came, 'Guns to the front!' A three-mile gallop brought us there,* and the two guns of 'A' Battery came into action, Major Jarvis's two guns being held in reserve." The enemy retired behind the church and a large wooden house beside it, from which shots were fired as the advance continued. The gatling was turned on the house without effect. A white flag was waved at a window. General Middleton stopped the firing and rode up. Within were found some Catholic priests, Sisters of Mercy, and half-breed women and children. The advance was continued without molestation of the occupants.

The scouts were checked by a fire from brushwood about two hundred yards in front—they retired behind the church. "A rush was made on the guns by the half-breeds and Indians, but Lieutenant Rivers's gatling was of service in the absence of any infantry escort, which was necessarily left far behind. Captain Howard (an American volunteer), acting as a gun number, turned the crank and poured in a fire which enabled the guns to be retired without serious loss." After the infantry came up, the guns attempted the shelling of the pits from the same point, but the nature of the ground, consisting of rolling prairie and heavy bluffs, made it necessary to come to too close quarters for effective work. "Gunner Phillips was wounded at the edge of a ravine occupied by the enemy, and rolled down into it. Gunners Coyne and Beaudry went down and brought up their comrade, who was lying in front of the rebel pits not a hundred yards off; Phillips was shot the second time and killed while being carried up; the rescuers escaped unhurt." The wounded were put in the church, where the priests and the sisters gave their aid to the doctors. On this day the casualties were two killed and eight wounded.

It was getting late, and though our men were holding their own, the enemy had been reinforced by those who had been engaged with the steamer, and the general did not think it advisable to attempt an advance through thick cover surrounding the village. He decided to retire a short distance and bivouac for the night.

*The Canadian Field Artillery are, for short distances, able to move at a rapid pace, as they carry the gunners on the off horses, gun-axle seats, and limbers, like the old Bengal Horse Artillery.

Bolton's scouts, with Secretan (assistant transport officer), were sent to bring up the camp. The waggons were corralled on an open space about 1,000 yards in rear. No tents were pitched, except for the wounded, as the horses were inside the enclosure. The troops were gradually withdrawn, the enemy following until checked by a fire from the waggon corral. They kept up a desultory fire till darkness fell, killing two horses and wounding one man. The men lay down by their arms. The steamer's whistle not being heard, a rocket was sent up to show the whereabouts of our force.

Orders were telegraphed from Humboldt to close up the troops on the line of communications, and Lord Melgund was sent to Ottawa with special despatches. The steamer *Northcote* had three men wounded. The captain, pilot, and most of the crew lost their heads and control of the steamer: she swept on to the wire ferry rope, which carried away her smoke stacks and steam whistle.

It was impossible to steam back against the current, towing the barges. It was decided to drop down to Hudson Bay Ferry, leave the barges there, take in firewood, and return to Batoche; but they ran aground at the Hudson Bay Ferry, where they found the steamer *Marquis* with a party of police. Both steamers started with the reinforcement, but the *Marquis's* machinery broke down, and the *Northcote* took her in tow. They did not reach Batoche till late on the 12th. No doubt the approach of steamers had a dissolving effect on the rebel forces, and prevented Riel's escape across the river. On May 10th, General Middleton received valuable reinforcements—the Land Surveyors Scouts, 50 strong, Captain Dennis. Many of the men had surveyed the country in which the struggle took place.

When the force moved out they found the positions captured the day before occupied by the enemy, who had also made fresh rifle-pits.

During the day the guns shelled houses occupied by the enemy. Our men constructed pits out of sight of the enemy to cover the evening retirement. When the force withdrew they were followed, but the enemy were stopped by the unexpected flank fire. They tried a few shots at long range. The casualties this day were one killed and five wounded.

On the 11th, French's scouts having reported open prairie north-east of Batoche, General Middleton, leaving Van Strawbenzie to command the infantry, went with Bolton's scouts and the

gatling to the right, where the enemy had rifle pits. The gatling, supported by dismounted scouts, was advanced to a slight rise: the enemy were too well covered to be impressed, and the general brought the party back to camp. During his absence, the artillery had shelled the cemetery and rifle pits, from which the fire slackened. Seeing this, Colonel Williams, with his Midlanders, rushed the Indian post at the cemetery, and held it till the usual evening retirement, which was unmolested. The casualties were four wounded, including Captain Manly, Grenadiers.

On the morning of the 12th—General Middleton, with all the mounted men, one gun ("A" battery) and gatling, took up the former position to the right on the prairie—Messrs. Ashby and Jackson, two of Riel's white prisoners, brought a letter from Riel to the effect that "if his women and children were massacred, he would massacre the white prisoners." An answer was sent that if he would put the women and children in one place and indicate the exact locality, no shot would be fired at it. Mr. Ashby honourably returned with the answer. The prisoners were shut up in a cellar, the trap door of which was kept down by heavy weights. Mr. Jackson declined to return. The general retired, the gun and gatling covered by the dismounted scouts, who here lost Lieutenant Kippen, shot through the head. On his return to camp, the general found to his chagrin that, owing to a high wind blowing from the camp, the firing had not been heard, and no simultaneous advance made.

A SETTLER'S LOG HOUSE.

He naïvely tells us he lost his temper and his head, and hurried off alone to the front. As he neared the church he was discovered, and so hot a fire opened that he had to indulge in an exercise to which he was not accustomed—running away. Fortunately, he reached one of our rifle pits, into which he dropped, till Captain Young, who had been watching the solitary reconnaissance with some anxiety, advanced a party and brought back the general. Meanwhile the men dined, and Strawbenzie was ordered to take up the old position and "advance cautiously." The latter part of the order he disobeyed. The Midlanders, under Williams on the left, again carried the cemetery with a rush, the Grenadiers, under Grasset, prolonged the line to the right beyond the church—the 90th, at first, in support. But the Midlanders and their colonel were sick of advances and retirements, and swept the enemy out of the pits right down to the river. The Grenadiers advanced and drove the enemy from the ravine.

The whole line, led by Strawbenzie, gave a rousing cheer, which brought the general from his tent with his mouth full of lunch and expletives, disgusted that there had been any fighting he had not had a hand in. He found the line had pivoted on the centre and was now at right angles to the river, having turned the whole position. The gatling and guns were blazing away at the village and the ferry by which the enemy were escaping, the steamer not having yet come up. The 90th were extended on the right, and the scouts dismounted beyond them again on the extreme right. Ashby again appeared, running the gauntlet of fire from both sides, to bring another letter from Riel, who, he said, was "in a blue funk." Outside the envelope was written, "I don't like war. If you don't cease firing, the question will remain the same as regards the prisoners." The answer was an advance of the whole line, with ringing cheers, and officers well to the front. The place was carried, and the prisoners released: resistance had collapsed. About 6 p.m. the steamers appeared. Blankets and food were sent up from camp, part of the men bivouacked in the village, pickets were posted, and the men rested content with a good day's work; but it had been paid for—five killed, of whom four were officers: Captains French and Brown, of the Scouts, Lieutenant Fitch, grenadiers, and Lieutenant Kippen, Surveyor Scouts twenty-five wounded, including Major Dawson, Grenadiers, and Lieutenant Laidlaw, Midlanders. Total casualties for the four days were eight killed and forty-six wounded. Twenty-three dead rebels and five wounded were left on the field. A Roman Catholic priest gives the rebel loss during the four days as fifty-one killed, one hundred and seventy-three wounded.

A camp of Indian and half-breed women and children was found under a cliff by the river, left by their owners. They were soon camping about the bivouac. Some of the ladies spoke in unparliamentary terms of the leaders who had brought the trouble upon them and then abandoned them. The following days the half-breeds kept coming in with white flags to surrender, sometimes accompanied by their priests. The general was given a list of the worst rebels, who were made prisoners, the remainder being released with a caution.

On the 14th the force marched to Lepines. The search continued for Riel and Dumont. On the 15th the former surrendered to three police scouts—Howrie, Deal, and Armstrong, producing a letter from General Middleton, which guaranteed his life until handed over to the civil power. Gabriel Dumont, the wily old hunter, made his escape to the States, from which, it is said, he visited England with Buffalo Bill's circus. Riel, with others, was sent a prisoner to Regina, and handed over to the civil power.

On the surrender of Riel, General Middleton's force crossed the Saskatchewan, and went on to Prince Albert in three steamers. Prince Albert was reached on 20th May, and Battleford on 24th.

FROG LAKE; FORT PITT; FRENCHMAN'S BUTTE.

We have now to return to Big Bear.

At Saddle Lake Corryell's scouts came in. They had opened communication with the boats which had been fired on, and returned it, but none of Mark Twain's "good Indians" were found. I was anxious to open communication with Otter's column at Battleford, and thus with General Middleton.

Sergeant Borradaile and Scout Scott volunteered to go in a canoe down the Saskatchewan to Battleford. Hiding themselves by day and paddling by night, they duly reached General Middleton. Eventually he sent them back to me with a letter for Big Bear, demanding his immediate surrender. This letter for various reasons—among others, the deficiency of pillar-post boxes—failed to reach that gentleman.

The morning of the 22nd we collected stores

of grain and potatoes, plundered and then abandoned by Indians. Struck camp, and marched at noon. The long-expected rifles having arrived, the teamsters—Western men, and mostly good shots—were at last armed, as I had promised, much to their content and mine, relieving the infantry from guarding the convoy.

23rd.—Camp near Dog Rump Creek. The Alberta Rifles at last overtook the force.

24th.—Camped at Moose Creek near Frog Lake. Queen's birthday, but not Queen's weather. Three cheers were given for her Majesty, and being Sunday, the first verse of the Old Hundredth was started by some Puritan soldier, and sung by everybody, and the march resumed amid terrible surroundings of massacre. The settlement consisted of the Roman Catholic mission, a mill, and eight or nine settlers' houses. The church, parsonage, mill, and every settler's house was burnt and levelled with the ground. In the cellar of the parsonage, guided by the terrible smell, a painful sight was witnessed—four headless bodies huddled together in a corner. Two of the bodies had been Father Fafard and Father Marchand, another was that of a lay brother, and the fourth someone unknown. The corpses were horribly mangled; all four heads were charred by fire beyond recognition. The bodies of the priests were recognised by their beads. The remains of Delany, Quinn, and Gilchrist were discovered in the woods near by. A body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Gowanlock, was found in a well. Both legs were severed near the thigh, and the arms above the elbows.

The following is condensed from the statement of an eye-witness, W. B. Cameron, H.B.C. employé, the only man spared in the massacre: When news of the disaster at Duck Lake reached Frog Lake, the "Bear" Indians were loud in their assurances of friendship; but before daylight they came in a body to the house of the Indian agent, Quinn, and two of them—Big Bear's son, "Bad-Child" or "King-Bird," and another Indian—went into his bedroom, intending to shoot him. Quinn was married to a Cree woman, and his wife's brother, "Lone-Man," followed "Bad-Child" upstairs, and prevented him from murdering his victim. Meantime, the Indians below had taken the guns from the office, and "Travelling Spirit" called out to Quinn to come down. "Lone-Man" told him not to go. He obeyed, however, and was taken to Delany's house. Before this the Indians had seized all the Government horses.

"Lone-Man" and "Travelling Spirit" went with the others to the H.B.C. storekeeper Cameron, and made him give them all the ammunition in stock. Big Bear now appeared, and said, "Don't *take* the things out of store. Cameron will *give* you what you want.'"

The Indians demanded beef. It was Good Friday. The priests went to the church without hindrance, and the white people were allowed to assemble there. Big Bear and "Miserable-Man" stood near the door, while all the others knelt. During service "Travelling Spirit" entered, kneeling in mockery in the centre of the church, rifle in hand, war hat on head, and face painted yellow. Without a pause or tremor in his voice the undaunted priest continued the service. When it was finished, the people were all taken to Delany's house, where the two priests and all the men except Cameron were killed.

Cameron, the women and children were kept close prisoners. They were not otherwise badly treated. During the action at Frenchman's Butte they were taken away by Indians some twenty miles into the woods, and then left. They were subsequently found by Major Dale, and brought into camp.

While the bodies of the murdered were being hastily buried, a report came in from Oswald, scouting in advance, that the Indians were in force near Fort Pitt, and that he required immediate support. I pushed on with the cavalry, the gun, and one company infantry in waggons, leaving Colonel O. Smith to follow with the rest of his regiment and the supply train. Orders were sent to the 65th to drop down in their boats parallel to us. Starting after mid-day, we reached Fort Pitt, thirty miles distant, before evening, finding Oswald's scouts posted in a poplar bluff, where they could observe the enemy without being seen. The Indians had retired, leaving a small part of the building intact. We camped for the night on a plateau above the fort, throwing out strong pickets.

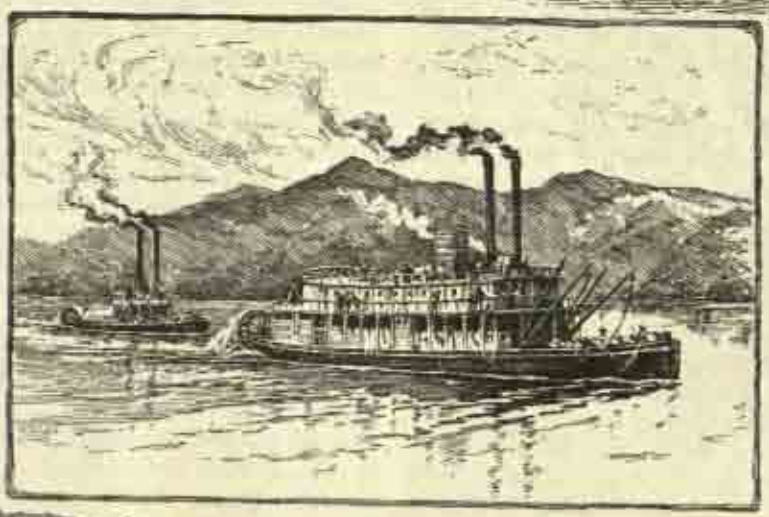
At daybreak on the 26th, working parties cleared out what remained of the fort. One large room was found knee-deep in flour; our approach had evidently interrupted a carnival of riot and waste, the whole neighbourhood was littered with the *débris* of broken furniture and articles for which an Indian has no use, a mass of religious books and tracts. Among them was a curious commentary on the Gospel: the

mutilated body of a policeman, whose heart had been cut out and stuck on a pole close by.

On 27th, my scouts had a skirmish with the Indians, and I found another commentary, written this time by a white man on a red one the body of an Indian chief bereft of his scalp lock. *A la guerre comme à la guerre.*

The whereabouts of Big Bear being unknown, it was an open question, first, whether he had crossed the river and travelled east to join Poundmaker, of whose discomfiture we had not heard; second, whether, after crossing the river, he would go west, and fall on my communications; third, whether he would strike north into forest and swamp that stretches to the Arctic circle. Scouts were sent in the three directions indicated.

Inspector Perry, with twenty police, accompanied by McKay and McDougall, were ferried across the Saskatchewan. They found the tracks of Cree carts opposite Fort Pitt, and the prints of white women's slippers. Perry was ordered to follow the tracks for ten miles, where I knew the trail divided into three, and report along which the white women had been taken. The half-breed scouts who followed the trail west along the south bank found it unused and returned. Steele, with the rest of the cavalry, was sent to reconnoitre west and north. He found a recent trail, indicating the movement of a large party. After travelling about thirty miles, he found himself at nightfall in thick brushwood on the river bank, within three miles of where he started. Steele, six shooter in hand, was himself leading, followed closely by one of his men.



Sketch of Perry's flow-chart for Inquiry

Sketch of flag chart Horse-boat

Their advance was noiseless. There is no jingle about the accoutrements of a Western scout; his horse's unshod hoofs are muffled in the soft soil, and—to use an Hibernianism—his stirrup-irons are wood, and for head-collar chain he has a raw-hide rope.

The movements of the red men are equally noiseless. Suddenly an Indian challenged in a low tone, not knowing friend from foe in the gathering gloom. Sergeant Butlin, the white scout with Steele, answered in Cree, "*Keeka!*" ("Wait"), but the native gentleman promptly fired at Steele, missed him, and received in return Steele's bullet and the scout's. A few scattering shots were exchanged in the twilight, and the Indians retired. Two ponies were captured.

The Indian cayuse—beau-ideal beast to carry a rifleman—browses while his master fights: any other sort of rest only makes him tired. The fallen Indian was the chief who had started the

outbreak at Saddle Lake: he wore the Queen's medal supplied by the Canadian Government—an ornament about the size of an agricultural trophy for a prize pig. These medals are solid silver, and much valued by the chiefs, who hand them down from father to son. Some of them bear the image and superscription of good King George III. Next morning, on passing the spot where he fell, I noticed the tall, athletic figure of the dusky warrior as he lay like a bronze statue overthrown by some iconoclastic hand, and clothed only with a grim smile and a breech clout, the usual full-dress fighting uniform of the red man. He had lost his medal and his scalp.

"THE NATIVE GENTLEMAN PROMPTLY FIRED" (p. 734).

In the meantime, the infantry had been busy putting what remained of the fort in as defensible a condition as possible—for the site, like that of most police posts, was chosen regardless of military necessity, and was commanded by an adjacent plateau, from which the Indians shot fire arrows into the wooden roofs, their rifles commanding the path to the river, which was the only water supply. It is not surprising that Inspector Dickens and his men quitted the fort.

The wire cable had been stretched across the river, so that the force could act on either bank. On getting Major Steele's report that he had found the enemy, I immediately marched with all available men: 200 infantry, the field-gun, 27 cavalry, leaving a company of the 65th to garrison Fort Pitt. Only three days' rations remained. We were already on a reduced scale, officers and men sharing alike. No supplies had reached us since I left Edmonton. The situation was serious, some 300 men, including teamsters, in a wilderness country, and destitute of supplies. I decided to take my three days' rations and attack Big Bear and the Indians in the hope of making them drop their prisoners.

Unfortunately, Inspector Perry, with his twenty police, who were trained gunners, McKay and McDougall, the only reliable men who knew the country, had not returned. Their absence caused me anxiety, until I heard that they had run down General Middleton instead of Big Bear. I did not know the exact whereabouts of either, not having heard of Batoche, and my couriers were like the raven sent from the ark—they did not return.

Steele told me that his half-breed scouts had

been badly scared: they fell into ambush, and only escaped by hard riding and good luck.

The waggons were corralled, and we advanced in fighting formation about four miles through difficult country. We found the enemy occupying an advantageous position on the slopes of a thickly wooded ridge, intersected with ravines. The summit of the ridge to our left was bare. Upon this we could see a number of mounted men; some were circling and signalling our approach. The gun, which I had put in charge of Lieutenant Strange and Sergeant Conner of the police, and a volunteer detachment of Winnipeg men, opened fire: a few rounds of shrapnel cleared the ridge.

The scouts and one company of Winnipeg Infantry were extended to the left, and the remainder to the right. We advanced thus to the crest of the hill without serious opposition.

It was difficult to maintain connection in the dense bush. The gun, which had to follow the trail, was the only portion of my small army which could not break away from me in this big country. The Voltigeurs, who had dropped down the river parallel to us, left the boats and their uneaten dinners, and advanced with alacrity at the first sound of the firing. We followed the enemy's trail till dark through dense wood, where space could scarcely be found to corral the waggons, which had been brought up. After scouting a short distance in advance, we bivouacked round and inside the corral under arms. The Voltigeurs had neither blankets, greatcoats, nor rations; their comrades, the Winnipeg Infantry, had but short rations to share with them. The fires were extinguished after cooking. The darkness of the night, and the black shadows of the forest which surrounded the corral, rendered objects invisible. The horses were brought into the corral and tied up to the waggons. In the event of attack, the men were cautioned against wasting ammunition. Night-firing, as a rule, is not effective, except on friends.

On the morning of the 28th the force was roused at daybreak without bugle, and after a scanty breakfast, again moved forward, scouts on foot extended and flanking each side of the trail. The Voltigeurs formed the advanced guard, the Winnipeg Infantry the main body, the gun following, and the supply waggons bringing up the rear. The whole column was confined by the thick wood to a narrow trail. Suddenly we came to an open space on which numerous trails converged. It was the camp-ground where the braves had held their last sun dance. The poles of the sacred lodge, with leafy garlands still hanging from them, showed a batch of young warriors had been lately initiated with the usual rites of self-torture, while the old warriors recounted their achievements in murder and horse-stealing.

The great number of lodge fires confirmed the report of the scouts that we were opposed by about seven hundred braves. We halted, and I rode on with the advanced scouts. On the edge of a wide open valley, right across our line of march, we came upon a fire still alight, an abandoned dough-cake in the ashes. The valley stretched for over a mile in length, and about six hundred yards wide. Along the bottom ran a sluggish creek, widening into a swamp, and fringed here and there with willow-brush. The descent into the valley on our side was abrupt—a wooded slope, down which in zigzags ran the trail. The opposite crest was thickly wooded, and sloped in a bare glacis to the stream, a tributary to the little Red Deer, which flows into the Saskatchewan. From tall trees on the opposite crest hung streamers of red and white calico, the spoils of Fort Pitt. There was no sign or sound of movement: the banners drooped in the still morning air. Our old Indian fighters were nonplussed at so wanton a departure from the traditional Indian tactics of concealment.

Leaving Steele and his men behind the brow, I rode down into the valley with scout Patton. We reached the bottom and were close to the little stream when his horse suddenly sank to the girths. I reined back; and he scrambled with difficulty to solid ground, followed by his sagacious broncho. It was evident we could not cross, so we returned to the crest of the hill overlooking the valley, where some Cree carts were seen in the distance to the left. Word was passed to bring on the gun, which came up at a gallop, the infantry clearing off the narrow trail and cheering—they thought it meant business. A round was fired at the retreating carts. Hardly had the echoes died away when the opposite crest was outlined in a fringe of smoke, followed by the rattle of small arms: the Indian position stood revealed.

Steele's police and scouts rapidly extended to the left; dismounting, they descended the hill to a fringe of willows along the edge of the creek. The Voltigeurs, under Colonel Hughes and Major Prevost, went down the hill at the double, and extended on the right of the

dismounted scouts. Two companies Winnipeg Infantry, under Major Thibaudau, prolonged the line to the right; the remainder, under Colonel Smith, formed the reserve withdrawn from the edge of the valley. The Alberta Rifles, dismounted, were extended on the right flank, where the wood was very thick. The waggons were brought up and corralled in the only space about two hundred yards in rear.

The gun was in the open, and the rifle bullets "pinged" rapidly round it. The officer made his men lie down after loading, and laid the gun himself. The shrapnel bullets tore through the branches, but did not seem to touch the men in the pits. But a few percussion common shell, passing through the loose earth, exploded in the pits, and silenced some of the largest. The mangled bodies of the occupants were afterwards found hastily buried.

Meantime, the infantry were trying to cross the swamp: they sank waist deep. I saw the advance checked, and rode along the ridge to the left, and descended to the position occupied by Steele and the Voltigeurs. I saw for myself it would be impracticable to carry the position by direct assault. Constable McRae and two of the 65th were here severely wounded. I ordered Steele to withdraw, mount and move up the valley, to find a crossing by which the enemy's right could be turned and their retreat pushed towards the river up which I was hourly expecting General Middleton. After an hour or more a report came from Steele "that the enemy's position extended about a mile and a half, and he could find no means of turning it." In reality, the Indians kept moving parallel to Steele up the opposite side of the valley behind the screen of trees, and so prevented his outflanking them. I had tried to join Steele, to judge for myself; but the half-breed scout led me in a circle through the woods, and I found myself in the spot whence I started. He said he had lost his way. While we were trying to turn the enemy's right, they were trying to turn ours, creeping through the thick wood which closed that end of the valley. A few rounds of case fired over the heads of our skirmishers stopped the attempt, and a heavy fire was opened by Hatton's men on the wood to our right.

It was now late in the day, and we had eaten nothing since 3.30 a.m., and but little for the last twenty-four hours. Only one day's rations remained, and no signs of General Middleton's steamers. I decided to retire to open ground to graze the horses and cook there the men's dinners. The advance line was withdrawn from the valley, and the force re-formed on the high ground. It was found that Private Le Mai, of the 65th, had been left severely wounded where he had fallen. Covered by a sharp fire of case shot, Surgeon Paré and a stretcher party of the 65th, followed by Father Prevost, went down. They were exposed to a hot fire. But the dying man (shot through the lungs) could not speak. He was carried to the ambulance in a stretcher.

By this time the enemy had ceased firing. The gun remained in position to cover the retirement. A party of scouts were left to watch the enemy, who did not molest us. On reaching open ground about six miles distant, the waggons were corralled, the horses left to graze, and the men to cook. Our difficulties were aggravated by the boats of the 65th dropping down the river behind an island for concealment. They could not return against the current. With them went the remainder of our food supply, and the blankets and greatcoats of the 65th. There was nothing for it but to return to Fort Pitt, five miles distant. Fortunately, our long-looked-for convoy of provisions reached us next day by boat. The Alberta field force had received its baptism of fire, and taken it well.

On arrival at Fort Pitt I sent two scouts in canoes to look for the barges of the 65th with a despatch for General Middleton. When the scouts arrived within forty miles of Battleford, they met a steamer with a large contingent of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Bedson, supply officer, and provisions, but no troops. My messengers were taken on board, and the steamer returned to Battleford.

THE PURSUIT OF BIG BEAR; LOON LAKE.

On 30th May, with a full commissariat, we again marched for Frenchman's Butte, which the half-breed scouts had been told to watch—a duty they had performed in a perfunctory fashion, for we found the position abandoned. We had to make a detour two miles to the north of the old position to avoid the swampy ground. Here we found ourselves in a *cul de sac*, surrounded by dense forest impassable for wheeled transport. The scouts found no less than seven trails on which the enemy had dispersed. They eventually converged into two. Along one of these the scouts found traces of Mr. McLean and the ladies of his family, who, with true woman wit, had knotted bits of coloured worsted to twigs, and

dropped a piece of paper saying they were all well and being carried north-west. At this juncture a message reached me from General Middleton that he had passed up the river to Fort Pitt, and would be in my camp next day with reinforcements. The Indians had abandoned twenty-five waggons and forty carts in their flight, together with tools, sacks of flour, furs, and odds-and-ends of all sorts, the plunder of Fort Pitt. As the trail could only be followed by mounted men in single file, with any prospect of overtaking them, I sent on Major Steele with all my cavalry.

They carried nothing but ammunition, tinned meat, and biscuits in their haversacks. The smaller trail was followed by McKay, H.B.C., with ten Alberta Mounted Rifles. They captured thirty-six of Big Bear's band, and released Mrs. Gowanlock (who we were thankful to find had not been barbarously murdered), Mrs. Delany, and several other prisoners. On June 2nd Major Dale brought into camp Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Quiney, Messrs. Cameron, Halpin, and Dufresne, and five half-breed families who had escaped during the attack on Big Bear's position. Next day General Middleton arrived in camp with 200 mounted men. I told him Steele had been sent in pursuit, and required support. He decided to await Steele's report, but I obtained permission to march towards Beaver River, a Chippewayan settlement, where there were large H.B.C. stores for which Big Bear appeared to be heading. At 2 a.m. a courier arrived from Steele, reporting an engagement and three men wounded. He was falling back.

The following is his condensed report:—"Marched twenty-five miles; halted at noon for dinner. While cooking, was alarmed by two shots fired by McKay at Indian scouts.* These men hid in the bush further on, and shot scout Fisk, who was leading the advance, breaking his arm. We continued our advance, and camped forty-five miles north-east on Big Bear's trail. Fisk pluckily rode on without a murmur. Marched next day at daylight. Found a note from McLean, 'All's well.' On topping a hill, came on Indian camp of previous night. Two teepes were occupied. The main body were crossing a ford about 1,200 yards off. We counted fifty-three camp fires the previous night, and knew the enemy must be too strong for us to attack. I only intended to parley with them through McKay. They, however, fired on us, and seeing them retiring to an inaccessible place on an island, the horses were put in cover and the men extended on the brow of the hill. The chief called to his men to go at us. We were very few. The Indians crawled up the hill under cover of the brush. The leader was killed by teamster Fielders within ten feet of him. Two more were shot. We then fired a volley into the teepes and at the Indians taking cover, and charged to the bottom under strong fire, the left taking the hill commanding the position, the right taking the swamp along the lake. Sergeant Fury was shot through the breast while going up the hill. The scouts were on the brow in a few minutes. We had cleared the whole ridge half an hour after firing commenced, driving the enemy into the ford. We then showed a white flag to parley. McKay, who exposed himself freely, told them to surrender the prisoners. The answer was a volley. A second attempt met with no better result. They shouted back that they could fight and clear us out. The chief tried to rally his men to re-cross the ford, unsuccessfully. Three of our men were badly wounded and twelve Indians killed. We destroyed the ammunition found in the teepes, and burnt them, capturing four horses, which we brought away. We then retired twenty-four miles to the first feeding ground for the horses. Next day returned to camp. Fourteen of our horses were disabled. All under my command behaved steadily, and were well led by the officers."

On going over the ground at Frenchman's Butte 300 rifle pits were counted, and two large and deep trenches, 50 feet long and 8 feet deep, with loopholed logs for head cover, and a ledge to stand on and fire from, the whole concealed by branches stuck in the loose excavated earth. These large trenches were on the left flank of their position, and formed an ambuscade commanding the trail approaching it. Here the red rags were invitingly displayed to tempt the British bull. From what I saw I could well believe my half-breed scouts, who were familiar with the defenders, that many of the latter had experience in Indian wars against the United States troops, who found, as we did, that one dead Indian counts for two or more white men.

On June 6th we were nearing the Beaver River. The infantry were dead beat from incessant marching. The Voltigeurs having been in the first advance had tramped the soles off their boots. Some were literally barefoot, others with muddy, blood-stained rags tied round their feet.

* Some allowance must be made for my reverend scout's eagerness. His destined bride was among the captives for whom he so freely risked his life.

'A FEW PERCUSSION COMMON SHELL, PASSING THROUGH THE LOOSE EARTH, EXPLODED IN THE PIT' (A. 7115)

Yet Goldwin Smith (professor of veracious history) writes, "*No French regiment went to the front.*" Their commanding officer told me the men could march no more. Outwardly I thanked that officer, and rode up to the battalion: they presented a grotesque yet pitiable aspect in their tattered uniforms, "the remnants of their trousers being patched with flour sacks bearing alarming legends, such as 'patent self-raising,' etc., but a little French officer remarked, 'N'importe, mon général! l'ennemi ne voit jamais un Voltigeur par derrière.'

"Addressing the battalion in French, as was my habit, I said: 'Mes enfants, votre commandant m'a dit que vous demandez quand vous pouvez retourner chez vous? Mais je n'ai qu'une reponse —celle de votre ancien chanson:

> "'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre-a!
> Ne sait quand reviendra!'"

It had the desired effect. The weary little Voltigeurs shouted: 'Hourra pour le général! En avant! Toujours en avant!' And they stepped out to the refrain of their ancestors,

> "'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre-a!' etc."

Queer whirligig of time, that an English general should be cheering the soldiers of New France by a couplet in which their ancestors unconsciously enshrined the memory of Marlborough! But the shade of Marlborough could not carry my exhausted infantry, to say nothing of a field-gun, through some thirty miles of swamp and forest, in time to head off the swiftly-moving remnants of Big Bear's band, who were making for the H.B.C. provision store on the banks of the Beaver River.

I left orders for Colonel Osborne Smith (whose men were in better condition than the 65th) to push after me as fast as he could, but the Voltigeurs would not be outmarched by their English comrades. Captain Perry, who had returned to me with his detachment of police gunners, said that the 65th not only kept up, but dragged the gun and horses with ropes through a long and deep muskeg.

The infantry marched all night and overtook me by daybreak at the H.B.C. store, which I reached by riding ahead with my staff and fifteen mounted men: all I had—the remainder were with General Middleton. We reached it just in time to secure eighty sacks of flour and a supply of bacon. It was nightfall when we arrived; and we saw a party of Indians making for the same goal, but they turned back into the woods. We indulged so freely in a supper of fried bacon and dough-cakes, that I for one fell asleep on the floor of the H.B.C store, pipe in mouth. I was awakened by my A.D.C., to whom I had set fire as well as to myself. The sentries seem to have been more vigilant, for we were not molested.

Next morning, June 7th, the infantry having rejoined, a party were left to guard the provisions and watch the trails, and I moved on to Beaver River, following the trail of the Indians seen the previous night. They crossed the river in canoes, this being their own reserve, to which they returned after Frenchman's Butte. The Roman Catholic church and mission had been plundered, and his flock had carried off Father Le Goff when they joined Big Bear at Fort Pitt. At a second H.B.C. store near the mission a hundred sacks of flour were secured and a couple of boats. On June 9th Father Le Goff came into camp to plead for his flock. I sent him back to the Chippewayans with an ultimatum for unconditional surrender "within twenty-four hours, otherwise they would see the smoke of their log houses, as I would burn every building on the reserve except the chapel, the priest's house, and the H.B.C. store." They surrendered within the time, and forty-four braves came into camp with rifles and guns, the women and children following on the next day.

On the 11th I held a court of inquiry on the Chippeweyan prisoners: Father Le Goff, and Messrs. Halpin and Cameron gave evidence. The former, with true pastoral love, would gladly have exonerated his flock, but the proofs were too strong: all the young men had fought against us. General Middleton afterwards held a "pow-wow," and told them not to do it again. The majority had acted through fear of Big Bear, and all were tempted by plunder. The most curious thing revealed by the inquiry was that the Indians were largely swayed by the belief that North-West Canada would be sold to the United States, and only those who joined the outbreak would receive any portion of the purchase money.

Scouts reported that the Wood Crees had taken the McLean family to Lac des Iles, where fish are abundant. Big Bear himself abandoned his prisoners and turned in his tracks after being pressed by Steele at Loon Lake. At this place General Middleton was obliged, by impassable muskegs, to give up the pursuit and to follow my trail to Beaver River, which he reached on the 14th with his own cavalry and mine. In the meantime my men were repairing and

constructing boats. I proposed to descend the Beaver River. Osborne-Smith volunteered, with a hundred of his men and McKay as guide, to rescue the McLean girls; but at this juncture their Indian captors released them: they had all along treated them with a certain respectful chivalry, and "Tall Poplar" was *désolé* at their refusal to marry him. They were met by Bedson, who took them to Fort Pitt, where they found repose and sympathy for the courage with which they had endured their privations. Constantine had also scouted in search of them until his provisions ran short, and he made his way to Fort Pitt in a semi-starved state.

The release of the captives, the surrender of the tribes and métis, crowned as it was by the capture of Riel, Poundmaker, and Big Bear, enabled the citizen soldiers to turn their faces homeward with light hearts but saddened memories of the comrades who slept under the prairie sod and by the forest trail.

This campaign had been carried through without the aid of a British bayonet or the expenditure of a British shilling. Except the Winnipeg infantry left to garrison Fort Pitt, and the Alberta cavalry, who, with the Western transport train, retraced their long march to Calgary, the force was broken up and sent down the Saskatchewan eight hundred miles to Winnipeg in steamers, and thence to their homes by rail.

I accompanied them to settle the teamsters' and farmers' claims for supplies, transport, etc. On my way down at Battleford I saw my old enemy, Big Bear, in durance vile. His appearance indicated natural intellect; he had a massive head: his own people said of him that he had a big head but a small heart. I felt no animosity towards him for the many weary miles he had led me. After evading all the columns, and travelling almost alone, he made his way to Fort Carlton ferry, where he was arrested by Sergeant Smart, of the police—about the only man in the force who had never gone after him, as he had been left in charge of the ferry.

Big Bear was sentenced to imprisonment for life for having made war upon her Majesty's Government. I, for taking up arms in her defence, "under a Colonial Government," was deprived of a pension for thirty years' service.

Soon after, Big Bear was set at liberty by her Majesty, and the King of Kings gave him a fuller release. My pension was restored, and I also await my fuller release, when we shall both find wherein we both erred.

"The irony of fate" is a favourite phrase. The humours of a constitutional monarchy are occasionally as startling. Riel was tried, condemned, and hanged. Had he been released after a term of imprisonment, he would perhaps have been elected a member of the Canadian Parliament, where his oratorical talents might have gained him the dignity of knighthood.

BIG BEAR AND SOME OF HIS PRISONERS. (*From a Photo.*)

1. Ma Chuse ("The Worm"). 2. The Four Sky Bird. 3. Bad Child (Big Bear's son). 4. "The Boy." 5. Big Bear. 6. Angus McKay. 7. François Dufresne (prisoner). 8. Stanley Simpson, H.B.C. Clerk (prisoner).

The Storming of Brescia

March 31: April 1: 1849

By A. J. Butler

THE year 1848 has been called the "Year of Revolution." All over the Continent of Europe thrones were tottering, in some cases falling; the old arbitrary nd repressive systems of government which ad prevailed since the downfall of Napoleon ere drawing towards their end. In Italy he movement was strongly felt. Over a great art of that country arbitrary government xisted in its most hateful form, being ad ministered by foreigners. The provinces of ombardy and Venetia had to take their rders from Vienna; and though as indi iduals the Austrian-Germans are a kindly and enial race, their political system was marked y pedantic officialism, and their rule was con equently of a kind calculated to be especially ffensive to a high-spirited and somewhat dis orderly people, with traditions of hatred to Germans extending back over six or seven cen uries. The Lombard cities with Milan at their ead, and glorious memories behind them of unicipal liberties wrested at the sword's point rom German emperors, chafed especially under he yoke; and the sight of the neighbouring State of Piedmont enjoying, as part of the Sar linian kingdom, something like constitutional government under its old rulers, the house of Savoy, was not likely to make them more atient. In March, after five days of fighting, Milan drove out the Austrians, and almost imultaneously the Sardinian army invaded ombardy. Venice also rose in insurrection nd even in Vienna itself matters looked so hreatening that the minister, Prince Metter ich, who had been the mainstay of reactionary nd coercive policy, was forced to resign. For unately for the Austrians, their affairs in Italy were in the hands of a capable soldier. Marshal Radetzky was at this time little short of eighty ears old, but he had lost nothing of his skill. Withdrawing behind the Mincio, he rallied his forces, and issuing forth again, before the end of the summer, he had inflicted a series of defeats on the Sardinian army, driven it out of Lombardy, and retaken Milan.

Among the other Lombard cities none was so closely linked with the fortunes of Milan as the neighbouring city of Brescia. Lying at the very foot of the Alps, of which the last spurs descend in green vine-clad undulations to the Lombard plain, and clustered round the foot of the hill on which stands its ancient citadel, known in mediæval times as "The Falcon of Italy," Brescia has had a chequered and turbulent existence almost since the beginning of history. Few cities, probably, have been more frequently in a state of revolt against something or somebody. It was hardly to be expected that the Brescians would sit quiet while their brethren of Milan were striking a blow for freedom; but their rising was soon suppressed, and all that they gained was the imposition by the Austrian general, Haynau, of a fine upon the city amounting to some £50,000

During the winter Brescia was seething with revolution, but no overt steps were taken. The Austrian commander seems to have thought that dissatisfaction could be removed by stopping all outward manifestations of it, even the most childish; and edicts were issued forbidding the wearing of red shoes, velvet coats, and hats of a particular shape. In March, 1849, the Sardinians renewed the war, and on the 16th all troops were withdrawn from Brescia for service in Piedmont, leaving only a garrison of 500 men with fourteen guns in the castle, a few gendarmes in the town, and a great many sick in the various military hospitals, where also arms seem to have been stored. Half the fine imposed by General Haynau had been paid, and the remainder fell due on the 20th of this month. Half of this balance had by the 23rd been received at the municipal treasury, but no more. All further

payments were refused, and the officials of the corporation, whose duty it was to collect it, were maltreated, and ultimately sent out of the city in custody. Throughout the proceedings the deputy mayor (in the absence of the mayor himself) and the other regular municipal authorities, seeing the impossibility of a successful

A few troops, mostly deserters from Italian regiments in the Austrian service, were at the disposal of the insurgent leaders; but these, to the number of about 400, were kept outside of the city, on the slope of the hills known as the Ronchi, lying to the north of the road which leads eastward from Brescia to Verona. There

"THEN BEGAN A MURDEROUS FIGHT" (*p.* 743)

resistance, and foreseeing the terrible consequences which a fresh revolt would undoubtedly entail, did their best to counsel moderation and submission; but they were either not listened to or insulted as aristocrats and cowards. A "Committee of Public Defence" was formed, consisting of an engineer and a lawyer, the latter being apparently the moving spirit. A man with a turn for devising inflammatory proclamations, and no practical knowledge of military affairs, is about the worst leader that an excitable populace can have at such a juncture; and such Signor Cassola, to judge from his own account of the transactions of these days, seems to have been.

were also in the city a certain number of retire officers who were willing to cast in their l with their fellow-citizens; but their offers service were declined, and every parish was to to elect its own chiefs.

The first actual attack on the Austrian ga rison was made on the 23rd, when a piquet soldiers, engaged in convoying provisions to t castle, was set upon and roughly used, bei chased through the town, and a few men clubb to death. The imperial eagles were also to down from the public buildings. An attempt w then made to get arms from one of the hospita but the guard opened fire, and the insurge

retired. The commandant of the castle, however, thought it as well to withdraw into the castle such of the sick as could be moved, as well as the gendarmes, and further demanded of the town council that the officials who had, as we saw, been arrested earlier in the day, should be delivered up to him. These had been placed in the custody of the troops on the Ronchi, so that the town council were unable to comply, whereupon a few shells were thrown into the town during the night; while from every tower the church-bells hurled back defiance in the old Italian fashion. On the following morning, at the request of the military doctors who remained

the hospitals, the bombardment was suspended, on condition that the sick should not be molested, as in the present temper of the people it was not unlikely that they might be

Meanwhile, the fate of Italy was being decided, at any rate for some years to come, on another field. Radetzky had met the Sardinian army under its king, Charles Albert, and overthrown it utterly on the field of Novara. News travelled less rapidly then than now, and it was not for two or three days that the result of the battle was known at Brescia, and then the true intelligence was disastrously blended with falsehood. A Polish adventurer, named Chrzanowski, held high command in the Sardinian army. A bulletin, purporting to come from this man, was spread through Piedmont and Lombardy, to the effect that, repudiating the armistice signed after Novara, he had attacked the Austrian army, and favoured by the breaking down of a bridge over the river Sesia, had succeeded in dividing it, and forcing the great part to lay down their arms, had in turn extorted from Radetzky an armistice binding him to evacuate Lombardy at once. This ridiculous story, though wholly unconfirmed, was placarded over the town by the Committee of Public Defence, who must be held responsible for the stubborn resistance to which it excited the people, and for the terrible retribution which that resistance incurred.

On March 25th General Nugent arrived before Brescia, from Verona, bringing with him a force of 1,000 men and two guns, which reinforcements, in the course of the next few days, more than doubled. He established himself in the village of Sant' Eufemia, about three miles to the east of Brescia, after dispersing the force on the Ronchi, and on the 26th summoned the citizens to surrender and take down the barricades which by this time had been erected. On their refusal, he assaulted the Torrelunga gate, by which the Verona road enters the city, but was repulsed after four hours of furious fighting. The bombardment from the castle was now renewed, and the Committee sent a message to the commandant threatening for every shell that fell into the town to put to death ten of the sick in the hospitals. It does not appear that this atrocious threat was ever carried into execution. But by this time there was very little government or discipline in Brescia. Sorties were undertaken without orders, just at the pleasure of the commanders of the armed bands. Then, on the evening of March 28th, a body of young men, headed by Tito Speri, made a sortie from the Torrelunga gate. Falling in with a superior force of the enemy, Speri, who seems to have kept his head, proposed to retire. His followers, however, cried out upon his cowardice, and, waving his sword, he called upon them to follow him, and dashed at the enemy. As usually happens in such cases, not more than thirty had the courage of their tongues, and Speri, with his little band, were soon surrounded. After a short scuffle, most succeeded in cutting their way through; but the leader and five others were taken prisoners, and a few remained on the field. Speri presently managed to make his escape, but was in after-days recaptured and hanged at Mantua, one of the stupid pieces of cruelty which in these years too often disgraced the Austrian Government. On the final liberation of Lombardy in 1859, his fellow-citizens erected a statue of him in a square of the town through which the visitor passes on his way to

mount the steep lane which leads to the castle. After this adventure, sorties were forbidden, and hostilities were confined for a day or two to keeping up a fire of small-arms upon the castle from the neighbouring houses and barricades, by which a few gunners were killed. But the end was not far off. In the night of the 30th, General Haynau arrived and took the command. Including the troops in the corps, he had less than 4,000 men at his disposal, but his arrangements were quickly made. Throwing one battalion into the castle, to which at its north-eastern corner there is access without passing through the town, he divided the remainder into five bodies, sending one to block each of the roads by which the city is approached. The main assault was to be delivered, as before, on the Porta Torrelunga. In the course of the forenoon he was approached by the municipal officials; and at their request he undertook to abstain from further action till two in the afternoon, on the chance of his terms being accepted. But by this time passion ran too high for any conciliation. The people hardly knew in what cause they were fighting: they had nothing to do with Piedmont:—even the tricolour of United Italy was not displayed. For the present they fought under the red flag; and even this to the majority probably had no particular signification. As of old, the citizen knew no country but his own city; and if Florence three hundred and fifty years before had overawed the hosts of France by the mere threat to ring her bells, why should not Brescia try her fortune against Austria? At two o'clock, then, the bells rang out once more, and the rattle of musketry gave the answer of the citizens to all proposals for surrender. Still Haynau, ruthless as he is reputed to have been, seems to have shrunk from exposing either his men to a street-fight or an undisciplined population to the fury of a storming army, and it was not till four o'clock that the guns of the castle opened upon the town. At the same time a detachment of troops was sent to make its way along the eastern rampart, and take in flank the barricade which defended Porta Torrelunga. This was effected, and Nugent's column fought their way in. The general himself fell mortally wounded, but the column pressed on. "Then," says Haynau, in his report to Radetzky, "began a murderous fight, conducted on the part of the insurgents, from barricade to barricade, from house to house, with the utmost obstinacy. I could never have believed," adds the stolid German with some *naïveté*, "that so bad a cause could have been so stubbornly defended." The troops, however, fought no less stubbornly, and though losing heavily, had before nightfall established themselves in some of the first houses.

At daybreak on April 1st the bells of Brescia rang out for the last time. Haynau, on his side, ordered a vigorous bombardment, and renewed the assault. Fighting was resumed with more ferocity than ever. No quarter was given, and every house from which a shot came was mercilessly set on fire. Discipline was bound to tell at last. Foot by foot the soldiers advanced, under pouring rain, through the narrow, barricaded streets. Flank attacks gradually cleared the gates of San Alessandro on the south, and San Nazzaro at the south-east corner (where now is the railway station), and by evening that of San Giovanni on the west was in the hands of the Austrians. Meanwhile, a force from the castle had forced the barricades which had been raised at the head of all the streets leading to it, driving the defenders back to the lower ground.

The insurgents were now cooped up in the north-western angle of the city. Their ammunition was failing. The "Committee of Public Defence," as such bodies are too apt to do, had taken steps to secure its personal safety; the municipal authorities offered the capitulation which had been demanded a few hours before; and by six o'clock the struggle was over. On the Austrian side, a general, two colonels, six other officers, and 480 men had been killed, and at least as many wounded. That the conduct of the troops, after the capture of the city, was worse than usual under similar circumstances has hardly been proved; but many brutalities were undoubtedly committed. Still, it hardly behoves us, with our memories of San Sebastian, to cast stones at others; and it must be admitted that their provocations were great. From the cowardly attack on a few soldiers and gendarmes, with which the rising began, to the murder of some alleged "police-agents" perpetrated when it became clear that the cause was lost, many acts were committed by the insurgents which could not fail to exasperate the victors. But the unhappy city had surely been punished enough, and the shootings, hangings, and floggings which earned for General Haynau the nickname of "the hyæna," were superfluous cruelties. They were not forgotten ten years later, and served to add a louder ring to the cheers with which Brescia welcomed the French and Sardinian armies within her walls in 1859.

THE FALL OF PLEVNA

THE FOURTH BATTLE: 10. DECR 1877

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

ON December 1st, 1877, my major summoned to his mud-hut in our redoubt the thirteen officers of his battalion who—out of a total of twenty-seven—had survived three great battles, numerous skirmishes, and the horrors of a six-weeks' siege, and asked our opinion on the following points:—

"Shall we remain in Plevna until food is exhausted, and surrender when there is nothing left to eat? or shall we make a desperate attempt to force the lines of investment?"

These were the questions which a council of war, called for that day by Osman Pasha, the Turkish commander, was to decide.

After a solemn deliberation, eleven—including myself—answered "No" to the first question, and "Yes" to the second, whilst two replied in the reverse sense.

With this message the colonel of my regiment departed to headquarters, the voting of each of his four battalions having resulted in the same finding. The council arrived at no decision.

"Let no man deceive himself," Osman had said, "as to the chances of success of such an attempt. They are infinitesimal. But the honour of our country, and the fair fame of our army, render it incumbent upon us to make a last and supreme effort."

They met again on the following day, when a sortie was finally decided upon.

Prospect of activity, eagerness to fight, and hope of success fairly intoxicated the men. Our numerous preparations, which kept us in a fever-heat of occupation for more than a week, were made in a methodical and thorough manner.

The fourth battle of Plevna—better known as the last sortie—which was fought on the left Vid plain on the morning of the 10th December, 1877, and with which this article deals, constitutes the fifth act in the sanguinary drama of the defence of Plevna, which latter forms the central episode of the great Russo-Turkish War. Thrice (on July 20th, July 30th, and September 11th) had the allied Russian-Roumanian armies essayed to take Plevna by storm, and had failed disastrously. Then Plevna was invested, in order to be starved into submission; and when the position had become untenable and unbearable, when all hope of outside help had vanished, Osman Pasha, abandoned to his fate by an ungrateful country, acting upon the unanimous verdict of the council of war summoned by him, decided to strike a last and desperate blow for liberty.

Considerations of space forbid me to enter into a detailed description of the terrible sufferings we had to undergo during the investment. Ever since the middle of October snow and frost had reigned supreme. The food-stores were nearly exhausted, and the rations had been reduced to such a minimum (a quantity of maize-meal equal to about ten ounces per man per day) as was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. The clothing was in rags, and exposure to the bitter weather—we dwelt in half-open mud-huts—claimed scores of victims. Fuel was so scarce that a piece of wood was treasured as priceless. Hideous diseases raged unchecked, and did more ravage in a day than the Russian guns did in a week. The mortality from illness was appalling. It amounted to 800 persons a week out of a total of 45,000, including peaceful inhabitants, or 8 per cent. per month. The Plevna camp, twenty-five square miles in area, was a vast cemetery, with the town for its central charnel-house. Under these trying circumstances the Turkish soldiers exhibited to an admirable degree that quality which they possess in a larger measure than any troops in Europe—cheerfulness under suffering. Discipline was

not affected, and the draconic laws issued by headquarters were seldom called into play.

I commanded a company of infantry which had been reduced by death, wounds, and illness from its original strength of 5 officers, 7 non-coms., and 170 men—plus a draft of 1 officer, 1 non-com., and 20 men, giving a total of 6 officers, 8 non-coms., and 190 men—to 3 officers, 3 non-coms., and 80 men. My station was in the great central redoubt of our north front, on the hill called Janik Bair.

Our preparations for the final battle were so numerous and manifold that I can but indicate the principal features.

The remaining stock of maize-meal and biscuits was distributed in equal parts among the men, the rest of salt, sugar, and quinine among the battalions. The public cash was dealt out to the tune of twenty-five piastres (four shillings and sixpence) a man, and something extra for the officers. I received seventy-five piastres. To each man was given a small quantity of linen rags to serve as bandages for light wounds or sore feet. The non-commissioned officers had doses of ointment for the same purpose.

There being an abundance of arms in Plevna, and in order to diminish the quantity which we should have to leave behind (buried), the buglers, drummers, train-soldiers, and non-combatants generally, and also the gunners, received rifles.

Each man carried 130 cartridges—80 in the pouch and 50 in the haversack. Each battalion had a reserve stock of 180,000 cartridges, in 180 boxes of a thousand each. There were 300 shots per gun, and two or three ammunition-carts per battery.

Every rifle was taken to pieces, inspected, cleaned, oiled, tested. The bayonets were sharpened; the men had two each—one sword-shape and one of the ordinary kind.

THE "GIANT" BATTERY IN THE RUSSIAN LINES.

For the transport of ammunition, water, forage, tents, tools, blankets, and baggage we had per battalion 60 pack-horses, and 12 carts drawn each by two oxen, with three oxen as reserve. The cart-wheels and those of the gun-carriages were greased and bound up with straw, so as to render their action noiseless. A redistribution of the tents was made, resulting in a share of 30 per battalion. A sufficient quantity of lanterns was dealt out to each company. A copy of the *ordre du jour*, occupying ten or twelve pages, was given to each officer down to the company-leaders, and each battalion had a separate order from its divisional general. In these orders the battalions, batteries, and squadrons were timed to a minute from the moment of abandoning their

redoubts on the evening of the 9th until that of taking up their positions in the battle line at dawn on the 10th. And, last not least, we had to burn our standard.

In silence and reverence we watched the flames devour the venerable rag which had preceded the battalion for fifty years, which bore the honoured names of Giurgevo, Silistria, Eupatoria, and Sebastopol, and had fluttered beside me in five bayonet charges.

The Turkish army consisted of 50 battalions of infantry (mustering an average of 400 men: that is, half the normal strength), 24 squadrons of cavalry (counting an average of 60 men), and 88 guns—a total of 34,000 men, including 9,000 non-combatants, convalescents, and wounded. The latter were to accompany the army in 200 carts, and only those that could not be moved—800—were left behind in town, to be slaughtered subsequently by the Christians of Plevna. The Turkish residents went also with the army, at their urgent entreaties, to escape the fury of the Bulgarian rabble, the women and children in 500 carts, the men acting as drivers and general assistants to the huge train, which, in its totality, consisted of 1,100 vehicles and 5,000 pack-horses and baggage-mules.

The Turkish army was divided for the purposes of the sortie into two divisions, each of three brigades, and an unattached seventh brigade. The first six brigades counted eight battalions each; the seventh, ten battalions, the remaining battalion acting as escort to the staff. The sortie was to be executed in a north-westerly direction, starting from the Vid Bridge and the two auxiliary pontoon bridges recently erected for that purpose. Had it succeeded, the army would have retreated to Berkovitza, and thence across the Balkans to Soña. Cavalry and artillery were distributed among the brigades.

The first division, with two battalions of the second division, two of the seventh brigade, and the escort battalion, was to do the actual fighting, forcing its way into and through the Russian lines; whilst the seventh brigade was to serve as convoy to the train, and was to cross the Vid with the latter in good time. The second division was to act as rearguard to the general movement, occupying the fortifications recently erected east of the Vid. Its right flank was to hold the Opanetz, or northern redoubts; its left, the redoubts in the south-western section of the camp. All other redoubts and the town itself were abandoned. The second division was to follow in the track of the first, as soon as the train had crossed the river and the first was fairly engaged with the enemy. The assailing force was to take up position in battle order on the left bank during the night, and the train was to have crossed before daybreak.

The force which actually executed the sortie by means of a bayonet charge on a scale of unprecedented magnitude consisted of 29 battalions, 11 squadrons, and 48 guns—a total of 14,000 men—and its front was two miles long. The column was arranged in two lines, each of 14 battalions. The attacking force had thus a frontage of 14 battalions and a depth of two, and each battalion was in itself a solid double oblong, each oblong being 20 men broad and 10 men deep. In front of the whole line were 14 companies of picked troops, drawn out in skirmishing order. My battalion formed the extreme right of the attacking column with another battalion, a battery of six pieces, and two squadrons of cavalry. The extreme left was composed of eight squadrons and a horse battery. Osman Pasha commanded the attacking force in person, his second being Tahir Pasha, the chief of staff. The three storming brigades were led by the three ablest fighting officers of the army—namely, Atouf Pasha, Yunuz Bey, and Tewfik Pasha; and the six regimental officers (four battalions were massed into a regiment) were also men renowned for their dash in attack. The whole of Osman's army was composed of crack battalions, with the exception of a few battalions of Mustafiz (*levée en masse*); and of this fine army the twenty-nine battalions of the storming force were again the pick.

The second division, which covered the movement to rearward and on both flanks, was commanded by Adil Pasha, the most accredited among Osman's generals of division and brigade. The convoy brigade and the train had for their leader the Colonel Said Bey, a man fully qualified for this difficult post.

The Russian-Roumanian army of investment consisted of 132 battalions, 66 squadrons, and 482 guns—a total of 100,000 men; and was thus four times stronger in men, and nearly six times stronger in guns, than the besieged force. It was commanded nominally by the Prince (now King) Charles of Roumania, the real leader being the Prince's adjutant, General Todleben, of Sebastopol fame. It was arranged in six sections, and that section against which the Turkish attack was delivered consisted of the corps of Imperial Grenadiers, commanded by General Ganetzki.

Todleben's dispositions were admirable. An elaborate system for sending reinforcements to any given point of the line of investment from any other given point or points had been not only organised, but rehearsed, with the result that the Russian leaders knew to a battalion, and within a fraction of an hour, what forces could be sent, and whence, and in what time, to any attacked portion of the circle. In each section several brigades were kept constantly ready to assist any other section.

I had duties in town in the early morning of the 9th December, and, when leaving it, bade good-bye for ever to the personal friends among the inhabitants; to a girl, also, who had done me many a womanly service when I lay wounded in the ambulance, and later, when sick and helpless, I had been an inmate of that veritable hell—which I cannot recall without a shudder—the fever hospital. Arrived in my redoubt, I had a humble meal of maize porridge, and then—having been commanded for the afternoon to the staff office—I accompanied my battalion's train to town, after having bidden farewell to the redoubt which had harboured me for twenty weeks of slaughter and sufferings.

The place of tryst for the trains was a bare hill halfway between town and Vid Bridge, and the time the afternoon of the 9th; whilst the place of tryst for the troops and guns was the immediate neighbourhood of the three bridges, and the time the night of the 9th to the 10th.

I installed my train in its temporary bivouac on the hill-top—where there was already a vast assembly of carts, pack-horses, and baggage-mules—just as the sun was setting in the dim and hazy west, behind the very ground which was to be the point of our attack, the possession of which meant glorious freedom after the atrocious sufferings and horrors of a siege. Quietly the Vid flowed beneath me, reflecting the faint glow of a winter sunset, and behind me the tops of Plevna's domes and minarets were gilded by the dying light of day.

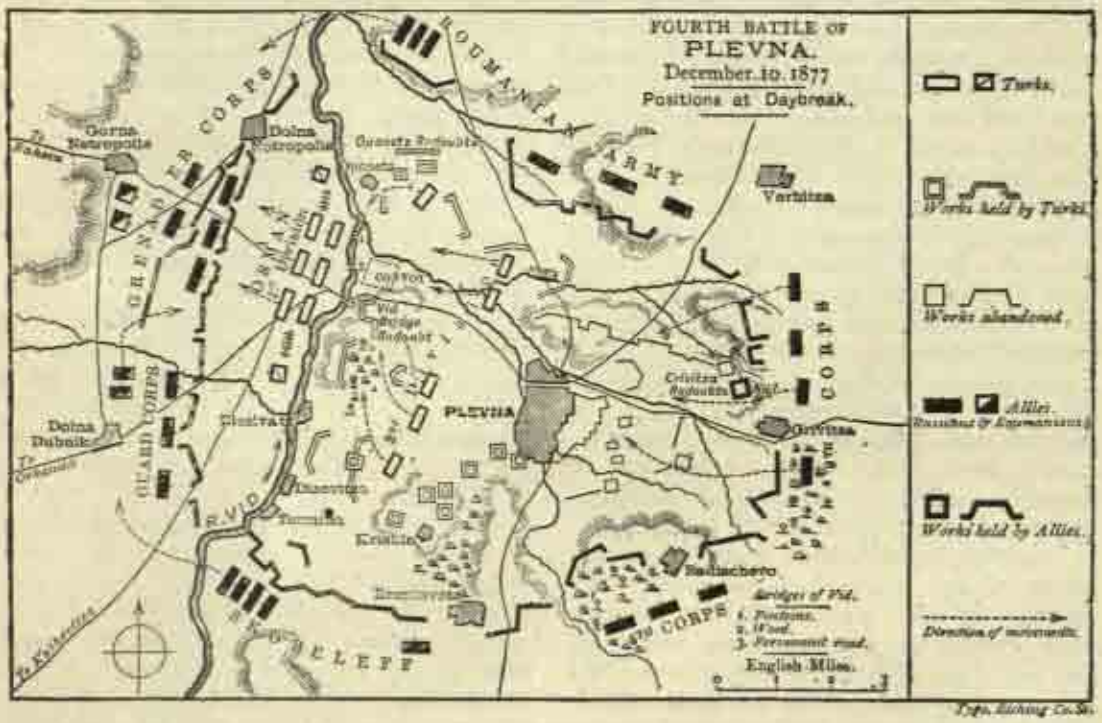
The temperature for some days past had been playing about freezing-point—a degree or two above in daytime, a degree or two below at night. There was slush on the ground, and a thin cover of dirty, dripping snow on roofs and trees. A slight frost set in as I gazed at the dreary desolation of the scene. I, having carefully examined, the day before, the Russian lines through my glasses when I had formed one of a reconnoitring party, knew the attempt to break through to be hopeless. I did not deceive myself. It was all up with us. A whole army was bent upon suicide for the sake of that phantom—the honour of the flag. And 500 families of peaceful citizens were to share the fate of the combatants; and 800 wounded, left behind, were to be abandoned to the tender mercies of a fanatical and murderous rabble, men and women who carried, locked up in their breasts, the grudge of centuries of feud, extortion, and race hatred. The air was still and oppressive, despite the cold; the sky-line murky everywhere, except in the west, where a halo of gold and orange pointed out the end and aim of the stupendous struggle that was to ensue. But the glory faded quickly, and a night black and damp set in. Weeping women near me knelt down on the wet ground to pray, and I, with other officers, joined them. I made my peace with the Almighty, and recommended to His mercy the lives of those whom I loved best in this world, my friend and comrade of many a battle, and that patient, heroic girl. But my prayer was not heard. I was spared to tell the awful and wondrous story, and they fell.

In the impenetrable darkness, guided by my lantern, I walked back to town. Battalion after battalion and battery after battery passed me in faultless order on the way to their appointed stations. In a subdued voice the men repeated the phrase "No surrender!" as they marched to their doom.

What pen is capable of describing the aspect of Plevna, once a prosperous and pretty town, during the latter part of the siege? A starving, plague-stricken, desolate, utterly ruined town—a town where a cup of coffee fetched half-a-sovereign and a piece of bread was held beyond earthly price; where sheds, styes, and stables had been turned into ambulances or fever-hospitals; where men crawled into dogs' kennels to die in awful forsakenness; where wounded rotted in a living body, and ghastly operations had to be performed on *conscious* men for want of stupefying drugs; where women raked up disgusting heaps of offal in search of edible scraps, and children cried aloud in the agony of starvation; where mortality was so great that in households and families a death excited neither comment nor feeling; where dead bodies were thrust into the gutters as the quickest way of getting rid of them, to be picked up by the carts sent round for that purpose at regular intervals.

I had various duties to perform: assisting the staff in clerical labours, helping to pack up the archives and records, and pasting labels with

the inscription "There are only wounded in this house," surmounted by a cross, on the doors of the houses in which the helpless ones had been brought together. Never shall I forget the utter desolation of those dead and ruined streets in the blackness of a winter night, with the scanty snowflakes coming down lazily, and none to speak to me save a ragged Bulgarian woman, who implored me, for the love of the Saviour, to get her children something to eat. So ravenous were the people that when I was returning to the staff's office some men robbed me by



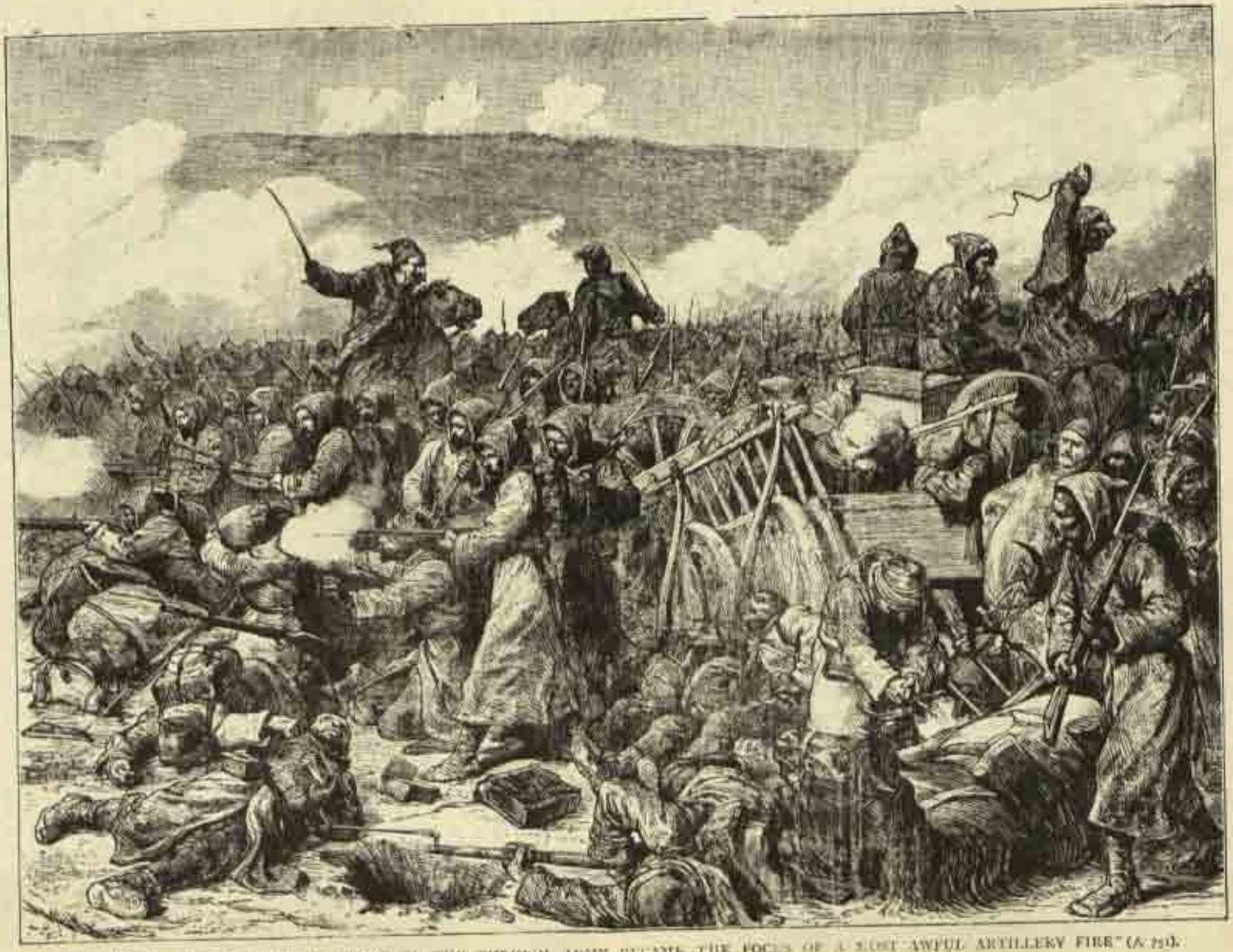
violence of my paste-pot, being, without a doubt, under the impression that the vessel contained food.

I met Osman Pasha in the public building, whither he had gone with some of his officers to bid good-bye to the one official who was to stay behind. After midnight we all went. I was among the last half-a-dozen soldiers to leave the town.

I slept uneasily with some comrades in a deserted boat-house by the river bank, and in the morning, before daylight set in, I met my battalion at the appointed place of tryst—the head of one of the pontoon bridges. We crossed the river just as the day dawned behind us hideously in murky grey, and took up our position on the extreme right of the line of attack.

The snowfall had ceased, the mist cleared as the morning advanced; but the sun, veiled all day, never shone upon the last sortie. The temperature was above freezing-point, and on the tracks and roads the snow was soon turned into slush under the tread of charging battalions.

An imposing sight was that straight line—two miles long—of the first division as it gradually emerged out of the morning vapours, extending as far as eyes could travel. Of 29 battalions every man at his post waiting but for the command to advance, every company in faultless order, the whole body ready in grand and solid battle array. The dark hoods of the greatcoats drawn over the fezes, pointed upwards grotesquely, and the glittering steel blades of the sword-bayonets reflected the sombre grey hue of the snow-pregnant sky in endless files. In front, two miles away from us, on the summit of the gently rising ground, the Russian entrenchments rose out of the vapours, sinister and threatening, the barriers betwixt us and liberty; beyond them the misty distance meant freedom, the end and goal. This was our last resource, our last appeal to arms, our last and supreme effort, and "No surrender!" went up once more



"THE DENSE AND DISORDERLY CROWD OF THE TURKISH ARMY BECAME THE FOCUS OF A MOST AWFUL ARTILLERY FIRE." (p. 150).

into the dim heavens in a great shout, as, just after nine o'clock, the cannon on both sides commenced to play. Half an hour later the bugles sounded "Advance," and the huge column began to move. I was in the front line with one half of my company, my English comrade, Lieutenant Seymour, by my side; the second half was thirty yards to rearward, in charge of the only other surviving officer.

Up to that point the whole of Osman Pasha's grand plan had been executed without a hitch. The huge train had crossed the three bridges before nine o'clock in faultless order, thanks to the convoy brigade. The first division had been in battle array even before the dawn of day; the second had occupied already during the previous evening the positions east of the bridge assigned to it for the rearward protection of the attack. Except that the latter was commenced about an hour after the stipulated time, the programme had been gone through point by point without a single disturbance.

I had been in three great battles, but never before had I beheld anything faintly approaching in grandeur that stupendous rush for liberty. Let the reader paint the scene in his imagination: Twenty-nine battalions charging simultaneously with a two-mile front across a level gently rising plain devoid of shelter or obstacles, swept by the enemy's cannonade, and, as we came within range, by his terrific rifle fire. The men of the skirmishing line fired without stopping. We went at the quick, hurling a hail of lead before us. The troops repeated incessantly the Arabic phrase, "In the name of the merciful God!" From battalion to battalion the prayer spread, the sonorous syllables kept pace with the step of charging brigades, at in the end thousands upon thousands of human throats sent the despairing invocation up to the inexorable heavens. Deep gaps were torn into our lines. At last we approached the first Russian trench. The bugles blazed forth the command "Storm!" Down went the bayonets, the roll of 200 drums shook the air, the skirmishers fell back, and now the terrific struggle commenced. Lieutenant Seymour fell by my side with a bullet in his breast. In an incredibly short time we had the first trench in our possession, then a second, and a third; and before we knew what we were about we were amid the Russian guns, hacking, clubbing, stabbing, using bayonets and butt-ends, swords and revolvers, whilst overhead flew countless shells like an infernal gale of gigantic hailstones, each with a hissing white trail. The confusion was terrible. In the smoke one knew no longer who was friend and who foe. The din was so deafening that my voice, as I tried to cheer the men, was soundless to my hearing. Frantic faces streamed with blood. The air reeked with the breath of thousands of panting creatures. It seemed as if all the passion and all the iniquity of this world had been let loose; and speaking now, after the lapse of eighteen years, I can but gaze back aghast at the turmoil and the devilry of this collision. My men were amidst a Russian battery of eight pieces. The enemy's gunners got their prancing, terror-stricken horses out, and succeeded in removing five of the guns: two others the Grenadiers dragged away by hand. One piece remained in our possession. We pursued, and found ourselves in a maze of mud-huts, every one of which was fought for and won. Finally, we were clear of the Russians, having taken along our whole front the first line of their entrenchments. Five hundred yards ahead loomed a second and stronger line.

I collected my men, and found sixty of them. I was the only surviving officer of my company. Both my comrades had died the true soldier's death—face to the foe.

In the meantime, on the other side, Todleben's dispositions had commenced to work like a huge piece of machinery set into motion by the turning of a single wheel. Through my glasses I saw whole divisions coming up from the east. Before the Turkish forces—necessarily in a state of great confusion after so desperate an encounter—could be got into order and position for an attack upon the second line of Russian entrenchments, and before any part or fraction of our second division could start in aid of the almost exhausted first, the Russians commenced a vigorous counter-attack with overwhelming numbers, which threw the gravest disorder into the Turkish ranks, and caused finally a panic. In a mad torrent of horses, vehicles, and men the crazy crowd rushed back across the plain, each man fondly and foolishly hoping to find safety behind the river.

It may not be amiss to give an outline of the general course of the action up to this point.

Already an hour before midnight on the 9th the Russians had discovered the eastern redoubts to be abandoned, and had occupied them. After daybreak the southern redoubts, those on the Janik Bair, and the town itself were occupied.

The rush of the first division, headed by Osman Pasha in person, with sword in the right

hand and revolver in the left, attended by every officer of his staff, had been uniformly successful; the front line of the hostile entrenchments had been seized, with twelve guns and some hundreds of prisoners. But the Russian camp wires flashed the news that the Turks had attacked Ganetzki's corps to every portion of the huge circle of investment; from the other sections strong reinforcements started to aid the Grenadiers, and everywhere further columns were organised. The Russian counter-attack threw confusion into the Turkish ranks. Osman was grievously wounded in the leg by a shell-splinter, and Tahir took the command. The latter, though he did undoubtedly all that lay within his power, was not able to maintain the conquered positions. The troops, seeing no longer their beloved chief, became demoralised; Tahir himself was slightly wounded, and Adil, the most trusted leader after Osman, was still on the right bank, miles away, where his brigades were so hotly engaged that the original plan—namely, to come to the aid of the first division—could not be executed. Of the three brigadiers who had taken part in the charge, two (Atouf Pasha and Yunuz Bey) were wounded, and the six regimental officers were all either killed or disabled. So great was the number of casualties among the officers that several battalions were in charge of junior-lieutenants.

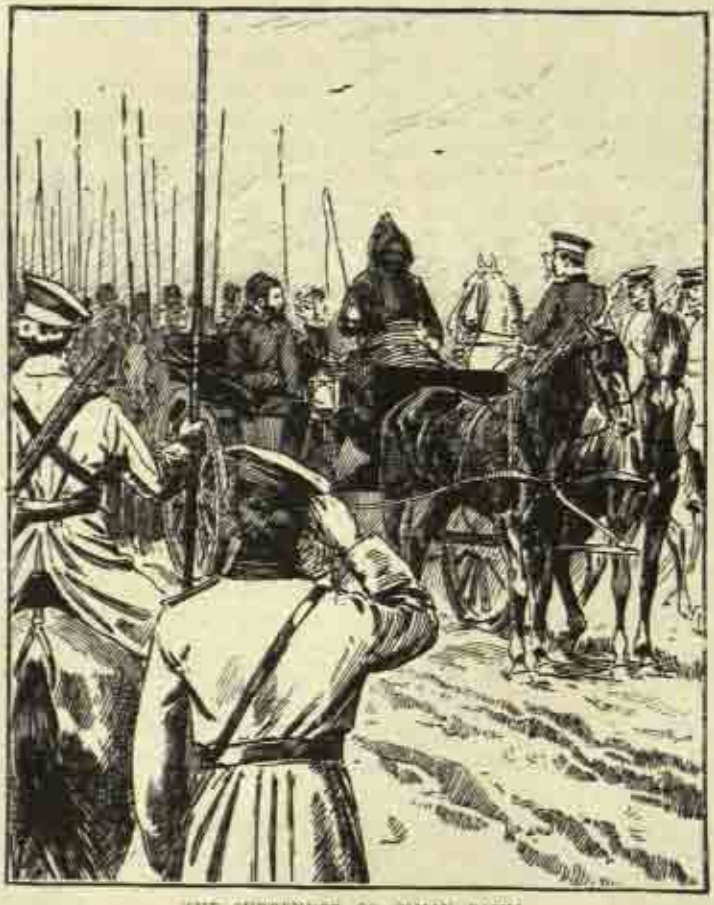
The result of this combination of circumstances was the crazy flight across the Vid plain, which would have terminated, there and then, in the annihilation of the army, had not Said Bey, the commander of the convoy, thrust some of his battalions—led by Lieutenant-Colonel Pertev Bey, who was wounded in this encounter—between the retiring columns and the pursuing enemy. On all points the Turks retreated across the river, and on the other side they made their last stand.

Meanwhile the Roumanians had brought about by a ruse the surrender of the six battalions which held the Opanetz redoubts: they had sent a *parlementaire* to the commander, Edhem Pasha, with the message that Osman had laid down his arms; whereas, in fact, Osman surrendered at least two hours later than Edhem. Thus the right Turkish flank was bared. Reinforcements reached the Russian lines from all points; and the narrow confines of the locality which now harboured the dense and disorderly crowd of the Turkish army became the focus of a most awful artillery fire. To rearward and on the left flank the Russians began to press so hard that Adil Pasha's remaining two brigades could maintain their positions only at the cost of terrible sacrifices. The confusion, caused principally by the cumbersome train, was so great, the exhaustion of the men so complete, that further resistance seemed impossible, and yet the Turkish forces had still a good deal of fight left in them.

On the right Vid bank Osman Pasha's army made its last stand. It was not attempted to restore the tactical formations; the men organised themselves voluntarily into columns and took up position along the bank, whilst the guns deployed on the slope of the hills. The carts were sent to the rear. When dense columns of Russian infantry came within range the Turks were ready for them, and for the last time the clatter of rifle-fire aroused the echoes of devastated vine-slopes. The cannonade became simply infernal. It is said that even the Balkan outposts of the so-called "Army of Relief," recently organised in and around Sofia, heard the growl of the distant thunder, forty miles away, and that they whispered to each other, in awe and wonder, that Osman the Victorious was making his last stand. The earth trembled, as if convulsed by the spasms of the dying Empire of the Crescent; and a great event, that was to shape the course of European politics for decades to come, was born amidst such labour and travail as history has rarely witnessed.

Osman had been carried to a shed on the bridge road, and thither came orderlies and aides-de-camp from every quarter with this one message: "It is all up with us. In another hour the Russian guns will have annihilated us." I, having been sent by my major with a request for help to Osman after the first successful Turkish attack, had been drawn into the vortex of the panic, and the mad torrent of humanity had carried me back across the river; and on my way to regain my battalion I came among the five hundred carts with the women and children, which the Russian shells seemed to single out for their aim. Such scenes as I witnessed there, such sounds as I heard then, I trust the reader will be mercifully spared from ever seeing or having to listen to. Then I passed by the shed to which Osman was brought just as I lingered there for a moment, and the terrible expression on his tortured features haunted me long afterwards. I did not stay to witness the hoisting of the white flag: this did not take place until an hour or more after I had left the neighbourhood. I learned later that Osman

had obstinately refused to give way to the entreaties of his officers to stop the slaughter by consenting to a capitulation, until the continued arrival of messengers from all sides, imploring for a cessation of hostilities, induced him to give, broken-hearted, the order to hoist a white flag on the roof. Numerous messengers were despatched to stop the firing. *Parlementaires* sent to the Russian general (Ganetzki) commanding the troops that were now coming up from all sides in serried ranks towards the Vid, asked for a capitulation with certain conditions; but Ganetzki demanded unconditional surrender, to which Osman had to agree. Tahir Pasha and General Ganetzki met on the battlefield and concluded the capitulation.



THE SURRENDER OF OSMAN PASHA.

Thus was accomplished the fall of Plevna, after a defence which had lasted 143 days, which embraced four great battles, twenty-five minor actions, and numerous skirmishes; which involved a cost in life and limb of close on 100,000 human beings, and which, to quote the Czar Alexander II., "is one of the finest things done in military history."

The Russians give their losses in this, the fourth and last battle of Plevna, at 2,100 in killed and disabled, of which figures 1,700 fell upon Ganetzki's corps of Grenadiers. The Roumanian casualties were only a hundred or so. The Turkish losses amounted to 5,000 (of which 3,000 in the first division, 1,500 in the second, and 500 in train and convoy); 200 peaceful inhabitants, mostly women and children, had been killed or wounded, and the Christians of Plevna massacred at least 500 invalids, convalescents, and residents. Thus in this action nearly 8,000 human beings were slaughtered or disabled.

General Ganetzki, as the man to whom Osman Pasha actually surrendered himself, is of course entitled to a share of the glory; but to call him the conqueror of Plevna, as has been done, is absurd. The Defender of Sebastopol is the Conqueror of Plevna; for this proud title is fully due to General Todleben, who had brought about the fall of the best-defended town of modern times by the patient, calculating skill of the mathematician.

I had joined my battalion just in time to take part in the last stand made against overwhelming numbers of Roumanian infantry coming towards us from the north. Then a messenger brought the order to cease fire, and half-an-hour later I surrendered myself and the sad remnants of my company (forty men) to a Roumanian colonel, as the dusk, sullen and threatening, closed over the fall of Plevna.

APPENDIX.

A GENERAL LIST OF ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

COMPILED BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

1801.—April 2: DENMARK having joined league of Northern Powers against England, Hyde Parker and Nelson attack **Copenhagen**; British victory.

1802.—EGYPT. British Expedition to expel French. March 8: Abercrombie lands at **Aboukir** in spite of French opposition. March 21: Battle of **Alexandria**, French defeated; they agree to evacuate Egypt.

1803.—INDIA.—Mahratta War: British victories: Aug. 12, **Ahmednuggur**; Sept. 23, **Assaye**—Wellington's first great victory; Nov. 1, **Laswaree**; Nov. 29, **Argaum**.

1804.—Nov. 17, **Furruckabad**.

1803-1805.—Napoleon's plans for invasion of England are defeated by his failure to obtain command of the sea; to keep him employed on Continent England forms coalition with Russia and Austria; Austria declares war before Russia is ready, August, 1805.

1805.—Oct. 5: Nelson destroys French and Spanish fleets at **Trafalgar**.

WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—Aug. 27-Sept. 24: French Grand Army under Napoleon marches from Boulogne into Germany; Mack with Austrians advances to Ulm, in Bavaria; French close on Ulm and cut Mack off from Austria, defeating Austrians (Oct. 8) at **Wertingen**; (Oct. 9) **Günsburg**; (Oct. 11) **Haslach**; (Oct. 14) **Elchingen** (Ney commands French); and (Oct. 13) **Michelberg**. On Oct. 17, Mack capitulates at Ulm.

Oct. 30-Nov. 5: Napoleon advances on Vienna, Austrians and Russian auxiliary corps retiring before him and fighting rear-guard actions at **Ried, Lambach, Steyer**, and **Amstetten**. Nov. 8: Davoust's victory at **Maria-Zell**. Nov. 11: Mortier defeated at **Dürrenstein**. Nov. 13: Murat seizes bridges of the Danube by stratagem. Nov. 28: Napoleon enters Vienna.

(EVENTS IN SOUTH OF AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.)—In Italy Massena opposes Archduke Charles. Oct. 30-31: Battle of **Caldiero**, indecisive; Archduke retires into Illyria. On news of Ulm, Austrians under Archduke John evacuate Tyrol, retiring eastwards and fighting three actions, all claimed as French victories—Nov. 2, **Mittenwald**; Nov. 4, **Scharnitz**; Nov. 11 and 12, **Gries**. Nov. 24: Austrians under Rotian surrender to St. Cyr after defeat at **Castelfranco**.

CAMPAIGN OF AUSTERLITZ, against Russians and Austrians. Nov. 11: Russians under Alexander I. and Kutusoff unite with Austrian army at Olmütz. Nov. 28: Murat surprised by Russian vanguard at **Wischau**. Dec. 2: Battle of **Austerlitz**; decisive defeat of allies by Napoleon. Dec. 4: Armistice between French and Austrians. Dec. 24: Peace of Pressburg; Austria abandons Russian alliance, and cedes extensive territories to France and her tributary states.

INDIA.—April 2: **Bhurtpore** besieged by Lake.

1806.—SOUTH AMERICA.—June 27: **Buenos Ayres** taken by British under Popham.

MEDITERRANEAN.—British expedition to South Italy. Stuart lands in Calabria, and (July 4) defeats French under Reynier at Battle of **Maida**, but, failing to excite rising against French, retires to Sicily.

CENTRAL EUROPE.—Campaign of Jena and Auerstadt. Napoleon tries to make peace with Russia at expense of Prussia; Prussia mobilises her army, and Russia breaks off negotiations. Napoleon strikes at Prussia before Russia is ready to help her. Aug. 9: Prussia declares war. Aug. and Sept.: Concentration of the armies. Oct. 10: Lannes defeats Prussians at **Saalfeld**. Oct. 14: Battles of **Jena** and **Auerstadt**; complete defeat of Prussians. Oct. 25: Napoleon enters Berlin. Prussians pursued northward by Murat; Oct. 28, surrender of Hohenlohe's army; Oct. 29, fortress of Stettin; Nov. 7, Blücher's army; Nov. 8, fortress of Magdeburg. On Nov. 30, French occupy Warsaw. Dec. 24: they defeat Russians at **Czarnovo**, in Poland.

1807.—Jan. 1: French go into winter quarters. Jan. 18: Russians march into East Prussia to help remains of Prussian army holding Königsberg. Jan. 25: They defeat Bernadotte at **Mohrungen**. Napoleon marches against Russians. Feb. 3: French victory at **Bergfried**. Feb. 7 and 8: Battle of **Preuss-Eylau**, claimed by French as victory, by Russians as drawn battle. Feb. 16: French return to winter quarters. May 25: Dantzig surrenders to French. Russians retire towards their own frontier pursued by French. June 10: they check French pursuit at **Heilsberg**. June 14: They accept battle at **Friedland**, and are completely defeated. July 9: Treaty of Tilsit; Prussia loses half her territory; the Grand Duchy of Warsaw formed out of part of old Polish kingdom.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Feb. 3: Whitelock takes **Monte Video**. July 5: but is defeated at **Buenos Ayres**.

DANISH WAR.—In consequence of information that Napoleon and the Czar had planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, the British Government demands surrender of the fleet to England, and, on refusal, (Sept. 2-5) Cathcart attacks and bombards **Copenhagen**, enforcing surrender.

NAPOLEON'S INTERVENTION IN SPAIN.—Oct. 20: Treaty of alliance signed between France and Spain against Portugal, in virtue of which a French army under Junot marches through Spain, seizes Lisbon, and expels Portuguese royal family. Other French troops, entering Spain nominally to support Junot, treacherously seize fortresses of the North. Result, Spanish risings against the French and Peninsular War of following year.

1808.—May: risings against French in Spain and Portugal. July 13: Battle of **Medina del Rio Seco**; defeat of Spaniards. July 20: Battle of **Baylen**. Spaniards force 18,000 French under Dupont to surrender. July 24: Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed King of Spain.

RUSSO-SWEDISH WAR.—Feb.: The Czar declares war against Sweden, and Russian troops enter Finland. March 2: They take **Abo**, the capital. March 8: They besiege **Sweaborg**. April 6: The fortress surrenders. May: **Aland** and **Gothland** retaken from Russians by Swedish fleet supported by British squadron. May 17

and July 7: Swedes under Klingsporr defeat Russians in **East Bothnia**. July 29: Russian fleet driven into harbour by Swedes and British. July 17: Finland ceded to Russia by a convention, confirmed by formal treaty of peace next year.

THE PENINSULAR WAR begins August.—British under Wellesley land in Portugal (at Mondego Bay). Aug. 17: they defeat French under Laborde at **Roriça**. Aug. 21; Battle of **Vimiera**; Wellesley defeats Junot. French agree (Convention of Cintra) to evacuate Portugal. Sept. 30: Evacuation completed.

Nov. 30: Spaniards defeated at **Tudela**. British army under Sir J. Moore advances from Portugal into Spain. Dec. 22: It joins a force under Baird from Corunna, but not being properly supported by Spaniards, and being threatened by superior force under Napoleon and Soult, Moore retires on Corunna.

1809.—Jan. 16: Battle of **Corunna**; British beat off French and secure re-embarcation of the army (for Lisbon).

Feb. 21: **Saragossa** taken by French.

April 22: Wellesley again in command at Lisbon. May 12: Passage of the Douro. He enters Spain with mixed British and Spanish force. July 27, 28: He defeats French at **Talavera**. Not receiving reinforcements he retires on Almeida.

July and August: Walcheren expedition.

Nov. 20: Spanish defeat at **Ocana**; French overrun South of Spain. In the winter Wellington forms the fortified lines of Torres Vedras to cover Lisbon and provide a secure base, resting on the sea, for his army.

Meanwhile Napoleon's difficulties in Spain encourage Austria to renew the struggle with France.

CAMPAIGNS OF ECKMÜHL AND WAGRAM.—April 9: Austrians defeat Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, at **Pordenone**. The Austrian main army under Archduke Charles invades Bavaria, and on April 16 defeats Bavarians (French allies) at **Landshut**. Austrians under Archduke Ferdinand invade Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and on April 19 defeat Poles and French under Poniatowski at **Raszyn**. April 20: Ferdinand enters Warsaw. Napoleon re-occupies Landshut on April 21, and on April 22 defeats Archduke Charles in battle of **Eckmühl**. Austrians retreat by Ratisbon; Napoleon advances on Vienna, which he occupies on May 13.

The Archduke Charles having approached Vienna from northwards, Napoleon crosses the Danube to meet him. June 21 and 22: Battles of **Aspern** and **Essling**; French defeated, re-cross the river. June 14: The Viceroy Eugene defeats Archduke John at **Raab**. July 4 and 5: Napoleon having been reinforced, crosses to north shore of Danube. July 5 and 6: Battle of **Wagram**; Napoleon defeats Archduke Charles, who retreats to Znaim. July 11: Battle of **Znaim**; Archduke again defeated. July 12: Armistice, followed by Treaty of Schönbrunn.

Aug.—Dec.: TYROLESE WAR.—The Tyrolese under Hofer and other leaders rise against French and Bavarians. Aug. 14: Hofer enters **Innsbruck** in triumph. Eventually the Tyrolese are everywhere defeated, and Hofer is captured and shot.

WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—Sept. 26: Turks defeat Russians at **Silistria**. Failure of Russian attempt to invade Bulgaria.

1810.—PENINSULAR WAR (*continued*).—July: French under Massena again invade Portugal. July 11: They take Ciudad Rodrigo. Sept. 27: Battle of **Busaco**; Wellington defeats French. After the battle he retires slowly on lines of Torres Vedras. Nov. 14: Massena, unable to attack the lines, or to maintain himself longer in front of them for want of supplies, begins to retreat towards Spanish frontier.

1811.—Feb. 19: Battle of **Gebora**; Soult defeats Spaniards; he then takes Badajos. March 5: Battle of **Barossa**, Graham defeats Victor; Wellington having been reinforced, follows Massena. April 3: Battle of **Sabugal**; Massena is defeated and retires from Portugal; Wellington besieges Almeida. May 5: Battle of **Fuentes de Oñoro**; Massena, advancing to relief of Almeida, is again defeated by Wellington; Almeida surrenders. Wellington then besieges Badajos, but fails to reduce it. May 16: Soult marching to relief of Badajoz is defeated at **Albuera**. Sept. 10: Battle of **Ximena**; Spaniards defeat French. Oct. 28: Hill defeats French at **Merida**.

1812.—Jan. 4: Battle of **Albufera**; Suchet defeats Spaniards. Jan. 19: Wellington takes **Ciudad Rodrigo** by storm. April 6: He takes **Badajos** by storm, and then advances into Spain. April 6: Defeat of Soult at **Llerena**. July 12: Battle of **Salamanca**; Wellington defeats French under Marmont.—Aug. 12: Wellington enters Madrid. Unable to maintain himself here through Spaniards failing to guard his communications, he retires to borders of Portugal.

FRENCH INVASION OF RUSSIA.—CAMPAIGN OF MOSCOW.—Russian jealousy of French alliance with Austria, and refusal of Czar to join Napoleon's "Continental System" against England, leads to war between France and Russia. In the early summer Napoleon concentrates the Grand Army, 600,000 strong, on western borders of Russia. June 24: He crosses the Niemen, near Kowno. July 23: Battle of **Mohilev**; Davoust defeats Russians. July 25 and 26: Russian defeat at **Ostrowno**. Aug. 12: Schwarzenburg, with right of Grand Army (Austrians, etc.), defeats Russians at **Gorodeczno**. Aug. 18: Napoleon defeats Russians at **Smolensko**. On same day St. Cyr wins battle of **Polock**. Aug. 19: Rear-guard action at **Valutinagora**, fought by Russians to cover their retreat on Moscow. Sept. 7: Battle of **Borodino** or of the **Moskowa**; Napoleon defeats Russian main army under Kutusoff. Sept. 15: French enter Moscow, the Russians retire along the Moscow-Kaluga road.

Moscow is set on fire by the Russians. Napoleon, after attempting to dictate a peace to the Czar, finds he cannot maintain himself in such an advanced position for the winter. Oct. 15: French march out of Moscow south-west, by Kaluga road, in order to retire by a line of country not laid waste in the advance. Oct. 18: Battle of **Winkowo**; Murat surprised by Kutusoff. Same day: Second battle of **Polok**; St. Cyr, guarding left of French communications, defeated by Russians. Oct. 24: Battle of **Malo-Jaroslavetz**; indecisive on actual field, but resulting in Napoleon's giving up attempt to retreat by a more southerly line, and falling back through country already wasted. Kutusoff moves parallel to him a few miles off; Cossacks harassing French. Nov. 3: Battle of **Wiasma**; Russians repulsed. Heavy snow begins. Nov. 15, 16, and 17: Battle of **Krasnoi**; repeated attacks by Kutusoff on French columns, final attack repelled by Napoleon at head of the Guard. Nov. 21: Tchitchagoff seizes bridge of Borisov, by which Napoleon hoped to cross the Beresina. Nov. 23: Battle of **Borisov**; Oudinot surprises the town, but the Russians burn the bridge and hold opposite bank. Napoleon secretly prepares a bridge at Studianka. Nov. 27 and 28: Battle of the **Beresina**; Napoleon crosses at Studianka and gains the Wilna road with heavy loss. He then resigns command to Murat, and hurries back to Paris. Dec. 15: Murat reaches Kowno with 5,000 men, and then recrosses the Niemen. Dec. 18: Russians enter Wilna, with army reduced to 40,000 men.

NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR begins (arising out of American resistance to English claim of right to search United States ships for British deserters). Oct. 13: Battle of **Queenston Heights**; Americans defeated by Canadians.

1813.—Peninsular War (*continued*).—April 13: Battle of **Castalla**; Murray defeats Suchet. June 21: Battle of **Vittoria**; Wellington defeats King Joseph. July 28–Aug. 2: Battles of the **Pyrenees**; Wellington defeats Soult. Aug. 31: **St. Sebastian** stormed by Graham. Nov. 10: Wellington defeats Soult at **Nivelle** and enters France. Dec. 9–13: Passage of the **Nive** by Wellington.

Uprising of Europe against Napoleon.—Campaign of Leipzig. Jan.: Remains of various corps of Grand Army retreat into Prussia slowly followed by Russians. Feb. 27: Prussia allies herself with Russia. March 6: French evacuate Berlin. April 15: Battle of **Möckern**; Eugene defeats Russians. May 2: Battle of **Lützen**; Napoleon defeats allies and occupies Dresden. May 19: Battle of **Königswartha**; Ney defeats Russians. May 20 and 21: Battle of **Bautzen**; Napoleon defeats allies. May 30: Armistice. June and July: Unsuccessful peace negotiations. Aug. 11: Armistice ends; Austria joins allies. Aug. 21: Battle of **Löwenberg**; and Aug. 22: Battle of **Katzbach**; Napoleon twice defeats Prussians. Aug. 23: Battle of **Gross-Beeren**; Reynier defeated by Prussians. Aug. 26: Second battle of **Katzbach**; French defeated by Prussians. Aug. 27: Battle of **Dresden**; Napoleon defeats the Austrians. Aug. 29 and 30: Battle of **Kulm**; French under Vandamme defeated by allies. Napoleon defeats Blücher (Sept. 4) at **Hochkirch**, and (Sept. 5) **Markersdorf**.—Sept. 6: Ney defeated at **Dennewitz**. Oct. 3: Bertrand defeated at **Wartenberg**. Oct. 14: Great cavalry action at **Liebertwolkwitz**: Murat fails to prevent junction of allies near Leipzig. Oct. 16, 17, and 18: Battle of **Leipzig**; Napoleon defeated by allies, and retreats westward. Oct. 30: Battle of **Hanau**; Napoleon defeats Bavarians, who try to intercept his retreat to the Rhine. Dec. 21: Austrians and Russians cross the Rhine.

North America.—Second American War (*contd.*—Jan. 22: French Town taken by Americans. May 27: They take Fort George. June 6: Americans defeated at **Burlington Heights**. Oct. 26: Action at **Châteauguay**. Nov. 11: Battle of **Chrystler's Farm**, Canada. Dec. 8: Battle of **Black Rock**.

1814.—Napoleon's "Campaign of France."—Jan. 1: Blücher crosses the Rhine. Jan. 25: Napoleon takes command of the army at Chalons (only about 50,000 men). Jan. 29: He surprises Blücher at **Brienne**. Feb. 1: He defeats allies at **La Rothière**. Feb. 7: Victory of allies at **Bar-sur-Aube**. Napoleon defeats Blücher at (Feb. 10) **Champaubert**, (11th) **Montmirail**, (12th) **Château-Thierry**, and (13th) **Vauchampe**. Feb. 17: He defeats Russian vanguard at **Mormant**. Feb. 18: He defeats allies at **Montereau**. March 7: Battle of **Craonne**; French victory. March 9: Marmont fails in attack on Prussians at **Laon**. March 13: Napoleon surprises Russian corps under St. Priest at **Rheims**. March 21: He makes unsuccessful attack on Schwarzenburg at **Arcis-sur-Aube**. The allies now take advantage of their superior numbers to oppose Napoleon with a portion of their forces, while they push on to Paris with the rest. Napoleon leaves Marmont and Mortier with 30,000 men to cover Paris, and tries to operate against communications of the invaders. March 25: Battle of **La Père Champenoise**; Marmont and Mortier defeated; they retire to suburbs of Paris. March 30: Allies storm French positions in the suburbs (Battle of **the Barriers**). March 31: They enter Paris. April 30: Napoleon assembles a force at Fontainebleau to attempt recapture of Paris, but is persuaded to accept armistice already signed by Marmont and Mortier.

Wellington's Invasion of the South of France.—February 27: He defeat. Soult at **Orthes** and (March 30) at **Tarbes**. April 10: Battle of **Toulouse**; final defeat of Soult by Wellington.

May 30: Peace of Paris; Napoleon, having abdicated, is given island of Elba. Bourbons restored in France.

North America.—Second American War (*contd.*).—May 4: Battles of **Longwood** and (July 6) **Chippewa**; British defeats. July 25: Battle of **Lundy's Lane** or **Wigara Falls**. British victory. August 15: British repulse at **Fort Erie**. August 24: Battle of **Bladensburg**; General Ross defeats Americans and captures Washington. Sept. 12: British victory at **Baltimore**.

India.—Nepaul or Gurkha War begins this year. British unsuccessful at outset.

1815.—Campaign of Waterloo.—Feb. 26: Napoleon leaves Elba. March 1: He lands in France. March 20: He reaches Paris, the army declaring for him. The allies declare war against him. Murat, King of Naples, begins a war against the Austrians, but is defeated at **Ferrara** (April 12) and **Tolentino** (May 2).

June 15: Napoleon marches into Belgium. June 16: Battle of **Ligny**; he defeats Prussians under Blücher. Same day: Battle of **Quatre Bras**; British hold their own, but on hearing of Prussian defeat, retire to position of Waterloo. June 18: Battle of **Waterloo**; Napoleon defeated by allies under Wellington and Blücher. Same day: Battle of **Wavre**; French under Grouchy defeat Prussians under Thielmann. On hearing of Napoleon's defeat, Grouchy makes good his retreat to France. June 21: Napoleon abdicates. July 3: Paris surrenders to Wellington and Blücher.

Second American War (*continued*).—Jan. 8–15: British repulse at **New Orleans**.

India.—Gurka War continues. Battle of Malaun.

1816.—India.—Gurkha War ends with Ochterlony's victories in Nepaul.

Mediterranean.—Aug. 20: Pirate stronghold of **Algiers** bombarded by British and Dutch fleets under Exmouth.

1817.—South America.—Feb. 12: Battle of **Chacabuco**; Spaniards defeated by revolted Chilians.

India.—Nov. 5: Battle of **Kirkee**; defeat of the Peshwá. Dec. 21: Battle of **Mehadpore**; defeat of Holkar.

1818.—South America. April 5: Decisive victory of the Chilians at **Maipo**.

1819.—South America.—Aug. 7: **Boyaca**; Bolivar defeats Spaniards.

1820.—Nov.: Dundonald's blockade of **Callao**.

1821.—Insurrectionary Movements against the Turks in Greece and the Balkan Peninsula, with aid of Russian and other foreign sympathisers.—May 27: Battle of **Valtezza**: Turks defeated. June 19: Battle of **Dragaschan**; Greeks under Ypsilanti defeated. October 5: **Tripolitza** stormed by Greeks.

1822.—July 23: Greeks defeat Turks at **Thermopylæ**. Sept. 16: **Corinth** taken.

1823.—French intervention in Spain against the Liberals. Capture of the **Trocadero**.

1824.—West Africa.—Jan. 21: Battle of **Accra**; Sir Charles Macarthy defeated and killed by the Ashantees.

South America.—Dec. 9: Battle of **Ayacucho**; Peruvians defeat Spaniards.

India.—First Burmese War begins.

1825.—May 28: Battle of **Rangoon**.

1826.—India.—First Burmese War ends with annexation of Assam, Tenasserim, and Arracan.

Jan. 18: British capture **Bhurtpore**.

Africa.—Aug. 7: British defeat Ashantees at **Accra**.

1827.—Greek War of Independence.—May 17: **Athens** taken. Oct. 20: Battle of **Navarino**; Turkish fleet destroyed by united fleets of England, France, and Russia. Dec. 18: Czar publishes a manifesto announcing armed intervention in Turkey.

1828.—Russo-Turkish War.—Jan.-March: Russian armies under Wittgenstein concentrating in Bessarabia. May 7: They cross the Pruth.—June 8th: They **cross the Danube** at Satunovo, below Galatz, meeting with little resistance, **and march** on Varna. July 11: Battle of **Bazardjik**; Russians defeat Turks north of Varna. July 12: Battle of **Kosludja**; Sortie of Varna garrison repulsed. Oct. 30: Varna **surrenders**. Russians go into winter quarters.

1829.—Diebitsch **takes** command of Russian field-army; he besieges Silistria. May 17: Battle of **Eski Arnautlar** (near Varna). June 17: Battle of **Kulevcha** or **Maraach**; Turks **defeated**. June 17: Silistria surrenders. July 1: Battle of **Kainly**; Russians defeat Turks, and then cross Balkans near the sea, keeping touch with their fleet. July 25: Battle of **Ajtos**; 31st, **Jamboli**; Aug. 12, and **Slivno**; Russian victories south of Balkans. Aug. 30: Diebitsch enters Adrianople with only 15,000 men. Pestilence in his army. Threatened by an army of 40,000 Arnauts, and unable to advance or retire, Diebitsch is extricated from a dangerous position by diplomatists, who (Sept. 14) induce Turkey to conclude a peace. This is followed by a formal treaty, acknowledging independence of Greece and semi-independence of Danubian principalities.

1830.—North Africa.—**July 5: Algiers** taken by French.

Poland.—Nov. 29: Successful insurrection at Warsaw. The Grand Duke Constantine takes to flight.

1831.—Jan. 25: Polish Parliament decrees deposition of Russian Imperial family from all rule in Poland. Feb. 5: Diebitsch with Russian army enters Poland. Feb. 17: Poles **defeated** at **Dobre** and **Kaluszyn**; retire towards Warsaw. Feb. 19 and 20: Russians force Polish position at **Wawer**.—Feb. 25: Battles of **Bialolenka** and **Grochow**; indecisive.—April 10: Poles defeit Russians at **Seidlice**. May 26: Battle of **Ostrolenka**; claimed by both sides as a victory. June 8: Diebitsch dies of cholera, which ravages both armies. July: Russians under Paskiewitch march down north bank of Vistula to Prussian frontier, bridge it with Prussian help, and in August march on Warsaw by the south bank. Aug 25: Battle of the **Bzura River**; Poles driven back on Warsaw. Sept. 6 and 7: Polish positions in suburbs of **Warsaw** captured after hard fighting. Sept. 8: Paskiewitch enters Warsaw. End of the war.

1832.—French Intervention in Belgium.—A French corps under Marshal Gerard marches into Belgium to expel the Dutch from Antwerp, their last stronghold. Dec. 23: Citadel of **Antwerp** surrenders to French and Belgians after an obstinate defence.

Western Asia.—Egyptians under Mehemet Ali invade Syria. Turks defeated by Egyptians (July 8) at **Homs**, (July 29) **Beylan**, and (Dec. 21) **Konlya**. Result: Syria ceded to Mehemet Ali by the Porte.

1836.—First Carlist War.—Disputed succession to Spanish crown. Civil war between adherents of Don Carlos (Carlists) and supporters of Queen Christina, as regent for her daughter, Queen Isabella II. (Christinos). The latter are assisted by a British Legion, organised with approval and help of British Government. May 5: Battle of **Hernani**; Carlists defeated. Oct. 1: Carlist defeat at **St. Sebastian**. Dec. 24: Siege of **Bilbao** raised.

Texan Insurrection.—Siege of **Alamo**. April 2: Battle of **San Jacinto**; Mexicans defeated by Houston.

1837.—March 26: Carlists again defeated at **Hernani**. May 17: British Legion defeats Carlists at **Irun**. July 15: Fighting at **Valencia**. Aug. 24: Battle of **Herrera**; Don Carlos defeats Buerens.

North Africa.—Oct. 13: French take **Constantine**.

North America.—Canadian Rebellion.—Dec. 14: Battle of **St. Eustace**; rebels defeated.

1838.—Nov. 17: Battle of **Prescott**; Canadian rebels defeated.

Carlist War.—June 22: Battle of **Penacerrada**.

1839.—Jan. 19: **Aden taken** by British.

First Afghan War.—July 23: Storming of **Ghuznee**. Aug. 7: Cabul occupied.

Syria.—**Mehemet** Ali (believed to be encouraged by France) renews **war against** the Porte. June 23: Battle of **Nisib**; **Complete defeat** of Turkish army of Asia by the Syro-**Egyptian army**.

1840.—Quadruple alliance of England, Austria, Russia, and Turkey having been formed to secure **status quo** in the East and check progress of Mehemet Ali, British fleet under **Napier** is sent to the coast of Syria. Sept. 27: **Sidon** taken by **Napier**. Oct. 10: Allies defeat Egyptians at **Beyrout**. **Nov. 4: Acre** stormed by allies.

India.—Battle of **Kohrah** (Scinde): British victory.

1841.—Chinese War.—Jan. 7: English victory at **Chuen-pe**. Jan. 26: **Bogue Forts** (Canton) taken. Aug. 27: **Amoy** taken.

Afghanistan.—Rising against British towards end of year.

1842.—Jan.: Destruction of British army retiring from Cabul. March 10: Afghans defeated at **Candahar**. April 5 and 6: **Khyber Pass** forced by Pollock. Sept. 6: Afghans defeated at **Ghuznee** by Nott.

Chinese War (*continued*).—March 10: Chinese defeated at **Ningpo**.—July 21: **Chinkiang** taken.

1843.—India.—Scinde War.—Feb. 17: Napier's victory at **Meanee**.

Mahratta Outbreak at Gwalior.—Dec. 29: Gough defeats Mahrattas at **Maharajapore**.

1844.—North Africa.—Aug. 14: Battle of **Isly**; French defeat Abd-el-Kadr.

1845.—India.—First Sikh War.—Gough defeats Sikhs (Dec. 18) at **Mudki** and (Dec. 20 and 21) **Firoozshah**.

1846.—Jan. 28: Smith defeats Sikhs at **Aliwal**. Feb. 10: Gough defeats them at **Sobraon**.

North America.—United States Invasion of Mexico.—May 8 and 9: Battle of **Palo Alto**. Sept. 21–23: Battle of **Monterey**; American victories.

1847.—Feb. 22: Battle of **Buena Vista**. Aug. 19 and 20: Battle of **Osontero**; United States victories.

Switzerland, Civil War of the Sonderbund.—Nov. 23: Battle of **Gislikon**.

1848.—War against Austrians in Italy.—March 15: Revolution in Vienna. March 18–22: Revolt of **Milan**; Radetzky (Austrian commander) retires to Verona. March 22: Revolution at Venice. March 23: Radetzky storms **Malegnano**, where insurgents try to cut off his retreat. March 28: Charles Albert and Sardinian army enter Lombardy to support insurgents against Austria. April 8: Battle of **Goito**; C. Albert defeats Austrians and crosses Mincio. April 30: Austrian defeat at **Pastrengo**. May 6: C. Albert' fails in attack on **Santa Lucia**. May 9: Nugent, advancing with Austrian reserve army, defeats Italians at **Poderobbia**. May 24: Battle of **Vicenza**; indecisive. June 2: Peschiera surrenders to C. Albert. June 10: Italians under Durando defeated at **Vicenza**. July 24–26: Battle of **Custozza**; C. Albert defeated by Radetzky in three days' fighting about Custozza and Somma Campagna. Italians retreat into Lombardy pursued by Austrians. Aug. 6: Radetzky re-enters Milan. Aug. 9: Armistice.

Sleswick-Holstein War.—Prussia asserts claim of Germany to Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, **and marches** into the territory, the invasion being preceded by rising of German sympathisers against the Danes. April 9: Danes defeat rebels. April 23: Prussians defeat Danes at the **Dannewerke**.

Croat Campaign in Hungary.—The Croats under Jellachich (incited thereto by Vienna Government) invade Hungary, but (Sept. 27) are defeated at **Battle of Velencze** by Hungarian national army.

INDIA.—SECOND SIKH WAR begins with outbreak at **Mooltan** in 1848.

1849.—Gough defeats the Sikhs (Jan. 13) at **Chillianwallah** and (Feb. 21) **Goojerat**.

WAR IN ITALY.—March 12: C. Albert gives Radetzky notice that armistice will end on 20th. March 20: Austrians enter Piedmont. March 21: Italians defeated at **Mortara**. March 23: Battle of **Novara**; complete defeat of the Italians. March 26: Armistice between Austrians and Piedmontese. March 29: **Brescia** (which has not heard yet of Novara) rises against Austrians, but (March 31) is recaptured by Haynau. April: Austrians under D'Aspre drive revolutionary Governments from Modena, Parma, and Florence. April 30: French under Oudinot defeated by Garibaldi near **Rome**. May 19: Garibaldi defeats Neapolitans at **Velletri**. July 3: **Rome** taken by the French. Aug. 24: Venice surrenders.

WAR IN HUNGARY.—Feb. 27: Battle of **Grau**; Hungarians defeat Austrians. After numerous defeats the Austrians call in Russians to help in destruction of the national Government at Pesth. Austrian and Russian armies (250,000) march against Hungarian national army (about 130,000). Hungarians defeated at **Perod** (June 21) and **Acs** (July 2 and 10). July 17: Russians take **Waitzen**. July 31: Battle of **Schassberg**; Russians defeat Hungarians under Bem. Aug. 10: Austrians under Haynau defeat Hungarians at **Temesvar**. Gorgei's capitulation ends the war.

1850.—DENMARK.—Battle of **Idstedt** (Sleswick-Holstein); Holsteiners and Prussians defeated by Danes.

1850–54.—Kaffir War in Cape Colony.

1852.—INDIA.—SECOND BURMESE WAR.—Mar. 7: Donabew. April 12–14: Capture of **Rangoon**; Pegu annexed.

1853.—Beginning of the war between RUSSIA and TURKEY, arising out of Russian claim to custody of places of pilgrimage in Palestine, and to right of protectorate over Russo-Greek Christians in Turkish Empire. Western Powers subsequently intervened to check Russian progress, hence the CRIMEAN WAR of 1854–56.

July 2: Russian army enters Moldavia. Nov. 4: Battle of **Oltenitza**; Turks defeat Russians. Nov. 30: Battle of **Sinope**; Russians destroy Turkish squadron in Black Sea.

1854.—Battle of **Citate**; Turks defeat Russians.—May 17: Russians besiege Silistria.—June 22: Russians, menaced by Austrian concentration in their rear, raise the siege and evacuate the Danubian principalities. July 23 and 30: Russians defeat Turks at **Bayazid**, in Asia Minor. Aug.: The allied army (British, French, and Turks) at Varna ordered to invade the Crimea. Sept. 1: Embarcation at Varna begins. Sept. 14: Landing in Crimea begins. Sept. 20: Battle of the **Alma**; Russian defeat. Oct. 9: Siege of **Sebastopol** begun. Oct. 25: Battle of **Balaclava**; claimed by both sides. Nov. 5: Battle of **Inkerman**; Russian defeat.

AUSTRALIA.—Dec. 3: The **Eureka** stockade.

1855.—Sardinian force joins allies in Crimea.—Feb. 17: Russian attack on Eupatoria repulsed. June 18 (Waterloo day): Unsuccessful attempt of allies to storm **Sebastopol**. Aug. 16: Battle of the **Tchernaya**; Russian defeat. Sept. 8: French storm the **Malakoff**; English seize the **Redan**. In the night the Russians abandon south side of Sebastopol.

ASIA MINOR.—Nov. 27: Russians take **Kars**.

1856.—Treaty of Paris ends the war.

PERSIAN WAR.—Dec. 10: British defeat Persians at **Bushire**.

1857.—British defeat Persians (Feb. 8) at **Kooshab** and (March 26) at **Mohammerah**.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.—May 10: Sepoy Mutiny begins at **Meerut**. May, June, and July: fighting in and near **Delhi**. June 27: Massacre of **Cawnpore** garrison. June 29: **Lucknow** besieged by the rebels. July 11: Havelock defeats rebels at **Futtehpore** and marches on Cawnpore.—Aug. 15: Battle of **Pandoo Nuddee**: Neill defeats rebels. Sept. 14–20: Assault and capture of **Delhi**. Sept. 26: Relief of **Lucknow** by Havelock and Outram. Nov. 16: Second relief of **Lucknow** by Campbell. Dec. 6: Campbell defeats rebels near **Cawnpore**.

1858.—Jan. 2: Campbell's victory at **Futtaghur**. Feb. 4: Inglis defeats rebels at **Calpi**. Jan. 12 and Feb. 21: Outram defeats rebels near **Lucknow**. March 9–15: Colin Campbell drives rebels from **Lucknow**. Victories of Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) in Central India. Battles of (April 4) **Jhansi**, (May 22) **Kounch**, and (June 17) **Gwalior**. June 7: **Bareilly**.—Sept. 13: Battle of **Rajghur**; defeat of rebels under Tantia Topee by Mitchell. Nov. 24: Battle of **Dhoodea Khera**: Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) defeats rebels.

1859.—Feb. 10: Horsford defeats the Begum of Oude and Nana Sahib. What remained of the rebel bands was broken up in the course of the year.

WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—After Crimean War Napoleon III. plans with Sardinian minister, Cavour, a French intervention in Italy, to drive out the Austrians and substitute French for Austrian influence south of the Alps.

April 23: Austria, provoked by French and Sardinian war preparations, sends ultimatum to Turin; French troops at once enter Piedmont and land at Genoa. May 20: Battle of **Montebello**; Forey defeats Austrians. May 26: Garibaldi makes unsuccessful attack on Austrians at **Varese**. May 30 and 31: Allies defeat Austrians at **Palestro**. June 1: French advance against Austrian position on the Ticino covering Milan. June 3: action at **Turbigo**; MacMahon crosses the Ticino. June 4: Battle of **Magenta**; defeat of Austrians. June 7: French enter Milan. Austrians retire to the Mincio. June 8: Baraine defeats Austrian rearguard at **Malegnano**. June 24: Battle of **Solferino**; defeat of Austrians. July 8: Armistice of Villafranca, followed by peace of Zürich. Lombardy given to Piedmont, which cedes Savoy and Nice to France.

CHINA.—June 25: English gunboat flotilla repulsed in attack on the **Taku Forts** (Pei-ho River).

1860.—SPANISH WAR WITH MOROCCO.—Spaniards under O'Donnel defeat Moors (Jan. 1), at **Castillejos**, (Feb. 4) **Tetuan**, and (March 23) **Guad-el-Ras**.

WARS OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.—Garibaldi, with secret support of Sardinian Government, raises insurrection against Bourbons in Sicily. May 15: He defeats Neapolitans at **Calatafimi**. May 27–31: He takes **Palermo** after some street-fighting. July 21 and 22: Defeats Neapolitans at **Milazzo**; Sardinian troops march through Papal States into kingdom of Naples, defeating Papal troops under La Moricière (Sept. 18) at **Castelfidardo**, and besieging and taking **Ancona**. Oct. 1: Battle of the **Volturno**; Garibaldi defeats Neapolitan royalists before **Capua**. Oct. 17: Battle of **Isernia**; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans in the Abruzzi. Nov. 3: Battle of the **Garigliano**; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans.

CHINESE WAR.—Aug. 21: Allies (British and French) capture **Taku Forts**. Sept. 18: Battle of **Chan-kiawan**, and Sept. 21: Battle of **Pa-li-chao**; Chinese defeats, as result of which Pekin is taken.

NEW ZEALAND.—Maori insurrection.

1861.—ITALY.—Gaeta surrenders to Victor Emmanuel. Hill fighting against Neapolitan Royalists in Calabria and the Abruzzi in this and the two following years.

TURKEY.—October and November: Unsuccessful rising of Montenegrins.

NORTH AMERICA.—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR (War of Secession) begun. April 12: the Confederates bombard

Fort Sumter (Charleston). June 10: Federal defeat at **Big Bethel**. July 5: Confederate defeat at **Carthage**. July 21: Battle of **Bull Run** or **Manassas** (first big battle of war); defeat of Federals. Aug. 10: Federal victory at **Springfield**. Sept. 20: Confederates take **Lexington**, and (Oct. 21) win battle of **Ball's Bluff**.

MEXICO.—England, France, and Spain intervene in Mexico in interest of Mexican bondholders, and occupy Vera Cruz in December without resistance. England and Spain soon retire from the enterprise, but France tries to found an empire in Mexico under an Austrian archduke.

1862.—ITALY.—Garibaldi tries to organise a movement against Rome, but on August 29 he is wounded and his volunteers dispersed by the royal troops at **Aspromonte**.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—Feb. 16: Federals take **Fort Donnelson**. March 9: Battle of **Hampton Roads**; first fight of the ironclads, *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. April 6 and 7: Confederate victory at **Shiloh**. April 27: Farragut takes **New Orleans**. Confederate successes at (May 5) **Williamsburg** and (25th) **Winchester**. May 31 and June 1: Battle of **Fairoaks**. June 25-July 1: Battles of the **Chickahominy**. Aug. 9: Confederate victory at **Cedar Mountain**. Aug. 23-29: Fighting on the **Rappahannock**. Aug. 29 and 30: Second battle of **Bull Run**; Federal defeat. Sept. 17: Federal victory at **Antietam**. Dec. 13: Lee defeats Federals at **Fredericksburg**.

FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO.—April 28: Mexicans defeated at **Acultzingo**. May 5: French repulse at **La Puebla**. June 13 and 14: Battle of **Orizaba**; French victory.

1863.—POLAND. UNSUCCESSFUL RISING AGAINST RUSSIA.—Numerous small battles and skirmishes, chiefly near Galician frontier. Battle of **Brody**.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—May 3: Battle of **Chancellorsville**; Lee defeats Federals and attempts invasion of the North. June 14: Confederate victory at **Winchester**. July 1, 2, and 3: Battle of **Gettysburg**; Lee defeated by Federals under Meade. July 4: Grant, after long siege, takes **Vicksburg** on the Mississippi. (Gettysburg and Vicksburg decided the war against the South, though it dragged on till 1865.) Sept. 19 and 20: Confederate victory at **Chickamauga**. Nov. 23 and 26: Federals victorious at **Chattanooga**.

MEXICAN WAR.—May 17: **La Puebla** taken by French after desperate resistance. June 10: Marshal Forey enters Mexico; Juarez and Mexican republicans keep up a guerilla warfare. Dec. 29: Battle of **Uruapan**; Mexican defeat.

INDIA.—UMBEYLA CAMPAIGN.—Oct.-Dec.: Fighting in the pass. Dec. 15-16: Chamberlain captures Umbeyla.

1863-64.—CHINA.—Gordon's successful campaign against Taeping rebels, in which he wins more than thirty battles.

1864.—DANISH WAR. Austria and Prussia unite to enforce German claim to duchies of Slesvick-Holstein and Lauenburg. Feb. 1: Allies cross frontier. Feb. 3: Danes defeated at **Jagel** and **Oversee**. Feb. 5: they evacuate the Dannewerke. Feb. 5: Danes defeated at **Oversee** and (Feb. 8) at **Viele**. April 18: Prussians storm **Düppel**. May 9: Danes win naval fight near **Heligoland**; armistice. Unsuccessful peace negotiations. June 28 and 29: Prussians force passage of strait into **Island of Alsen**. July 21: Rendsburg taken; armistice, followed by Danish surrender of the disputed territory.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—Grant and Meade advance against Confederate capital, Richmond. May 10-12: Battles of **Spottsylvania** and the **Wilderness**. June: Federals begin siege of Confederate lines of **Petersburg** (the defences of Richmond). June 19: *Alabama* sunk by *Kearsarge*. Sept. 2: Sherman occupies Atlanta, from which he marches through Georgia to the sea at Savannah. Confederates defeat at **Winchester** (Sept. 19), **Cedar Creek** (Oct. 19), and **Franklin** (Nov. 30). Dec. 14-16: Thomas defeats Hood and last Confederate army in their western territory at **Nashville**.

MEXICO.—Guerilla warfare continues in the provinces; Maximilian proclaimed Emperor.

SOUTH AMERICA.—In 1864 Spain became involved in a dispute with Peru; Chili joined Peru as an ally. The only fights were attacks on coast towns by Spanish fleet.

NEW ZEALAND.—MAORI WAR.—April 27: Fight at the **Gate Pah**.

1865.—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. Feb. 17: Confederates evacuate Charleston. April 1: Lee defeated at **Five Forks**. April 2: Confederates evacuate Richmond. April 6: Action at **Farmville**; final defeat of Lee and the Confederate cause. He surrenders a few days later.

MEXICO.—Feb. 9: Capture of **Oajaca** by the French.

SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR begins (lasts till 1870). Paraguay, under President Lopez, holding out against a league of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. Sept. 18: Battle of **Santayuna**; allies victorious.

1866.—WAR IN GERMANY AND ITALY.—Immediate cause a quarrel about the Danish duchies; real cause the struggle between Austria and Prussia for the headship of Germany. Italy acts as ally of Prussia; Hanover and most of the South German States join Austria. June 14: Decree of German Diet against Prussia begins the war. June 18: Prussians occupy Dresden and begin march into Bohemia on 22nd. June 26: Battle of **Podol**; indecisive. June 27: Austrians defeated at **Nachod** and **Trautenau**. Hanoverians repel Prussian attack at **Langensalza**, but are subsequently forced to capitulate. June 28: Austrian defeats at **Skalitz, Ruderadorf,** and **Münchengrätz**. June 29: Austrians defeated at **Gitschin** and **Königinhof**. July 3: The two Prussian armies (King and Crown Prince) unite on battlefield of **Sadowa** or **Königgrätz**; crushing defeat of Austrians and Saxons; Vienna hurriedly fortified. Prussians defeat South Germans at (July 10) **Kissingen** and (July 14) **Aschaffenburg**. July 15: Austrian defeat at **Tobitschau**. July 22: Battle of **Blumenau**; stopped by news that armistice had been signed.

THE CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—June 23: Italians cross the Mincio. June 24: They are defeated at **Custozza** and recross the river. July: Garibaldi and Medici fail to penetrate into the Tyrol. July 20: Italian fleet defeated by Austrians at **Lissa**.

At end of war Prussia becomes head of German federation and Italy obtains possession of Venice.

MEXICO.—Withdrawal of French troops is followed by rapid spread of rising against Maximilian.

SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Feb. 23: Battle of **Paso da la Patria**; indecisive. April 16: Battles of **Parana** and (May 2) of **Estero Velhaco**; allies victorious. July 16 and 18: Battle of **Tuyuty**; allies defeated. Sept. 17, 19, and 22: Battle of **Curupaity**; allies defeated. October 30: third battle of **Tuyuty**; allies victorious.

SPANISH WAR WITH PERU AND CHILI.—March 31: Spaniards bombard **Valparaiso**.

1866-68.—INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

1867.—ITALY.—Garibaldi invades Papal States, and (Nov. 3) is defeated at **Mentana**.

MEXICO.—May 15: **Queretaro** surrenders to Juarez. June 19: Maximilian shot.

SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR.—June 23: Brazilians take **Curumba**.

1868.—REPUBLICAN REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.—Sept. 27-28: Prim defeats royalists at **Alcolea**. Isabella leaves Spain.

AFRICA.—British expedition to Abyssinia.—April 10: Defeat of Abyssinian army at **Aroghee**.—April 13: Storming of Magdala.

ASIA.—May 25: Russians take **Samarcand**.

AMERICA.—CUBA.—On news of Spanish revolution, a rebellion began in Cuba, which was not surpressed till 1878.

PARAGUAYAN WAR.—December 11: Battle of **Villeta**; defeat of Lopez by Brazilians.

1869.—Aug. 12, 16, 18, 21: Repeated defeats of Paraguayans under Lopez.

1870.—March 1: Battle of **Aquidaban**; Paraguayans defeated by allies; Lopez killed; end of the Paraguayan War.

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—Immediate cause, candidature of a German Prince for Crown of Spain, but rivalry of Prussia and France since Sadowa the real cause. July 19: Declaration of war. Aug. 2: Battle of **Saarbruck**; French success. Aug. 4: Battle of **Wissemburg**; Douay's division surprised the Crown Prince's army.—Aug. 6: French right defeated at Battle of **Worth** (or **Reichshoffen**) and left beaten at Battle of **Forbach** (or **Spicheren**). French retire on Metz (MacMahon's troops to Chalons). Battles round Metz. Aug. 14: Battle of **Borny** (or **Colombey-Nouilly**). Aug. 16: Battle of **Mars-la-Tour** (**Vionville** or **Rezonville**), and Aug. 18 Battle of **Gravelotte** (or **St. Privat**). The two first claimed by both sides, but resulting in delay of French retreat from Metz; the last a great German victory, shutting up Bazaine and French Army of the Rhine in Metz. End of Aug.: MacMahon with Army of Chalons tries to march to relief of Metz by the north. Aug. 30: De Failly's corps of MacMahon's army surprised and routed at **Beaumont**. Aug. 31: Bazaine makes a sortie from Metz. First day of Battle of **Noisseville**; indecisive. Sept. 1: Second day of Battle of **Noisseville**; French retire into Metz. Same day, Battle of **Sedan**; MacMahon wounded, and his army cut off and surrounded by the Germans. Sept. 2: Capitulation of Sedan. Sept. 4: Republic proclaimed on news reaching Paris. Sept. 9: **Laon** taken by Germans. Sept. 19: Battle of **Chatillon** (South of Paris); French defeat. Sept. 20: Siege of Paris begins. Sept. 23: **Toul** surrenders. Sept. 27: **Strasburg** surrenders. Oct. 10: Battle of **Artenay** (or first battle of **Orleans**); Army of Loire defeats Bavarians under Von der Tann. Oct. 18: Battle of **Chateaudun**; French defeat. Oct. 20: Unsuccessful sortie west of **Paris**. Oct. 27: Surrender of Metz; Bazaine and the French Army of the Rhine made prisoners. Nov. 8: Surrender of Verdun. Nov. 9: Battle of **Coulmiers**. Nov. 27: Battle of **Amiens**; French Army of the North defeated by Manteuffel. Nov. 28: Battle of **Beaune-le-Rolande**; right of the Loire army defeated. Nov. 30: Great sortie from **Paris**; Champigny and Brie captured, but further progress checked (known as Battle of **Villiers**, or first battle of **Champigny**). Dec. 2: Battle of **Champigny**; French hold villages captured on 30th, but retire into Paris next day; Battle of **Loigny**; defeat of Army of the Loire. Dec. 3 and 4: second battle of **Orleans**; French defeat; Germans retake Orleans. Dec. 16: Surrender of Rouen. Dec. 23: second battle of **Amiens**.

1871.—Jan. 2 and 3: Battle of **Bapaume**; French claim victory, but after two days' fighting fail to advance on Amiens. Jan. 6: Battle of **Vendôme**; defeat of Army of Loire.—Jan. 9: Battle of **Villersexel**; victory of Bourbaki in the east; his further progress checked by hurrying reinforcements to Germans from the north. Jan. 12: Chanzy and Loire army defeated at Battle of **Le Mans**. Jan. 16-17: Bourbaki defeated at **Héricourt** and **Montbeliard**; his army retreats into Switzerland. Jan. 19: French Army of the North defeated at **St. Quentin**. Same day, last sortie from Paris. Battle of **Buzenval**; French defeat. Jan. 26: Paris surrenders; armistice. (Peace concluded, France ceding Alsace and part of Lorraine to Germany and paying a heavy indemnity.)

CIVIL WAR OF THE COMMUNE.—Second siege of Paris. March 18: Insurrection in Paris. March 27: Commune proclaimed. May 20: Army of MacMahon enters Paris; street-fighting continues till the 27th.

AFRICA.—News of French disasters, and partial withdrawal of French garrisons, lead to a native rising in Algeria, which was not suppressed without much hard fighting.

1872.—SPAIN, CARLIST WAR: Don Carlos (grandson of first Don Carlos) raises rebellion against the Republic in North of Spain, but is defeated (May 4) at Battle of **Croquieta**. Later in the year a Carlist guerilla warfare breaks out in several of the northern provinces.

1873.—CARLIST WAR continues.—Aug. 5 and 6: Battle of **Elgueta**.—Oct. 6: Battle of **Puente de la Reyna**; Carlist victories.

July: SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA. The city and forts held for six months by Red Republicans against the Madrid Government.

ASIA.—Dec. 11: French capture **Nam-dinh** in Tonkin.

1874.—AFRICA.—British expedition against Ashantees. Jan. 29: Battles of **Borborassie**; Jan. 31: **Amoaful**; Feb. 1: **Bocquah**; Feb. 2: **Fommanah**; Feb. 4: **Ordashu**; Coomassie, the king's capital, occupied by Wolseley.

SPAIN, CARLIST WAR (*continued*).—May 2: Concha defeats Carlists near **Bilbao**. June 26-27: Battles of **Pena de Muro** and **Estella**; Concha defeated by Carlists and killed. Nov. 10: Laserna defeats Carlists at **Irun**. Dec. 7 and 8: Carlists defeat Loma near **Tolosa**.

1875.—ASIA.—Sept. 4 and 21: Russians invade **Khokand** and defeat the Khan's troops. War begun between Dutch in Sumatra and Sultan of Achim—continues till 1879.

AFRICA, ABYSSINIA.—Oct.: Egyptian expedition defeated by Abyssinians.

1876.—SERVIAN WAR.—Servia and Montenegro, assisted by Russia, make war on Turkey. July 1: War begins. July 2 and 3: Indecisive actions at **Zaitschar**. July 6: Turkish victory at **Novi-bazar**. July 28: Montenegrins defeat Turks at **Urbitza**. Aug. 5 and 7: Turkish victories at **Gurgusovatz**. Aug.-Oct.: Servians holding entrenched camp at **Alexinatz**, receiving reinforcements and supplies from abroad, and trying to hold on till they are strong enough to assume offensive, or till Russia moves; continual fighting round Alexinatz, much of it mere skirmishing, ending with (Oct. 31) Battle of **Alexinatz**; Russo-Servian army defeated and the camp stormed; armistice follows.

CENTRAL ASIA.—Battle of **Assake**; decisive Russian victory in Khokand.

AMERICA.—June: Battle of the **Little Big Horn**; destruction of Custer's force by Indians. ("The Red Man's Last Victory.")

1877.—RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. (Intervention of Russia on behalf of Bulgarians.) April 24: War declared. Russia enters Roumania. June 26: Passage of the Danube at **Simnitza**. July 7-18: Gourko's raid across the Balkans; he captures the **Shipka Pass**. July 16: Russians take **Nicopolis**. July 20: first battle of **Plevna**. Defeat of Russians. July 30: second battle of **Plevna**. Russians defeated by Osman Pasha. Aug. 17-23: Suleiman's attacks on **Shipka Pass** repelled by Russians. Sept. 6-12: Joint Roumanian and Russian attack on Osman Pasha, third battle of **Plevna**; Turkish victory, regular siege of Plevna begun. Dec. 4: Russian defeat at **Elena**. Dec. 10: Fourth battle of **Plevna**; Osman fails to break out, and surrenders. Winter march of Russians across Balkans.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—Oct. 14-15: Mukhtar Pasha, after having driven Russians back to the frontier, is defeated

at the **Aladja Dagh**. Nov. 17-18; **Kars** stormed by the Russians.

1878.—WAR IN EUROPE (*continued*).—Jan. 2: Gourko occupies Sofia. Jan. 3: Battle of **Itchiman**; Turks defeated. Jan. 9: Turkish army surrenders at the Shipka. Jan. 16-17: Fighting near **Philippopolis**. Jan. 18: Russians enter Adrianople. Jan. 30: They reach the shore of the Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople.

[Treaty of San Stefano (revised by Treaty of Berlin) ends war; Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro secure independence; Principality of Bulgaria and tributary State of Eastern Roumelia created; territory ceded to Russia in Europe and Asia; Austria occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina, meeting with some armed resistance (1878-79). England occupies Cyprus.]

AMERICA.—Cuban rebellion (begun in 1868) suppressed.

ASIA.—AFGHAN WAR.—Nov. 22: **Ali Musjid** (entrance to Khyber Pass) taken. Dec. 2: Battle of **Peiwar Kotal**; victory of Roberts.

1879.—April 2: Battle of **Futtehabad**. Oct. 6: Battle of **Charasiab**.—Dec.: Fighting about **Cabul**.

ZULU WAR.—Jan. 22: British force destroyed at **Isandhlwana**; defence of **Rorke's Drift**. July 4: Decisive defeat of Zulus at **Ulundi**.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Chili declares war against Peru and Bolivia. Oct. 8: Capture of Peruvian ram *Huascar* by the Chilians. Nov. 21: Battle of **Dolores**; defeat of the Peruvians.

1880.—AFGHAN WAR (*continued*).—April 19: Stewart's victory at **Ahmed Khel**.—July 27: Ayub Khan defeats Burrows at **Maiwand**.—Sept. 1: Roberts completely defeats Ayub near **Cabul**.

1881.—TRANSVAAL WAR.—Jan. 28: Battle of **Laing's Nek**; Feb. 8, **Ingogo River**; Feb. 26, **Majuba Hill**; British defeated by Boers.

CENTRAL ASIA.—Jan. 24: Turkoman stronghold of **Geok Tepe** taken by Russians under Skobeleff.

SOUTH AMERICA.—War between Chili and Peru continued. Jan. 17: Battle of **Miraflores**; Peruvians defeated. June 21: **Lima** taken by Chilians; end of war.

NORTH AFRICA.—French occupy Tunis; chief fighting at **Sfax**.

1882.—EGYPTIAN WAR.—July 11: Bombardment of **Alexandria**. Aug. 24-25: Fighting at **Tel-el-Mahuta** and **Masameh**. Aug. 28 and Sept. 9: **Kassassin**. Sept. 13: Battle of **Tel-el-Kebir**; decisive defeat of Arabi by Wolseley.

1883.—CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE MAHDISTS.—Nov. 3-5: Battle of **Kashgil** in El Obeid; Egyptian army under Hicks destroyed by Mahdists.—Nov. 6: Egyptians defeated at Tokar.

ASIA.—French expedition to Tonkin. Admiral Courbet blockades the coast and forces Court of Hué to accept French protectorate. Dec. 11-16: Capture of **Bon-tai**.

1884.—AFRICA.—Mahdist War.—Feb. 4: First battle of **Tab**; Baker's Egyptian army destroyed.—Feb. 29: Second Battle of **Teb**; and March 13: Battle of **Tamai**; Soudanese under Osman Digna defeated by British under Graham; Gordon goes up to Khartoum, where he is besieged by Mahdists during latter part of year; rescue expedition under Wolseley is sent up the Nile. Sept. Advance begins. Nov. Second Cataract passed. Dec. Desert Column under Stewart organised to march across desert to Metemmeh, while another column under Earle follows course of river.

FRENCH WAR WITH CHINA.—Aug. 24: French fleet destroys Chinese flotilla, and bombards arsenal at **Foochow**.—1884-5: French occupy Formosa.

1885.—AFRICA.—MAHDIST WAR (Nile Expedition continued).—Jan. 17: Battle of **Abu-Klea**; Desert Column defeats Mahdists. Jan. 19: Battle of **Gubat**; Mahdist defeat. Jan. 20: Mahdists take **Khartoum**; Gordon killed. Jan. 28: Wilson with steamers arrives in sight of Khartoum; too late. Feb. 10: Battle of **Kerbekan**; River Column defeats Mahdists; Earle killed. Second Expedition to Suakim.—March 20: Battle of **Hasheen**. March 30: Battle of **Tofrek**; Mahdist defeats.

CENTRAL ASIA.—March 30: Russians attack and defeat Afghan force at **Ak Tapa**.

AMERICA.—CANADA.—SECOND REVOLT OF RIEL.—Canadians defeat rebels at **Fish Creek** (April 24), **Battleford** (May 3), and **Batoche** (May 9).

ASIA.—THIRD BURMESE WAR.—Oct.: Ultimatum to King Thebaw. Nov. 15: British force under Macpherson crosses Burmese frontier and ascends the Irrawaddy. Nov. 28: Mandalay taken; Burmah annexed. (Country not completely pacified for two years, during which there is desultory fighting with the Dacoits.)

SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR.—Nov. 14: Servian troops cross Bulgarian frontier. Nov. 17, 18, 19: Bulgarians defeat Servians in three-days' battle at **Slivnitza**. Nov. 22: Bulgarians storm **Dragoman Pass**. Nov. 24: They defeat Servians at **Zaribrod**, and (Nov. 26) enter Servia. Nov. 27: they take **Pirot**. Nov. 28: Armistice enforced by Austria, and followed by peace.

1887.—AFRICA.—Battle of **Dogali**; Italian force destroyed by Abyssinians.

1888.—AFRICA.—Dec. 20: Mahdists defeated near **Suakim** by Anglo-Egyptian force under Grenfell.

1890.—AFRICA.—SOUDAN.—July 2: Battle of **Arguin**; Wodehouse defeats Mahdists.—Aug. 31: Battle of **Toski**; Grenfell defeats Mahdists.

AFRICA (EAST).—Oct. 27: Storming of **Witu**, near Zanzibar.

1891.—AFRICA.—Feb. 19: Battle of **Tokar**; Mahdists under Osman Digna defeated.

SOUTH AMERICA.—CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.—Aug. 28: Battle of **Placilla**; the dictator Balmaceda defeated by the Congressists, who take Valparaiso.

INDIA.—Dec.: Hunza-Nagar expedition; storming of the **Nilt Forts**.

1892.—AFRICA.—Jan.: Italians defeat Mahdists at **Agordat** in the Soudan.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO DAHOMEY.—Nov. 17: Abomey occupied.

1893.—AFRICA.—French occupy Timbuctoo.

BRITISH INVASION OF MATABELELAND.

ASIA.—FRENCH DISPUTE WITH SIAM.—July 13: French gunboats force entrance of the **Menam River**.

1894-5.—WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.—Aug.: War declared. Sept. 16: Battle of **Pin-yang** (Corea); Chinese defeat. Sept. 18: Naval Battle of the **Yalu River**. Nov. 21: Japanese take **Port Arthur**.

1895.—Feb. 14: Japanese take **Wei-hai-wei**. April 26: Peace concluded.

BRITISH EXPEDITION TO CHITRAL.—April 31: Storming of the **Malakhand Pass**.

INSURRECTION IN CUBA begins on **Feb. 24th**.

MAHDIST AND ARAB RISING on the Upper Congo.

FRENCH INVASION OF MADAGASCAR.—Sept. 30: **Analamarivo** taken.

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.

BRITISH INVASION OF ASHANTI.

1896.—THE TRANSVAAL.—Jameson's raid. Jan. 4 and 2. The raiders defeated near **Krugersdorp**.

NOTE.—A number of small expeditions in Africa and India and much revolutionary fighting in South America, are not included in the foregoing list. A. H.

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